

# The SpeleoBem 6.5

Vme



Bruce Pelz



Elinor - Ed Cox - Buz



Lee Jacobs



Terry - Miri

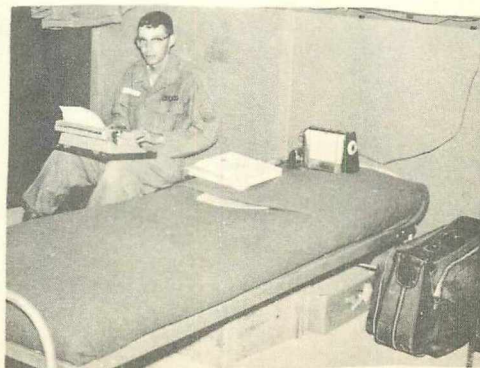
# SAPS



BJO & 'Gorge'



Don Durward - BRToskey



Art Rapp



Rich Brown

ms. 1091



# THE CABAL LADDER

11-6 For this mailing at least, I am adopting Art Hayes's arrangement of mailing comments, doing them in alphabetical order. And we start off with the offering of Coswal:

THE BIBLE COLLECTOR

#2

Well, speaking of SAP titles, I could have called my con and trip report SAPONIFICATION, because that's what I was. But it would have received only a lot of groans about miserable puns.

I gather, from your statement that characters such as Rhysling don't DO anything, that you are in favor of the thud-and-blunder hero who dashes all over the cosmos à la Kinnison and the Hamilton Sagas. Pfui, sir. The value of stories with characters such as Rhysling lies in what those characters do when something does happen to them --not just in the occurrence itself. And well-written stories of this latter type are much more enjoyable -- to me, at least -- than well-written stories of the former type.

Regarding your statement to Miriam ("You take your music; I'd be just as happy if it had never been invented. I'll take my Bible Collection...") let me finish it by a statement that I'd be just as happy if the latter had never been invented.

Come off it, Cos -- I mean your idea that material other than mailing comments "sneaks into apazines." Just what do you think the first stf apa was set up for, than to circulate genzine material? "Sneaks into apazines"? I'd say it got there rather blatantly.

What world are you living in that Satellite IS still being published, even as of the end of August, even?

Of course Wrai doesn't consider you juvenile -- none of us do. Senile, perhaps...

The symbol (/) is the quickest way to have a bracket, unless you put one on the typer especially, like this ([ ]), but there is another way, which takes three key-punches, and a turn of the roller: ( / ). A couple back-spacings are needed, too.

I'm still not sure why you were trying to make BEE'S BUZZ look un-Coswalish. It didn't work particularly well, did it? I know I never bother guessing who did the zine by looking at the cover -- I just plow into the writing inside.

Rev Wright, who quotes the Anglo-Saxon Lord's Prayer in Eva's BRONCLETTE, is not a reverend, so there is no period after the "Rev" -- it stands for Reverdy, and he is a student at the University of Florida.

Hah! I've read some of Hal Boyle's columns in the paper ---- they rank quite high on my list of insomnia cures!

That travel folder of yours that I had to leave out of the bound mailing was send to Alan Dodd, who collects the things. He was rather surprised to get one from Helena Montana.

You have some excellent replies to Toskey herein, sirrah -- mainly, I agree with almost all of them. The bit on why caves seem toodangerous to Toskey was much enjoyed. "N the Deroes will getcha if ya don't.....watch.....out!" Heh-heh-heh.

BOG #11

On what do you base the statement that 95% of the material that is found in SAPS is a heluva lot better than what is found in other

apas? Or the statement that the biapans are mostly proud of SAPS? Lessee who we've got in the class of biapans: Anderson, Ballard, Berry, Busby, Carr, Coslet, Cox, Eney, Firestone, Gerding, Harness, Hayes, Hickman, Lewis, Pelz, Schaffer, Terwilleger, Weber and Wells. Of these, 11 are FAPA-SAPS biapans, and about 5 are OMPA-SAPS biapans. The others (ignoring duplication and multiapans) are N'APA-SAPS (including myself). I'd be most interested in finding out how the two former groups feel about their two apas. I'll wait for Miriam's poll

results. With N'APA-SAPS biapans, it's rather hard to compare the two, as N'APA has only started it's existence. Wait another year or two and ask again.

I like your puns, Otto -- they're terrible, as all good puns should be.

BRONG #14

Interesting cover -- looks like it might have been done by some kind of blueprint machine. Yes?

I think it's rather strange that the Russians, who are twenty years behind us in the majority of scientific knowledge, inventions, etc. and the knowledge to apply it, should be the first to orbit and hit the moon. Maybe there is a "Big Anti-Red Lie" too?

BUMP #1

So, like, Welcome To SAPS, Don Durward.

The main problem here is that there is a copy of QUIXOTIC lying around waiting for comment, and if I comment on your trip report here, I'd be repeating myself to comment on it in QUIX. But there are other items in QUIX, so-----

Boston is indeed a big bridge system -- also a traffic jam. I am a bit amused that New York's fog would disappoint an Angeleno, seeing that there were several very foggy times while I was in LA. But then I rather like fog -- in small doses, at least. If it lasts too long it would become annoying. All in all, it would seem that you had a rather disappointing time trying to visit fans on your trip. Try for the Pittcon next year.

I expect you'll get into the swing on the mailing comments in a mailing or two -- this BUMP is quite creditable for a first SAPSzine.

CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR

As long as you don't intend to keep this up, putting into each mailing a one-shot with a title that the Carrs mentioned in S--- #1, I guess we can put up with it.

There's a much better idea that sending a rocket to the moon to shoot out the message "Burnett R. Toskey was here" ---- send one up with Toskey inside and have it say "Burnett R. Toskey IS here"!

COLLECTOR

From my own viewpoint, Howard, there was very little visible difficulty in the operation of the convention. I aired a couple small gripes in the con report, but those were about the only ones I had. In retrospect, perhaps it would have been better to start registration Friday, since almost everyone had showed up by then, but it went along reasonably well, I thought. And you did, very definitely, put on an excellent con. Haven't met or heard from anyone yet who didn't think so.

Your list of suggestions seems very good. Have you sent a copy to Pittsburgh? On the matter of having fans and minor pros charge adverts, why not just publicize the name of any deadbeat who won't come across after the convention? Or threaten to do so and see how much of the outstanding money you can collect.

CREEP [#21]

Wally, you'll just have to find some way to keep Garcone away from your ditto masters. Try sprinkling the masters liberally with puns -- cold

puns, wet puns, dry puns, uncrossed puns, hot crossed puns, all kinds puns -- Garcone hates puns. He must be afraid of them, too, so maybe they'll keep him away from the masters.

Well, for one thing, on the "We are not amused" quote, it happens to be the only quote from Vicky that is included in my edition of Bartlett's Quotations (12th edition, p. 534).

The reason for not listing the artist who drew the cat picture in SPEBEM 4 is quite easy: I don't remember who drew it. I got it from a N3F RR, and it was by either Coral Smith or Esther Richardson. I can't remember which one, so I just left it out. Q.E.D. (Quite Easy Deduction.)

It's too bad that Tosk won't try to follow your very sage advice.

Ech. A Garcone bacoover. I prefer the Weber cover -- and isn't that beast in the foreground the same one who wouldn't pose a few mailings ago because he wasn't on the cover? Well, here he is on the cover, and he still won't pose! Very stubborn sort, I guess.

I feel ~~dis~~honoured that you should select my zine to review, along with FLABBER, out of



the entire mailing. Or didn't you have any choice? Possibly Garcone and Toskey selected the zines for you to review? Are you going to let them get away with that? Are you a fan or a m---  
--- hmm. I guess you are going to let them get away with it, after all. Oh, well, let's have more Weber material next time, huh?

A FANZINE FOR  
JOHN BERRY, ESQ.

Well, since I am unable, as yet, to listen to music from the LA and Southern California area, and since I do not have any recordings by the composers listed herein [that's "listed"], I'm afraid I don't have much use for this. I used to have several recordings, by Bax, Arnold, and Britten -- oh, yes, and Elgar, too -- and though they were enjoyable to listen to, they were not among my favorite composers. Also, I've heard Holst's "The Planets," which I don't particularly care for at all.

FAPA ECHO

Good grief, Art, where did this come from? First Eney shows up with REPORT FROM THE FORGOTTEN PAST, then this -- a relic from the era of the Ballard OEs ship. I think SAPS is undergoing a time-inversion, with the past coming back to haunt us. A look at the membership list and the wl confirm this idea.

Anyway, Art, the Not-Poetry was appreciated muchly. Particularly "Remedy" and "Gafia Global." Why don't you tackle the two comments "SAPS is what FAPA would be if FAPA had the nerve" and "SAPS is just a bunch of middle-aged types trying to be fannish" with Not-Poetry and see what happens?

And I'd still like to know who was hoarding the stencils for this thing. Art evidently didn't have them, or he would have been able to complete his SW index last mailing. Wrai Ballard or Nangee are likely suspects.

FENDENIZEN #14

That's a real bright-eyed little hundchen you have there on your cover. Cute, like. Much as I prefer cats, I also like cute dogs. I can't say that I agree that dachshunds smell nicer than cats, tho. Our cat smells clean and fresh most of the time.

Don't agree that tastes in poetry form in high school, either. I don't think my own taste in poetry is completely formed yet. Every once in a while someone will mention a poem that I decide to read, that I like, and whose author I have never heard of before. For an example, last year there was quite a bit of talk about Don Blanding in SAPS, and also in my correspondence with Elinor Poland. So I got out the library's copy of "Vagabond's House" and a couple other of his books, and read them. I'd never read anything by Blanding before, but I do like his stuff now. Who knows what other poets are around that I should read and like.

"ARC letters" -- an excellent term, methinks. And there are quite a few fans who are very capable of writing such letters -- you and Buz included. And more or less, a number of SAPS zines could be called ARC zines. Yes. An excellent term -- thanks, Jack.

Object to your supposition that a high suicide rate in Seattle would be the result of Seattle's attracting older and retired people. St. Petersburg is a mecca for these same types -- ones who could have the same characteristics you mention -- and there is a very low suicide rate there. There's got to be some other factor contributing a large amount.

In regard to the Victorian novelists, I'm completely unfamiliar with most of the ones you mention: Mrs. Gaskell, Edgeworth, Lever, Peacock, Meredith. And I don't care for some of the others particularly: George Eliot, Dickens, Brontes. Dumas I'm quite fond of, and both Sue and Hugo are interesting but so bloody down-beat it would take me a month to get over reading one of their books. (I'm basing this on having read The Wandering Jew and The Hunchback of Notre Dame.)

Very interesting. You say that ye Busby dachshunds are little people with fur on, then later state that small dogs are temperamental because their owners treat them like children instead of like dogs. I surmise that the Busby pooches are temperamental, then?

No, that's not quite the idea that Metzger was trying to get across with his cover illo for Speleobem 4. It went like this: "The streamlined cycle and lute/harp represent streamlined, slick, mechanistic society, while the figure's dress tends to be from the past, representing

escape from society, escape into a sort of ---? ultimate individualism (the desert -- like Thomas Mann's mountain). The cycle is society's pressures -- you HAVE TO HAVE CERTAIN MECHANICAL THINGS, AS IN TRANSPORTATION -- the harp is the pleasurable things offered by contact with society, which man finds hard to part with." [from Metzger note which came with the illo, 6/6/59] A pretty good symbolization, I think.

Well, since both you and Buz have decided that I am responsible for PENCIL POINT, I guess I'd better deny it right here and now: I deny that I am responsible for PENCIL POINT. I wish to point out that the only means of fanzine repro available to me is multilith.

I am very tempted to show your sage description of a typical librarian around at Tampa Public -- especially since I've already given notice as of 31 December and have an assured job in LA. It is highly accurate, and will throw a lot of those old bats into fits. But on second thought most of them flunk out the typical test in one way or other -- one is married, one isn't underweight, one is quite friendly, etc. One fits perfectly though: Miss Bashford in cataloguing, who happens to be Dee(2)'s boss.

Something should be set straight -- in fact it should have been taken care of two mailings ago, but I never noticed it, and evidently Es didn't either. When Bill Meyers printed part of Glenn King's carbonzine, with discussion of segregation, KING'S PART STOPPED AFTER THE FIRST PARAGRAPH; the second paragraph was the opinion of BILL MEYERS. (For anyone interested, I'm referring to AGHAST 8, p. 12, mailing 47). The only reason I caught this now was your comment about "the segregationist whose letter was printed in AGHAST." King is a rabid integrationist, and Meyers was voicing the segregationist view. Both Es and I have the original carbonzines, but neither of us caught the bit or thought to check up. Bill made no distinction between Glenn's bit and his own paragraph, except to skip a line and indent again. Please to correct opinions of King and aim all bombs at Meyers.

If you find out what story was based on the song "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago," please relay the information to me. I'm very interested in stories based on songs (one of my very favorites is Poul's "Sam Hall"), and went so far as to do a report on "The Ballad in Science Fiction and Fantasy" for one of my college courses.

I still like your dog-gerel.

Have no comments for Marty Fleischman. As usual.

FLABBERCON #2  
Wally Gonser  
Y'know, Tosk, it has occurred to me that my moving to Los Angeles for my MS is entirely a result of Wally Gonser's attending the Detention. Like, if he hadn't, I would probably have gone to Seattle instead of going to California, and thus wouldn't have been able to get an interview with the librarian at Southern Cal, and thus get the job. And I wouldn't have been able to do something of the same sort at Seattle, since my grades in Junior and Senior years weren't good enough to get me into UW. So thank Wally Gonser for me, huh??

'Tis a good report, Tosk, no complaints at all. Enjoyed reading it -- especially as you sound as confused as I was about what happened to whom at which time. I think you laid on the trufam-bit rather heavily in discussing DC's bid for the convention, but that's a minor carp.

I boggled a bit at the con when you introduced yourself to John W. Campbell with the bit about "You're the second editor I've met who's rejected my stories; I met Boucher at the Westercon." To each his own ideas of effective opening lines, I suppose. Now if it were an editor who had accepted your stories, that might be something else again -- provided, of course, such an editor existed.

It's too bad that you missed the Monday night movies and Garrettirade, especially since you mention that Jim Webbert now lives in Seattle. In the course of Randy's lecture on neofans, he mentioned the "lighterhack" at the Chicom bit from Harp Stateside, which I had forgotten -- he mentioned it as a horrible example.

I object to being described as "six feet tall and Built Like A Gorilla." For one thing, that is Wrai Ballard's prerogative, and I shouldn't like to usurp it. On second thought, tho, if he's tall and thin, I guess I do fit the description better. But I prefer references to elephants, rather than to gorillas.

I was hoping to finish off FLABBERCON 2 with this master, but I see I'm not going to be able to do it -- you've got too many good lines on which I shall have to comment next page.



11-7 MZB was "maybe a little bit more talkative and aggressive" than GMCarr? You realize, Toskey, that you're likely to get a bomb in the mail from Rochester, Texas, for that statement? Good heavens, more aggressive than GMC.....mutter-mumble.....HAH! I say.

I am rather disappointed that I was never introduced to Stan Woolston's acquaintance. Please, Toskey, who was she?

Hey, Jack Harness, how's your disciple Erik? Heh-heh-heh.

Oh, well, I really did enjoy FLABBERCON, Toskey-style "Confidential" and all. All the above commentary is to be taken as banter. You know — like "joke".

FLABBERCASTING

#12

Since you still haven't given any clues to the meaning of Wrai's new title, and I am very lousy at guessing initials, I haven't the faintest idea what it stands for. The final "O.S." is probably

"Of Saps," but that's as far as I'll venture.

Your statement that you have a dislike of strife as a basic facet of your nature bids fair to coggle me. Who was it that cut down on Raeburn and a few others in the CRY letter-column? Who put out the harshest-sounding set of rules for SAPS since the Blitzkrieg? (And before his first mailing, yet!) Unless my memory — and my well-stocked files — fail me, this person was one Burnett R. Toskey. Understand, I'm not grotching about these things, particularly — but when you come up with a statement like this "dislike of strife" bit, I offer a comparison between word and deed. As further example I offer your arguments with Buz ——— dislike strife? Hell, you seem to thrive on it.

