

SAFARI

VOL.

XI

NO.

6



13th Anniversary issue

SAFARI 51

APRIL 1960

THE GRIPEES OF RAPP

thru Mlg 50 with the Boy Bundle-Busters and their Busted Blunderbusses

Wonder if everyone is having as much trouble as I am in getting started on mc's? Here 'tis the 5th of March, and I'm only now at the point of launching my attack on that formidable mountain of SAPSazines which comprise the 50th Mlg. In fact, the only reason I'm writing mailing comments at all is that I figure lots of SAPS will skip them entirely, or comment on only a selected few zines from the stack, so it is necessary for SOMEONE to carry on the ancient and sterling SAPS tradition of complete mc's.

SPECTATOR: Nah, not counting your feeble attempt to beef the total by assessing yourself a 30-page penalty, we have only ten pages of required activity for Mlg 51 -- probably the lowest mandatory activity since the beginning of SAPS.

S---4: Chucklesome cover. + I've been meaning to ask for quite a while now: how do you do those Gothic titles? Lettering guide or a typer with a special typeface? Whatever the means, the results are lovely. + Bah, you mean you are chickening out and changing your title without even seizing the opportunity to launch a FAPAZine called F---? Thinkk how depraved it would look if you could answer the common fanpoll question, "What fanzines do you publish?" with a pair of four-letter titles like that! + "SAPSurvey Report": But since there are only 7 female SAPS members, if you got poll sheets back from 6 of them, your coverage of femmeSAPS is percentagewise even completer than of menSAPS! + People with SAPS-type minds could find all sorts of Freudian implications in your mention of having "Valley of Creation" "next to the bed, half-read for months" but of course my mind is too high-type to even notice. + The nice thing about weird fiction, as in the old WEIRD TALES, is that when you see a tale by your favorite stf author, you can look at it objectively, and see how he goes about constructing a plot that will appeal to the weirdos who go for that crazy Bram Stoker stuff. The plot-structure and gimmicks in some of Kuttner's and Bloch's WT pieces are marvelous. + Not to belabor the obvious, Terry, but try looking up Miriam's birthday on a calendar sometime, and you may find out why Pelz picked it as most ridiculous of the three examples.

FENDENIZEN #15: Fancleverish cover. + I hope that, from my remarks on the subject last bundle, you have been convinced that my denunciations of FAPA aren't as grotchy as they might sound. It's not the people in FAPA I am against, just FAPA itself, because otherwise-charming fans get all full of pompousness and Dignity when they address FAPA, and mostly it doesn't fit their characters very well. Or, let's put it this way: when a fan joins FAPA, he either adapts to the FAPA tradition of what a fan should be, or else he doesn't get along with them. In SAPS, conversely, while we might heckle a member who doesn't swim with the crowd

(for example, Higgs and Coswal) we don't really deny them the right to be individualists. + Starving children: This reminds me of the article in the current LOOK about how most of the dough you give to these big charity drives gets siphoned off into "administrative expenses" like paying big salaries to the employees. They have a good trick of passing out envelopes, and while they emphasize that you don't HAVE to give anything, they insist that you put your name and address on the envelope before returning it. Of course, most everyone donates at least a little that way, because it very cleverly gives you the psychological impression that you're publicly branding yourself a cheapskate else. Well, after the Army consolidated all the monthly drives into one big annual appeal a couple years back, and then came along with about 11 new drives to fill in the vacated paydays, I finally got to the point of disgust, so now I, at least, blithely sign my name on the envelopes and seal them up and return them, empty. What I would normally put in them goes to various religious charities instead (with supreme indifference to the type of religion) on the theory that chances are better for it actually doing some good that way.

To be specific, I have never heard anything derogatory about CARE, so perhaps donations to that particular fund are worthy. On the other hand, in post-WWII Germany a favorite gimmick of Europeans wanting to beat the currency-exchange restrictions was to have a GI order a CARE package for them in return for whatever they were selling. Presumably the CARE foodstuffs could be readily disposed of on the black market.

Reading while walking home from school: I used to do that too, but much more vivid in my memory is the era when I got bitten by the bug to map my neighborhood, and for months and months spent my time selecting new routes home from school, pacing off the length of blocks, and estimating the angle of curves in streets by sighting over a pencil laid on a protractor. My task was complicated by the fact that Saginaw, Mich. is bisected by a winding river so that most streets twist and turn in an effort to parallel it, and in general the place is a cartographer's nightmare. Luckily I'd learned somewhere (no doubt in the Boy Scout Handbook that inspired the project in the first place) that the initial step in mapping an area is to run a traverse around its perimeter, which I more or less did, thus eliminating a great deal of the distortion which would have resulted from accumulated errors of measurement if I'd worked outward from one point. After a year or so I had a pretty accurate and detailed map of about ten square miles of the city, which gave me a good deal of satisfaction to contemplate. If nothing else, it made a snap of the map-reading courses I later endured in the Army.

COLLODION: "X,Y,Z,Etc." Ech. Not because of the writing, which was excellent indeed, but because of the punchline. Again I say, ech! + The reason Scientology is a religion, Bob, is that it's against the law to practice medicine (including mental therapy) without a license, and in most states you don't get a license without six or eight years' study at an accredited medical school. But except when there is an obvious violation of the criminal code, the states can't regulate the practice of "religion." Scientologists aren't so dumb. + Speaking of farm colonies in Israel reminds me of a gal of a friend of mine. She had a high-paying secretarial job in the U.S., but she got all fired up with idealism, quit her job, broke her engagement, and went to Israel. So they assigned her to a farm colony in the middle

of the desert, where only one old man in the whole village spoke English (she'd never learned Yiddish), gave her a hoe, and put her to work. A few weeks later she wrote home for money to pay her passage back to the U.S. Moral, I guess, is that admiring the independent spirit of the Israelis is a mite easier than joining them.

MAINE-IAC #20: Wow, an eyeball-croggling color combo, green on yellow!

I'd never given a thot to your Gestetner-takes-not standard-stencil problem, tho I should have known, seeing as how I pained Buz by the same method a few bundles back. + Very pleasant-reading zine, only there wasn't enough of it, Ed.

B*O*G #12: But Otto, they just don't HAVE jobs to suit YOUR abilities!

Except, maybe...say, have you talked to that feller lately who keeps offering you travel, adventure, security, a chance to defend your country? Yes, Otto, I think you'd LIKE the Navy. + Owell, I enjoyed your zine even if it didn't make much sense.

CREEP: Dee tells me I've either neglected to mention or am ignorant of a good many other traditional sea-chanteys the female Navy veterans love to sing. Like, "Mrs St. Peter Was A Navy WAVE Too". Must get her to sing them for me sometime. + "A Moving Story" was fine stuff. Rest of Creep was amusing too, except that it has the same fault as Maine-Iac.

PSILO #1: Whazza psilo, a bin for storing telepathic messages? WELCOME TO SAPS, JANE JACOBS, GIRL HOUSEWIFE! + We're all counting on you to crack down on Lee, see to it that he turns out Ballard Chronicles and like that, instead of wasting his time on booze & jazz. Be firm with him, we of SAPS support you 102%! + You are obviously an intelligent and discerning woman to recognize at first glance that Roscoism is the only true religion. May Roscoe gnaw new treads on your worn tires in gratitude. And I grudge with glee that you are already so expert at fanmanship that you managed to swipe my sterling manuscript from beneath the very typing fingers of your bheersodden husband. Of course, I wrote it particularly for his benefit. Ever since, in an incautious moment, he confided that he had had a hand in writing the furshlugginer tech manuals I gotta depend on, I've been faunching for revenge. Like, Lee, why do you put in all those elaborate instructions about what to do when the equipment doesn't work right, without even mentioning that dependable standby, a good swift kick in the chassis? Or pulling it out and then slamming it back in the rack? When I think of all the time my mechanics have wasted following your silly troubleshooting instructions... + A fine zine, Jane.

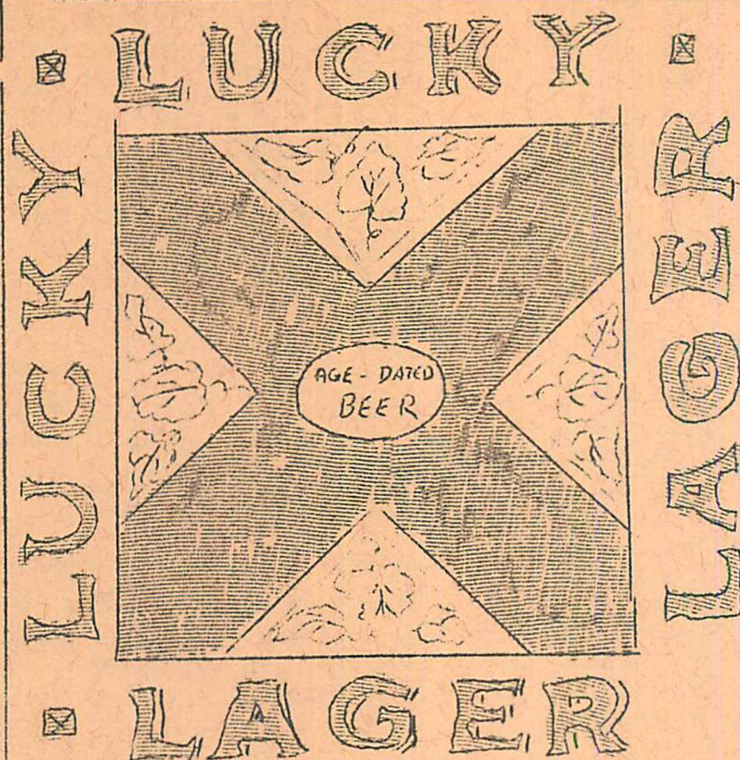
PILES IN THE PARLOUR #1: (Pronounced as an obscene giggle?) + Incidentally, I wanna mention here, to set the record straight, that "Jovial Joe McFann" in the 49th MLg MRAOC was writ by LeeJay, not by me, as a lot of SAPS seem to have assumed. I only wish I'd written such a sterling parody! + Let's have more mailing commentary from you, Lee!

RETRO #15: Clevvvvver cover! + Don't you think it would be effective (as well as much glee) for either SAPS or FAPA to handle Wetzel's application for membership by playing stupid? I mean, he writes and asks to become a member, so you reply that sorry, the membership is full up, and he writes back and explains

that he wants to get on the waiting list, so you reply that, sorry, there are no surplus bundles available for sale to non-members, and so on, until he goes more nuts than usual, just trying to get across to you what he wants. + Jawn Davis gets tagged with a lot of dubious tags: the way I once told it he was "Greasy Thumb Davis", kingpin of the West Coast bootleg Hieronymus Machine racket. + p.15: "Very bigamy." OUCH! + Your discussion of the triangle problem sounds convincing, except that I can't see where, from the diagram and your preliminary formulae, you derive

$$DF = \frac{a^2}{3} + \frac{b^2}{3} - \frac{2ab}{3} \cos(C+60^\circ)$$

Obviously you have omitted some intermediate reasoning in the interests of brevity, and I'm too dense to reconstruct it. + Your point-in-the-square problem has me baffled so far; I can reduce it to a set of three equations in three unknowns, but then I get lost in a mass of radicals-under-radicals and suchlike. (The three unknowns being the x and y coordinates of the point, and a, the length of one side of the square). I have a notion that the simplest method would be to use determinants, but don't recall enough about that branch of algebra to be able to do so until I've boned up on the subject a bit. Have patience, tho (if you haven't put the solution into the bundle already) and I'll work it out as soon as I get time. + Reflexes: I can't cite any personal experience of time slowing down in emergencies, but it reminds me of an allied phenomenon, the "conscious-to-reflex" transition. Since I'd taken a couple semesters of shorthand in school, the Army made me a court reporter. As any stenographer can tell you, there is a vast difference between taking dictation and trying to keep up with a conversation in which no one is thinking about your problems in writing everything down. However, thru practice and much sweat, and mainly because court-martial procedure is so ritualized that I could abbreviate like hell, I eventually got so I could do a pretty credible job of it. But then I hit this general court that was trying a case in which the defense raised the issue of mental competence, and they had psychiatrists reeling off technical terms by the couchfull. I scribbled faster and faster, trying to keep up with it all, but I could see my notes getting more and more sloppy, and was just about at the desperate point of interrupting the testimony to ask that the witness speak more slowly (Of course, this is what we were supposed to do if we were unable to keep up, but bighod, we had our pride in our profession-



LUCKY LAGER BREWING CO. - SAN FRANCISCO

BEERFANDOM CORNER

A neat red, gold & white can design and a local brand that is equal to the premium beers in taste. It is feuling this stencil-cutting session.

al competence). Anyhow, it was then, for the first time in my experience, that I found myself effortlessly keeping up with the speakers, and even realized that I wasn't thinking about how to form the characters, I was automatically writing what was said. And after that initial experience, I found I could always depend on my reflexes to take over whenever what I was recording got too fast to keep up with consciously. I'm sure that any of you who have Morse code experience have gone thru a similar phase in learning that. Even in respect to typing, if you're any kind of typist at all you eventually reach the point where you stop spelling words out mentally, you just say the word, or even a whole phrase, mentally, and your fingers automatically spell it out. But I didn't notice this in regard to typing until long after I'd passed the transition point; there was no sudden switch as in the case of shorthand.

SAPS Mailing sizes (for Guy, as you suggest, Buz, and also for anyone who cares to try mathematical predictions:

39	65	99	90	89	36	45	56	74	190	177	170	133	211	171
164	147	224	151	243	200	206	214	316	229	456	370	437	400	410
357	465	256	248	201	325	231	321	364	471	532	254	230	281	365
349	461	592	704	817										

A total, incidently, of 11,527 pages; don't you shudder to think of all the energy and thot that represents? (Bundle sizes listed above do not always agree with what the pertinent SPECTAFOR says; some of our OE's without math Ph.D's displayed difficulty in adding!)

ED COX!: But the torn places on my copy don't match the bits of paper under the staples in the previous bundle. Can this all be a hoax? Clever ploy, Rich.

SAPROLLER #18: Gorgeous cover, has a sort of Christmas look to it.+ You're an automobile underwriter trainee? Sounds like moderately interesting work, but what future is there in writing on the undersides of autos? + Since you bring up the matter of postage as an argument for a West Coast OE, maybe we should get Tosh or someone to calculate the location for an OE that would result in minimum total postage costs for a SAPS mailing. I tackled it ten years ago by figuring the geographical center of the membership (It was around Chicago in those days) but I'm not sure that center-of-members and point-of-minimum-cost would coincide. Tosh?

POOR RICHARD'S ALLIANAC #6: When you get Excalibur finished, is it going to sell for \$1500 a copy, or will yours be just a cheap imitation? + Say, has anyone, like maybe the OE, stopped to consider that perhaps PISTOL POINT is published by Wetzel?

TAJ: Gleeeful cover; it reminds me of my SAPSish frustration over the fact that for six months I've had a roll of phosphorescent tape, trying to figure out some way of using it on a SW cover. Trouble is, it's glow is only visible in total darkness, and how many SAPS ever try reading their bundles in total darkness? (Tho, from the looks of 'em, apparently a lot of the zines are stencilled under that condition!) + WELCOME TO SAPS, TED JOHNSTONE, BOY FANZINEPUBLISHER! + From letters I've seen in various mundane zines I gather that the manufacturer of Go-

Karts objects to the use of the term as a generic name for the miniature racers, much as ABDick used to grouch about rival stencil duplicators being called mimeographs. And, I suspect, with about an equal hope of convincing anyone. + That crazy radical zine, American Mercury, has for several months been finding enough space between its tirades on how the Communists and Jews are engaged in a conspiracy to take over the country, to run predictions of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. They claim high accuracy, tho I've never bothered to check their facts against a more objective source -- and that is something which is essential to just about anything you read in AM. Incidentally, their latest brainstorm is that the Supreme Court decision on "Lady Chatterly's Lover" is part of a vast and sinister plot by the Communists and Jews to take over the country by first corrupting the morals of all us innocent American citizens. + Yeah, I can pick up KFI most evenings from here, and usually devote a couple of hours on Saturday evenings to enjoying "Polka Party" (no station in this area ever plays a polka; in Michigan by contrast every one has its "Polish Hour" or something similar). Used to tune in KFI a lot more last year, when they had lots and lots of newscasts, apparently they've revised their programming since then. + "A Neo's Soliloquy" is fine stuff.

ROCK. #3: This reads good, Es. + Did I ever mention that I particularly glee at a lot of the sentences in which you mention Huntsville? Mainly because, in Texas, Huntsville is the state pen. + Hope you have battered your study schedule into submission and can find time to provide many pages more of Rock. for this mailing.

PENCIL POINT #3: Owell, it adds to the bundle size, I guess.

GIM FREE #4: It exhausts me just to read about the frantic social whirl that apparently is fannishly normal life in LA! + Your entire zine is a delirious joy to read, and just about impossible to comment on. But keep it up, Bjo!

THE BROOKLYN BIAPAN: Fascinating bit of cover-art; it must have been purely hellacious to stencil. + welcome to the #15 spot on the w-l, les gerber bhoys waiting-lister + (you don't rate a capital welcome until you graduate to full-fledged SAPSdom) + Suddenly that: maybe that should be "les gerber ghirl waiting-lister", I mean, I assumed you were a boy until I read that Bordon letter addressed to "Dear Miss Gerber" and you don't make any indignant remark about the salutation, and so I started looking thru the rest of the zine, and I don't find any conclusive clues there, so now, no matter which you are, boy or girl, I've already insulted you somehow. This is the sort of thing you earn by becoming involved with SAPS. + At any rate, your chatter made pleasant reading, and it will be a pleasure to watch you rise to the top of the w-l and overflow into the pool of full-fledged members.

SPECTATOR: This should teach Eney not to trust Big Hearted Howard with advance copies of his campaign propaganda! For being so neofannishly naive,

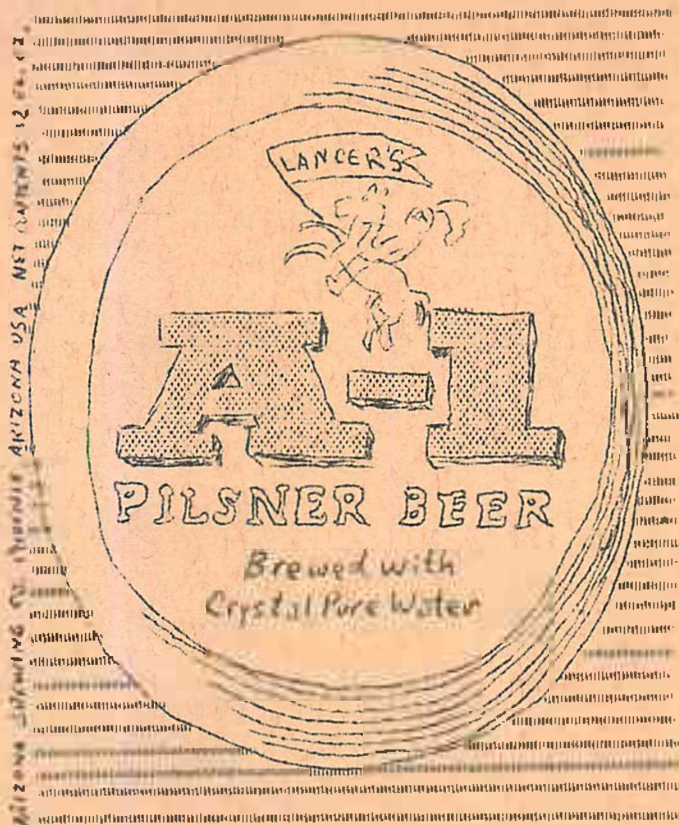
It's Eney's Fault

SaFARI #4: Neat and purty cover, Earl. + Economou's article was fabulously good. + Cow-nure for Tosk? As a loyal SAP, would he use anything except guano and old crudzines to fertilize his estate? + Snow: we had only two occasions this winter when it snowed enuf to cover the ground. The first was a day we were trying to launch a missile, and in spite of the monotony-breaking fact of having the sand and sagebrush covered up for awhile, we cursed it thoroughly. The second time, we got a foot of snow overnight; getting up the next morning I stepped unsuspectingly out the door into the 0530 inky blackness and up to my knees in a snow-drift. It's quite a sensation when you aren't expecting it. (We were scheduled for our annual IG inspection that day; the snow was deep enuf that Ft Bliss decreed

no Govt vehicles would be dispatched -- dig this combat-ready Army we got nowadays! -- so the IG couldn't get out here to inspect us. By the following day the snow had melted, but by then of course we were so disgusted over having prepared for an inspection that never took place, that we did little in the way of last-minute polishing for his visit this time. We passed, I guess. + "Lady Loverly's Chatter": I grudge with envious admiration. O, the perfect lines you toss off so casually in this! + Onward to James O'Meara's fine mc's where the first item to provoke response is the mention of Galac-Ticks in the Vonset commentary. At 3:00 a.m. after the fanzine panel broke up at Detroit I had this conversation with some female fringe-fan whose name I can't recall, and she was very bitter about the fact that fanzine editors refused to print her stuff. (The tie-in here is that no doubt what she wrote was about like what Galac-Ticks prints). Anyhow, while sympathetic, I wasn't quite convinced. Do any of you fanzine-publishers who are reading this reject a lot of manuscripts just because they aren't by BNF's, or maybe not on the usual fannish topics? I remember when SW was a subzine I used to use practically all the crackpot material I could get, because it drew such lovely indignant rebuttals in the lettercolumn.

FANTOCCINI #24: Like WOW! cover + Contents (after I finally managed to tear my eyeballs away from Rotsler and read them) were excellent, too.

THE BULLFROG BUGLE #4: A couple of pb's that all trufen should have are THE HELL-FIRE CLUB (an expansion of the article in a recent True, about fantypes who fooled around with that crazy Black Magic stuff in 18th Century England) and RUMOR, FEAR & THE MADNESS OF CROWDS, a superficial but moderately detailed account of such things as the Orson Welles Invasion From Mars and the UFO scare of 1947. (Sorry I can't



cite author or publisher of either, since they're packed away where I can't get at them today). + Con pix were excellent and memorable, like the Con itself.

WARHOON: Ah, a lovely lovely cover, Rich. + welcome to the w-1, rich bergeron, junior superfan! Byghod (Roscoe, who else?) anyone glancing at your mimeoing would leap to the conclusion that it had come from the unpeccable duplicator of Boggs himself. + And after reading your comments on William Atheling Jr., I have just a slight suspicion that you, Rich Bergeron, are merely a figment of Redd's imagination... + Incidentally, I wonder where the original idea of the Atheling hoax came from? A possibility is that the notion suggested itself to Redd as a result of his experience with "STF Weirdist", a member of the family of a famous pro, who wrote indignant letters to SW after Boggs had criticized the pro's work in his SW column, "File 13". By comparing typer faces Redd and I soon learned the real identity of the anonymous correspondent, but did not publicly reveal it. 'Twas more fun to insert barbed remarks in the pages of SW whose significance would only be apparent to "STF Weirdist" himself.

The thing that fascinates me, upon being informed that AromaRama's first epic is "Behind The Great Wall", is speculation as to whether the authentic smell of the Orient is to be brought to the Great American Moviegoing Public. After all, as we learned while approaching Pusan over the Sea of Japan in 1951, Korea (and undoubtedly mainland China also) is one of the few countries in the world whose odor can be detected 200 miles at sea. I'll agree that it should be a historic occasion in the history of moviegoing when "Behind The Great Wall" flashes on the screen, and a gasmasked workman offstage empties a honeybucket into the ventilating system! + A very effective empty-city movie was a British film I saw on TV last fall (at Nangee's) titled something like "25 Hours to Doomsday". The Mad Scientist (or maybe he wasn't so mad after all) swipes an atomic bomb and hides out in London, threatening to set it off unless the nations of the world agree to disarm within 25 hours. The British Army moves in after all civilians have been evacuated, then searches the city for the scientist and his bomb. It was superb, the eerie deserted city, the mounting suspense (pointed up by magnificent camerawork and lighting) and the final climax as the man is found in a church, and the experts try to reach the bomb before it goes off.

Always one to heed the plea of readers (Roscoite readers, anyhow) I answer your query about SW #1 with this quote from THE SPACEWARP INDEX (1 Dec 49): "SPACEWARP's first issue had a circulation of 60 copies. The maximum circulation reached by the mag so far is 125 copies, during the Winter and Spring of 1949." If you are really fanatic about locating a copy, drop me a line and I'll look up the names mentioned in the first two or three issues, many of whom are now ex-fans and might possibly be persuaded to part with their SW's if they've saved any. + Minute Sumerian manuscript: I don't know whether they were shrunk after writing or not, but most of the clay tablets in museums bear cuneciform writing about 6 pt or maybe 8 pt in terms of modern type size. It must've been a hellish eyestrain for the scribes.

I'll disagree with your statement that dogs smile. But they accomplish the same purpose by tail-wagging, not just the polite tail-wagging that signifies interest, but the Presley wiggle that involves their

whole aft section. There are a couple of dogs around here who go into such a hula-wiggle when they are delighted that they almost sweep themselves off their feet. And then we have Duke, who has bloodshot eyes and a surly expression, and seldom gives even a slight wag of his tail. But this is apparently a result of his puppyhood upbringing, for just the other day I found him leaping by example: with no prior warning he suddenly picked up Dutchess' habit of rolling over and waving one forepaw in the air to indicate "Scratch me under the chin, willya?" The main characteristic of the four or five dogs inhabiting this camp is their independence. Each chooses his own spot to snooze in the sun, and ignores everything else unless they notice you patting one of the other dogs. In which case they leap up and rush over to get their share of attention. There's no quarreling or jealousy in this, they just want to share in the proceedings. Dutchess is going to attract unfavorable notice from the high brass one of these days; since she has a brace of pups under one of the Quonsets, she has developed the habit of bringing home deceased rabbits and leaving their dismembered corpses strewn around the parade ground for future reference. + By beaver, Rich, you've published here a finer SAPSzine than most of the SAPS themselves!

BUMP #2: I take your explanation of your title with a large pinch of salt. Or, as the Bump might say: Ugh! + Heck, Don, as a fellow-SWL I don't share your hatred of hams. At least, not those who use voice rather'n CW. I'll admit it does get highly uninteresting when the ARRL has a DX contest going, but when you can listen to two hams holding a bullsession it's sometimes almost like a verbal fanzine. Especially since a ham friend pointed out to me how, particularly on the MARS nets, they've worked out code terms so they can mention such things as alcohol which is verboten by the FCC as a discussion topic otherwise. And after all, unless your receiver is sadly out of alinement, the hams are confined to their own bands, where they don't interfere with SWL-ing to commercial or other-type broadcasts. Most of the unintelligible beeping you get on SW is caused by commercial teletype (uh, read that as "radioteletype" huh?) circuits and such stuff.

A SPECTATOR: What a beautiful printing process to use on an artistic cover! I bet you could get Rotsler, or Bjo, or ATom, or practically anyone else to do you a cover drawing if you only promise to reproduce it in that embossed ink! + You, too, are now a full-fledged member of the Discredited Prophets' Guild. 427 pages, indeed! That's almost as far off as MY predictions! + I guess the Misfits are fuggheaded if they're proud of those bowling averages. I would have to be real lucky to match your 142, but even bowling only once every year or so, I'm usually able to hit around 110. + What fan would be likely to see a poster in a hobby shop? Unless maybe he walked in to inquire about the percentage of argon in the atmosphere... + Incidentally, some enterprising fan ought to peddle to the office-supply manufacturers the idea of promoting their product for hobby use (not only to stfen, but most other hobbies involve clubs, and clubs need OO's and stuff). Handled properly, you could probably collect some dough, or at least a supply of free stencils, from ABDick or Heyer for your "idea" of an untapped market for their products. + Yeah, I've been reading about Michigan's financial

troubles. Thought for a while that perhaps the DSFL had taken over in Lansing. Of course, if Alger ever succeeds in selling the State that brainstorm of his, they will be even further in the hole! + A fine issue of Collector, Howard, even if it wasn't titled that.