I suggest you send the SAPS membership cards to the next OE who will be sneaky enough to use them. After all, if FAPA can get away with sending membership cards in their mailings, why can't SAPS? Of course, if neither you nor the next OE want to use the things, throw them out! Seeing as they were run from a library master, on library cards, with a library multilith, and done on library time, I don't care if you get rid of them, because they certainly didn't cost me anything.

Of course you had to be lenient with Howard about the 35-copies bit last time — if you'd tried to kick him out, you'd have had to kick John Berry out, too, and would most likely have wound up with a revolution on your hands. Said revolution may still come about during the reign of OEdipus wRex Toskey ——— who can say? (Let me hasten to say that the expulsion of John Berry would not have been necessary to instigate the revolt — ~~THE~~ ~~THE~~ Devore's would have been quite sufficient.)

Dammit, anyway, Toskey ——— it's bad enough that Poul's "Design For a World" was passed off as "uninteresting" ( we know you don't care for any SF that isn't in old Z-D mags), but on what grounds do you call Ray Schaffer's articles in BLABBERCASTING TALES #2 "fuggheaded"? Since when is idealism fuggheaded? Huh? And just how do you know that Ray gives other apas his "best efforts"? You in some of these other apas, maybe, so that you've read other zines from Ray? I can't get mad at you Tosk — you're a nice guy in person, as I found out in Detroit — but you exasperate me so! Dammit, Dammit, DAMMIT. I wish you'd ditch a little of the megalomaniac appearance that shows up in FLABBERCASTING.

Looks like you better not even make Guesstimates about mailing size — or at least not make adverse comments to Art Rapp when his predictions are off. Your suggestion of 320pp was less than half the total! At least Art got 2/3 last time.

And here is Toskey, who has a dislike for strife, arguing in a tone of typer that reads as much as possible like loss of temper, with Nangee. You deny the "shell" idea, and want an "intellectual" discussion rather than an "emotional one." The argument wasn't mine to start with, but lemme stick in my two-credits worth: you very definitely have a different personality in your writings than you have in person. A lot of fans exhibit this trait, and maybe I do, too. I dunno. But at the typer you seem to let go all the stops, and what comes out is a sort of megalomania, together with what seems to me to be a compensation for a feeling of inferiority. Now, I've had no psych courses, but from what reading I've done in the field, I seem to remember that megalomania and an inferiority complex, being opposites, generally go together, the one compensating for the other. Cases in point of compensation are the various times you affirm with a high degree of definiteness that you are as good as anyone else. Hell, either everyone is as good as everyone else, or not. Why bother to try so hard to prove it? In person, quite unlike your written personality, you are much more cheerful, and certainly much more

congenial. Also less outspoken — to the point of shyness, at times. The question is, then, which of these two personalities is the "real" Toskey, and which is the "shell"? Or is the "real" Toskey somewhere between the two extremes? Frankly, I would expect the latter case to be correct, allowing for both extremes being exaggerations. In writings, the other person cannot get back at you — immediately, at least (it'll take over five months for me to find out what your reaction is to this batch of comment). On the other hand, I met you at a convention, where there were a lot of new faces and fans, and where actions might be a bit more restrained because of unfamiliarity. So, how does one tell what a person's "real" personality is, when he exhibits two entirely different ones? — when he has, possibly two "shells"?

"Maturity" is, to me, a case of propriety — knowing what one should do (or perhaps what one can get away with) in a given situation.

About the Pillar Poll: (1) I reverse my opinion of the advisability of having a "worst" category. I can see from the discussion that it would be too confusing. (2) It's true that there seems to be a low percentage of votes cast, but those who do vote are the most active, generally, and therefore they are the ones whose votes mean the most anyway. So I favor keeping the Pillar Poll as is in the matter of categories, etc. But if an increase in participation is wanted, try running the other side of the poll sheet from another stencil, which would turn it into an envelope-shape, including name and address of Poll-counter. Then add a stamp to the thing out of the treasury, and I think you'll find that a lot more members will vote — those who didn't previously for lack of energy to address and stamp the thing. And from comments made after poll time, I gather there are a number in this category.

You evidently didn't get the point of the pseudo-intellectual bit: the author portrayed pseudo-intellectuals as phony, prissy, affected; he was down on them completely, and I took the placing of the article on my door, with no signature, to be an indication that he was classifying me as a pseudo-intellectual, with the attributes of the fat character. Perhaps I should have filed it in File 13, as Elinor suggests, but I want it around someplace where I know where it is, in case I want to refer to it sometime in the future. So I stuck SAPS with the thing. There was another reason — I was hoping some of the non-SAPS readers might throw some light on the authorship of the thing, but nothing came of it.

In putting down the book titles, written by SAPSmember names, I had very little choice, since the number of books written by a particular name is quite limited in Books In Print.

Oh, you get the feeling you are reading vague pornography in SpeBem, huh? Guess I'll have to make it a little vaguer, so you won't notice at all. The rest will still get it. I see that SpeBem 5 got by all right. I'll see what I can sneak into this issue.

Good Ghu, no, I don't read my own SAPSzines — unless it's to hunt up what I said that prompted someone's comment in the following mailing. I get quite enough of my own blithering when I write the stuff in the first place — I don't care to read it through again. Not for a year or so, at least — then perhaps it might have some possibilities for rediscovery.

There's another good line: "Fandom is a much better hobby [than railroad models]; less expensive, more rewarding, less space-consuming... ." Let's stop there. If you go at a hobby in a small way, it can always be inexpensive — you could buy a very small amount of track, and a couple cars, and let it go at that. Likewise, you could borrow a ditto, publish about two dozen pages for SAPS each year, and correspond a bit. Few people are willing to limit themselves in this way, though — they'd rather buy mimeos, multigraphs, gestetners, multiliths, and the like, publish several hundred pages a year at least, attend conventions, buy up magazines from all over, and generally have the best they can. This is inexpensive? Then comes the problem of where to put the stuff — how much room does a multigraph and gestetner take up? A collection of fanzines? Prozines? Typer? Correspondence file?? Taper and tape library? This is less space-consuming??? Not that I don't agree with you about fandom being a better hobby than railroad models — if I didn't think it was, I'd be working with model railroads right now instead of pounding the typer on mailing comments for SAPS. But you sure have some strange ideas about why fandom is better. Why don't you just say it's better to you because it's what you like to do, and let it go at that?

I see you found a way of proving that a lot of SAPS-fiction isn't particularly good. Sort of going about it the hard way, but it's effective, anyhow. And you used only two members in the story, too — and mentioned only two more. You are a credit to your beliefs. Too bad everybody doesn't believe in them. Me, I'd rather try to work in most the membership, as would Otto and



Rich. The only time I object to working everybody in is when it has to be done by reeling off a string of names as walk-ons. If I get the energy I'm gonna start another bit this time.

You're right — the house article was boring — to me, at least.

I wish to reconsider my statements concerning "Squink Blotto" — actually, I liked it, as I do most SAPS-fiction. But for one so hyper-critical of other SAPS-fiction, I should think you could do a lot better. After all, you know how it should be done.....

GIM TREE #3  
11-8

Well, having revealed the source of "Gim Tree," you have also pointed up another trait in common with Dee. She can tell the most involved, logical-sounding, completely fabricated tales at the drop of a hat --

or even at the drop of an introductory line. There is a teen-ager who's not too bright ("a high-grade moron" is the way someone described him) named Carl who comes into the library quite frequently. For about a month Doreen had him convinced that the other children's librarian, Mary Norris, was married — thus cutting off his frequent proposals of marriage. I'll have to convince her to tell some of the other wild tales she's come up with.

This makes about four times I've read "Introduction To a Fantasy" in various places — and I still like it. Also, I expect to read the Fantasy itself — even if it is necessary to recreate the original conditions ~~XX~~ under which it was written. I think I detect a sort of underlying A.A.Milne in your main character — yes? I approve, of course.

Did you intend to put in something with stylo in front of the names you mention in the comments on SPECTATOR? Looks like something was left out.

I applaud very heartily your "lecture" to Larry Stone. Me, I don't particularly care about doing anything for the troubles of the world — to each hiser own troubles and their cure. But for those who do care, the advice to wait until such action is possible, and don't sit around griping in the meantime, is most excellent. In APÉ 12, Joy Clarke takes a little over two and a half pages to harangue about the advisability of joining the Bomb Protest, ending up with "Will you be in the campaign.....or don't you care?" In commenting on the issue, I said emphatically that I didn't care. This was back in August — I'm wondering what the next APÉ will hold.

Well, as I said, I didn't have much choice in book titles by SAPS — and last issue, with the G&S quotes, was limited also. But just for the record, I'll quote the bit of G&S that I decided would fit much better (said decision coming too late for inclusion, of course):

"A magnet hung in a hardware shop,  
And all around was a loving crop  
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,  
Offering love for all their lives;  
....." - - - PATIENCE

No, the Atrocious Stories and things like "77 SAPSet Strip" will not go away if you ignore them. They might, if everyone ignores them, but I doubt it.

A very cogent commentary on PENCIL POINT — I mean P\*E\*N\*N\*C\*I\*L P\*O\*I\*N\*T. Of course, you are cheating, in that you skip parts of the sentences — PP includes whole sentences, it would seem — at least the ones I've been able to check in the previous mailing were complete sentences.

The sleepwalking bit is hilarious! (This includes sleep-talking, and he like, too.) Of course, Randy may not appreciate seeing the Superman episode in print, but I get the convulsive guffaws every time I read it! Ditto for the sleep-story with switched subjects.

You cheat on the G&S bit! You start off with one verse of "I am the Monarch of the sea," then swing into five verses of "When I was a lad I served a term" — oh, well, I like them even if they aren't Technically Correct. Very clever, they are. Hey, why don't you see what can be done with the bit from Patience "When I go out of door." I've been singing part of the chorus as "A greenery, yallery, Goomery Gallery," for quite some time, but can't figure out what to do with the rest of the piece.

Those illos of Tammy and Spindizzy (or is it Snowdizzy?) are excellent indeed.

I'm not sure whether the sleepwalking bit is more hilarious than the one of Pablo Q. Pinfeather, or not. I doubt it; they're both fabulous, in the original sense of the word, but the mental picture of a beschwippser complaining about a small green bird wading in his drink and saying "dammit" at him is just T O O M U C H ! !

I don't think I like Steve's story, though I guess both Metzger and I should be flattered

that the cover would cause a story to be written. But somehow I can't see the cover-character as a villain. That's a dirty trick, Steve — turning my cover character into a villain! I don't wanna have a villain for a cover character. Very unfair. Guess I'll have to wait until you join SAPS, and write a story about your cover, to get even. Yes.

Anyway, I liked the sketchbook, and in general, GIM TREE 3 was most enjoyable — with 36 pages you're getting into the realm of Toskeyzines. Stay there, huh?

HERE THERE BE SAPS

#1

I like Terry's cover. It's rather simple in line, but very effective overall. Makes me wish I could draw illos. But I can't. Do some more of these, Terry. Hmm. I wonder if Steve Tolliver will do a story on this cover? It should lend itself quite well to a story, methinks.

Your list of SAPSish detective agencies needs up-dating, as a result of new members, loss of old ones, and changes in personnel. Like so:

GDA: Berry, Busby, Eney, Lichtman, Pelz, and Wells [Eney's GDA story appeared in the Yearbook, & mine's been accepted]

LNF: Berry(?), Durward, Johnstone, Lichtman, Terwilliger, Toskey, Wells [I'll take your word for these, but I hadn't heard of all of them being in LNF]

SIC: Brown, Lichtman, Pfeifer, Stone, Weber, Wells [Bjo's in as the Sexcretary, thus making two SAPS in all three agencies]

The totals seem to be 6,7,6. Pretty close.

The process used for the cover on SPELEOBEM 4 was photolith: a negative was made of the entire cover, lettering, illo, and all. This was done by a professional lithographer, and cost \$2. Then I took the negative, which was full-size, 8 1/2 x 11, to the library, used a piece of special lined masking paper to block off everything but the title and the cycle, and placed the masked negative on a sensitized aluminum plate. It was exposed to a strong light for about 8 minutes, then desensitized, and run on the multilith, with red ink in the inkwell. Then, using the same negative, everything was masked off but the central figure (using another masking paper), and a second plate was made and run in black. I still have the plates, and can run them over again at any time.

I quit the numbering squibs on the pages of #4 because after 12, all the rhymes would have to be with "teen," and that would get too boring. On the paper, that "tan" paper was what I was apologizing for — it was supposed to be white. I bought two reams of the stuff at a discount, opened one and found it was discoloured, ran some anyway, didn't like the way it ran, and took the other one back for a refund. The AB Dick place is just a block from the library, and we do a lot of business with them (we being both the library and myself). ~~XX~~ I got my money back, and was told to keep the other ream of paper anyway; they didn't want it back. So I've been using it for typing paper — I've still got more than a half-ream left.

I recommend that you try typing someone else's mailing comments, in your own zine, without adding your own comments. It's very difficult to do — in my case, I just haven't the will power for such a task. But this mailing will be the last with interspersed comments. Next time Dee will have free run with PORQUE! and serve you all right, too.

Actually, Coswal's side-wise zine last time wasn't too much of a problem: I just folded it over and had it bound in the middle of the other zines. Of course, it hasn't come back from the bindery, so there's no telling what kind of a hash they may have made of the thing, but they've already done several others that were set up this way, so I'm not too worried. Come to think of it, the others that were printed sideways were Coswalzines, too.

Haven't any more comments, other than I see you are taking up where Meyers left off — printing letters from Harry Warner. Seeing that you more or less replaced Bill, this seems rather appropriate. I'd send Harry a copy of SPELEOBEM, but I'm not at all sure he'd be interested in getting it, and I hate to sort of obligate anyone to comment on something in which he is not interested. Maybe I'll try one copy, tho — say #5, as a test. I do approve of letter columns in SAPSzines, as you might have been able to surmise from the fact that I run one of them every so often — I've got one or two letters on hand for this issue, too. So keep it up, as long as you keep up your own MC's — which you are doing quite well.



IGNATZ #22

Must be slipping -- all the way through Iggy, and not a comment comes to mind. I will be interested in Leman's reply to your rebuttal, though. We may yet get a reasonably calm, semi-logical argument in SAPS. I still like your illos muchly. Particularly in comparison to Rotsler's.

-----  
 It's our right to buy women, and their right to be free.  
 -----

MAINE-IAC #18

This mailing comments business can get out of hand in either of two directions -- no MCs at all, or an insistence that everyone comment on everything. Certainly, to insist dogmatically that MCs be required is ridiculous, since forced mailing comments are usually bad ones -- no communication, just froth. On the other hand, having none at all is just as bad, usually -- there are exceptions, I suppose, but generally zines that use all non-MC material every time are one-way communication. They evoke no response other than "I liked it" or something of the sort. There should be a happy medium between the extremes, and I think that SAPS-as-it-is does rather well toward hitting that medium. Once in a while someone may come up with a fuggheaded statement that "it had no MCs, so I can't/won't comment on it," but usually an attitude of laissez faire prevails. Nicht wahr?

11-21 Your mention that Miriam's "When We Were Very Young" title sounds like Warner is well-founded, as Harry has used it. But the original usage of the title, in print, goes back to A. A. Milne and his Winnie-the-r-poo stories. He followed a book by that title with one called Now We Are Six.

All right, EdCo, you write that 70,000 word essay on the relative writing abilities of Heinlein-Kuttner-van Vogt-Sturgeon etc. as compared with Sherman-Smith-Shaver etc., and I'll print it.

Just what makes you think that the plot in SAPS-fiction should be the main interest? It can be, of course, but it doesn't have to be. Depends on the purpose of the writing. With my stuff, plot is secondary; main interest is in side comments to and about the membership.

New Sick Joke going around: "Have some cranberries with your turkey, Mr. Fleming."

With regard to forming a club and bashing the deejays with it, I see by the papers that the latest subject for investigation is that avid booster of the modern teen-ager and his rock and roll music -- Dick Clark. Seems he has quite a sizeable interest in record and music publishing companies, while he's pushing the RnR crap on the air. I've been waiting for someone to come up with something on that such-and-such for some time now -- ever since he started coming out with the line about RnR being good music. I now sit back and chortle veemishly.