BHH SUPPORTS: How many hundred of these things did you swipe from General Motors, Howard? This is at least the second time you have used it in SAPS.

IGNATZ: Looks like a Nanshare cover, and all I can say is, since Tosk let this one go thru, he'd better not try censoring the one that decorates the zine you are now reading. + "Dark Dawn" -- I bet this would be fascinating to your local psychiatrist, Walt + Sacred Squeeks" -- Cheeses! Is it true, Nancy, that a true Ignatzian is known by his whine? It seems logical, in view of the fact that his highest ambition is to become a goldbrick. I'll have to admit, grudgingly, that you have achieved a fine fannish ploy by having Krazy Kat adopted as a FAPA mascot, then using that as an argument that Ignatz beams upon SAPS. Mibeaver, what a machiavellian means of propagating the faith! But your concluding paragraph sounds almost like Ignatzism itself is being undermined. In fact, I'm sure it is -- by that subordinate sect of Roscoism, Ray Nelson's ancient doctrine of Sexocracy! * "Ultimate Weapon": whatever you censored must have seemed much more insulting to you than to me: I can't even recall what it was! Incidentally, the events portrayed in this story explain a good deal about how you happened to become the cover artist for SW, don't they? + Old radio programs: How about "The Green Hornet", not to mention "Buck Rog-errrs in the TWEN-ty-Fifth CENT-u-ry!" And doesn't anyone remember "The Singing Lady" who used to tell fairy tales to us kiddies on Saturday mornings so we'd have material to write faanfiction about when we grew up and became SAPS? + Bybeaver, you not only got pp.20-21 reversed, you also misnumbered 'em! + Speaking of pro authors, what ever happened to George O Smith? He used to write for aSF, then he stopped appearing there but was still seen in the "pulpy" stfmags for a few years; nowadays you don't see anything by him at all. And he wasn't at the Detention, either! + What is Nanshare's reason for joining SAPS? That should be, Who? Even I, a cynical bachelor type, know THAT much about feminine psychology! + I don't know whose is correct, yours or the Chicagoians, but THEY call it "Shi-CAW-go" -- Earl, solve this one for us, willya? Another city name frequently mispronounced is Detroit -- De-TROIT, that is, which most outsiders call "DEE-troit." And I recall once incurring the scorn of a luscious southern belle by giving "LOOS-iana" the Yankee pronunciation "Lou-EES-iana." But my fondest memory of geographical terms is hearing, in the Detroit bus terminal, a fat matron with the broadest of Bronx accents trying to find out from a bus driver when the next bus left for Port HU-ron. She insisted in calling it "Portoo-RON". On second thot, that isn't the fondest. The fondest is the time, in 1946, when I shared a compartment on a German train between Munich and Nurenburg with a couple of well-potted GI's. At each stop one of them would peer blearily out the window, and his companion would ask, "Where are we now?" "Aw," the other would answer disgustedly, "we haven't even started yet. We're still in Ausgang." + Retirement: No, there's no automatic cost-of-living boost in Army retired pay, but up until now, every time they gave a pay raise to the active-duty GI's, they also

adjusted retired pay to a fixed percentage of active-duty pay (50% after 20 years' service, for instance). Last time, tho, they adjusted the pay of people already retired by a fixed amount, resulting in some cases where a person retiring after the passage of the bill draws more pay than another with the same grade and service, who was already retired when it went into effect. It is not the amounts involved which concern military people about this legislation, but the precedent it sets. Of course, Congress has suddenly realized that in a couple of years it will be faced with a big wave of retirements (the guys they persuaded to stay in after WW II ended), so they are making election-year murmurs about revising the setup. One representative remarked in a speech, "It's true we tell the GI's they can apply for retirement after 20 years, but there's nothing in the law that says we have to approve their applications!" Fortunately, his fellow-lawmakers don't seem to be too enthusiastic about joining his bandwagon, but even so, those of us who have a number of years' time invested in a military career are sweating it out: will we get to retirement age before they cunningly change the rules of the game on us? + Sure, I'm a tough, hardboiled ole Sgt. Something like the one in Beetle Bailey. Do you remember the strip where he tells himself, "Don't get discouraged, someday you'll meet a girl who doesn't judge by appearances, and she'll perceive the real you." And then he muses awhile. And then he says, "Now my only problem is to find a girl who likes hardhearted old crabs!" + France has elebenty-seven political parties, instead of only two, Nance. Do you think their democracy works better than our blundering two-party version?

THE BIBLE COLLECTOR #3: (Tsk, an era crumbles when Coswal issues 3 zines without switching his title!) + Say, that's a pretty sensational expose of John Berry's that you print here: that Wrai Ballard is a girl! Of course, he puts it rather bluntly: "For I, myself, had only recently exposed Wrai Ballard as being a myth." (John, you should DO something about that lisp -- shave off your moustache, maybe.) This was a lovely travelogue, by the way. + "Law of Diminishing Returns" in regard to SAPS bundles: Heh, I've been waiting for that law to cut the mlg-size for 3 or 4 bundles now, but no go: apparently either Tosko or Roscoe has repealed it! + As a long-time office worker you perhaps remember the cardboard version of Acco fasteners that were used instead of metal ones during the war, so how can you possibly bitch about a metal Acco fastener. And even with metal ones, Rich might have used the kind with the little side-tabs instead of the sliding collars. Count your blessings, Cos. + And this was a fine zine. Tusk may yet go down in history as The OE who Turned Coswal into a Trusap!

SPACEWARP: The reason why the faanfiction wasn't titled "Ultimate Weapon" (in case you wonder) is because the notion of writing stuff for other SAPSzines didn't hit me until after I'd finished SW and sent the stencils off to Nangee. I'll admit it wrenches the imagination somewhat to fit the title to some of the tales bearing it, but you gotta charge that off to artistic (or r-tRappic) license.

FLABBERGASTING #13: Ech, that cover! + Bachelor cookery: I cooked my own meals for about two or three years back around '48-'50, and tho they nourished me enuf to enable me to pound typers and crank mimeos, I lost 20 pounds during

that period. Spaghetti dinners, bacon & eggs (for breakfast) and a superb concoction of my own consisting of equal amounts of canned corned beef hash, diced onions, and a couple of eggs, seasoned with paprika, sage, and anything else handy, were the mainstays of my diet. Tho I really glee'd when brown-n-serve rolls came on the market about that time; and come to think of it, my gingerbread was pretty dawgone good, too. And once in awhile the vegetable soup I made turned out really delicious (Using dehydrated soup as a start, I added anything within reason that turned up in the refrigerator, garden, or both. Including, once, dandelion greens, which turned out to be bitter, as well as giving the whole mess a vile seasick green color. Hell, with a start like that I've thrived on Army chow ever since! + Beards: A few of the civilian technicians at White Sands have beards: It is notable that these, unlike their colleagues, also wear dirty T-shirts, have dirty fingernails, and in general give the impression that their beards are a result of being too lazy to shave, rather'n' because it improves their looks. + What I always remember as Charles Laughton's finest performance is in a WW II movie whose title I can't recall, tho I know it is now making the TV rounds. He played a mamma's-boy-type schoolteacher in one of the Nazi-occupied countries, and the conflict is between his cowardice and his patriotism. Magnificent acting. + I disagree with your assertion that "Higher Physics consists in deriving closer and closer approximations by means of more complicated formulas." Tsk, what they're trying to do is to find a simpler formula (or explanation) for what seems hopelessly complicated at first glance.

Does Seattle U insure you out of pure altruism, or because they figure you face such occupational hazards as being shot by irate people who bring you a "proof" of how to trisect an angle, and get mad when you point out the boobos therein? + Ah-HA! You grade on a curve! How can you do that, and still claim that ESP test scores higher-than-predicted-by-probability-theory aren't significant? If all your students scored 98% on one of your quizzes, wouldn't you suspect that something was operating to upset the probabilities in regard to your test? Heck, your students could all get together and agree to give answers at random, and the usual percentage of them would still get a passing grade on your tests! + Yes, Ft Bliss is a nice post: I usually get to visit it once a month or so. Like, Oro Grande is waaaaay out, man!

Laws of Probability: You've got me backed into a corner here, I am forced to base my argument for the existence of ESP on the fact that test results contradict the expectations of the statisticians. On the other hand, I've often said myself that perhaps there is some fundamental error in the assumptions on which Probability Theory is based. However, pure common sense tells me that no doubt the Laws of Probability are valid, and it is the existence of a "psi factor" that makes the test results "wrong".

Now, as to your arguments: true, there is no mathematical reason why you couldn't toss a coin forever and never have it come up heads; but I am sure that if you will make a reasonably long experiment, you will find that the number of tosses between "heads" fall very prettily into a binomial distribution: the smaller the number of consecutive "tails" tosses, the more often it occurs. (Or take a die: there's no mathematical reason why a chosen one of the six faces shouldn't show, toss after toss. But if

you roll dice and find the same number repeating time after time, you immediately conclude that they are crooked dice, not that you are witnessing a mathematically possible but empirically improbable run of events.)

OK, Tosk, I'll concede that even if all ESP tests are honestly conducted, there's nothing mathematically impossible about their results having been obtained merely by chance. I don't think I ever claimed it was impossible -- just improbable. And, at least by the standards of the mathematicians who formulated the Laws of Probability, the ESP results are improbable indeed. About as improbable, say, as that astronomy is a delusion, the planets are just peepholes in a big hollow shell, and the predictions of eclipses and so on just wild guesses that happened to hit right.

In other words, Tosk, you're perfectly correct mathematically, but in scoffing at ESP on those grounds, you're simply fighting the problem. Bighod, if you don't admit the validity of probability theory you better not ever let the Detroit fen enveigle you into one of their poker games!

Your conditions for an ESP test are pretty exacting. I mean, if ESP was an established science rather than an unknown field in which we are just beginning to grope, there'd be no problem. However, if we ever succeed in meeting your test, I assume you will admit that ESP exists? (Your conditions aren't impossible at all, just a mite stricter than we can be confident of passing in the present state of our knowledge.) + Closed-stack libraries are for the benefit of the librarians, who cannot tolerate the thot of mere clods of readers pawing over their precious books. + Cover of S--- #1: Heh, not only didn't I notice anything obscene about it when it appeared in Mlg 47, but I just went back and looked at it again, and even looking for objectionable features on it, I can't find any that would be noticed by a nonfan -- or even most fans! Are you sure we're both talking about the same ATom cover? + You underline like a machinegun? You mean, in bursts of six? + You're a bit confused on this copyright business, you can't copyright facts, just the words you use to express them. For instance, if you write a book on algebra, you certainly couldn't be sued for copyright infringement for telling your students that if $Ax^2 + Bx + C = 0$,

$$x = \frac{-B \pm \sqrt{B^2 - 4AC}}{2A}$$

even if that formula has been copyrighted many times before.

HERE THERE BE S:PS #2: Great Minds in the Same Gutters note: A few weeks ago I toyed with the idea of rechristening Saturday as "Sapsday" too. But I went on from there to revise the whole calendar nomenclature, and in the process dropped the "Sapsday" possibly because it was too unduly partisan for such a Cosmic Project. I ended with the following days of the week: Conday, Mundane, Brewsday, Wenchday, Thirstday, Psiday, Stencilday. The four seasons I rechristened Neo, Inf, Bnf and Gafia, and instead of the present lacklustre month names, I devised these: Apa, Beanie, Bem, Bheer, Gafia, Sex, Silp, Suds, Tape, Tendril, Voldesfan, and Whimper. There is more subtlety to this than you might think: for one thing, it puts the months into alphabetical order! And the new names for June and October are at least slightly reminiscent of their

numbers. And the new name for December, of course, is so that the year will end, not with a bang... + I think that putting pornography in a segregated part of the bookstore with a sign indicating it is only for people over 21 is a good idea. Saves a lot of looking around the shelves. + Your history of the early SAPS bundles is marvelous stuff: to me, at least, possibly the most interesting article in this entire 50th Mailing. Tsk, to think of the familiar but long-forgotten names you recalled to memory, like Streiff, Van Splawn, Jewett, and Alpaugh-is-Ghod! Those first few mailings do sound pretty awful tho, don't they? + How could Boggs be a charter member, and then be listed as a "new member" in Mlg 2? Or is this just typical of the way SAPS has always operated? + Ghod bheaver, you have also thrown my statistics into confusion, for relying on what Coswal and Eney told me, I'd been listing Mlg #1 as 39 pages, rather 'n the 52 you mention, and 65 for #2, rather than 117. + Eciton (mentioned in your review of Mlg 2: I don't remember what ever became of it, but I have 4 pages of hand-lettered hekto-graph in my files that were apparently intended for inclusion in this combozine of Coswal's (or was it Higgs'?) I'm sure the project never materialized.) Mlg 3: You say 164 pages, my records show 99. WHO IS COVERING UP? + Con Pederson, of Inglewood, Calif, was a 13-year-old fannish genius who put out one of the better-looking fanzines of the era, called IF!: It was multilithed and looked something like FANTASY ADVERTISER in format. He wrote Bradbury-type fiction before Bradbury became famous, and after a year or two of fannish fame, Pederson dropped out of sight like many another fan. Why don't you look in the city directory for him; tsk, he might have a fabulous fanzine collection for sale cheap, now that he is no longer a fan! Ghod, that kid could handle words! + Deficit in SAPS treasury as of Mlg 4: Tsk, 12 years later I learn why the Spectators were so eagerly recruiting new members at the Torcon! Mlg 4: You say 167 pages; I say 90. Mlg 5: you say 140 pages, my records say 89. THIS HAS GOT TO BE RESOLVED! No wonder Nanshare's predictions are more accurate than mine, if I've been misled by inaccurate data! Mlg 6: Sigh...you say 60 pages, my archives say 36. Are you counting blank pages or something? Coswal! Eney! Ballard! Hell-upppp! + Bighod, if I remember correct, NAMLEPS 2 was more a Busby-ish than a Tosk-ish cover, since it diagrammed the circuit of a Wheatstone Bridge. + A frabjous article, Bob, and Please continue with your reviewing of the gone but never-to-be-forgotten past of SAPS ("we'll never live it down!")

ANI SQUEEZINGS: After the conclusion of a two-week field problem last January, we arrived in the Bn Assembly Area at dawn and sacked out to awaken around noon, to find that Hq Btry had already gone back to camp. (Durned rear-echelon paper-pushers). And we soon learned that we were not scheduled to move out until mid-afternoon. I immediately seized a large piece of plywood and a grease pencil and began picketing the Platoon CP with a sign reading "Yankee, Go Home!" This brought the platoon leader, Lt Dooley, charging out in combat boots, steel pot, swagger stick and longjohns, to which I responded in the only possible way: whipping my trusty 35mm to firing position I took a Kodachrome shot of him. That roll of film is now being processed; the entire platoon anxiously awaits the results, particularly Lt Dooley. (We got a good platoon here.) + The rest of this zine (after the cover sheet) was pretty confusing.

SPY RAY OF SAPS: This was confusing too. Why are you imitating Devore's cover idea? + Your quotations are admittedly nothing to vibrate a lance at. + Oghod I think I am insulted by your comment to Task about the FLABBERGASTING cover! In fact, I'm sure of it! My seconds will call upon you as soon as I manage to drag them out from under the bed where they are hiding. + What, the proper query might be, is the normal hydrometer reading for urine? Lessee, it would have to be a measure of density, and the question is, which is easier on the kidneys, a home brew more, or less, dense? + Ah yes, the horse is a Noble Animal, quite picturesque when framed in the sights of a machinegun. + Tsk, I've never been tempted to pat Karen on the head! Lovely faanfiction! + I grudge with gratitude for the Pa Kua article, and hope you will forgive me for skipping comment on it here: I want to write something on the subject, but there are many zines left to me still. If it doesn't get into this issue of SW, I'll put it in next time.

SPELEOBEN #6: Covers are lovely. Why, I wonder, is mere photography inadequate when it comes to picturing Bjo? I have yet to see a picture that does justice to her really remarkable prettiness. + Signature page: What, you mean that alcohol-sodden derelict who followed me in the registration line was Morgan Botts? Hell, if I'd known that I'd have given him the price of a beer when he tried to mooch it off me, instead of handing him a WCTU tract I carry around for such occasions. + Con account was good reading, even if, after all these accounts, I can't think of any more sprightly response than that.

SAPLING #3: Heck, Guy, why use an awkward expression like "water closet roll" when you could revert to Navy terminology, and call them "headliners"? ("Water closet" has always struck me as a silly euphemism, anyhow. Much better is the common alternative, "commode" -- tho all in all, I still maintain the Army cops all honors by stubbornly sticking by the word that was good enough for Julius and Hannibal etc.: "Latrine". (Which reminds me how shocked I was, several years after WW II, to see a copy of the highschool paper which I had once edited, and to find it using "brown-nose" as a bit of innocent adolescent slang.) + On this spelling deal, we've got to remember that anyone who is word-conscious enough to find fascination in fandom and its invitation to write, is not at all typical of the "average" high-school graduate. When I was working as a stenographer, I got more than one promotion just because I knew enough spelling and grammar to put the mumbles of ignorant executives into acceptable English. In fact, I'm still the guy they call in when somebody has to be recommended for a medal or something, where the use of language for effect, rather than mere communication is a factor. I'm probably one of the few guys in the Army who was assigned to write his own recommendation and citation for the Army Commendation Ribbon. I will quote it to you someday, when I get around to writing a Burbeelike article on "I Am A Great Big Man!") + Ugh, you goofed: the moral to the pp.5-6 story is "People who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones!" + One of the guys here captured a couple of bobcats (or rather, bobkittens) and is raising them in a cage. They look awful appealing and friendly; still, I haven't yet risked getting within claw-reach of them. Trouble with a cat is, you can't tell what's going on in their minds. +

OUTSIDER #38: Heh, Pan must have hit a sour note on his pipes, judging from the nymph's expression! + What is it with this strange urge of yours to beat Manshare? You a sadist or something? + Your prediction of 901 pages was probably the most accurate made for Mlg 50 -- trouble is, the rest of us just couldn't believe our own figures, and trimmed them down 100 pp or so because it was ridiculous to think that a little group like SAPS could put out as big a mailing as that! + Your reprints are fabulous, particularly the "As I See It" column, which is one of the best brief statements of the "spirit of SAPS" ever typed. + "The Tiny Acorn": As I recall, I enthusiastically agreed with Eney's astrology, adding that I was careful to use as much alcohol and tobacco as possible. + Mc's were, as usual, very highly enjoyable, but don't inspire comment. What is it about your mc's that leave me speechless? This was one of the best issues you have ever done, Wrai. Hope you keep up the reprinting from your earlier zines.

THE SPELEOBEM #6.5: Gawd, what a motley crew we SAPS are! + "Saponification" -- Ghaaaa! + Technology: one penetrating comment I heard when the last "space probe" was in the headlines was: "They say they shot it to orbit the sun, but I bet it's a Moon shot or Venus shot that missed." +

REQUEST DEPARTMENT

Sings the happy Sappish chap as to and fro he struts,
"SAPS is the apa FAPA'd be, if FAPA had the guts!"
And while the Fapates merely sneer or snore in hermit naps,
The happy Sapstype gleeful bleats, "I'm glad to be in SAPS!"

The postman reels his laden way to bring the bundle in,
Evoking shouts of choking gloats: "We beat those FAPs again!"
And each SAP muses as he views the mailing-total curve,
"SAPS is the apa FAPA'd be, if FAPA had the nerve!"

Each bundle-total grows and grows, toward a goal potential,
Not even Tosk forsees the end: The curve is exponential!
Causing SAPS to howl while plowing thru the stack immense:
"SAPS is the apa FAPA'd be, if FAPA had the sense!"

(I sort of wince at this one: I got sidetracked by that ghodawful repetition-of-vowels-sounds bit, and lost track of the idea.)

"Saps is just a bunch of middle-aged types trying to be fannish" but hasn't got a regular-enough meter to get into my verses, Bruce! ^{see} ^{by} ^{Ray}
+ Tsk, if a widely-read and playboy-type sophisticate like you doesn't already know what is meant by "kiss her soundly," how do you expect me to explain it in a family-type SAPSzine like SW?

Let's try it from another angle: haven't you ever become exasperated with the feminine illogic of your girlfriend, and been tempted to paddle her soundly? (Miroscocoe, between us we are beginning to make the phrase sound obscene, aren't we?) + I think you're just trying to make your anonymous correspondent Share the blame for that G&S quote. + Dee's pages were delightful reading, but unanswerable. After all, what's the use of trying to argue with a woman? + Here's hoping that Speleobem and Porque separately will be as fascinating as they are in combination.

DIE ZED #792: Nice, but all too thin!

BRONCLEPTE #2: Interesting, but unprovocative of comment, too.

BRONC #15: You and DeVore would make an unbeatable team for slug-
ging obnoxious fans. You knock 'em down, and then let
Howard sit on 'em, and they'd never trouble us again. + Sheep dogs:
I noticed, in Germany, that the shepherds didn't use German Shep-
herd dogs, as you might expect, but more mongrel-type dogs, most
of which looked something like a small, black-haired combination
of collie and chow. It was real fun watching them work; they ob-
viously knew just what the shepherd wanted done, and cooperated
with him in moving the flock in the required direction. + You are
right, Tosk was not attacking GMCarr; I just happened to get go-
ing on the subject while mc'ing his zine. Incidentally, I was some-
what croggled upon reading the F'NAC poll results yesterday, and
finding that GMC was voted "Fugghead of the year"; not because
she was (I sort of expected she would be), but because Wetzell did
not even place in the standings! Apparently fandom considers it
more fuggheaded to express an unpopular attitude in your fanzines
than to write poison-pen letters! + Walt Disney on TV: The troub-
le is, a film like "Fantasia" owes so much of its effect to the
gorgeous Technicolor, that seeing it in black-Y-white on a TV
screen is bound to be disappointing. Such pictures would be nice
on color TV tho, I imagine. + Speaking of your "Three Musketeers"
mention, I saw somet ing in the paper the other day that cheered
me up teriffically. Seems this character running for a school
board position in Albuquerque sent a letter to the mayor or some-
one equally important, claiming that a certain series of textbooks
being used in the schools was crammed with subversive ideas. In-
stead of going into the usual panic, the mayor simply appointed a
committee to take a look at the books in question, the committee
reported that they couldn't see anything particularly subversive
about the books, and the mayor informed the complaining candidate
that there was no reason for not continuing to use them. It is
refreshing to hear of any case when people can use their own judg-
ment rather than automatically agreeing when someone yells un-Amer-
ican! + A superb zine, Eva!

POT POURRI #10: My musical tastes almost drove me schizoid last
Sunday evening. I was listening to G&S' "The
Gondoliers" on KFI, and at the end of act I realized that it was
time for the classical-music program to begin on KROD. After a
good deal of indecision I switched from Los Angeles to El Paso,
mainly because, while the G&S was nice, reception from 1,000-mile-
distant KFI was considerably less hi-fi than from 50-mile-distant
KROD. + Fighter-pilot joke was hilarious. A fine Pot-Pourri, John.

FANM'RK GREETING CTDS: Fabulous and fannish, and I Wish I'd thot
Of Doing It First!

MHO(untypablesymbol)D,EE:#3: Hilarious cover. + The 42 consec-
utive monthly issues of SW were
before I rejoined the Army. Well, 40 of them were, anyhow. +
I've lost count of my other titles; they ranged from TNFF and
POSTWARP, to TIMEWARP, MINDWARP, and WANIGAS. + Brilliant ish,
ole Art.

S'PSYPE #10: Owell...

THE STEVEGHOST #8: Drat you RobLee, I planned on ending mc's by the bottom of page 19, and thus you should rightfully have been ignored, except one can't ignore such a neat and attractive and interesting-to-read zine. In which I find nothing to inspire comment, alas. But I liked it.

EARTH WOMEN'S BURDEN: This reads like a halfshot oneshot. But WELCOME TO SAPS DJINN DICISON, GIRL FEMALE!
+ Don't let Karen brainwash you into not writing mailing comments tho, Djinn. In case you haven't seen previous SAPSmailings, it might be well to quote an exchange that occurred a couple bundles back. "I never comment on comments," announced a SAP loftily. "Yeah?" replied another SAP. "In that case it must be a hell of a job carrying on a conversation with you."

With which that we consign the 50th Mlg to the archives, and shudder in dread at the thought of what writing mc's on the 100th will be like, come 1973+

A Sort of Preface to THE BEST FROM SPACEWARP

This SPACEWARP Special Section has been a long time in gestation: Look at the introductory quote on page 23 for proof. I found, contrary to my prior expectations, that the problem was not so much selecting items from WARP's decade-ago subzine era that were still readable today, but in keeping the selection down to a reasonable (or at any rate, not totally unreasonable) size. In fact, I had to pass up at least one equally-worthy selection for each of those which were chosen for inclusion herein.

However, do not sob into your bheer just yet, for all is not lost. The things you wish I'd included -- pieces like "Pitiful Puppets" or "Blood of a Spectator" -- are not forever deprived of their chance to see mimeoprint once more. For, I strangely suspect, "The Best From SPACEWARP" is destined to be an Ann-Ish feature of SPACEWARP. And, regardless of those impolite and disgusting noises you are making, I hope that SW will see many another anniversary pass.

I almost published this anthology of reprints in 1946: the furshlugginer Army reassigned me just in time to sabotage my tentative plans. I almost didn't publish it this year: only the fact that a prominent fan-type in Alexandria, Virginia, unthinkingly agreed to mimeo my stencils kept this from being a 6-or-maybe-8 page SAPSzine. Consequently, if you think all this a waste of good mimeopaper, you can blame me; but if you find it pleasant reading, remember, as usual,

It's Eney's Fault

Art Rapp

the
Best from
SpaceWarp



"...the most important item in the May 1949 number, this must be read to be appreciated, and I still don't know just how much basis in fact this startling anecdote had, but it is undoubtedly one of the most amusing things ever to appear in Warp. The Best From Spacewarp (published 1960) will automatically include this article, or story."

--Redd Boggs, writing in SPACEWARP, April 1950

A PROBLEM IN ORNITHOLOGY

BY ANDY GREGG

Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

Dear Art:

You're right, I do see a lot of interesting things around here, and in my trips to New York. I've got material for a few articles and lots of stories now. Here's one of the most interesting. It's about James Sindman, alias Clark Kramer. He's written quite a few stories for Ziff-Davis, and some for TWS, SS, and FFM. I ran across him thru Lamont Buchanan of Weird. Before that I knew of him, but not his address, and very little about him.

I found him in a well-furnished apartment house near Central Park. We talked in his study, a small, bright room in the corner of the building. Always on the prowl for a good article for WARP, I started asking questions right away.

"What's your favorite magazine?" I asked.

Well, he didn't know for sure. He liked them all, and didn't want to be partial. Besides, his personal friendship with the editors and writers influenced it quite a bit.

Soon the talk drifted to these editors and writers. He began to talk about the personal oddities of these people. For example, he told me that Bob Saunders, TWS writer, sleeps with his socks on, and is usually surprised in the morning thinking that his feet have been tattooed during the night. How Sindman found this out, he never told me.

He received several letters from fan who thot they were deroes, and one from a fan who thought he was the reincarnation of Roger Bacon.

"Here's a good one!" he said, pointing to a framed letter on his Study wall. It was from one Sam (Spacerat) Rank, telling how his early life was spent on the planet Venus, and how he finally reached Earth by an anti-grav spaceship. He spoke of the queer sights there: deserts of molten silica and animals

that burned instead of dying. In Sindman's library were a few pictures painted by this Rank. We went to see them. Beautiful and wild they were. They were in harsh, primitive colors and strange designs; like a Picasso mad at Dali.