Somehow, I can just picture Ellis Mills rubbing his hands and chuckling as he says "Well, Leman, Firestone, and Cox have been hooked. How can I go about getting the rest of the SAPS-publishing?" And I have an idea there will be one or two more members who will avail themselves of the services of the unsURPress.

MAINE-IAC #19

I agree that Rapp's "101 Facts for SAPS" should be a basic book for fandom -- or at least for SAPSdom. My copy of SPACEWARP 56 isn't readily available right now, but as I remember, the compilation had quite a few things of particular interest to SAPS, that weren't in FANCY II (for lack of general fandom interest, I suppose.) Possible reprinting is in order?

Unfortunately, the Phillips illo on page 5 of SPELEOBEM 4 is not a self-portrait. I met Ginger in Coral Gables, Florida several months ago. Sure wish it were a self-portrait of her, though.

You can see for yourself what happened when I didn't type up and intersperse with comment Dee's pages last time. This issue we're back to normal, but with my moving away next month I guess this will be the last normal issue. From here on in, PORQUE! will be quite uninterrupted with my comments -- or my typing. Be Ye Warned. And I guess this is

as good a place as any to assure everyone that they will not escape either SPELEOBEM or PORQUE! due to my moving to Los Angeles. All kinds of vile schemes have been devised to insure the continuity of both the aforesaid instruments of torture. Including the usual photocovers — so send in those SAPS pix now!

Guess that's about all for you, Ed.

MHO/DJEE #2

All right, Art — what does the title mean? As I remember from physics, a 'mho' is a reciprocal ohm, or 1/ohms, but where does

the rest come from?

Nah, SAPS doesn't have a restrictive atmosphere — that's just Toskey, playing OE.

Well, I've never lived in the rural areas, so I wouldn't know about cats gone wild. But for Suburbia, cats have it over dogs almost anytime. [Down, Buz, I'm talking in generalities.] I've never yet seen a cat run out in the street to chase a car or bicycle, or bark at a person walking down the road. [Well, all right, "run after a person walking down the road!"] Nor do the neighbors call up to complain that "you'd better keep that beast locked up!"

Why should you have to skip reading part of a zine just because it's too big? If it were very boring, there would be a reason for skipping, but if it's just too big, put it down for a while and finish it later. Guess you won't be reading much of SpeBem #5, as it was even bigger than FLABBER 11. Possibly more boring, too, tho.

Your scheme of things for TAFF is all well and good, except for one item: who decides the qualifications for membership in this thing? Other than that, your scheme is the existing set-up plus progress reports and a higher voting fee. On the latter point there may be trouble, too — there are some fans who can't dig up \$2 for TAFF, though they could send \$.50 or \$1. It's a little too much to ask \$2 in one lump, I think.

Further, on the matter of non-TAFF funds. There seems to be some sort of an unwritten rule that losers in TAFF races don't run again, so if a very popular fan is pitted against another very popular fan, one of them loses his chance to make the Pond trip. And other fans who want to meet him also lose. The only solution seems to be special funds — unless someone breaks the precedent and runs for TAFF a second time.

I'd be interested in knowing which conreports in fanzines the character you mention advising a girl not to attend a con had read — and how many. Anyone who's read at least a half-dozen con reports should be able to average them out and come up with a reasonable idea of what conventions are like.

I found I could follow the mixed-up pages reasonably well, but I still don't care much for the story "Chicken or the Egg." The theme is hackneyed, having received the exact treatment in the proz. And the ending is quickly telegraphed.

Haven't I seen that page 13 cartoon somewhere else? Like maybe in a Ziff-Daviz mag?

Anyway, I don't think you'll have much trouble "finding your niche" in SAPS. Not with such a good start as this.

MRAOC #3

(pronounced as an obscene gurgle)

And here, providing further support for the theory that SAPS has entered a sort of timewarp, is a Jacobszine the last issue of which appeared some four years ago. I hope we won't have to wait while another four years go by to get #4.

In your listings of "Records containing lyrics of a type that were formerly transmitted in plain wrapper via freight shipment," you omit one of the primary sources of the more-or-less unbowlerized ballad: Oscar Brand and his recordings of "Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads," on Audio Fidelity records. The Brand records have provided backgrounds for many a party that the Florida Speleo Society at the University of Florida has had — in fact, for all of them that I know about. Not that the records are played at all the parties — but the club members have memorized most of the songs, among them. A couple of them (the members) have almost all of the songs memorized, but among the entire club, with each one knowing the ones he/she likes, all of them are accounted for. All five volumes. Being one of the ones who's done his best to learn them all, I'm always on the lookout for new ones, or variants on the old ones. Anybody happen to know "North Atlan-



tic Squadron" or the bawdy version of "Strawberry Roan"? Please reply via first-class mail. I've got parts to these, and have been hunting the rest of them. I'm of the opinion that Hector Owen was crazy to object to working in the book department of the store, just because of the kind of books they specialized in.

If you liked Beat, Beat, Beat (I did too), you'll also enjoy The Girl in the Freudian Slip, by the same author, also published by Signet. The author turns his humor on the urban status-seeker, his psychiatrist, and others around him. Much fun.

You have quite a bit of work evident in this breakdown of the 48th mailing, but I can't see the assumption that 60% mailing comments is an indication of the membership's being neurotic. Didn't Willis dispel forever the idea that fanac is a form of sublimation? So what's with this bit about SAPS being a substitute for Wife, etc.? You may have a point about it being a substitute for Mankind though -- almost any substitute would be an improvement.

And class me with the "usual Angry Young Men in SAPS" if you will, Lee, you're probably right -- but not for the reason of imminent military service, though. I'm 23, have had my army physical, and came through with flying colors: 4F, due to overweight and a ten-year old accident which mangled my left leg slightly. (It's never bothered me the last eight years or so, but the scar looks properly horrible.)

Hope you keep MRAOC appearing in the mailings, 'cause I like it. (Besides, your usual habit of changing titles every mailing gives collectors and indexers (like me) the galloping whim-whams.)

NANDU #23

Guess I at least have Roscoeite tendencies, as I do agree with the primary tenet: De Garren Haa Det Gut.

This conglomeration type of zine makes for interesting reading, but not for much in the way of comment. Interesting to see someone else joining the Crusade to Sneak Pornography Past Toskey. It's surprising that low joke punchlines that have been floating around in SAPS haven't led anyone to try something of the same sort with limericks -- like giving the rhyming words for the 1st, 2nd, and 5th lines, such as:

Hope you're back with us again next mailing, Nangee.

Johns
swans
<u>Dons.</u>

OUTSIDERS #37

Dammit, Wrai, I wish you'd had time to write that article; the sub-titles are fascinating. That's almost as bad as Terry Carr's listing of the sub-titles for Burbee's and Rotsler's con reports. Torture, like.

I was about to complain that the poem "I'm Burnett Toskey, PhD" wasn't sticking to the G&S song it started out to parody, but I see you've apologized already. Stet.

Guess we'll have to re-cast Princess Ida again, with Pauls out we need another King Gama. I still think Toskey could fit: Gama thinks he has a lot of power, but he really doesn't. But if you don't agree with the idea, how about using Terwillegger as Gama? Let's see, there have been quite a few changes made, let's set up the present cast:

Ida: Nan Share  
Hilarion : Rapp  
Cyril : Blottotto  
Florian : Wally  
King Gama : Terwillegger

Hildebrand: Buz  
Lady Blanche: Elinor  
Lady Psyche: Nangee  
Melissa: Bjo  
Arac, Guron, Scynthius: Devore, Hickman,  
Schaffer

I decided Rapp would be a better Hilarion than Eney, and Coswal no longer deserves to be included in the Arac-Guron-Scynthius trio. Possibly Bjo and Nance should switch places, I dunno. Karen could understudy either Lady Blanche or Ida, maybe. Comments? Maybe we could work out a couple more castings.

There are still quite a few 'regular' genzines, but you're right that most of the genzine eds are in the apas, too. SAPS alone accounts for quite a few more-or-less regular genzines: PSI-PHI, CRY, SHAGGY, RETRIBUTION, QUIXOTIC, JD-ARGASSY, TWIG, PROFANITY, a whole passel of Hayezines, etc. [Of course, it maybe is necessary to define "regular" as "appearing more than once a year," or something.] Whbops, forgot INNUENDO -- sorry,

Terry. At least I hope INN is more than annual.

11-23 Got a kick out of "Heyer Horseblankets" remark. There are three dealers here in town with whom the library does business such as buying duplicating materials. Two of these are located in the mile or so between the downtown area and the library -- in fact the A.B. Dick place is a block from the library, which is convenient so I can run over during lunch hour, buy a ream of paper or whatever I need (library is exempt from state taxes so I get the bill made out to them, then pay cash). The other one is called Westcoast Duplicating Co., and they sell the Heyer line mostly, plus a brand of offset ink that the boss prefers to use. About the only thing I buy from them are lettering guides -- they have the thin ones that I can get a grease pencil through, unlike the A.B. Dick ones which won't take anything but a stylo. The third place sells the Addressograph-Multigraph line, and tho the boss still buys some offset chemicals from them, I have been ignoring them in favor of A.B. Dick, from whom I get the masters, grease ribbon for the typer, paper, etc. And speaking of these masters, will someone who's familiar with offset equipment please explain why the markings for lines and such fade out on these damn things if I leave them out in the light? It makes it hard to figure out when I've got to the end of the letter-size page.

11-24 I'm not getting very much done these days, am I? I'm having the usual trouble -- reading lots of interesting stuff in OUT, but not finding hooks for comments. Regarding SAPS vs. FAPA, I'd like to find a fan who got into SAPS before he got into FAPA, but prefers FAPA. Or one that got into FAPA first, and likes SAPS better. I don't think such a fan exists. There are qualifications, though --- said fan would have to have remained in both apas -- not quit the one he likes less. What I'm trying to get at is the idea that biapans usually prefer the apa they got into first, whereas uniapans are naturally biased toward their own apa. So argument is rather ridiculous; about the best possible situation is to like both equally, but for different reasons.

Guess this is a good place for the first of a series of DEE-molishisms:

-----  
Are you picking me up this time? ----- Dee  
-----

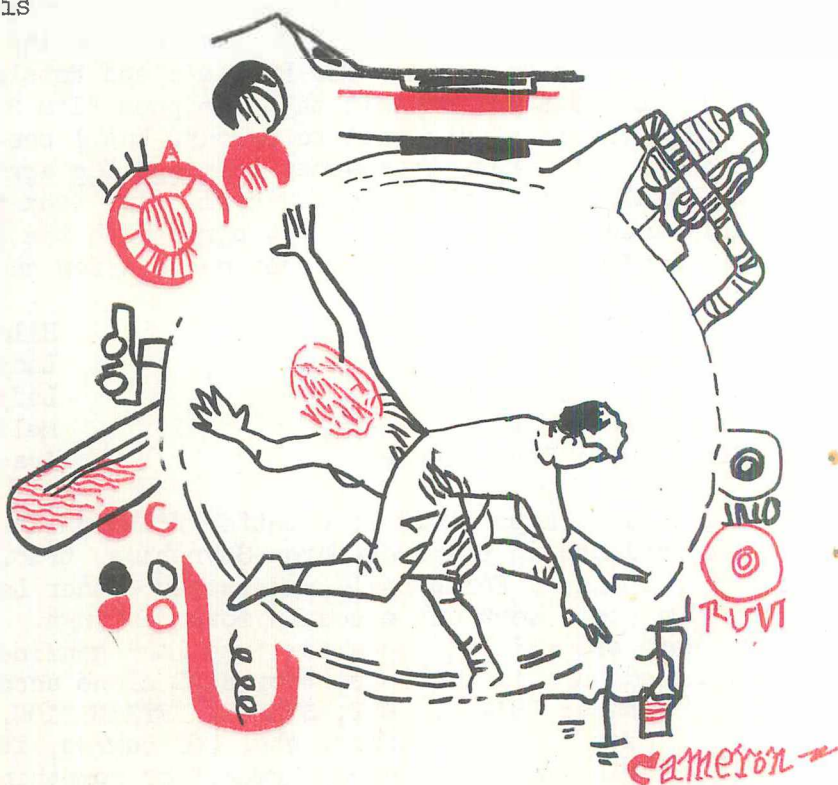
Methinks Harry Warner's after the same sort of record you are: being an actifan for manymany years without attending a convention. I think he's got your 12 years beat, too, doesn't he? There will have to be a concerted effort made to squelch these fiendish types that think they can get away with this stuff for so long. We'll form the STBBWTW: the Society To Bring Balland & Warner To a Worldcon. (Shanghai Sam, President.)

Well, did Durward pay you the \$4.11? I see he's with us this time, while Racy is among the missing. Why \$4.11, by the way?

Since you've decided to revive 200th Fandom, you might as well explain part of the coat of arms: what do the three track-shoes represent? The rest I think I dig. At least you don't have a blank cover this time. What ever happened to John Pedersen?

P\*E\*N\*C\*I\*L P\*O\*I\*N\*T #2 Not as good as #1, I'd say, but still interesting. Repro seems to be improved, too. Anyone else but me figure out the source of the pseudo?

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #4 V-e-r-y S-n-e-a-k-y,  
I call it, ol' Rich -- that is, if you did the torn-off last page bit deliberately.





I recognized several Prather bits, as well as one that sounds vaguely like the Duke of Plaza-Toro commenting on his excellent financial condition.

Anyway, Rich, it was a clever idea — and I hope you can keep up your SAPS activity while on Uncle's payroll.

POT POURRI #8  
11-29

John, it sure was fun meeting you at Detroit, and I wish you could have stayed over here for longer. Meeting fans gives another dimension to their writings — depth, I guess — and I'm certainly glad to be able to add that depth to the many writings of Berry, now.

I like the idea of sending zines to non-SAPS in order to get them on the wl — in particular I like the idea of getting some of the ones you mention sending POT POURRI to. My problem is — would a copy of SPELEOBEM, sent to these fans, help get them onto the waiting list — or help keep them off it?

Climbers and explorers are definitely nutty — I know from first-hand experience, as my spelunking (pot-holing to you, I guess) comes in that category. I haven't done any mountain-climbing, except for underground mountains, which I claim is just as much fun if not more — but I have climbed several of the tourist attractions up North — such as climbing both up and down the stairs of the Washington Monument in DC, and of the Statue of Liberty. Some day I'll take a day out of a visit in New York and try to add the Empire State Building to my collection of "Structures I Have Climbed Both Ways." An idiotic pastime, but fun, anyway. It's the same attitude that insists I get through to the very furthest part of a cave, even though it means going through a 'keyhole' that is several sizes too small for me. There is a cave near the University of Florida which is called Wade's Cave, and there is a section that has a pool of water in it and is supposed to be quite interesting. I've tried three times to get past the keyhole in the passage leading to the water, but haven't been able to make it yet. If I go back again some time, I shall take along a small hatchet and make certain I get through.

Both story and article appreciated, John — I wish someone would find the missing clue in your long Mitchell novel, so you could finish it. (And mainly so I could read it somewhere.)

I don't agree with Lichtman that THE GOON GOES WEST should be sent through SAPS — it belongs to the amorphous General Fandom, and as a CRY-serial and then as a complete book, that's who it will go to. This, despite the immense SAPIan pro-Berry attitude. (If it went through SAPS, it would take a lot longer than in a monthly CRY, too.) As of this writing I've read the first two installments, and they are quite good indeed.

I think you're a little rough on the Carrs, to ignore all the zine for distaste of the title. Methinks there would have been a lot of good accomplished had you been able to get down to Frisco while you were on the West Coast, and meet them — if Terry wins TAPP, I hope that either he gets to Belfast or you get to London. Hell, if titles were the basis for acceptance of all material, what would happen to RETROMINGENT? But maybe you've changed your mind now — after all, Terry says the first S — stood for SAPS, and what's the old one about "Honi soit qui mal y pense"? I don't think SAPS can afford to have two of its best writers mad at each other. ✓ M 26-11-77  
Hey — about your cover: It's good, but if the character is you, where's the mustache? And if it's Buz, where's the beard?

POT POURRI #9

John, these sketches are most enjoyable to read — Toskey, take some notes on how to write up people you've met!