Sindman laughed as he looked at them. "This reminds me of Les Richard. He's one of the screwiest of them all. He claims to make trips every night to Mars. He won't tell me how he does it, but I suppose he flies. He doesn't have any wings or jets on his feet that I know of. And he doesn't change, like me. I can change myself into a little green bird any time I want to, and fly wherever I want to. But I don't see how Les could do it. Personally, I think he's crazy!"

I was pretty amazed at this, as you can easily understand. I rocked back on my heels for a second, and then Sindman said, "Damn! I just remembered that I was going to call up Searles about a letter I wrote to Fantasy Commentator. Will you excuse me for a moment?"

I didn't say yes or no. I just stood there with my mouth open and my ears flapping. Should I write this in an article, or shouldn't I? I thought this over for a few minutes. Still thinking, I wandered through the library, looking at the occult books and strange sculpturings, still thinking. Would it be an infringement on his right of privacy if I wrote it? I never came to a conclusion.

A voice from the study ended my mental controversy. "By the way, Gregg, come in and look at these, will you?"

I walked in, and found him standing by his desk, idly scratching his side.

"I've got an interesting letter from Leo Margulies. By the way, Searles liked my letter. He was pretty busy on the phone so I flew over to see him. Leo wrote me that next month..."

But I wasn't listening. I was remembering details. There was only one door to the study, and Sindman had not left through it while I waited outside in the library. The window was open and it was seven stories to the sidewalk. I remembered that there were no ledges outside, and besides, there was a small green feather detaching itself from the crack of the window sill and floating away on the warm summer breeze.

-END-

Precept

A femmefan's schemes should not in haste
Nor without caution be embraced;
Proceed, lad, in the following manner:
Ignore the plan; embrace the planner.

--SPACEWARP 54, March 1954

The Master

By C. STEWART METCHETTE
(Member, NFFF)

He writes of lands, half-wraithed in mists;
Every detail by gloom is kiss'd.
No human has ever trod the ways he paints;
Rare scenes -- of beauty to rival saints.
You are the one who treads the night

Knowing the wonders that the Master writes --
Until, exhausted, you place away
To read again, some future day,
Tales of weird and horrific things.
Not one of staid Terra's offsprings
Eases your faith in things mundane,
Rather, you see A.Merritt again.

Seven, eleven, and numbers fey
To each he gives a touch sublime --
Filling the night with Hecate's slime.

--SPACEWARP 27, June 1949

Lament

By JOE SCHAUMBURGER

Where are the fans of yesteryear?
Those hardy souls that swilled Ghod Beer
And greeted Life with a merry sneer
Where are the fans of yesteryear?

Alas, poor Alpaugh, I knew him well
But mine was the hand that rang his knell
It hurt me, as I tolled the bell
I loved him, may he rot in Hell.

Old Singer's gone to the wars, they say
Oh let us for his poor soul pray
And whisper once or twice a day,
"A Soldier of God has passed this way."

And all the others let us hail
The college men that always fail
The sailors bold that cannot sail
And the BNF that must stay in jail.

We weep for the fans of yesteryear
Those hardy souls no longer here
Oh, let us shed a bitter tear!
We'll have to pay for our own damn beer.

--SPACEWARP 25, April 1949

Acting on a suggestion from Redd Boggs in "File 13" Laney and Burbee undertook to guest-edit two issues of SPACEWARP. Tho unanticipated beforehand, these "Insurgent issues" -- August and September 1950 -- proved to be the last appearances of WARP as a sub-zine, for that was the summer the Korean War began, I entered the Army, and subsequent SW's appeared only in FAPA or SAPS.

In this article from SPACEWARP 42 (Sep 50) we find Francis T Laney using his considerable literary talent to instruct would-be fanpublishers -- for whom it should be required reading. And I think that FTL would be pleased at being remembered for an article such as this, as well as for his legendary dexterity at colorfully smiting his opponents...

SYLLABUS FOR A FANZINE

by F. Jowner Laney

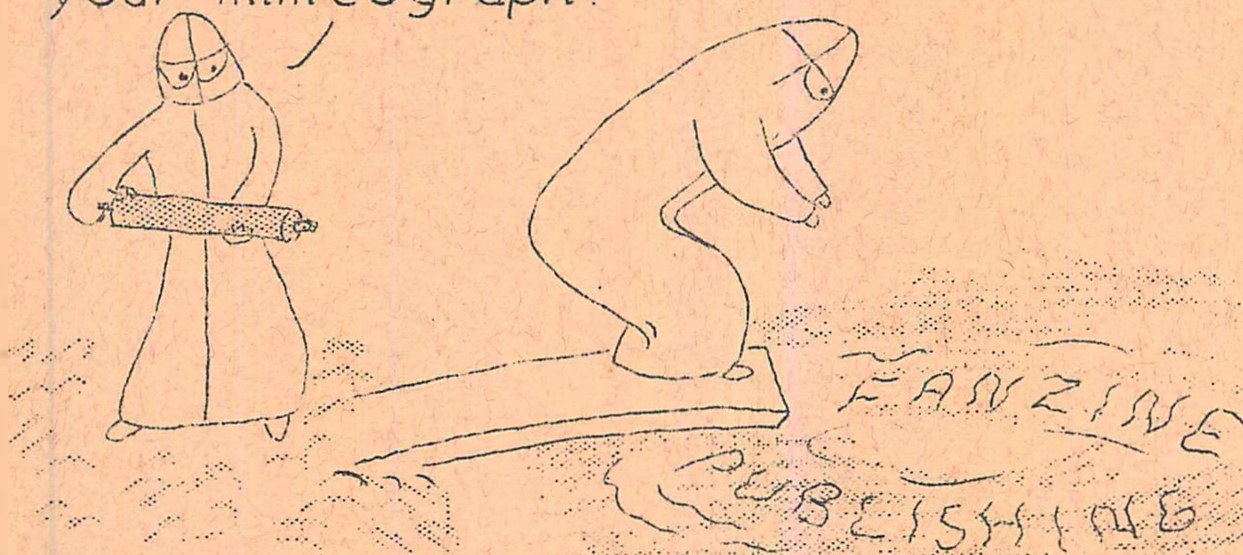
I've seen one putrid fanzine too many. Why is it, I wonder, that the critical person can take the fanzine output of twenty years and count the truly first-class titles on his fingers? I don't know how many fanzines there've been, but surely no fewer than 500 different items, some running for one issue and some for several dozen. I do know for a solid fact that my own fanzine accumulation crams a standard four-drawer filing cabinet plus two apple boxes; yet I could easily span with one hand the little stack of genuinely high quality issues.

Of course, when one considers the people that have written and produced some of these fanzines it is easy to see why their product is so putrid. The juvenile who can produce anything of mature worth is obviously a phenomenon -- for one Willie Watson there are bound to be a score of Kentucky Dreamers. The majority of fanzine titles have been created by teenagers, most of whom will in all likelihood be the most perfervid detractors of this stuff when they themselves reach maturity.

When we examine some of our oldsters, too, we have slight cause to wonder at the ineptness of their publications and writings. Since it has always been one of the cornerstones of the Laney fanzine persona never to indulge in personalities, I of course will not mention the names of Evans, Dunkelberger, Moskovitz, and others of the older characters whose productions have so often been unacceptable. It might hurt some of their feelings.

But I believe that there are many publishers and would-be publishers of fanzines who are

here's the roller for
your mimeograph!



falling short chiefly because they have no clear idea how to go about producing a fanzine to end all fanzines.

I do not hold myself up as a paragon. My own subscription fanzine, THE ACOLYTE, set something of a record for unrelieved stuffiness, tedium, and sheer boresome stupidity. It took a fascinating subject, fantasy, and treated of it in as musty and insipid a fashion as could be imagined. Nor have my publishings apart from THE ACOLYTE indicated any great prowess on my part. There have been occasional flashes in the dark; now and then I toss off a paragraph which seems to show faint promise. But for the most part, I'm either bumbling along wordily about nothing or blazing forth in frenetic attacks on something or someone not worth attacking.

Regardless of how far short my own stuff may fall, I've got many very definite ideas as to what a fanzine should or should not be.

The format and other physical aspects of a fanzine are unimportant. As long as the text is clearly reproduced with a minimum of typographical and other errors, the magazine is OK with me. It is nice to break up solid expanses of text, I suppose, but I never heard of anyone objecting to a book because it consisted of page after page of solid type. If the text is any good we'll read it anyway. The format can by no stretch of the imagination be made to compensate for unsatisfactory written material. You can fill an ornate candy box with little pellets of goat dung, and it is still goat dung. It does not ever become candy.

Justification is the most profound waste of time I have ever heard of. A printed magazine will of course be even-edged, but no matter what you do, the mimeograph will still turn out mimeography and the ditto dittography. Neither of these gadgets can turn out a product that even remotely resembles printing, so why try to make it look other than the typing which it is? An occasional genius comes along who can justify as he goes, but the average fanzine editor has to type a dummy to work from. This is simply one extra typing of all the contents of a fanzine, sheer useless drudgery. It is all very well to retype something if

you are revising and improving it as you go along, but why just copy it? And if there is anything worse looking than an attempt at even-edging which didn't quite jell, I don't know what it is.

Most other format improvements do not repay the effort they take. Redd Boggs explained to me once that he was restencilling and re-running an article of mine which had been slated for the ill-fated second issue of CHROMOSCOPE, because the running heads did not match. Y'know, until he told me that, I didn't even know his mags had running heads. I got down the Boggs file and looked, and sure enough -- running heads on every page.

Multicolor work is nice, I suppose. All it indicates to me is another press run for some poor mimeographer -- chewing up as much time and energy as it would have taken to run off an additional page of text.

Some people worry about "balance", whatever that is. What earthly difference does it make? If the material is good enough, you can carry six consecutive articles about the same subject one right after the other, and the reader will be annoyed only when he comes to the end and finds out there is no more. If the material isn't that good, you are just filling up space to no avail, anyway.

The matter of artwork is something else. Now and then, a piece of artwork comes along which is worth publishing. The vast majority of fan artwork, however, is amateur imitation of pulp magazine illustrative work. As bad as the professional product usually is, there can be no justifications for half-baked imitations of it. Fandom has an occasional artist who knows how to draw -- Stibbard, Rotsler, Watson, perhaps Hunt, maybe a couple of others. All the rest are doodlers. If you like doodlings, fine and dandy, but I don't. I don't even like them when they are signed "Finlay".

A big exception to all this about artwork is cartoons. Several otherwise unartistic fans are quite competent cartoonists -- notably Widner and Kennedy. And for that matter a good enough punchline can carry a pretty sad-sack picture. A lot of seriously intended fan illustrative work would be quite worthwhile if it carried snappy captions. I can think of a couple of lithographed ACOLYTE covers I'd give anything if I'd put snappers on them.

Getting constructive for a moment, here is the hap-hazard fuggheaded F.Towner Laney fanzine-throwing-together technique which has worked for 14 issues of ACOLYTE, 25 issues of FAN-DANGO, and about a dozen miscellaneous items.

If the magazine is pretty formal, with a set number of pages and a table of contents, I make a dummy. It consists of a sheet of typing paper folded once lengthwise with a number for each page in a vertical row down one edge. I assign the first 2 or 3 pages to editorials, ToC, etc., skip them for a bit, and start on page 3 or 4 with what I consider to be the best item I have. I stencil it as it comes, revising as I go if needbe. As each page is stencilled, I note on my dummy what is on it. According to fancy, I fill up the balance of any unfilled page as I go. If I have most of a page left, I may start another article right then and there. More often, I'll try to pick a filler item that will just fit. In the case of ACOLYTE, I used poetry, most of which was rancid but it filled up the page. A good magazine would have

a sheaf of specially written filler items of various lengths in the back-log. If I have a continuation of not more than 10 or 15 lines, I sometimes save it with the hope that some subsequent page will have a left-over space adequate for it. This system usually ends up with an unused blank space, so when I write the editorial (which is left to last) I just jam with myself that many lines further. The dummy is used in making the table of contents page, which of course is the last page of all to do. This system sounds (and is) haphazard, but I've never had to do a page over, and a magazine tossed together just as I've described was the number one fanzine for two years running. So I guess it works.

FAN-DANGO is totally informal. Preconceptions of each issue are invariably wrong. I've had 30 page projected issues that ended up with six, and one 8 page issue ran to 22 before I finally got it choked off. Most of FAN-DANGO is composed on the masterset, but the better items have usually been written and re-written as many as three or four times. The FAN-DANGO technique consists of putting articles on stencil or masterset as long as four months before the issue is due. When I wind an issue up, I put the pages in order, number them, and fill in the chinks if any. Pagination serves no purpose except to keep the issue from being fouled up in the runoff.

Well, I've talked about format and given my own techniques -- I guess I can't duck talking about the sort of stuff that should go in a fanzine.

It's a tough subject to verbalize about. Since we all have differing tastes, a lot of stuff that Metchette will love I will hate, and vice versa. Naturally, what I say about it will be colored by my own opinions. And there is the further difficulty that this is not a subject easily raised to the verbal level. Assaying the worth of a piece of prose is not dissimilar to criticizing music. If it is "right" you know it, but you cannot always say why it is "right".

Perhaps a good place to start would be to discuss the editorial persona. By this I mean the extensionalisation of the editor himself --i.e. what kind of a guy do we think he is judging only by reading his fanzine. Up to a point, I think that the best editorial persona is built up when the editor permits free reign in his fanzine to all facets of his personality. If you are a fugghead, you'll have a better magazine if you suppress your fuggheadedness, but this is pretty hard to do. In other words, the more pleasing, or colorful, or striking your personality, the more of it you should show in your fanzine. And vice versa.

Almost without exception, the best fanzines show this tendency to a marked degree. Burbee shows in his publishings as a light-hearted, joking, witty character who reveres nothing and takes little seriously. He's even more so in the flesh. Widner's publishings betray an idealist with a sense of humor, a guy who takes seriously the task of making a better world and who at the same time can bust down the rafters with a jovian belly laugh. I read Widner's various fanzines for three years before I met him, and they turned out to be a thoroughly unblemished portrait of their producer. I don't think it coincidental that they rated so invariably high in the polls. Jack Speer's publishings indicate a deep interest in nearly everything, a preoccupation with accuracy which often leads to hairsplitting, a puckish sense of humor, an impatience with mediocrity, a rather

strong sense of his own destiny, and a few other things. These are also notable traits in Spear as I've met him. I've not had the pleasure of meeting Harry Warner, but he has one of the best fanzine personas of anyone. His stuff reflects a deep and informed interest in music, sound critical judgment, a reflective interest in the foibles of humanity, and a marvelous, almost Pepysian, ability to tell of the minutiae of his own life with élan and readability. His fanzines are so good that he must be remarkably like them.

It is also possible to put the finger on fanzines which fall short because they do not reflect the personality of their editor. Take my own ACOLYTE. Due to some ridiculous notion that fans were interested only in fantasy, coupled with a weird idea that humor was out of place in a magazine devoted to the literary side of fantasy and the weird, I produced a despicably stodgy and uninteresting fanzine. It is significant that the LASFS, who had known me only through ACOLYTE, were deeply disappointed when I moved to Los Angeles and they found that I cussed, played records, drank, liked football, and even went out with women. I guess that most of them had thought I was a fairy because I was so interested in weird fiction. Another fanzine failure through a suppression of the editor's personality is that of Forrest J Ackerman. Here is a man who believed very deeply in the importance of both fandom and science-fiction, a generally dignified character with strong convictions. So he filled his fanzines with froth, fake spelling, weird typing, and outre mannerisms generally, rarely getting serious and straightforward about anything unless he was mad at someone. If he'd let his personality loose in his magazines, he'd have published a blend of FANTASITE and FANTASY COMMENTATOR. Instead he contented himself with "mirroring" fandom in 50 issues of VOM (which old-timers will fondly remember as a poor man's FAPA), and publishing a great spate of ephemeral rubbish which was by no means worthy of print. VOM was pretty good, in spots exceedingly fine, but it depended solely on the whims that led top contributors to send in occasional letters or let themselves be drawn into some discussion. It seems strange indeed that the man who has probably devoted more time and thought to fandom than any other ten people has never published a subscription type fanzine.

This matter of personality reflecting is of course a two-edged sword. If you have a personality that makes people shun you, it is doubtful that its display in a fanzine will go over either. You don't need to be a wishy-washy Pollyanna, but you must be likeable to some people, no matter how virulently others may hate you. If I wanted to moralize, I could point out that improving your personality to the extent that its full demonstration in a fanzine was successful would very likely redound to your success as a person.

I don't know why exactly it should be so important for a fanzine to reflect the editor accurately and comprehensively, but I imagine verisimilitude and sincerity (with the consequent sock possible by writings so qualified) is best obtained thereby. No matter how hard you try to conceal it, if you think your readers are a bunch of goons, it will creep out between the lines. If you are a dumbbell, you can be intellectual to a fare-ye-well and impress your readers only as a dope who knows not what he says. If you possess unwarranted self-esteem, your attempts at self-deprecation or even simple modesty will be as false as Daugh-

erty's smile.

What a tangent this is growing into! Why don't I just say that you've probably got to be improving yourself all the time in all sorts of different ways if you hope to publish an acceptable and improving fanzine, and let it go at that.

One reason I keep yapping about the editorial persona is that it has been my bitter experience that the only sure way for any fanzine editor to get an adequate flow of really top-flight material is to write most of it himself. Since we are all of us imperfect and faltering, this is no easy chore. The will to write top-flight stuff is the least of the desiderata for so doing. Usually it just won't jell.

But you yourself, as editor, are the one guy in the world who knows just what you want in the way of material, and who can write it better than you? Burbee very likely can write a far funnier satire than you can, but he won't use your pet punchline. Searles or SRussell can back you off the map as a solid reviewer and critic, but the odds are slight that they'll tee off on the book you want reviewed, and it's dollars to doughnuts that they'll react to it far differently than you did. Rotsler can draw better in a minute than you can in a year, but try to get Willie to draw your cartoon idea. And so it goes.

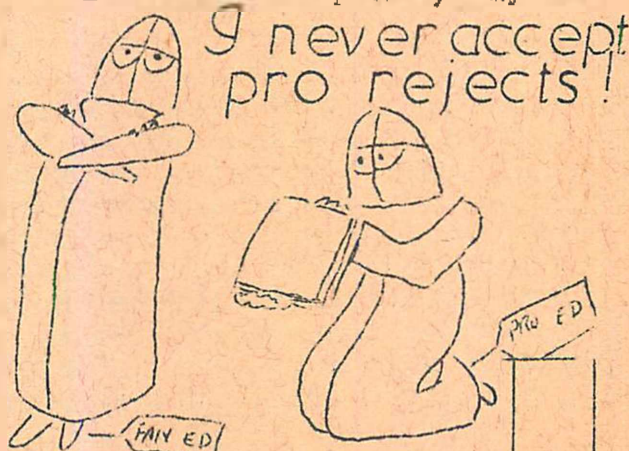
And what if your stuff isn't as good as theirs? Maybe if you look at enough of their stuff analytically and critically and apply what you learn to your own writing, you'll improve. If you plug hard enough at your own writing, maybe an individual style of your own will develop. And if you get to wondering what's the use, when you compare your stuff with theirs, you can comfort yourself with the thought that they too have models and ideals they look up to and compare themselves with disparagingly.

My, what a preachment! Even though you want a lot of stuff self-written -- and a really good fanzine will depend largely on its own editor's writings -- you will need plenty of items created by others. The getting of such stuff requires plenty of finesse.

In the first place, lay

off the pro authors. If your butcher happens to be a pal of yours you don't expect him to keep you in free T-bones, any more than you expect your carpenter crony to build you a free house or your radio store buddy to give you a free Ampex Tape Recorder (list price \$3800). The pro authors make their living writing, or try to. It is a gross impertinence to ask them to give you some of their work. If you know a pro, and he insists on

writing for you, it is a little different, provided he writes something which is obviously for his own recreation. R.P. Graham, for instance, had the time of his life at the second Wild Hair session. And there have been other similar cases, such as the articles E. Hoffman Price did for Willie Watson on high class liquor and how to recognize it. But don't importune them. And NEVER accept a pro's rejected story, no



matter how good it seems to you in your blue haze of awe and excitement when he gives it to you. If it really is worth anything, he'll eventually sell it, and your publishing of it may foul up his copyright. If he can't sell it, there is no earthly reason for you to waste time and money publishing it. The only thing it can possibly do is to tear down the reputation of both author and fanzine. (I say these things with full knowledge of the vast amount of pro stuff I solicited and used in ACOLYTE. I'm heartily ashamed of myself).

In the second place, lay off the established fan writers. They have outlets for far more stuff than they'll ever write, and your bombarding them with requests for material is waste effort. This is particularly true if you are a beginning editor. The old-timer has been nipped too often by aspiring new editors who fall by the wayside before they publish the material they've begged so hard for, or who do publish it so poorly that he wishes he'd never written it. After you have your fanzine well and solidly established, with an earned reputation for accurate neatness in reproduction and reliable promptness in distribution, you'll find the established fans sending you high quality stuff out of a blue sky.

In the third place, lay off the NFFB manuscript bureau and other similar groups. With all due respect to several guys who have performed a whole lot of selfless work, no mss bureau is likely to have any material that is worth a whoop. Most of the stuff you'll get from such a source will turn out to be rejects from SPACEWARP (see Rapp's monthly masthead if you don't believe me)* and other quality fanzines. If it isn't good enough for a quality fanzine, it isn't good enough for you, either.

You can examine almost any major fanzine, past or present, and you will find that two or three regular contributors whose stuff rarely appears elsewhere, create the material which really constitutes its backbone. FANTASY COMMENTATOR has Thyril Ladd and Matt Onderdonck. ACOLYTE had Baldwin, Rimel, Wakefield, and Hoffman. SPACEWARP has Watkins, Conner, Sneary, Metchette, and others. And so it goes. Build up your own stable of writers, write a lot yourself, and your worries about material will be negligible.

A gimmick that works with notable success is to spot people who can write well and feed them stencils. Pick people who are capable of writing stuff that need not be edited, and who at the same time are not very active. Burbee used this technique a lot. So do I. Couple this stunt with frequent publication, and watch the material pour in. There is something about a couple of free blank stencils, coupled with the knowledge that anything written on them will appear in but a few weeks, that practically forces a guy to the typewriter. Of course you have to have a certain amount of judgment in knowing who can be trusted to write interesting stuff at all times, but if you haven't this much acumen the odds are you can't publish a passable fanzine anyway.

Another gimmick is to have a small (or maybe not so small) local group from which to draw material. With luck, you may even get them to finance your magazine. Don't expect any help on mechanical details. The gang very likely will gather while

32 "Unless otherwise requested, material which cannot be used in SW will be sent to the N3F Mss.Bu." (Masthead note)

you are working and help make the time go faster for you, but anything beyond this is like droppings from a cloud.

You can also use the "one-shot session" technique, but this is not advised unless you really know what you are doing. Burbee and I have sponsored around eight such bashes since January 1945, and we learned the hard way that a passable result will occur only if certain strict rules are observed. The artistry of the one-shot fanzine is an article in itself -- in fact I wrote such an article in 1946 and Burbee published it. I'd plagiarise myself and give out with it once again, except that the LASES reprinted an emasculated version about a year ago in SHANGRI LA. So take down your copy of the SHANGRI-LA all-star reprint issue, and in the early portion of the article add to Burbee's sales talk for the one-shot session, "WHY IT WILL BE JUST LIKE A DAUGHERTY PROJECT EXCEPT THAT IT WILL ACTUALLY HAPPEN." You will then hold in your hands the complete article and will be all set to have a one-shot fanzine session, maybe.

Another excellent source for fanzine material (and strangely enough it has been little exploited) is the public library. If your library has any number of foreign periodicals, a certain amount of browsing will uncover very lovely stuff which scarcely any fanzine reader will see unless you publish it. Unless you are a stickler for formality, you need not even get permission to reprint, since what the furriners don't know won't hurt 'em. (ACOLYTE reprinted several items from foreign periodicals, including a French article on the influence of Poe on Baudelaire which Harry Warner translated for fanzine purposes.) I would not suggest any great dependence on such sources, but if you are in a bind for a good, solid article dealing with some phase of fantasy in its literary aspects, the library may be your solution.

I might remark in passing that your goal should be a back-log containing enough useable material to make no less than a full issue at all times. Most successful fanzines reach this point after the first year or so. It is something of a drawback to your contributors, since a fat backlog means slower publication, but what a godsend it is to the harried editor.

After all this gum-beating, I see I've still not given any indication of what kind of material you should strive for. Of course, all these remarks about the editorial persona imply that the magazine should reflect yourself, which of course will affect its scope.

Personally, I am unable to stand fanzine fiction. I never read any fiction in a fanzine unless it was written by E. Everett Evans. (I read that only for the laughs). With full and abashed knowledge of the many pages of fiction I myself published, I will state flatly that any serious story that is worth a faint damn will be published somewhere professionally. This is all the more true now that the fantasy/stf field is glutted with prozines. And as utterly unreadable as the typical pulp magazine is at its best, life is just too short to read its rejects, to say nothing of sweating out the stencilling and mimeographing of them.

Please note that I said serious story. Satire is quite another dish. I still remember with great relish some of the innumerable take-offs on "World of Null-A",

particularly Paul Spencer's. There was Burton Crane, with "Free Seeds from Congress" and other gems. A lot of Burbee's best work is satirical fiction, including the item he considers his best, even if Rotsler did butcher it up on publication. ("Big Name Fan", if you must know.) Nor should I forget "Shadow Over North Weymouth 91" by Art Widner, a snappy double take-off on Lovecraft and George O. Smith. Stuff like this is wonderful. Any fanzine editor who can publish its equivalent is doing his readers a favor.

What I do object to is to material written for professional publication and rejected, or else merely written in slavish imitation of hack fiction. For that matter, it need not be hack the guy is imitating. Who wants to read an inept, watered-down imitation of M.R. James when he can get the real thing? It's fully as sensible as chewing up and swallowing the pictures out of a cookbook instead of eating a seven-course dinner.

Plenty of other fanzine readers object to fiction. I don't know their reasons. But to me, in addition to being unreadable, fiction in a fanzine indicates that the editor was out of material and too lazy or too dull or both to write anything to fill up his pages.

Another dislike of mine is poetry. I used to use it for fillers. I even wrote three or four poems (serious, weird ones, too!) which were published in various fanzines. The word you are groping for, son, is fugghead. I'm not even groping for it.

The objections to fiction do not apply to poetry at all. Nearly all verse is semi-amateur, so far as making a living out of it is concerned, and most of it by far is published in semi-professional magazines. The fanzine editor who wants to waste space with it can fill his magazine with an array of "name" poets and can compete on fairly even terms with the semi-pro poetry magazines, particularly the "vanity" ones. I could tell you how to go about it, but I won't do it. It weighs too heavily on my conscience when I think of the amount of this sort of crud I published myself for me to do anything to encourage someone else to try it. If you want to publish poetry, go in to that field, and let fanzine publishing remain the medium for "literate self-expression" that some of us try to kid ourselves it sometimes is.

I can see some of you beginning to ask yourselves if this Terrible Towner likes anything. Yes, I do. Any time anyone has something to say and can do a passable job of saying it, he is my boy. I'll read what he says, very likely reread it. I'll show it to my friends and brag on it. I'll try to get him to write something for FAN-DANGO, and very likely I'll become a contributor to his fanzine, if he has one.

Any time someone really has something to say, I'll read it with pleasure, even if he doesn't do a very good job of saying it. After all, who am I to gripe if someone can't write any better than I can?

By
"something to say" I don't mean that the guy need be serious. He may be ribbing the socks off someone or something. Maybe not. Perhaps he is wrought up over some book he's discovered and wants others to read (or not read). Maybe he is wound up about one of my own pet interests. Or maybe he's going to town about something I neither knew nor cared much about.

The subject matter is immaterial. He can even be talking about science-fiction if he does a good enough job, has something original to say. His stuff may be original only in that it deals with something I never happened to know much about. Maybe he's been thinking overtime and has some original or quasi-original notions or syntheses of other peoples' notions. Maybe he's walking on someone for being such a fugghead and has some glorious new concept for satirization.