I remember only one pun of the really monstrous type that I made at the convention, though another is mentioned in the trip report of SPELEOBEM 6. The one at Detroit was made in the presence of Toskey, John Koning, and possibly Ted Johnstone, while we were out eating. Toskey was going into great detail as to his new house, and how he was going to have pets of all description, so that he might decide to call it The Ark. At this point I shifted into a Negro dialect: "Well, dat'll be a change — usually, de Ark am boat, but dis time, de Ark Am House!" It took a while for Toskey to recover.

As for a Pelz-Toskey page-count war, I dunno if it will come about or not. Like I said last time, dragging out the comments that much was a horrible bore. But if Toskey should



show up this mailing with more than 102 pages, I think I might be tempted to try to beat him again. If he lets it ride several mailings, I'll lose the sense of immediacy and let him take the honors. So it depends on this mailing.

There were seven other SAPS at the con from the ones you mentioned, the most of them arrived late: Schaffer, Kemp, Lewis, Hayes, Jacobs, Hickman, and yourself.

Enjoyed "The Dust Pan," too.

RETRO #14

Regarding your question about John Davis, I'd like to know his recent whereabouts. Somebody sent me a copy of the 1/2-page Boggs inclusion "So Long," which I needed to go with HURKLE 11, mailing it from New York. The only other inclusions were a perfume advertisement, drenched with a vile perfume that permeated the whole house, and a piece of stationery, matching the envelope, which said "HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BIND YOUR GHU SAPLEMENTS, I WONDER?" No return address, no name. I'm indebted to whoever it was for sending SO LONG, even if I did have to burn the envelope and the advert, to get rid of the stink. I wonder if it was Jawn? Or are one of you characters responsible?

I ought to show your home-brew directions to the FSS menagerie at UF, for comparison with the ones they use. I know they use a 5-gallon jug rather than an 8-gallon crock, and they set up a bubble-tube to tell when the reaction is done -- stopper in the jug with a hole in it, glass tube through the hole and down into a test-tube full -- or rather half-full -- of water. The gas bubbles into the test-tube while the reaction is going on, when it stops completely for a couple of days, all's ready. Before I move to SoCal, I'm going to get the recipe for home-brew mead, for while I don't like the home-brew beer -- or any other beer, for that matter -- the mead is delicious. Which reminds me that there is to be an FSS blast just before Christmas, mit mead. So maybe I can try to bring some back for samples.

-----  
I come over here to hear a tape, and I get Beethoven; I come over to see trip slides, and I get GM Carr! -- Dee  
-----

OK, OK, I realize my mistake -- Bjo should be required to have six pages of text, and six pages of illos.

The "Pseudo-Intellectual" bit tacked on my door was an original, even though it was done on onionskin paper. As yet I've still had no clues to who's responsible for the thing.

You, sir, are quite correct about "Dogs of War" -- there was quite a bit of Thorne Smith in Part III. And most everything else was pirated from someplace or other -- the exchange between the gods and the hetaera was from G&S's THESPIS, for instance. Right now I doubt that any more of this thing will be written -- in the near future, anyway.

You're right as far as my own progression from CRY to SAPS. I went from the CRY lettercolumn to a meeting and then correspondence with Meyers, and from there into SAPS.

I must be slipping -- I missed Wrai's remark that "they just don't make women the way they used to." And here he was refusing to describe race-survival equipment for us. Why, the technique is even more important than the equipment, it would seem.

✓ Add me to the list of those who did better on tests in school than on daily work -- and probably for the reason you state: the daily stuff got boring. Except in a couple college chem courses, tests never bothered me too much -- I took the Graduate Record Exam last Saturday, for admission to USCal, and despite the various scare-remarks I'd heard from others who took the thing, it went rather easily, and I only left 1 out of the 155 unfinished. Would have had that one, too, if I hadn't run into some damned percentage-composition-change problems, which I've never learned thoroughly.

Well, the main reason the half-issues is that occasionally I've already done the main zine with MC's and other stuff, when something comes along that deserves writing up and sending through SAPS. I don't particularly care to build up a string of numbers, as this way I can remember how many quarters I've been in SAPS, and which zine went with which mailing. This mailing there are two zines, and the MC's get the half-number because the trip report was done first, and will be sent to fans not interested at all in SAPS or SAPS-oriented material. Besides, that's the way it's gonna be. Unnersatn?

12-4 Yes, from what I hear via the sour-grapevine, that co-educational residence house in Huntsville was v-e-r-y interesting. Right now it's been abandoned by everyone, including the owner, who sold the joint and left town. And one of the Floridiot inhabitants has yet to return to the university, tho she's rumoured to be coming back next semester. Much fun and games. Especially games.

You were asking who bought Es Adams' soul.....well.....I could tell.....but I better not until I get an OK from Es — or at least until I put more than 1200 miles between Es and me.

Sirrah, you have only yourself to blame for the form which the Atrocious Stories have taken this issue (Don't peek you crumb, suffer through the rest of this first!) — after all, it was you who called Robert LeeM's story the best Feghootism outside of F&SF. RACHE!

The idea of turning baby alligators loose in a city lake is most excellent. Of course, around here, they get in the lakes by themselves. We had an alligator mascot at the University of Florida — it had a \$1500 enclosure and pool built for it, even. Then the students proceeded to throw things into the pond — all sorts of things including rocks, papers, and junk. One character got caught and had to spend several weeks cleaning out the enclosure. Lots of school spirit in Gainesville — though most of it's bottled.

You're right, Otto had no right to make such a statement to Dee as "being addressed may be better than being undressed"! After all, I'm quite sure 'twould be better the other way round!

Applause for your comments on suicides. Being an intense Thanataphobe, my only contemplation of it was along the shuddering line. [Anyone commenting to the effect that a Thanataphobe is one who hates the poem "Thanatopsis" will be the subject of five Monsterhymes.] My worst moodiness only goes as far as a "What the hell good am I?" attitude, which wears off quickly under a counter-question of "What good will it do to worry about it?"

And the community that burned the guy as a witch 'cause it was a pretty ignorant community was a beautiful reply!

I'll go along with "epidose" for an installment of Soamestories. A good word, there.

That punchline you re-quoted from GIM TREE #1: "Well, first of all, She's black" — I have taken to telling that around the library, particularly to some of the old bats. It seems that on Tuesday nights I work with Mrs Weedon, head of my department (Reference), and two circulation assistants, one of whom is an A#1 fugghead. So from 5 to 6 all four of us are down in the staff room eating supper, and the conversations usually start with some item in the newspaper. Quite frequently the item is on segregation, and I find that all three of the others are pro-segregation, leaving me on the other side. One time we'd just gone through some attack and counter-attack on the subject when The Boss walked in to tell a joke. I countered with the "Well, first of all..." bit, aiming mainly at The Weed, who is a died-in-the-wool Catholic. Love that double punchline effect — and so did the Boss, who likes most jokes — clean, dirty, sick, anti-religious, or what-have-I. He's the one who told me about the machine that was supposed to be able to answer any question. So this wise-guy decided to stump it: "Where is my father?" The machine says "Your father is in Nome, Alaska." "Ha! says the wise-guy, "my father is in San Francisco, with my mother." The machine comes back with "Your mother's husband is in San Francisco, but your father is in Nome Alaska!" Nice guy, the Boss. Usually.

Methinks the HoS story this time is the Prize-winner of them all. 'Twas muchly enjoyed, and if it weren't for the vague idea that it was the last one from SINISTERRA, I'd say I was waiting for the next issue of RETRO to have another HoS. However, I'm sure you'll work out some more — and Like, Send Them To Incunebulous Publications, Huh?

And for the rest of this page I shall take up the idea you put in verse: categorizing all the SAPSazines by Dewey Decimal System:

010	Collector	\$ 326	Captives of the Thieve-Star	\$ 616.08	Sap Roller
133.8	Nandu	\$ 421.1	S---	616.89	Maine-lac
136.73	Flabbergasting	\$ 421.8	MRACC	\$ 623.46	Spy Ray of SAPS
139	Bump	\$ 521	Spacewarr	\$ 629.125	Poor Richard's Almanac
158.8	Cree	\$ 534	FAPA Echo	\$ 634	Gim Tree
191	Vonser	\$ 551.44	BOG	\$ 635.977	Sapling
220.7	The Bible Collector	\$ 551.44	The SpeleoRem	\$ 636.1	Brenc
291	When the Gods Would Sur	\$ 591.14	Retro	\$ 636.9	Ignatz
301.158	Spectator	\$ 591.97977	Fendenizen		

(Continued next page) 17.

And now just to finish off RETRO — and you, too — here is

MONSTERHYME #61

RETRO never was known as a bore,  
And tho page-count has reached 34,  
I'd be Foully Misquoted  
If it were not noted  
I'd like it to be even more.

But I think I should make it quite plain,  
In case you should try it again,  
That verse at the end,  
Which you had to append,  
Has given me quite a large pain!

So, as you very easily see,  
When you versify ol' BEP  
You acquire some trouble  
Returned more than double —  
From one little verse you get three!!     - - - Ed Manyoya

[Continuation of Dewey Classification of SAPSazines:

641.8	Pot Pourri	808.88	Here There Be SAPS
741.2	Pencil Point	813.6	Thrilling Green Science Fiction
789.913	A Fanzine For John Berry, Esq.	916	Safari
792.01	Flabbercon	917.3	Mho/Djee
796.5	Outsiders		

and I'm sorry about the faded classifications on the last  
page — the Boss put a non-litho ribbon on his typer and I  
didn't know about it.]

12-5

S--- #3

OK ---- MIRIAM CARR FOR OE! I still like the idea - which you  
vetoed - that in this case the OE should present credentials to  
the members, instead of the other way around.

Terry, "Forever and Fandom" is very good indeed! A lot better than "Trufan's Blood"  
and almost as good as "The Chaser," in my opinion.

Now this vembletroon of yours, Miri — it doesn't stick to the form. The first line  
should be 17 syllables, not 18 as you have; the second line should be in iambic penta-  
meter, where you have several different meters in the same line; the third line should  
be 38 syllables instead of 37, and the first and last words should rhyme. I wonder if you  
did this to see if anyone really knew the right form for a vembletroon?

On t'other hand, "How to Talk to Big Names" is kinda fabulous — like, entertaining,  
and instructive even. Like that ending, too: "If all else fails, you can always put a  
lampshade on your head." Or put your name tag in your hair?

-----  
"The Right To Be Non-Prude Is The Right To Be For OE! "     MDC  
-----

And though it's getting a bit toward sameness saying "I Really Liket", that's the  
reaction to "Talking Fandom Blues," too — some hilarious lines there! And this despite  
the fact that I know absolutely no talking blues at all, and couldn't perform one on a  
bet. The night we went to the Unicorn one of the guys did "Talking Little Rock," so I  
have a vague idea of what the things are like — can they be done with anything but a  
guitar? They seem to involve chopped-off chords a lot. Anyway, "Talking Fandom" was much  
enjoyed.

Miri, of the two radio programs you mention I remember "Sam Spade," but not "The Man  
Called X." Old radio programs have been coming up for quite a bit of discussion in fandom  
18



lately, it seems. It's strange how some small parts of programs stick with you -- such as the whistled theme from "The Saint," and the motto of a French detective (Hercule Poirot, I think) who had a fifteen minute serial-type program: "Time and the little grey cells -- these will always solve the mystery." And do you remember an old children's program called "The Land of the Lost"? Other old radio detectives that aren't heard of these days include Dashiell Hammett's "The Fat Man." *✓ mine - he did it 1944-45*

A good return to Terwilleger on the spelling bit, Terry -- I could spell quite well in grammar school, too, getting fouled up only occasionally by double consonants. And now, working as reference librarian in the Tampa library, it croggles me some of the words that kids -- and adults, too, a lot of the time, can't spell.

Terry, I liked the parrot-substitute story, but I'm wondering what you were thinking about when you typed it. The bird is a mynah bird -- not a Mina bird! Any comments from Rotsler on this issue of S--?

I think both of you should get separate page-credits, too, but to do so, there would have to be some sort of distinguishability between each of your pages -- when you comment nacheinander it's almost impossible to tell who has how many pages. Though we do have a Ph.D in Math for OE... The Busbixii have separate zines, so it's real easy for them.

A good issue, this -- I even liked the Rotsler cover somewhat, though ATom's interillos were more enjoyed.

### SAFARI #3

I care very little for jazz -- not enough to read a ten-page report on it, at least. But at that I'm not a jazz despiser.

On the other hand, I agree with you regarding a thumbs-down attitude toward the idea of a 1964 NYcon. Actually, I haven't seen anyone but Taurasi supporting the thing, so I don't see that it has much of a chance.

Regarding CHICAGO IN '62. I considered the change of face of the Chicago group, who had been supporting Washington and then switched to Pittsburg, a rare bit of back-stabbing at the time it happened. I still thought so when I put out SPELEOBEM 5, and lettered the inside front cover with "Indianapolis in '62." I'm still not happy with the incident, but in the light of a seeming dearth of information from the Indianapolis group (I've seen only the Detention Program Booklet advert), I'm reserving judgement. Wanna come up with some concrete con plans? Of course, for a G&S despiser, you've got a strike against you already.

Methinks you dug not PENCIL POINT's raison d'être.

You mean you actually figured out that deleted line on page 13 of SpeBem 4? And then translated it from the German? Man, you're as nosy as I am!

Appreciated the picture of Toskey.

I've learned my lesson about promising information for your checklist. If I find time, maybe I'll look up some of the gen, but time is short these days.

### SAPLING #2

Quite a few of the SAPSites have construed Lar Stone's remarks in his zine GO TO HELL to be extremely condemnatory toward the leaders

of the political world. Somehow, that's not how I read them. To me at least, the remark of "Go to hell, Mr. Grbyxt" sounds more like an attitude of who cares? as pertains to politics. But like my idea that Leman's "The Last Fan" was satire, this idea may be way off-base. It's for the originators to say how they meant the things. Lar?

Methinks you are attacking the clean-up committees from the wrong angle. For gawdsake don't let them get hold of the newspapers and movies any more than they have already! Instead, I'd be in favor of getting their hands off some of the things they are trying to control now. The metamorphosis of a play into a movie is downright sickening, due to the seeming necessity to bowdlerize parts of it. Little things, that annoy anyone familiar with the play, but wouldn't be noticed by anyone else one way or the other, have been changed. A case in point is "Kiss Me Kate." [I'd use your own example, "Blue Denim" if I'd seen the movie, but all I have to go on is the play.] The original of this hilarious musical had a song called "Brush Up Your Shakespeare," which included the line: "Just declaim a few lines from Othella." And they'll think you're a helluva fella." The movie, of course, changed it to "a heck of a fella." Pfui. In comparison, they left the line "If your baby keeps pleading for pleasure, / Let her sample your Measure For Measure" exactly as it was. I'd say they were

rather denser censors. Another example, in the song "I Hate Men," the original went  
"I hate men - I can't abide 'em even now and then -  
Than ever marry one of them, I'd rest a virgin rather,  
For husbands are a boring lot that only bring you bother.  
Of course, I'm awfully glad that mother had to marry father,  
Still, I hate men."

[So the movie comes out with the one line changed to:]

"Of course, I'm awfully glad that mother deigned to marry father," PFUI!!  
There are other examples, but I won't take up any more room for them now.

While I'm not particularly a Coleridge-buff, I don't agree that he is an atrocious poet. How about his "Kubla Khan"? I like that one at least as well as "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

I have no particularly settled opinion on FDR as a president, but for about ten years I've been looking for a poem written by someone who was quite certain FDR was a bigger louse than Yngvi. I can remember the beginning of the thing, but not all of it:

"Brutus, Arnold, and Franklin D.  
Sat in the shade of a sour-apple tree,  
And the conversation took a turn  
As to which one was the most trait'rous worm.  
'It was I,' said Brutus, 'I betrayed my friend,  
I double-crossed Caesar unto his end.  
I did him dirt, and the hist'ry books say  
That his last words were "Et tu, Brute."  
'Not bad,' said Arnold, 'but listen a while,  
Your puny effort just makes me smile. ...'"

Roosevelt comes on bigger than either, of course, but I can remember only a couple lines:  
"Beware of Wall Street, I dinned their ears"

"When I took charge in '33, a whole nation placed their faith in me"  
Does anyone happen to know the source of this thing — or even have the rest of the poem?

I don't think my spelunking terms in SPELEOBEM have achieved the omnipresence of your woodiness yet. Mainly, I confine them to SpeBem, using G&S terms in my N'APAZINE, and various terms in my genzine. Actually, if you wanna use woody bits all over the place, go ahead — it's when you pull in things like CHI SAI ZAIMOKU in N'APA and LE PETITE BRANCHE as a suggested SAPS title, that I call it going Too Far.

A Not-Poem is one that Wrai Ballard likes; since he hates poetry in general, any verse he happens to like must be a Not-Poem. Consult FANCYCLOPEDIA II, page 112.

You were the only one who commented in any way on the "Evolution one-time" cartoon in SpeBem 4. Actually, the cartoon was a sort of private joke, and on that basis perhaps should not have been included. But not on your basis — evidently no one else objected to it enough to say so.

I dunno whether all of Disney's full-length films are "good" in the artistic sense — I just know that I enjoyed all of them I've seen, and that my sense of empathy with them is always very high. Subjectively, then, they're good.

No, no one said that Floods of Spring was lifted from Paris Mitchell — damdam, I see you've corrected yourself. My apologies, but that's what happens with on-stencil writing.

~~THE FLOODS OF SPRING~~ — after CHI SAI ZAIMOKU, I think you have a bit of a nerve looking on people who use foreign phrases without translation as communicative cripples. I'm well aware I use quite a few phrases in non-English, but I don't reach for the dictionary once to do so! Just what languages can you come up with supplementary phrases from? Mine are usually in German, and are inserted only because they fit better than any English phrase. Perhaps I should explain to you the word I used in commenting on S—— last page: the word was 'nacheinander' and the best I can do for translation would "one after the other after the other." Highly inadequate. For future reference, if I decide to use the word 'versammlung' you may assume it means collection, though that too is a highly inadequate translation. And I suppose you consider people who switch to talking mathematics communicative cripples, too? After all, it's something not every member understands, and it isn't translated down to the lowest-common-denominator member. Why some of it isn't even English! They use some Greek letters, and a whole slew of numbers and letters that don't make any sense at all!

You say Terry looks like young Bartholomew? Would this be Bartholomew Cubbins? I'm not familiar with any other young Bartholomew than the one with the 500 hats.

Somehow I fail to see how the fact that the great majority of people remember their youth with the most fondness should change the viewpoints of those young people who find their life dull, boring, and mundane. Man tut was er kann [translation: Man, King Tut was sercon.] and if there is nothing but boredom in life-as-it-is, you can't find anything but boredom. The solution is to change life-as-it-is, not turn your thinking around to convince yourself that things are different.

South Americans don't call U.S. citizens Americans -- they call us "Norteamericanos." Though I suppose this would include Canadians, too. It's an interesting point -- there is really no accurate one-word term for someone from the United States. "Yankee" cannot be used with impunity on a Southerner.

I'd heard your Atrocious Story several years ago, I'm afraid. It's a good pun-line, though. There's another old triple-pun you may not have heard, concerning the three brothers who bought a ranch, and went to live there with their mother. When it came time to think up a name for the place, their mother suggested Horizon -- where the sons raise meat.

Well, I think I'll have my required 50 pages in this time, considering that this one will mark a total of 51, counting both #6 and #6.5 -- and probably a dozen more pages yet to be done. Not that I think everyone will turn in 50 pages, but I'd hate to be the one who kept SAPS from hitting 1750 pages in a mailing. An excellent idea you have here. A bit impractical, maybe, but excellent all the same.

SAP ROLLER #17

Jack, I hope we don't lose you from SAPS. This was F\*A\*B\*U\*L\*O\*U\*S!!

It was much better than DISGUSTING SF #1 (I haven't seen #2), and by far the best SAPS fiction I've read this past year. Side-references all over hell, some of which I don't get -- but I don't care if I don't get them right now, I'll get some more later on a re-reading. And an abominable pun to finish things off! Excellent! DAMMIT, YOU BETTER NOT DROP OUT OF SAPS, OR I'LL HAVE TO CHISEL MY WAY INTO FAPA VIA A SHORTCUT! And you ought to know better than to think I'm kidding, either.

SPACEWARP #64

Well, having passed through the poetry and "Murder Wears a Beanie,"

muttering something like "Good, good, excellent, enjoyable of course, but what the hell can I say about it?" I arrive at the Gripes of Rapp. As you'll have noted, Toskey's second mailing as OE broke two of the three records that his first mailing set: mailing size, and individual SAPSsize size. Participation went to hell, tho.

You are a fraud, sir -- contrary to your statement that a Nanshare letter is one of monstrous size, I have not one, but three Nanshare letters that take less than one sheet of paper apiece. Fie, sir.

By now you've seen staples driven through 51 sheets of 20# paper, in SPELEOBEM 5. The stapler belongs to the library, and we tested it to see how much it would staple securely, finally decided that about 160 pages or so was maximum. Of course, if Toskey really starts a page-count war, I can always put in a loose-leaf zine, with an ACCO fastener, à la FANCY II, when the count gets above 160.

I guess Toskey has now seen a bat up close -- I'm sure they were introduced at the Detention. It's amusing the way I found the FANCY II reference a half hour or so after the encounter with The Bat.

I refuse to take the time to set up wide staple-side margins, while I have a means of reproduction available daily. If I have to make a special trip to run things off, OK, I'll make a day of it. But right now I type up as many pages as I can each evening, and as long as there are both sides of a page typed I'll run them off the next day. Right now I'm attempting to run both SPELEOBEM 6, SPELEOBEM 6.5, and ProFANity 7 little by little, and there are three piles of pages stacked up here in my room, with sample copies of each page, in order, at the library, so I can tell what the growing zines look like.

That blank page in the middle of the zine worried me until I saw the number of pages for SW listed in the SPECTATOR, and figured out that everyone probably got the same kind of deal. Wouldn't it have been better, Nan, to eliminate the blank bacover and the one in



the middle of the zine at the same time, and avoid some confusion?

Much applause for your remarks on humanity-in-the-mass!

Seeing as how both you and Irene Baron were at the Detention, I'm curious as to whether or not you admitted goofing the one-shot title, "34, 23, 35 1/2." If you didn't, I wonder what she said to Eney?

OK, what came of the tax deduction bit? I never heard word one of it at the convention. Sounds like a lovely idea, though.

Enjoyed the poetry -- even to Little Willie.

-----  
Little Willie, nasty brat,  
Fed the baby to the cat,  
A wrongful act, beyond all question --  
It gave the poor cat indigestion!  
-----

12-20

THE SPECTATOR I notice that this is the "Official" organ of SAPS these days. Some OE's want  
#49 to change everything around! It looks like the waiting list is getting up to FAPA-length, though I guess it's got a ways to go yet -- or does FAPA have better than 57% of its membership strength for a waiting list? I can't check, since my FA is packed away -- in fact, most everything is packed away these days. It's hell trying to find something just prior to moving.

I have one gripe in regard to the conduct of the OEs. There was no mention in THE SPECTATOR about the appointment of an official vote-counter for the election next mailing, so I wrote Toskey to request the job. I was informed that Toskey was going to count the things himself this time. Had I the time and energy, I would circulate a petition against such a practice, but I'm rushing around like mad trying to get moved to LA, so I shall just go on record as being against the idea that an OE should assume the poll-teller position during his administration. The SAPS OE has quite enough power as it is, and letting him count the votes, too, is going too far. Or do the rest of you think it's all right [see, Twig, I can spell it.]

THE SPELEOBEM Contrary to my usual practice, I did read this over again -- once after it  
#5 was just printed, and once in the last couple weeks. And contrary to me reaction after I had just finished it, I like it! I wish I had the time and energy to do something like this again. There are a number of goofs in it, which will be corrected in the lettercolumn, and a couple of really unfortunate typos -- such as "hig" instead of "hog" in Manyoya's verse to Earl Kemp, which loused up the rhyme completely.

I hope all you characters that said I shouldn't put comments in Dee's comments are quite satisfied with the latter part of PORQUE #3 -- it will give you some idea of what will be coming up in the next few mailings.

And I take no responsibility at all for anything on the pink pages that is not signed with my initials. None.

SPY RAY OF SAPS Much as I enjoyed your story in HOLOEPICYCLE, Dikini, I can see that  
Elinor and Terry had justification for not being able to follow your continuity. It took me several readings to get it, myself. I think it's just the Eney devoutness coming into play -- I still haven't figured out all the continuity in your Goon story John Berry published in the GDA YEARBOOK. Like, it's tangled tales you write! (or was that Hawthorne?)

Yes, the usual interpretation of "feet of clay" is the Roman Empire, succeeding the three mightier ones. I'd just gotten rather curious about how it got into fandom.

Haven't seen any of the Wilkins Coffee commercials, but from your description, I'd like to do so. Occasionally a good commercial comes up -- claiming that 9 out of 10 people prefer beef as their main dish, one grocery chain's commercial flashes ten different faces on the screen, nine of them saying "Beef," while one in the middle somewhere says "Chicken liver."

If the vote's with me, you should have much much more SAPSfiction of the "Burnett Toskey and the Forty Hucksters" type, and leave stuff like "Finishing Touch" to others who can't write SAPSfiction so well. You've got some fabulous lines in this, such as "when I invoke the splendor of heaven I refer not to a snow job" -- and others. MORE!

THRILLING GREEN  
SCIENCE FICTION

This is quite a publication, Tosk. I am croggled that you would spend the money for a color photocover with a Garcone illo, but what the hell, it's your money. The interior illos are very good, and I'm glad to see the Bryer illos again -- particularly the one for "Black Eyes Drifting." The stories -- except for the first-run "Back From the Stars" -- I'd read before, in CRY and SINISTERRA. The shorter stories are far better than "Back From the Stars," which is too far in to suit me. Like Welk. "Black Eyes Drifting" seems to be the one I like best, and then "The Guardian."

VONSET #8

That line about the man who said that if he had only one day to live he would cultivate his garden -- that sounds like the ending of

Candide: "Let us cultivate our garden." Me, I don't know what I'd do. If it were only I who was going to cash in at the end of the day, it would be a different thing entirely than if The End in general were at hand. I'd probably tell off a few people, and then go swimming and partying for the rest of the day with friends. So say I now, anyway.

Somehow, your classifications of people aren't inclusive enough. Or maybe it's just that there are some people who are classified one way today and another way tomorrow. For example: me. There are many times when I'm Hostile as all hell -- and others when I'm more passive, retreating into more or less of a dream world. And still others when I'd fall under the Adjusted classification, by walking the line between what I'd like to do, see, be, etc. and what society permits -- and realizing that it's a line that has to be walked. I don't think I'm ever in the Withdrawn class, but self-analysis is not always the best methods for determining one's classification. More often than not, I think I might like to try going completely schizoid [THIS IS SPECULATION, YOU CLOUDS -- DON'T GO TRYING TO SEND ME A HEAD-SHRINKER!!], with the one part being Adjusted (highly active in fanac, well in tune with the real world, etc) and the other being completely Passive (full-time existence in a dream world of my choice). If it weren't for a few interests such as fanac, I'd be considering just the dream-world bit. I have a high degree of empathy with books, good movies (if such things still exist), and there is one experiment I've been interested in trying for quite some time. What would happen if a recording of a well-defined fantasy (such as The Lord of the Rings) were played through earphones to a sleeper with high empathy? Would he go schiz, as some psych major suggested he would? Or maybe just into a sort of hypnosis for a while? Or would it just influence his dreaming? I'd like to try it...

Why does VONSET sound like a lecturezine? Maybe it is? 'Twas good and enjoyed, anyway.

WHEN THE GODS  
WOULD SUP

Alan J, I bid you Welcome To SAPS! You have a bit of an unweildy title here, but that will probably wear off in a mailing or two.

Titles with four or more syllables always seem to wind up with a one- or two-syllable nickname --- or the editor changes title completely. It's just too much to type the title in mailing comments and the like, when one wants to refer to it.

I object loudly to your statement that you are overweight at 180 lb. and 5'10" --- mainly because it will give people too much of an idea how over weight I am at the same height and 220 lb. Faugh, sir.

Hmm. After reading your comments on FTL, I can see why you were grotched at my grabbing up the copies of FANDANGO on sale at the con. You've gotten even rather well, tho, in stating that you have FANCY I and copies of THE ACOLYTE, which items I've never even seen.

My apologies for the lack of a decent conversation -- hell, there wasn't even an indecent one -- at the convention. Will try to better at Pittcon, if we both get there. And in the meantime, try conversing via SAPS, N'APA -- and even letters, if you can put up with my abysmal lateness in answering. \$In Berkeley Ron asked if I'd outbid your \$4; I said no.

# ULTIMATE WEAPON

by ART  
RAPP

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

"Oh, be sensible, Wrai," snapped Bjo in exasperation. "Who ever heard of a gorilla wearing trousers? You're supposed to be modeling for the BEM in this picture, remember?"

"Why don't you let me be the model for the Hero, instead?" asked Wrai, sulkily.

"Let's face it, Wrai, you just don't have the physique for stf-illio heroes. Besides, Eney came all the way from Alexandria just to pose for that part of the picture."

"You didn't make him take off all his clothes," observed Wrai jealously.

"He's not home yet, either," observed Bjo cryptically as she resumed painting the huge canvas on the easel.

"Put more of a fiendish leer on your face, Wrai," commanded Toskey, who was directing the operation from his cluttered desk at the back of the room. "You're about to carry off this nubile Earthmaiden, see, while the hero is pinned helpless in the wreckage of his crashed space-cruiser, unable to stop you."

"How about getting someone in here to model for the nubile Earthmaiden, then," said Wrai, not unreasonably. "How do you expect me to put and real feeling in my work without the proper accessories?"

"Don't be so impatient, Wrai. We're still testing candidates for the femme rôle, to see that they have the proper accessories. Rapp is handling the job, in the other room. He says he's just getting the feel of the work, tho. However, he has already given me a lot of fascinating statistical data -- you'd be amazed at the variations in  $(\pi - 3)/2$  that he's found!" Tosk fondly shuffled the sheets of mathematical equations which littered his desk, forgetting Bjo and Wrai entirely as his attention centered on the hypothesis of a positive correlation between kurtosis and Broadmindedness Quotient in female SAPS members.

"He has to depend on Rapp to select the femmeSAP with the proper qualifications," Bjo confided to Wrai. "His own mind is too high-type to even notice."

"Not according to his SAPSazines," objected Wrai.

"You mean the way he adores all females, up to and including Ann Landers? Phoo, that's the trouble: he just can't learn that while all us girls are lovable, some are more lovabobble than others."

"Eureka!" shouted Eney, appearing from behind a window-drape and frantically scribbling on 3x5 cards as he spoke. "At last a Fancylopedia II.5 entry I can credit as (Orwell: Walt Kelly: Bjo)! That's the first triple-play I've scored in months!"

"Oh-oh, he's on his lexicographer kick again," muttered Wrai. For Roscoe's sake, Bjo, don't say anything quotable, or he'll record it for the annals of fandom."



"Point of order! Point of order!" shouted Eney, levelling his ballpoint at Wrai. "Was that scatological Laney-type pun of yours intentional or inadvertant?"

"You see?" said Wrai to Bjo.

"Aha!" cried Eney. "I can see that you're really on the old fannish ball today, Ballard. Not many fen would be able to toss off a fabulous fannish remark like that."

"What was fabulously fannish about it?" asked Bjo.

"Oh, don't be so neo-ish, Bjo," said Eney. "Obviously, when Wrai replied 'U.C.' to my question, he was referring to the notorious censorship incident at the University of British Columbia, and, in effect, saying he refused to answer on the grounds that it might tend to make Toskey censor OUTSIDERS in future bundles."

"Gosh, I wish I had a fine fannish mind like you and Wrai and Jack Harness," murmured Bjo, enviously.

"Oh hohohohahaha!" Eney burst out, clutching his midriff and rolling on the floor, "Harness -- a fine fannish mind -- oh, that's the funniest one I've heard in years!"

"Wrai, he's having some kind of fit," Bjo said anxiously. "Quick, run down the hall and get the man from Apartment 5 -- he must be a doctor because I notice he gets lots of mail from the AMA."

"AMA! Oh hohohohahaha!" screamed Eney, going into convulsions.