ORIGINALITY. Let's put that in caps. It certainly is a prime requisite of any fanzine material.

The subject matter of a fanzine article should be a matter of complete indifference. Having myself largely lost interest in stf and fantasy, I don't care so much for a lot of the stuff in fanzines. If my own FAN-JANGO has anything on the subject as often as once a year I feel I'm slipping badly. This is just me. Hell with it. But it does strike me as a hell of a commentary on some people that they insist that a fanzine contain stuff relating only to stf, fantasy, or fandom. Such narrowness seems incredible. (Those of you who read any issues of my own ACOLYTE are no doubt rolling on the floor by now). Here is this great teeming world of ours, loaded with fascinating stuff to think about and talk about and do something about, maybe, and yet there are articulate persons who want to swaddle themselves in a stagnant puddle in a backwater of escapist writing and think of nothing else.

No matter what subject is dealt with, some fanzine readers somewhere will probably be interested in it. Even if they aren't, if you keep plugging at it well enough, you may probably create converts. Naturally you will have more stuff dealing with stf and fantasy than with other subjects. This is to be expected. But there is certainly no need to stick with this same old rut. Babies who want to keep playing with their rattles after they are chronological adults usually end up in institutions.

From bitter experience in reading page after page of blather from fuggheads, I'd suggest that it is often better to make a clean break from stf, rather than try to do much with the subjects "growing out of scientifiction". There is something about scientifiction, particularly in its more sociological facets, which seems to act as a lodestone to crackpots. If there is anything duller than serious, constructive articles of crackpot theorizings, I can't imagine what it may be.

Articles of extrapolation can be wonderful, entertaining, stimulating, thought-productive reading; IF their writers indicate at least a nodding acquaintance with known facts. Good articles of this nature are among the best material any fanzine can feature. All too many fannish attempts along these lines betray incredible ignorance of "reality", probability, or anything else save the daydreaming of psychopaths. Of clinical interest only, they have no place other than in case histories.

Now of course no amateur writer can be expected to have the savant's grasp of any subject. Certainly, though, he should have an inkling of what he is talking about, the knowledge of an informed layman. And his knowledge should be the authentic kind -- not the tripe dredged from the Rosicrucians, Theosophists, Forteanes, Orzybski-philosophes, Dianeticians, Shaverites, and their ilk. If a guy

doesn't have this knowledge, the least he can do is to keep his mouth shut in company, and the least you, as editor of a fanzine, can do is to refuse him a sounding board.

AUTHENTICITY. There is another prime requisite for a fanzine article. A safe rule for any editor is to reject any article whose authenticity he doubts, unless it is plainly a satire or other humorous piece.

Not all original and authentic articles are acceptable either. We are all of us rank amateurs at this art of stringing words together, and one of us is as likely to toss out a truly first-class piece of writing as a sandlot baseball player is to break into the New York Yankees' batting order. It's been done, in both cases, but not very often.

Amateurs or no, somewhere we must draw a line. How poorly written an article can a good fanzine stand? This leads into the question of revision. Should an editor revise material submitted to him? I'm not thinking so much of misspellings and obvious errors of grammar. You usually do your contributor a favor when you correct these for him, and I believe this practise is pretty much taken for granted.

Should the editor abridge prolix articles? Should he rewrite where he thinks it proper? In a probably unjustified assumption of bland omnipotence, I've always juggled stuff around to suit my fancy. If I revise very much, however, the end-result reads more and more like a Laney article. A time or so, long-winded characters have become furious at my condensing their submissions. One time, Sam Moskowitz actually made me apologise for cutting a 12-14 page article on Weinbaum down to 6 pages. The fact that the revised version was readable and the original was not is beside the point.

This revision question is one that each editor must decide for himself. If I had my publishing to do over, I believe I'd revise far less than I did, and reject far more. It is doubtful if any article that requires a major re-write is worth fooling with. It might also be noted that the editor who attempts to revise the work of someone who is a markedly better writer than himself is not likely to get a second chance.

In no case, however, should any fanzine editor publish anything which is not eminently READABLE. Another prime requisite.

So if your material is original, authentic, and readable -- you've got a wonderful fanzine.

Another fanzine publishing problem that seems worth discussing is the question of subscription fanzines versus give-aways. There are advantages and drawbacks to both cases.

Of all the publishers of subscription fanzines since the very beginning, you can just about count on your fingers the ones who performed in a reasonably ethical fashion. If you are going to sell your fanzine, your very offering it for a price implies a contract. If you take money for your fanzine you owe your subscribers regularity of publication, full refund of any unused subscription moneys, and of course a magazine of the general size and quality you have led them to expect.

The editor of a subscription fanzine enjoys the advantage of making somebody else pay for his fun. If properly

administered, a subscription fanzine can be made to break even or perhaps show a slight profit. The amount of work it will take will be staggering, but it can be done. If you get good at it, you can net as much as 1/2¢ per hour in clear profit from your publishing labor.

(I can cite my own ACOLYTE. It was published quarterly in an edition of 200 copies of 30 to 34 pages each, mimeographed, and almost invariably carried a lithographed cover costing an average of \$5.00 to \$6.00. For its last two years it not only paid for itself 100% including cover and postage, but defrayed most of the expense of the quarterly FAN-DANGO, a mimeographed 10 to 12 pager of 75 copies. It paid off simply because I got plugs for it everywhere I could: prozines, other fanzines, poetry magazines, even in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE; and because I adamantly refused to carry deadheads except in a few instances where they were contributing material or might reasonably be expected to do so.)

To my mind the advantage of a fanzine paying its own way is far counterbalanced by the way it ties its editor down. A subscription fanzine, if published with any degree of regularity, quickly becomes an almost unsupportable burden. You find yourself bounding away on it whether you want to or not. An enjoyable hobby turns into an incubus.

If you publish a giveaway, you have to finance it yourself. Even a simple issue can quickly eat up six or eight dollars. But you can publish as often or as seldom as you like, you can say anything you wish without wondering if some thin-skinned fool will cancel his subscription, you can pick and choose your mailing list, and you can hold your circulation as low as you want. If something else comes up you want to do, you can forget your fanzine for months on end, and resume where you left off without painstakingly building up from scratch again.

All in all, I think the giveaway beats the subscription fanzine all hollow. This may be because I got my fill and more of the latter. But if fansining is truly a hobby for you and not a full-time unprofitable chore, the give-away is your meat.

Make no mistake about it, either. The publishing of a fanzine is one of the very best hobbies I have ever encountered, and I who say this have followed literally dozens of hobbies at one time or another. It is participative rather than passive, and it moreover depends far more on ability than money. You can be mighty broke, and still maintain an enviable position in the fanzine world. Your own little stack of stuff is something you'll read with great interest, and show to your friends with pride. And look at all the fun it is. Try it, Lad.

-END-

FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE DEPARTMENT
(Indoor Sport Division)

"...we all thank Mr. Derleth for giving us this opportunity to have these works in a form we can preserve for those cold, wet nights when a good fantasy makes the bed seem a more comfortable and homely place."

--editorial in FA, Nov 1942

(From SPACENARP 27, June 1949)

Besides entertainment, a good fanzine should be informative, which prompted SPACEWARP to run many a serious, constructive article relating to stf. An outstanding example is this discussion of a writer and his work, whose undeserved obscurity prior to Lyon DeCoeur's turning of the spotlight on him makes it seem a pity that (far as I know) even today HOAxtell's tales have never found their way into the many pb anthologies of stf. Even from the brief description of them herein, it is obvious they are superior to many a story that has achieved the immortality of book publication. At any rate, as did its original appearance in June 1950, if this article prompts many a fan to delve in his musty prozine files in search of Axtell's tales, it will have served its purpose.

a stf master nobody remembers

BY LYON DE COEUR

Fame is a fleeting thing, and it is certain that not even in the pulp-fiction trade is the name of Howard O. Axtell a well-remembered byline. To certain veteran Western and adventure-fiction editors, the name attached to a poem in Harper's or Poetry: A Magazine of Verse may obscurely recall the days in the mid-1930's when his fiction appeared in the pulps under his own and various other names, but to science fiction editors, even those -- if there are any -- that signed the checks made out to him, the name of Howard O. Axtell probably does not strike a responsive chord.

It is just as certain that even those knowledgeable students of the stf field, the science fiction fans themselves, do not readily recall Howard O. Axtell. This situation is not surprising. Axtell's fame rests on a total output of exactly five science fiction stories, which appeared over a seven-year period centering more than a decade ago. Those five stories created no sensation such as greeted the advent of a Weinbaum or a Heinlein. No scintillating adjectives were expended to describe them in the editorial blurbs and their appearance was marked by only a few brief and noncommittal comments in the letter departments of that era. But to the alert critic of 1950, looking with retrospective eye on the pulp magazines of the "old days", Axtell's five yarns present certain qualities of excellence and distinctiveness that cause them to stand out from the rest like rare and valuable gems.

Howard O. Axtell's first appearance in science fiction came after he had served an apprenticeship of some five or six years in other pulps such as Triple-X Western and Ace-High Magazine. It was in the Spring 1933 Wonder Stories Quarterly, and the story with which he made his stf debut was "The Man Who Followed April", a "pure" fantasy of the Clark Ashton Smith type that, atypically, nevertheless did not rely on purple patches

and exotic names made up of nonsense syllables to weave the "fantasy" atmosphere. Perhaps the story might be considered hewing closest to the C.A. Smith formula used in "The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis" for, like that story, "The Man Who Followed April" was a fantasy in a science-fictional setting.

Verdor, the lonely protagonist of Axtell's fantasy, is a mysterious millionaire who travels from planet to planet in the galaxy in a swift black spaceship, arriving regularly at certain resort cities on each world just as the tide of spring reaches it. Tarrying only briefly, Verdor flits off to another planet when summer's heat approaches. Thus he lives perpetually in April weather, and his arrival on a planet is a harbinger of Spring. Then, after many years, one April he fails to arrive on Earth as spring rustles up from the south -- and, strangely, the full tide of the vernal season never came to N'York... The climax of this delicately-told story is a masterpiece that reminds one of an old fairy tale or an Oriental legend of fragile charm.

Axtell's second sf tale appeared almost coincidentally with the first -- it was in the May 1933 Astounding. Though a fantasy atmosphere still pervaded his work, this story was somewhat different from "The Man Who Followed April." If similarities to the fiction of Clark Ashton Smith are to be seen in the original Axtell story, "Lost in the Stars" (not to be confused with the current Broadway musical of the same title) seems to reflect influences of C.L. Moore's Northwest Smith. The hero, Jolly Roger McKay, is a tough, humorless, but colorful outlaw that reminds one of Miss Moore's famous character; the untamed "frontier of the sky" is vividly described, as in "Black Thirst" and "Shambleau", depicting terrestrial conquest and colonization against a background of an alien culture mankind can never understand. But Jolly Roger is a more realistic hero than Northwest Smith. Where a romantic motive of chivalric loyalty, or sympathy for the underdog, is sufficient to move Northwest through his adventures, Jolly Roger McKay is a much more complex personality, more subtly motivated. He is pushed into his adventures in "Lost in the Stars" because of his Robin Hood pretensions. His sensitive, inquiring mind has found the times (circa 2000 AD) hopelessly out of joint and has driven him from society into outlawry in an effort to "change things". His efforts, all the more pitiful because of his color and innate sincerity, have a Don Quixote grandeur about them. Though this tale's plot sometimes borders on space opera, the depiction of this realistic hero against the romantic background keeps this yarn solidly interesting.

More than three years passed before Howard O. Axtell contributed another story to the science fiction pulps. This time it was a novelette that appeared in Wonder Stories for June 1936, a yarn distinguished for several things. Stylistically, this story found Axtell abandoning his science-fiction-with-fantasy-atmosphere for a gadget-ridden, technological tale that might easily appear in aSF today and -- what is more -- take a top place in the Analytical Laboratory. Furthermore, this story has the distinction of including a prophecy that ranks beside Dr. David H. Keller's lucky guess about World War II in the opening paragraph of "The Bloodless War". Axtell's yarn predicted the flying saucers!

His story was titled "The Silver Wings" and, though throughout the tale the flying discs are called "wings" -- for Axtell could not

be expected to know exactly what they would be dubbed -- the story contains a solid stfnal conception of the mysterious fleet of flying discs that appeared over America eleven years to the very month after his story appeared. The world is threatened with stellar invaders in the latter chapters of "The Silver Wings" and is saved on the last page in the approved Hamiltonian manner, but the early portion of the story reads remarkably like the newspaper reports of June and July, 1947, not to mention more recent reports:

"It [the wing] came down slantingly, a disc-shaped thing that shimmered in the hard sunlight...For an instant it poised quiveringly above the swaying treetops, then it whipped away into the steely blue of the sky at an incredible speed. This was a visitor, Reed felt instinctively, as alien to Earth as a meteor, and carrying with it, aegis-like, an eeriness that touched the tangible world as chillingly as though a door in the heavens had for an instant opened on the mysteries of the stars themselves..."

Another several years went by before Howard O. Axtell's fourth stf yarn was published. Once again, his new story represented a switch in approach and treatment from those that preceded it. In the first place, this was a long story -- a "novel" according to the contents page, though it was hardly one in the true sense of the word. Published in the September 1938 issue of Marvel, it revealed that Axtell, who as a poet has shown himself most adept at shaping short lyrics rather than lengthly narrative poems, was not the master of longer works even in prose. The story is rambling, episodic and often diffuse, employing altogether too many characters and often developing offshoots and subplots that detract from the effectiveness of the main story line. Disregarding its faults, however, this story -- which bears the poetic title of "The Long Night of Waiting" -- must be regarded as the best of Howard O. Axtell's work, and one of the greatest short novels in all science-fiction.