Without even pausing for his trousers, Wrai dashed out of the room and down the hall. Eney continued to roll on the floor in helpless hysterics.

Only Toskey reacted to the situation. Dropping the papers he was studying, he leaped from behind the desk, rushed up to Bjo, swept her into his arms and kissed her soundly.

"A token of recognition for your quick thinking in an emergency," he told her.

From the adjoining room came the sound of a resounding slap and a protesting male yelp.

Bjo smiled at Toskey.

MORAL: Never underestimate the power of a blarney.

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Editorial Comment: Happy as I am to publish some Rapp fiction, I began to smell a rat when he mentioned a ploy to be revealed in the next mailing. Making a wild guess, I would suppose that Art Rapp has sent a small contribution to all the SAPS members, for inclusion in their mlg. 50 zines. Far be it for me to interferewith such a diabolical plan, by not printing this one, but I can't resist making comment on the idea. I could be wrong, of course, but the mailing will tell the tale -- it wouldn't be cricket to ask other members if they received contributions. Art -- I recognise all sorts of references in this thing, including the dirty-joke-type punchline on the first page, but, in reference to the fourth paragraph from the end, just what is a 'soundly'? Thanks, you sneaky ol' Rapp, you.

----- BEP

# FERDINAND FUGGHEAD

Ferdinand Fugghead began his tour of the strange planets of the galaxy by stopping off on the planet of Viridy to study the local methods of commerce. He found that the primary occupation of the natives was farming, and that they transported their goods to the market place by means of large carts, which were drawn by animals somewhat similar to the Terrestrial ox. They were largely a lazy people, and would not exert themselves in any way that was not absolutely necessary. In fact, in order to eliminate the necessity of whipping or prodding the ox-like animals into motion, they had trained owls to sit on the beasts' heads and hoot at them. At this sound, the animals would move forward a ways; the owl would hoot again, and the animal would move. This saved the natives a good deal of effort.

One day, while demonstrating his blaster to the native with whom he was staying, Ferdinand stumbled, and his blast went wild, accidentally killing his host's owl. His host was grief-stricken -- now he would have to prod the animal himself, or try to buy someone else's owl. So Ferdinand offered to catch another one for him; there would certainly be more in the forest. He set out to hunt the owl early in the morning, but by mid-afternoon he had still not found one, and he was getting deeper and deeper into the forest.

Suddenly he saw, high in the branches of a tree, a very strange sort of owl. It was actually glowing -- flashing in the sun! "Any owl is better than no owl," he decided, and he started up the tree, net in hand. The owl was very docile, and offered no resistance to being captured; Ferdinand carried it back to his host.

The native spent the necessary hour training the owl to sit on the ox-like beast's head, then tried to get the bird to hoot at the animal. It refused to utter a sound. After ten minutes the native gave it up as too much bother, and Ferdinand took over the attempts. He worked at it for two hours, with no success. The owl would not hoot, so of course, the beast wouldn't move. At last, though he hated to admit defeat, Ferdinand gave up also.

"It's no use," he admitted. "Owl that glisters is not gold!"

=====

From Viridy, Ferdinand Fugghead went to Jeena, where he attached himself to a movie company which was going to the cave country to film one of its romantic adventure stories on location. At first, the primary attraction was the opportunity to collect mineral samples from the cave region, but with actress Maria Gazella (40-22-34) along, the primary attraction soon changed. Acquaintanceship became friendship and then romance -- a romance which was of a serious nature to Maria, but of only a frivolous one to Ferdinand.

The filming went along on schedule, despite the romantic interest of the star -- and also despite the fact that they had discovered (and been discovered by) a colony of monstrous bats, which flew all around the camp at night. Though they didn't seem to want to attack people, they were extremely annoying -- and there was always the possibility that they might bite; their long fangs didn't look particularly ornamental.

And as the movie progressed, so did the romance between Ferdinand and Maria. Maria soon became highly possessive toward Ferdinand, which caused him to become cooler toward her. He was not even remotely interested in marriage, and the more possessive Maria became, the more Ferdinand thought about leaving while he still had a chance. Then one night at dinner Maria declared in a loud voice, "Ferd, we should be thinking of wedding plans." And Ferd began finalizing other plans -- escape plans.

Later the same night, gear all packed, Ferdinand told Maria he was leaving. She walked down the path with him, pleading for him to stay. "No," he said, "It was fun while it..." And at that moment a huge bat swooped down and bit Maria on the breast. She sank to the ground crying "Help me, Ferd! You must stay and help me! I need you! You can't leave now!"

"That's what you think," said Ferdinand Fugghead. "Fangs for the mammaries!"

=====

The third planet on Ferdinand's tour was Jarete, an entertainment world which he had been to before. His friends met him at the spaceport, and told him of the week-long holiday they had planned for him. There was to be a continuous celebration -- festivities were undertaken at the slightest excuse on Jarete, and often with no excuse whatsoever. Ferdinand was introduced to Kassy, a gorgeous blonde who was to be his companion during the week. In the company of several other couples, they spent the days in enjoying themselves by dancing, swimming, hunting, or picnicing, or in playing golf, tennis, or other games. In their own company, they spent the evenings. Ferdinand and Kassy became very close, though they agreed that neither of them would "get serious."

On the last day of Ferdinand's stay on Jarete, he was asked to help judge the Olympic Games which were to take place that day. They would be honored, the officials told him, to have such a prominent auslander as judge of their competitions...their women's competitions. Ferdinand accepted with alacrity; the Jarete Olympics were always conducted with nude competitors. Judges would have the best vantage spots.

Late in the afternoon, with most of the sports competitions finished, a contest in water-skiing was held, and Ferdinand discovered, to his surprise, that Kassy was one of the contestants. He waited anxiously for her turn to come; if her performance was any good at all, he would give his vote to her and try to influence the other judges as much as possible. It would be one way to show her his appreciation.

At last it was Kassy's turn. As Ferdinand waited expectantly, she made a beautiful start, and headed for the jump. But before she had gone very far her foot slipped, her leg became tangled in the tow-rope, and she was dragged through the water ignominiously until the driver of the tow-boat was able to stop and free her.

Ferdinand was disappointed, but his humor re-asserted itself, and he spoke to the other two judges. "That was a rather unfortunate accident that girl had. She'll certainly not be able to win any award for water-skiing, but do you think we might give her an award in some other classification?"

"But which classification could we use?" asked one judge, wanting to please the guest.

"Well, I'd say she's probably broken all records for the hundred-yard douche!"

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From Jarete, Ferdinand Fugghead went to the planet Brauchbar, where he had been invited to watch a native ceremony, which took place only once every fifteen years. During the time between ceremonies built up their psi powers, which were exhausted after the fatiguing rituals.

The ceremony itself was held to honor the old men of the tribes, who had served the tribes well, and were near death; it enabled them to change themselves into an inanimate object of their own choosing, and thus continue to serve their people. Since the discovery of Brauchbar two centuries before, the natives had been bribed and wheedled until they agreed to include three or four ausländer in their ceremonies, and each time, three or four dedicated men came to the planet for this purpose.

On the ship to Brauchbar, Ferdinand met one of these men, Dr. Erich von Steinkopf, the noted astronomer. His choice was to become a powerful telescope, that he might continue to add to the knowledge of astronomy. He would do anything to achieve this end.

The ceremony turned out to be extremely wild. The subjects were placed upon a huge stone platform, and the native in charge put them through gymnastics, ballet steps, contortions, and more varieties of semi-torture than Ferdinand had ever seen before. Dr. von Steinkopf sat beside Ferdinand while the natives were put through the ceremony; soon it would be his turn. After all the physical activity had reached fever-pitch, all the natives, including the subject, suddenly threw all their mental power into the Change, and the subject disappeared, leaving an inanimate object -- a bench, an axe, a veeblefetzter -- on the platform. Finally Dr. von Steinkopf took his place on the platform. He threw himself into the ceremony, going through all the actions that were required of him with as much vigor as he could muster. Ferdinand thought he looked extremely ridiculous, but what the hell, it was his life. The action reached the right point, and everyone concentrated; Dr. von Steinkopf disappeared. But instead of a huge telescope appearing, nothing at all could be seen. Ferdinand rushed to the platform, and there he found only a very small monocle. All the action must have confused the Doktor's thought image at the time of Change. It was a tragedy, for his desired usefulness was not lost.

"Well," said Ferdinand Fugghead, "I was afraid he'd make a spectacle of himself!"

## THE POINT TO "SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORY" #4

The selection this time was the song "Zulaika":

Zulaika was fair to see;  
A young Persian maiden was she;  
She lived in Baghdad, where all men are bad --  
But none was so bad as she!

Her husband was very old, with millions in silver and gold;  
He kept her locked in, away from all sin,  
For Persians are very bold.

On her head she wore a turban, which came from the fields of Iran,  
Where no one could see she kept a small key,  
Which she threw out again and again.

The first time she threw out the key, it fell by the old banyan tree,  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked her lover Ali.

The next time she threw the key out, it fell by the old waterspout,  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked her lover Mahout.

She threw out the key once again, expecting her lover Sulieman,  
She sighed and she cried, and the door opened wide,  
And in walked a whole caravan.

The leader he bowed his head low, and waited her wishes to know.  
"Well, most of you stay," Zulaika did say,  
"But the children and camels must go!"

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## SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORY #6

A strange story came to light yesterday. As reported in the Times, the heir to the throne of a small European country has been discovered plying a common trade in Italy. His true identity was unknown to him -- in fact he had even joined an anti-Monarchy political party. His identity was announced by a high official, who related how he himself had left the child of Royalty with a reliable (politically at least) commoner, to care for until reaching his majority. Since that day, the high official had not seen the child, and upon returning to check up on him, he had found that the foster-father was dead (he indicated that drunkenness played a large part in the demise), and there was no one to identify the heir to the throne, since the latter looked far too much like his foster-brother. Not even the heir himself knows whether it is he who should be King, so the two youths have been sent to the Capital to await further developments.

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TELL US, IF YOU DARE .....

BURNETT TOSKEY, tell us, if you dare, when and why Lorence Garcone was invented!  
JACK HARNESS, tell us, if you dare, what you expect in an apa mailing, if #48 was no good!  
MIRIAM CARR, tell us, if you dare, how much you deliberately try for shock effect in writing!  
GUY TERWILLEGER, tell us, if you dare, whether you'd stay in N3F if N'APA broke away!  
EARL KEMP, tell us, if you dare, why you joined SAPS instead of putting out a genzine!



# SIDE PASSAGES

## LETTERS

29

Buck Coulson - 21 Oct.

Pelz, you're a rat.

For two months I've been sweating out a FAPA postmailing, reputed to be about 100 pages. White never did get off his can to get it out, but last week I got a card from the new OE, Andy Young, to the effect that the bundle had been mailed. Today, I opened the mailbox, and there was a nice thick envelope, about the size for a 100-page mailing. Saying "goody" or something to that effect, I dashed into the house, opened the bindle, and stared in horror at ONE LOUSY SAPSZINE!

Destroy a boy's faith in his mailman, will you?

After this sort of treatment, I won't even comment on your part of SPELEOBEM, but I would like Dee to ask her friend how one darns wooden socks. [This question has been re-directed to Guy Terwilleger...BEP]

Robert A. Smith, who, being FSS- and G&S-type fan, plus somewhat stf-oriented, gets all my zines. In this, at least, he is a SAP. Besides, he's in the army, so that's two counts toward SAPism.

Between the cover and that thing which you - or somebody - closed out the last page with, I have had great difficulty convincing anyone that I'm not receiving lewd, lascivious and pornographic magazines thru the mail. Letting them think so is the easy way out; I don't have to tell you what it's like trying to explain to someone what the hell it actually is.

Page 30 and Department of Faulty Calculations or "How Did You Get Past C-42?" [C-42 is veryvery elementary Freshman math at UF]. Fifty copies at five sheets (ten pages) each is 250 sheets which is 1/2 a ream, a ream being 500 sheets. Nicht wahr? You better take your feet out of your mouth so you'll have your toes to count with. [So can I help it if I keep thinking we have 1000-pagereams?]

At the top of page 40, altho I don't know exactly what the discussion's all about, if you are merely asking if the concept of the atom was known before Christ, then you surprise me greatly. After all, the ancient Greek philosophers not only invented the atom, they named it, literally, that which can not be cut. If you are talking about the idea of the energy contained within the atom and the utilization of that energy, then I withdraw from the field of discourse as a non-combattant. ['Twas the latter idea I had in mind, but had it been the former, do you think I'd admit it?]

I see that you too have noted the latest trend among the mindless boobs the excrete the current awful offal called popular (with whom, praytell?) music. "Red River Rock" has already received my nomination as "Musical Atrocity of the Year." Running a close second, and, if I hear it many more times, bidding fair to replace it at the top of the (dung) pile is a raped version of a beautiful tune, Londonderry Air, masquerading as "Danny Boy." Compared to these two, "Lavender Blue" got off easy. And amidst this brutal attack on such fine old songs, how do you explain the popularity of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's recording of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"? I dunno.

You certainly expected a blast on account of your "lousy French" and a blast you shall have. In the first place, I was never one of your roommates - the ones you had were bad enough - so let's give credit where credit is due. Or did Werner try to claim the credit/blame for that little episode? [Yes. (Werner was my source of (mis)information on this bit; he roomed with Bob for several semesters, and with me for a summer session)...BEP] He was a witness, perhaps even an instigator; but I dood it. 'Twas I who was playing the part of the judge in the, if you'll pardon the expression, French Club's production of "Le Maître Pathelin" and 'twas I who was supposed to scream out "Imbécile! Crétin!" The alternate line (not a blooper but a with-malice-aforethought affair) was "Imbécile chrétien!" and was used only at

a rehearsal. Note the spelling and the translations: "Idiot! Fool!" and "Stupid Christian." Thank you.

Re the garft: you say "the syllablization begins with one and increases as the prime numbers"; what happened to "2"? It's a prime number. [Error in copying -- should have read "increases as the odd prime numbers." ...BEP]

Of your Historighastlies, I got the biggest yuk out of Little Arfin' Annie. [Those were the creation of one Buz Busby, not me...BEP] If I remember correctly, "potrzebie" means "needs" -- the verb, not the noun, but Gospodin Pyłka will have to verify that. [The Lonesome Pole has done just that -- so it's official. All you SAPS who've been asking about the word can file this information for future use -- provided you haven't skipped this part of SPELEOBEM...BEP]

What's with this Dee<sub>1</sub> -- Dee<sub>2</sub> stuff, anyway? I'm willing to believe that one of them exists, but not two. Genug ist genug, aber dies ist zuviel. [C'est vrai...BEP]

[name withheld, to protect myself from receiving bombs in the mail] 18 Dec.

You know...I'm beginning to doubt DEE<sub>1</sub>'s existence -- especially after reading in SPELEOBEM that she thinks she's gotten letters from me. And the only person I write to in Florida (aside from my grandparents and aunt and uncle) is YOU, and I've never written Dee a letter or card or note, ever. [Why not?...BEP] So Bruce Pelz, there's something funny about all this, and I don't trust you at all. And besides which, I know what all those G&S quotes are that you and Wrai have been tossing into the mailings! Yesiree, I've got a complete book of the more famous and well-known operettas of G&S, and I spent a whole 2 evenings reading all of them and snickering and giggling over those lines...and fuming over that IDA casting you did...how dare you claim I smoke cigars and wear soldier uniforms and look like a man -- one with a moustache at that! Boyyy, I'll get even one of these days... why, I might even be sneaky enough to send Tosk translations of those quotes you and Wrai have been using. Only when I threatened Wrai with this, he shrugged it off by saying I had the only lewd mind and Tosk wouldn't find anything wrong with those quotes. Upon which information, I also threatened to print that defendant's line in this issue just to see if Tosk is as clean-minded as Wrai claims all SAPS are except me. Humph...I still claim that word (in the defendant's line) is the same in wotever language it's said. Boyyyyyy, I don't trust neither of you anymore.

And I DARE you to print that line in SPELEOBEM this coming mailing! I DARE you! [Continuing my campaign to stop people from challenging me, I accept the dare. And how do you like this bit of sneakiness in printing your letter? (If you want 1/2pp. credit, just write to Tosk and claim it -- I don't need it)..BEP]

- § -

Defendant: 'Is this the court of the exchequer?'  
Jury: 'It is.'  
Defendant: 'Be firm, be firm my pecker. Your evil star's in the ascendant!'  
Jury: 'Who are you?'  
Defendant: 'I'm the defendant!'  
Jury: 'Monster, dread our damages! We're the jury! Dread our fury!'  
Defendant: 'Hear me, hear me if you please. These are very strange proceedings! For, permit me to remark, on the merits of my pleadings, You're at present in the dark.'

- § -

[So there. In case anyone's interested, this is from Trial By Jury. The quasi-quotes are used because my G&S books are all packed away. The words are right; the punctuation might be a little off. And the word means 'heart.' Consult Partridge, A Dictionary of Slang. I doubt that Toskey has a chance to read this before the mailing gets sent out, or that he would call it lewd when he does read it. If he does, he's worse off than I think...BEP]

# DER MARIANNER TRIPPEN (3) by JOE PYLKA

This, as usual, occurred during Homecoming Weekend, when the naturally philanthropic nature of the cavers once again manifested itself in the form of giving some much-needed space to the people at the university. So, three cars took off. Jim Quigg's car, with Jim, Joyce, Darci, Debbie, and myself, originally planned to take off at 12:30. As usual, we got off at two. The trip was largely uneventful, and we got up to the State Park at Marianna in good time. Again, as usual, the gate was locked. So Debbie and I hiked in, only to find that the park ranger was not at home. After hanging around for a while, we hiked back out. And we sat and waited. No ranger. Back into the car, to see if we could find another way in. Just down the road, there was a building set off from the road. So we drove in, and Jim walked in. Turned out to be a private club, with waiters complete with tux (soup and fish type) and a very disdainful expression. The eyebrows were raised even further when they looked over Jim's get-up, and commented that this was a very Private Club. So back to the gate again. This time, Jim and Joyce decided to hike in to the campers' area, in hopes of persuading somebody to lend us a key. This, happily, succeeded, and a short time later we set up the cookstoves to have some dinner. Periodically, Jim and I set off to see if the ranger had returned, and we were finally lucky about 10:30 that night. Not only had he just returned, but he had just gone to bed. So out he came, and we went to the headquarters to sign in. As we left headquarters and got back to the road, Pete Ricca's car and Jake's car came zipping up.

"How did you get in?" asked the ranger.

"Well, er, the gate was open."

"Strange, I made sure that it was locked when I just went through a short while ago, and no other car has come by. I think that I'll go up and see if anything's wrong."

"Well, it's locked now," commented Jake.

The ranger went off. Jake thoughtfully put some tools back in the trunk. Seems the gate was locked, so they simply took off the gate, went through, and put it back again. Must have been a neat job. The ranger didn't say anything subsequently.

Inasmuch as it seemed to be the thing to do, people went off to explore China Cave. Jim, having been there before, pointed out the way to the cave. So it took us only a half hour to find it, fifty feet off the road. Well, anyway, we found the wrong entrance. Fifteen minutes later, we found the right one. And so the hordes descended; off they went, oohing and ahing at the formations, and the very big kind of bat. Then off they went through a small, tortuous passageway; after clambering and crawling, they entered a large room, where I was sitting waiting for them. I had simply leisurely walked there via the main passageway. So off we went exploring again, into pretty nearly every nook and cranny. They had explained to them, also, the legend of the Cave Monster. Being night, the Monster wasn't about, however. The cave belched forth its annual load, and it and we went to sleep. So ended the first day.

The next morning we all got up bright and early, and after quietly digesting our breakfast for a few hours, we decided to go to Milton's Cave. (Or was it Melvin's?) Accordingly, three carloads of motley people drove into Marianna. Jake's car stopped off to get some batteries, and Jim and I went into Milton's office to get an idea of where the cave is. Milton was out, but we succeeded in non-plussing his secretary into letting us know at least where his property was near. So back to the car we went. By this time, Jake and the rest of his car had returned from the hardware store, and we met Vernalida walking along with a great big ice cream cone in her hand. So, naturally, we took off and got some. When we returned, the other car had, in the meantime, gone in to see where the property was, thereby

frightening the poor secretary out of her wits even more. They saw the ice cream cones, and went off to get some for themselves. This sort of thing went on for a while, and we went off to the cave, although no one knew where it was. But with a little searching the right road was found. We went in, and started the usual routine of opening and closing gates, and in the meantime lifting Pete's car out of a hole he had driven into. and water skiing from the back of it. The cave was finally arrived at, and the faternoon was spent in examining its various and multitudinous formations. Jim, Joyce, Debbie and I succeeded in finding a new way to go through the cave, and took a great many pictures. We finally came out to see all the rest of the cavers sprawled out all over the road in various postures. All asleep. With a little difficulty they were awakened, and we went off to Gerard's Cave. After missing the right road, and frightening various people by hanging on the back of the convertible as it went down the highway, we got to the turnoff to the cave. Jake's car led the way at a respectable 15 miles per hour. This, unfortunately, did not last, as the car stopped in its tracks when it encountered a tree root. So the people walked in, and spent a few hours in completely exploring the cave. Finally we drifted back, and took off. Jake was delayed slightly, so we left a note at the last gate, and went back to the park for supper, thinking they would be back shortly. They weren't.

We got back to the campsite about 4:00. It wasn't until 9:00 that night that we first heard from them. A motley group of people, in full equipment, one carrying an aqualung, wandered into the campsite at that time. It was the Jakemobile contingent.

"What happened to the car?"

"Car? ,,, What car?"

"Butbutbutbut..."

About this time, Alberta stopped any further comment by unwinding a five-foot diamond-back rattlesnake from around her neck. After the ooh, ah, and gasp period was over, she explained that they saw it at the entrance to Judge Cave, where they had gone. Jake had killed it by cronging it over the head a few times with the aqualung tank. And now, by God, they were going to eat it! But first, another problem had to be taken care of. It seemed that they had left the car in a field while they went to the cave. Then, when they left the cave, they couldn't find the car. After a few hours of wandering about the woods, they found a road which took them back to the highway, and they walked back to camp. The army then took off again in Pete's car to bring Jake's back.

The next morning (I omit little things like the long joke session by the fire, or when Debbie broke the broad jump record when she discovered an opossum standing next to her by the fire), we broke camp, paid up our fees, and returned the key, and once more made the long trek back to Gainesville. Pete and Jim stayed together on the trip down, and stopped off at Don Martin's in Tallahassee. [This Don Martin is an old FSS member...BEP] We had a wild time there, and tried out Hemlock and Wormwood tea. Interesting, to say the least. There were three schools of thought on the taste of Wormwood tea: there were the Graveyard Mud school, the Camel Urine school, and the Boiled English Ivy school. Joan Martin says that one philosophy student up there was over at the house one evening, and in his classes the next day complained about drinking too much hemlock.

From Don's, we wended our way through Tally, and thence to 27. We went on ahead, and Pete tried to catch up. He tried hard, and drove like a madman, but was unable to do so until he stopped to put up his top. Unbeknownst to him, we had stopped at a roadside stand to buy some pecans. And so ended the trip. The rattlesnake, by the way, was delicious.

- - - - Joséf Mikhailovich Pyłka

DÓRNY MAJA DOBRZE !



# THE CRAWLWAY

Being a Very Hurried Editorial-Type blither.....

Today is December 26th, and this zine has got to be finished in the next few hours, and mailed to Toskey tonight. Everything is run off but this sheet, but progress is being complicated by the fact that I have to work from 6 to 9, and it's 5:45 right now. This editorial, then, is quite rushed.

Monday morning, at 6:30 A.M. I leave for Los Angeles. Tomorrow will be spent getting the rest of the packing done, and clearing up last-minute details. I'm travelling by bus, and will be able to take 150 pounds of luggage with me free — but I'm sure to run over that amount, what with phonograph, typer, trunk, and suitcases. To top everything off, the film-advance on my camera froze last night, and I'm faced with the prospects of being without a camera for the next three weeks or so — including the arrival in LA, and all. Pfui. I'll probably wind up buying a small cheap camera to use until mine is fixed. Somehow, I can't see myself being without a camera for that long.

The photo-over could have been much improved this time, I know, but I was in a hurry, which accounts for the sloppiness and distribution of the pictures. And only four people contributed pictures, which accounts for the small representation of SAPSites. Ted Johnstone gave me the one of Rich Brown, Elinor Busby sent the ones of Tosk and Don Durward, and of herself, Buz, and Ed Cox. Art Rapp also sent a picture of EdCo, along with the ones of Lee Jacobs and himself, but finding Ed represented in my only Busby — sorry, I mean "Busbixii" picture, I used it instead of the one Art sent. The other pictures, I took myself. As for a picture-by-picture description:

In the left hand corner we find Bruce Pelz, trying to calculate how many pages the next SAPS mailing will be, with the help of equipment at the University of Florida's Engineering College.

The picture of Elinor, Buz, and EdCo was taken during the Solacon, at one of the many parties — Burbee's, I think.

Art Rapp says that the picture of Lee Jacobs and the Mechanical Monster looks quite true-to-life — except that the bottle is too far away.

The pic of Terry and Miriam-for-OE Carr was taken in their San Francisco apartment, while I was there in September — and yes, it's the same one that's on SPELEOBEM 6, just turned around.

The shot of Bjo was taken in Salt Lake City, at Gregg Calkins'. Gorge is one of the Calkins' monster-size cats (the name is short for gorgeous, and he certainly is.)

The mechanical contrivance around which Don and the Toskey are posed is the Dreaded Multigraph. The picture was taken in the Fenden.

Pictured next is Art Rapp, the master of compactness in fanning. Typer, stencils, mailing, and fanzine file all right at hand.

AND, finally, Rich Brown, another picture taken around the Solacon — in fact, if my memory serves me, this was taken at the Solacon one-shot session.

Now, despite the fact that I will no longer be employed by Tampa Public Library, I am still in a position to get the use of the multilith ~~multilith~~ -- so send in pictures. If I finally get a complete SAPS set ~~multilith~~ or almost complete, even ~~multilith~~ I can re-run these with the new ones, and show the whole grimy crew.

Let's see what else deserves comment in this issue.

This two-colour business looks good, and isn't too hard to do, but changing the ink on the multimonster is murderous. We were running a Christmas card, in blue, green, red, and black, so I took advantage of the situation to do a couple illos in varicolour. Then we went back to black, and were running along just fine, until the Boss took a look at my coverillo for my genzine, and remarked that it would look good with a bit of red. Soooo, we changed the ink, ran off as much as we could stand in red, and changed it back again. Enough is too damn much. And I rather doubt that you'll ge' colored illos in PORQUE! next time, unless the boss changes the ink himself for some reason.

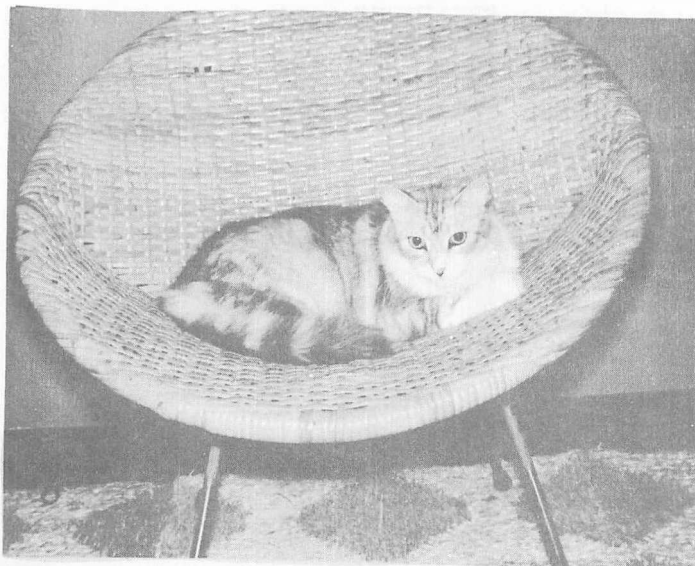
"The Adventures of Ferdinand Fugghead" will probably be continued. I see no reason why all my Atrocious Stories won't fit into this format. The "Seemingly Pointless Stories," on the other hand, are wearing rather thin. I'm not at all happy with #6 this time, and I may just drop them completely.

The SAPS fiction is left to Art Rapp this time ~~multilith~~ will try to get back with some of my own next time, but no promises. Things are quite hectic these days, and nothing can be very certain.

Pylka's "Der Marianner Trippen (3)" is included here for a number of reasons. Mainly, it will illustrate a point that I've made about other groups being as wacky as stfans -- particularly the Florida Speleological Society. Also, there are some fabulous lines in this, I think -- and I think you'll like it. If you do, I may reprint "Der Marianner Trippen" from THE FLORIDA SPELEOLOGIST of a couple years ago -- the first such trip, which started all the mess. (I don't think Trippen (2) was ever written up.)

"Confessions of a Geode Hunter" is included before PORQUE! only because Doreen ended up her mailing comments on an odd page, and had to draw abacover to finish the page out ~~multilith~~ and who ever heard of a bacover followed with an article?

And finally, I and my assistant editor, F.E. Katte, below, hope you had a wonderful holiday season ----



# TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A GEODE HUNTER

It all started when a very nice man (have you ever noticed how the nice ones always seem to cause the most trouble?) came into the library to see about putting up a display of geodes. Of course, they yelled for me -- for some crazy reason I'm in charge of putting up the displays. Well, just to help the thing along, he had several lovely samples of geodes with him. Several of the nosier members of the staff showed up to find out what geodes were. Dumb of them not to know; I was much smarter -- I waited until he explained them, and remembered to keep my mouth shut. This way I at least act like I'm smart. While I got lost looking at the geodes through a scope he had with him, the others started talking about when, where, and how one found them. Then the fact came out that one could find them right here in our Old Tampa Bay -- not only that, but if we wanted to get some of them, we'd have to hurry, because the city was planning to fill in that section of the bay in order to build a recreation center there. All of a sudden someone (Evelyn Jackson, I think) said we could go Sunday -- how about that, Doreen? "Sunday," says I -- "sure, why not?" "Good, we'll be over to your house about 5:30." "5:30?" says I -- "Won't it be too dark to see anything by then?" "Nope," I'm answered, "the sun comes up about then."

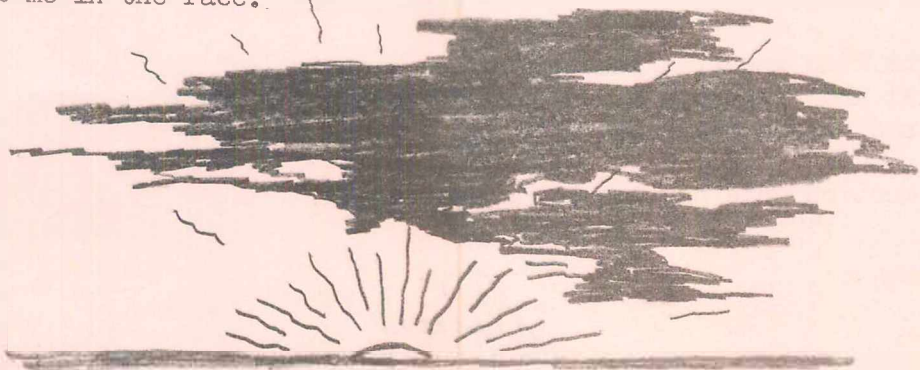
This was when I should have backed out, but oh, no -- not me. I helped the nice man pack his geodes in a box, and made arrangements for the display. After I left, I found out all the details (or so I thought) about finding the stupid things. You had to wear shoes that wouldn't be hurt by the water. Why? Because you had to wade into the water to dig for them. Dig? Yep -- they were buried in the clay bottom of the bay. Not only that, but you also had to have a hammer, and a bucket, and a few other things that no one told me about. Plans were made, and they said they'd be over to pick me up about 5 A.M.

Let me say that I had honorable intentions to get a good night's sleep -- but friends from St. Petersburg came over for a visit. If my enemies only had friends like mine, they wouldn't need enemies. I got to bed about 1 A.M., and set the alarm for 4:15. After my third cup of coffee on waking up, I started feeling like I just might make it. I was even dressed fittingly: bathing suit, zori, sweater, shovel and a bucket. Then I waited --- and waited. The rest of the gang didn't show up until 5:30, and then they were barely able to drag. They all came in and sat around drinking the last of my coffee -- at \$1.10 a pound. We left the house about 6 A.M. in my car -- after all, if we got our suits wet they wouldn't hurt Doreen's car.