"The Long Night of Waiting" portrays Earth in the mid-25th century -- Earth, the proud capital of a solar empire comprising colonies on Mars, Venus, and the moons of Jupiter. But Earth is an old and dying world; the colonies are young and virile. The plot centers upon the efforts of Jan Elodar, premier of Earth, to increase the population of Earth, fill the planet with young, strong men, and thus avert the looming danger of being conquered by the colonies which have adopted fascistic policies in their long battles against an overwhelmingly hostile environment. The vast scope of Elodar's plan is strikingly told by Axtell, who uses a cosmic viewpoint to communicate everything to the reader. As powerful as this depiction is, it is equalled by Axtell's description and analysis of the great Elodar Plan itself -- a plan that is obviously not merely a gimmick dreamed up to fit the plot but actually the heart of the story, intricately and intelligently worked out by the author before being put into fictional form.

Axtell's thesis, that it takes generations to carry out such projects in human engineering, would have formed a useful text for Adolf Hitler, who tried and failed to reverse the falling German birthrate through measures somewhat less drastic than Jan Elodar's. I suspect that all the ramifications and implica-

tions of "The Long Night of Waiting" can be understood only by those who have taken a year's course in social statistics, but the story is well worth reading twice for maximum comprehension.

Howard O. Axtell's fifth, and so far last, sf tale appeared in Future Fiction for January 1940. The only sf story to appear under his pseudonym, Orrin Howard, a penname he had used often in Black Mask and Argosy for mystery and adventure tales, it was titled "Caverns of the Night." Somewhat inconsequential, this yarn may have been a reject from another sf magazine, dug out of Axtell's files when Future Fiction was launched; nevertheless, it has its moments.

"Caverns of the Night" is a story of probability-worlds that might have been influenced by Jack Williamson's "Legion of Time," but the use Axtell makes of the concept is far different from that which Williamson utilized. Presenting almost as bewildering an array of probability time-tracks as Robert Heinlein did in "Elsewhere", which it slightly resembles, the story emphasizes the psychological reactions to time-travel of the protagonist, an introvert who wishes to escape from his coldly scientific world into a more congenial one, and in this facet, his story succeeds admirably in depicting frustration and fear. Taken altogether, however, "Caverns of the Night" is Axtell's least moving story, and for him, something of a failure, though it rates well when compared with its contemporaries, including those in Astounding.

One phase of Axtell's sf output that has generally been overlooked is that he had a "history of the future" outline, somewhat resembling Heinlein's, to background his stories. Axtell's "history of tomorrow" was based on the premise that science and technology will continue to accelerate in their advance against the unknown and that undreamed-of scientific achievements will be the heritage of our grandchildren. In a passage in "The Long Night of Waiting" Axtell prophesied the advent of atomic power in 1956, and the conquest of space in 1965. Running from the near future (when the story was written) in "The Silver Wings" the history continues through the early days of space flight, as dramatized in "Lost in the Stars" to the days of colonization of the planets in "The Long Night of Waiting" and into interstellar empire era in "The Man Who Followed April". Apparently, "Caverns of the Night" fits into the pattern somewhere between "Lost In The Stars" and "The Long Night of Waiting", tied into the history by references to events depicted in other stories.

To my knowledge Howard O. Axtell received mention in the fan press only twice -- once in a brief filler in Bob Tucker's one-time fanzine Fan Jester, and once in a short article by Forrest J Ackerman in New Frontiers, the FAPazine of Sam Moskowitz, circa 1937.

In the Fan Jester item, Axtell's birth was stated to have taken place in July 1903 at Dennysville, Maine, while Ackerman credited Lubec, Maine, as Axtell's birthplace, the date being July 19, 1903. Both articles reported that Axtell had graduated from Bates College in 1925, and had taken his master's degree at the University of Minnesota (1930).

Ackerman's article, "Three Main Tremaine Hopes", described Axtell as a history instructor at the University of Idaho and Illinois Wesleyan before his retirement from teaching in 1933 to devote himself to

freelance writing. According to Ackerman, Axtell was a million-words-a-year man, a contributor to such diverse markets as Love Story, Ranch Romances, Black Mask, Complete Stories, Wild West Weekly (where one year his bylines appeared in 39 out of 52 issues), Clues, Ace-High, etc. An historical novel psychoanalyzing Lorenzo (the Magnificent) de'Medici was slated for 1938 publication, Forry reported, but whether this book ever appeared is uncertain.

"From evry indication," wrote Acky in completing the section of his article devoted to Axtell, "the xlnt work dun by HOAxtell in the past will b added 2 in the near future. He has 6 stf scripts on the fire & if Axtell's tales get the ax, tell (pardonu la pun!) the editors they made a mistake! HOAxtell promises 2 b 1 of the great stffrs of the next 10 yrs."

Appar-
ently, the six yarns mentioned by Ackerman did get the editorial axe, for Axtell did not, unfortunately, become one of the great stf writers of the last decade. It is a great pity that this writer, who had more talent than nine out of ten stf scribes, did not stay in the science fiction field. As it has turned out, Howard O. Axtell is a stf master that nobody ever heard of.

-END-

Back in the days before faanfiction, there was this stuff known as fanfiction. We present two examples, both from the June 1948 issue of SPACEWARP, and otherwise notable for the fact that they took 10th and 11th Prize, respectively, in Rog Graham's contest for "Best Fanzine Writing of 1948"

PERFECTION

by Wrai Ballard

The port of the little space survey ship opened, and Ed Trent stepped to the asphalt-like surface of the tiny world.

Lighting his pipe, he sat down for the vigil that was customary on newly discovered planets. It has been found best, in cases like this, to let the inhabitants discover the explorer. No race likes to be hunted; and besides you are at all times close to the protection of your ship.

The survey dials gave the readings that could mean humanoid or semi-human life. Trent was calm, but alert. Weinbaum's "A Martian Odyssey" was a good story, but alien life is not always friendly. In fact, some is downright bad.

The head of a man suddenly appeared above a slight rise. Trent watched, cautiously, as the stranger neared, only the top half of his body showing. The newcomer's movements were fast and smooth.

Ed's usual placidity was shattered as the native came wholly into view. "What the--" his voice trailed off into silence. This was something new! The native had an absolutely normal body from the waist up, but the bottom half was un-

usual, to say the least. The left leg was humanoid down as far as the knee; there it split into a fork, with a wheel that had a single pedal. The right leg, slightly shorter, ended in the usual ankle and foot. With this leg the creature was pedaling madly.

The stranger banked in a turn and came to a stop in front of Trent. "I have been delegated to greet you. I'm Bill."

"You speak English!" This was unbelievable.

"We call it Smerian, but the results are the same. If you will please follow." Bill pedaled off.

Ed was regaining his calmness. As he moved along behind Bill he convinced himself that the idea of a mono-pad was entirely feasible; in fact he had proof.

It was only a short time until he was in the center of a fair-sized village. The greeting ceremony was brief and simple. Trent was introduced to the leaders, and then allowed to be a normal tourist, watched closely by a mob of young Smerians who were too polite to show their amusement at his queer method of locomotion.

In a short time Ed had seen all there was to see in the one-city country. He then turned his interest to the people and their customs.

The wheels were of an extremely hard and bony cartilage, as were the pedals. There were channels inside the hub, he was told, that supplied the necessary connection to the circulatory system of the body. An always-interesting sight were the efforts of the babies, trying to roll on their weak and soft wheels. Occasionally, Trent heard references to recent wars with the people of the only enemy city. These stories were stopped hastily when he appeared, so he didn't pry, at least not among the adults.

The peacefulness of his visit was disrupted within a week after Trent landed. Amid loud cries, all the men of the village were assembled, and forming ranks, they rolled off toward the west.

"Where are they going?" Ed asked Bill, now his personal attendant.

"War," answered Bill cryptically. "Care to come along?"

Ed naturally wanted to see how these people fought, and if they were a possible menace to Earth, so he answered by following the troops.

Within a surprisingly short time the two came to a large plain, on which the Smerian army faced their opponents in two long lines. A bugle sounded! Both lines rolled forward! When the opposing armies met, they came to a standstill, then the men sat down facing each other.

Trent watched incredulously. No gore! No carnage! Now and then a member of one side or the other would get up, walk a few paces to the rear, and sit down again.

"What's going on? I never saw a battle fought like that before." Trent was rather disappointed.

"How else should wars be fought?" asked Bill. "They're playing chess. When a man loses a game, he has to drop out. The first side to lose all its men, naturally loses the battle."

"Your way is silly!" Ed exploded indignantly. "Why don't you carry weapons and settle your quarrels for good? I'll radio Earth to send a few hand-blasters and flame-projectors, and then I'll be glad to train and lead a real army for you."

Bill looked at Ed strangely, then excused himself and sped toward the line of combat, his pedal leg pumping furiously. He shouted something to the soldiers, and immediately became the center of an excited group. Ed smiled. Just wait till he got them going -- he'd show them how a war should be fought! Strangely enough, however, the battle stopped, and officers of both sides conferred, then advanced with their men toward the Earthman.

Trent watched with growing unease as he was completely surrounded.

Bill coasted to a stop before him. "I'm to be spokesman for the military leaders of both sides," he announced. "Your proposal has given us an entirely new opinion of your civilization. We have decided we must deal with you here and now. We can't let you return to your own planet, so we've decided to turn you over to our scientists."

"NO!" cried Trent. "You can't do this to me!" He tried to break out of the circle of Smerians, but his struggles were useless. Clutched by a dozen husky soldiers, Ed Trent was hustled toward the biogenetic laboratories.....

EXCERPT FROM (radioed) WEEKLY REPORT #20, EXPEDITION K-87D:

"Evidence of possible fate of Survey Man EDWIN G. TRENT B37-810795, who dissapeared mysteriously in this region 48 years ago, has been found on small planet in zone L623 K22. Evidence is in the form of a monument and statuary, with an inscription which has been translated as follows:

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN G. TRENT
FATHER OF THE NEW IMPROVED RACE

The accompanying statue is that of an Earthman, identical with the description of Trent in our files, and a strange being. This second being is portrayed as having a human body, but the torso ends in a queer three-forked trunk, the middle "leg" dividing again at what would correspond to a human's knee, and containing a wheel, much like the wheel of a bicycle, complete with pedals. The two outside legs are somewhat shorter, and apparently the creature is using them to pedal.

The usual photographic record is being made."

MESSAGE SUBSEQUENTLY RECEIVED ON INTERNATIONAL EMERGENCY FREQUENCY:

"Help! Expedition K-87D requires immediate assistance! We are held captive by the race of mono-wheeled people described in previous report.

Hurry! They intend to use us as a basis for the formation of their planned NEW IMPROVED RACE, WITH COASTER BRAKE."

-END-

a man of imagination

by Donn Brazier

George Smith was hungry again. Between thoughts of Lela, third from the left at the Gayety, and the box of expensive cigars near his elbow, his gastric glands relayed urgent messages. He was one to follow all such promptings. It cost him a great deal of money; for instance, that fox fur around Lela's white neck. But it was worth it, and he had a great deal more money than he could spend, anyway.

He heaved himself erect from the overstuffed chair. His eyes fell on the silver-gilded mantle clock. "Ah, still time to eat a snack and meet Lela too." He waddled into the sumptuous kitchen. No one was there to help him eat, for it was Frank's night off; he was alone with his magazines (Girly, Cuties, and Wolves at Bay), cigars, and cold chicken.

His pudgy hand reached into the ice box for the stuffed olives. "Damn it," he exploded, "why does Frank put the bottle behind the milk?" He fished around behind the milk. His hand closed on emptiness. "I got to have olives with my chicken!"

Wiping his hands fastidiously on his blue-edged, monogrammed handkerchief, he lifted the ivory-plated cradle phone and dialed three-four-five-one-two-six.

"Send me up one jar of stuffed olives, suite four, and make it sn---what's that? Wrong number? Isn't this Herman's Delicatessen?"

"This is Mars. Hasx du Grk speaking."

George Smith jabbed the receiver down, dialed again, got Herman, and a little later his olives were run up by a pasty-faced urchin. He gave the boy a nickel and slammed the door.

After several chicken bones littered the sink, George Smith glanced at his jeweled watch: "Jumping codfish! Lela!" It was too late to meet her in the dressing room, where he had meant to surprise her. She would already be on her way to the Sky Room, no doubt, with some tall, dark and broke kid. Well, he'd call the Sky Room. It would be easy to break that up, for silver foxes didn't grow on bushes.

"Hello, is this Albert? This is..."

"This is Mars. Hasx du Grk warns Earth that Jukva has passed your moon, even now as I speak."

"What rubbish is that?" the fat face exploded. "Is this or is it not the Sky Room?"

"...decelerating, he may arrive within twenty-four hours. Prepare, Earth, for this is n..." George Smith swore and slammed down the phone. He dialed again.

"Ah, is that you, Albert? Good. Is Lela there? This is George." Pleased at the reply, George busied himself in the bath, and then stepped out for the evening. Some time later, he, Lela, and the fox fur staggered into his rooms. It was late, but George said:

"Lelash, lesh get some more drinksh." And so, once more he picked up the ivory-plated phone and dialed a number.

"This is Mars. Jukva has begun to activate the Penetron Screen. Earth, your time is short. You must build a...."

The phone banged down. "Come here," George grinned drunkenly at Lela. She came, and a little later, near morning, she left. George had passed out.



The sun was shining brightly through the window, squarely into George's eyes. He stumbled up and yanked down the shade. On the way back to the bed he tripped over the telephone cord, falling sloppily to the rug. He replaced the phone on its cradle; then he remembered.

He dialed the Telephone Company. "Hello, I wish to report a...oh, you again. Well, I'm going to fix you this time." He dialed again. "This is George Smith. Please send a man out here immediately to remove this damn phone. All I get is wrong numbers!"

The man never got there.

Jukva arrived on Earth first, with his Penetron Screen.
-END-

Of Brazier's story, Redd Boggs remarks (in "The Purple Dawn" SPACEWARP, March 1950): "Man of Imagination was a manuscript I rescued from the dusty files of John Gergen's one-time fanzine Tycho, where it had reposed unpublished during most of the Second World war." Which seems to indicate that the story is somewhere around twenty years old by now.

Economics

Experience to me has taught
That women dislike being bought.
Well, you don't hear complaints from me
If they insist on being free!

--SPACEWARP 54, March 1954