So with me driving, we headed for the point (at this time I could only use one arm, as the other was in a cast.) After hunting around for a while, we found the spot and parked the car. Then the fun really started. We had to unload the car -- I got to carry all the shovels, buckets, sweaters, extra shoes and the lunch that I had packed. The ex-wrestler who was with us finally came back to help me -- he carried the cigarets -- tobacco makes me sick. He also walked just enough in front of me to let all the branches fly back and hit me in the face.



After we reached the edge of the water, the nice man showed up -- he'd been there for hours, and was so sorry we hadn't gotten there sooner. It was a lovely day. Overcast. I wouldn't get to see the sun come up after all. Maybe it was just





as well -- with my luck, I'd be the one that got to dry it off.

From this point on, the day really got bad. It was pointed out that I had on the wrong kind of shoes -- the bottom was covered with oyster shell, and it caused very nasty cuts. I also needed a pair of work gloves and a hammer -- this same oyster shell covers the geodes, and you have to have a hammer to knock the shell off. You hold it in your hand while you do this, of course.

The idea was to take a shovel and a bucket and wade out into the water (brrrrrr) until you were in water about 2 feet deep, put down your bucket, and dig a hole in the clay bottom. Fine, fine. Have you ever tried to put an empty bucket down in the water and have it stay where you put it? It seems that you have to sink it, and then try to remember where you sank it, when you need it.

After you dig your hole (which fills up with clay as soon as you dig it out, because the tide has turned and it pushes all the clay back in -- until you learn not to put the clay on the seaward side of the hole), you sit down in the water beside it, and put your hand in the hole, and feel around until you find what you think might be a geode. This is great fun -- try it some time. Sit down in two feet of water and lean over and put your hand on the bottom of a two-foot hole. SEE if you can keep your head above the water!



After I gave up trying to dig geodes, the nice man took pity on me, cause none of the gang with me wanted to go home. They were having all sorts of good luck -- I gave up cause I had cut the fingers on my good hand on an oyster shell, and I thought it might be smart to quit while I still had my arms fastened to my body.

Anyhoo, the nice man led me up and down the beach in a stooped stance, to find the small geodes that had been washed ashore. We found them all right -- by the hundreds! After about three hours of this, the rest of the gang thought it might be smart to quit, as the tide was almost in, and they couldn't dig any more. They did help me to my feet, but I doubt if my back will ever be the same.

On the way back to the car, I got to carry all the wet shoes, shovels, and buckets filled with clay, geodes, and water. Again the ex-wrestler carried the cigarets -- that boy is all heart!

They ate the lunch in the car on the way home, and since I had only one hand (which wasn't really bleeding too much), and was driving with it, I couldn't very well eat. At long last we got to my house and unloaded the car. They then used the outside hose (thank goodness) to wash their geodes.

The nice man had told us that he had a diamond-edged saw (which you have to use in order to cut them), and that he would cut our geodes for us for a small fee.

I now have the cast off my right hand and arm, just a few scars on my left hand and three or four on my feet (from coral and oysters), a new car, a front yard full of sand, and a bucket full of clay, water, and geodes that need cutting.

If you value your life, don't mention this pastime to me ever again!

*Dasen*



# !PORQUE! 4

— BY DEE

" The purple sands of Dee, on the north coast of Wales, at low tide stretch far into the sea and are said to be full of treacherous quicksands. "

BEWARE ALL YE, WHO TREAD THE SANDS OF DEE

The reason for the sea-type drawings: This was to be the B\*I\*G underwater issue. The drawings were put on master and then the whole mess blew up in me little face. Maybe someday I'll do it, but not this time. If time permits I'll continue the drawings.

I get the feeling that a lot of SAPmembers don't like their names --- like, when I read initials, and nicknames. So, since I'm dumb, I'm planning on giving the meanings of all these names. If I can't find the first name, I'll use the middle name. If I can't find either, I'll make up my own meaning. Why, I'll even give the meaning of my own name. Just in case you haven't read any of the con reports that tell how John Berry was forced to tell my name ----- it's Doreen, and I like it.

Another reason I finally put my name in print: this marks a whole year that you've put up with me. I'll bet you thought it was longer.

## FAPA ECHO

[Arthur (Welsh): valorous]

'Twas short, sweet, and easy to read. If this is a sample of not-poetry (I'm not at all sure what not-poetry is) I like it. If it's not not-poetry, I still like it. I enjoy reading poetry. Another reason I like to see poetry in SAPS is that I'd love to be able to write some of my own and print it. I have written some, but I'll never print it. I can't even stand to re-read it, let alone put it on master.


Your checklist didn't mean much to me, as I have nothing to check. I'm sure that Bruce jumped for joy when he saw it -- he's always glad to get things like that. [I already had the checklist, tho...BEP]

I read the next zine that Bruce gave me, although I shouldn't have. It was addressed to John Berry, Esq. I won't comment on it since it isn't proper to read other people's mail and such.

## CREEP

[Wally (Teutonic): powerful ruler]

You make it far too easy to just sit back and enjoy reading CREEP. I just want to read it, sit back and say gee, that was good. Can I help it if I like CREEP? Guess not. How do you expect to meet people like this? You say you



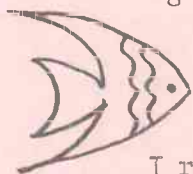
[B]

don't want to meet people? Oh, come now -- one of the SAPSmembers must be a people. Egad, Wally! You make this sound like I don't exist -- don't you believe in me? Ah, but 'tis sad and true, not only do I exist, but Dee(2) does too.

### FENDENIZEN

[Elinor (Latin): the goddess of weaving]

Lisa is a real doll. I thought you were real lucky when I saw Nobby. I do love dogs. Let's see, I've heard about Bongo, and now Brandy. They sound wonderful, lucky you. In case it hasn't been mentioned, the bird you heard on the tape was a mockingbird (we think). They sing an awful lot -- and awfully loud. The only time I hear them is when they sing all night. Other times we just ignore them like we do airplanes and the like. I won't get into an argument about books. Tastes differ too much. I read because I like the subject (murder mysteries) or the author (Robb White). Ah, yes -- Robb White. I've read all but one of his books. I won't read it because I think it's a sad story about a dog, and I hate tear-jerkers about animals. If you'd like to read a modern adventure story, read his autobiography Our Virgin Island. Robb and his wife are on their boat



trying to get to an island that has a hospital, because of her bad appendix; a storm comes up and (for a reason I can't remember) he has to anchor the boat and swim for shore. Just a matter of about 7 miles. He makes it, but this is just one chapter -- the rest are just as good. Then you should read some of his fiction. WOW!!!

I read your dare to Stone. I won't read any of Grace Hill's books. I dipped into one the other day, and read where all the freckles on someone's face broke into little smiles. Can you picture someone like Bjo or me with all their freckles smiling?

Your housekeeping sounds almost like mine. But then, if people come to see the house and not me, they can stay at home. I'm waiting for the day when all the furnishings in a house will be waterproof, and all you have to do is wash everything down with a hose. Then have vents in the walls, ceilings and floors to open and blow everything dry. Ah, yes. Unlike you, I like to iron; it's always been great fun for me. The same as I like to cook and sew. It's the dirty dishes afterwards that get me down.

Why not try saying "La letrina en mi sala no funciona." It may not be correct, but it will get the idea across.

I didn't think up the term "Brucifer," but I use it all the time. I love to tease people -- do you suppose this is how GN got started??? If so, I'll stop, wweeeillll at least cut down a little. At least I like to tease people that can take it. Every once in a while I wonder if I can take it. Probably not. Cause right now I'm teasing all of SAPS, with THE TOSKEY as the main target -- and I'm having lots of fun.

Honest, I'll get on the wailing list (I like it with the "l") if it gets short enough. Better yet, I'll find a way to get into SAPS without the wailing list.

'Twas a shock to read my name in your zine. I've known only one other gal with the name of Doreen (that spells it like that). It's not too common. But I see where we both like spiders. I like the indoor type, too -- I even keep a spider in my car.

I'm trying to do these comments without checkmarks, and I find I have a lot more to say. I don't dare, tho, because Bruce tells me I use up too much room in his zine as it is. I suppose when I get my own zine I won't have anything to say.

-----  
Fashions are still with us. All of the above was written while wearing a black turtle-neck jersey, wine and black pin-striped slim jims, and black flats.  
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### HERE THERE BE SAPS

[Bob (Teutonic): bright fame]



This is very bad -- here I sit and I can't seem to sat a single thing about this wonderful zine. So I guess I'd just better go on and say all the things I'd planned on saying. Like WOW and that there kina stuff. But I'll restrain meself and just talk, like. Aha! I don't worry about other APAs cause I don't know anything about them. Nothing exists but SAPS and Sapmembers.

Now that I've confessed how stupid I am, what's LNF? Sure, I know I could ask Bruce, but not right now. Much has happened since I last typed comments. Like, my cold developed into a lovely case of asthma, and I can't breathe unless I take my medicine -- and if I take the medicine it ruins my nerves. So I broke down and took the stuff; I can breathe now, but I'm shaking so bad I couldn't eat a bowl of soup without a straw. I know cause I've tried it.

Let's see.....the pink background: (Bruce has probably already said this, but we don't care) it was a mess to do. He had to use two metal masters and try to have them justify when he ran them. He could have done a better job, but he was in a hurry. How about the three color work in his con report. Boy, that was a mess -- doing it, I mean. Man, you talk about the initial cost -- you mean the machine? If so, you're right -- it's darn high. And our Boss lets me run the dear little thing (who knows, maybe it can read, and we wouldn't want to insult it). \$3000. it cost, I think.



I'm glad you like the title I use. But after all, that's just the m-c section. Wait till you see what I'm going to call my zine (when I get it --- Pooooooooooooorrrrrr Toskey). Bruce wouldn't like it if I put comments in with his, but then we can't be too mean, this will be his last time to do it.

Gee, if everyone is brave enough to read their own zines, maybe I can do it too. We're sorry you had to drop your title, but I do like this one.

Naming SAPS I've met wouldn't take any time at all: Bruce. I feel sorry for me, here y'all are talking about all the SAPS you've met, and all I can do is think how lucky y'all are. I'll catch up one of these days.

That's right: everybody send your photos in for the photo cover, and I have promised that I'll even run the stupid thing for Bruce, since he'll be unable to. What's more, I'll change the blanket so we won't get the card impression as a lovely white line. [A bit of explanation may be in order: the library has two multilith blankets, one of which is used for running catalog cards only. Or at least it should be used only for that; it has a deep impression the size and shape of the cards, and this occasionally shows up in anything larger run with that blanket on the machine. But times arise that I'm too lazy to change the thing...BEP] And since I've promised in print, like, I'll have to do it.

Sure, all target areas are worried about what's going to happen if they start to play around with their little bombs. Just read Alas, Babylon -- it gives you a lovely picture of what will happen to Tampa. I'm going to stop worrying -- after all, after you're dust what can you do? [Blow, man, blow...BEP]

Maybe it's a good thing I couldn't think of a single thing to say, huh? As maybe you can tell, I enjoyed your critical mess very much.

Let's see: white p-j's with pink, yellow, blue and green polka-dots. The robe is white with thin pencil-stripes of the same colors. The bed-spread is a lovely brown plaid.

# FLABBERCON

[Burnett (English): the small, brown-complexioned one]

I'm afraid I can put this off no longer. I could talk about Bjo's zine, but then I'd have

[D]

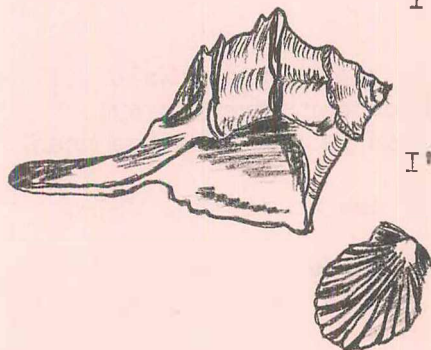
to do two toskeyzines together, and I'm not that strong. HI!  
Aren't you ashamed of hitting that poor weather like that? It do sound like you ate good  
on your trip -- and now we also know just what a/the TOSKEY is good for -- yep!  
Fishbait. He says so. On page five, lines ten and eleven.  
After reading all these con reports (two of them) I'm sure I missed a good time, but all  
in all I'm glad I didn't go. I'd have loved to see the Goon's face at the airport  
when he had that little ole trick played on him. It sounds as good as some of the  
ones I think up. Like sending The Toskey a box of goodies, and then when he begs for  
more sending the super deluxe box -- the one filled with hot pepper centers, soap  
fillings, and stuff like that. Fun, huh?

### GIM TREE

[Bjo:?] [Betty Jo (Old English): little sprite]

Hi! So I had to cheat on some of these names, didn't I? After all, you can't (or at least  
I couldn't) find BJO listed anywhere.

Wheeeee - this was great. More, more, more. You're right, Bjo, it isn't lying. It's  
something that comes over you and you can't help yourself. There you are, brying  
your best not to say things like that, but they just come out. My motto is "Never  
Tell the Truth." The truth will only get you into trouble. Right?



I think I'll try to talk Bruce into making a chart or com-  
parison of us, since he's the only one that knows us.  
Or something. He keeps telling me how much we are alike.  
I wonder if we are? [This will have to be a complete  
comparison, from first-hand information, of course...BEP]  
I'm glad you liked the fashion notes, they are fun. I wasn't  
going to import things into this country, but into South  
America. The whole deal fell through (the import charges  
were too high to make a profit), but having a shop here  
in the US sounds like great fun. Who could we find to  
mind the shop? After all, we wouldn't want to stay here  
if we could be out on a buying trip.

I will write up the story of rock hunting in the bay, not only do you have to watch for  
oysters but you're in danger of drowning.

I'm crazy [Should I finish this sentence? Yeah, I guess so...BEP] about all your illos, and  
just a little more than green with envy. I wish I could do things like that, and so  
does Bruce --- but then you'll soon have to put up with his wild requests. My sympathy.  
[Yeah, but like I keep telling you -- Bjo can do them...BEP] I like my art work BIG  
(water colors, oils, or easin). I guess I'm happiest when I can splash color on with  
a palette knife, and that takes room. How about you?

Gee, if I do get out there this coming summer we will have to get together. I want to see  
a bullfight, and do an awful lot of visiting thru California, and then up into Wash.  
I want to head east in time for the con. Lovely dream, huh?

Like I've tried to say before - this was great and I loved all of it.

### FLABBERGASTING

[Roland (Teutonic): fame of the land]

See how lucky you are? You get two names. Usually I start at the front of a zine and read  
straight thru and do comments the same way. But in your case we will have to do it a  
little differently.

First off, about the "present," I didn't have to read that the Karga leaf had been used. I  
could tell it from the front cover. I gave you a fair chance to ask for another leaf -  
in fact, I was surprized it lasted as long as it did, but then we don't have slugs  
here. [Other than the kind you keep putting in the coke machine, that is...BEP] You



took your life in your hands (horrible fate) when you didn't describe Omoa. She won't like that. Honest, Tosk, you'll soon have everyone believing that I have a temper, aren't you ashamed? With all the Blue Mist Spiders I've had, I've never been without Karga leaves. The results should be very interesting. Just remember a watched pot never boils - the same with Omoa. [She never boils either...BEP] Some say that the VBMS can read minds - I won't give my opinion on this. [With Toskey, what difference does it make? ...BEP]

But now to comment on your zine. You weren't nearly as talkative this time; we missed your wise and wordly [sic] sayings.

"Well, I think mathematics has the advantage of teaching you the habit of thinking without passion. That seems to me the great merit of mathematics. You learn to use your mind primarily upon material where passion doesn't come in, and having trained it in that way you can then use it passionlessly upon matters about which you feel passionately." (Bertrand Russell, Dictionary of Mind, Matter, and Morals.)

Read your opinions on Dianetics with much interest. I think I'll refrain from making any further remarks on the subject.

I don't think I'd intentionally hit a cat. I'd wreck the car before I'd hit a dog. Guess what! I've owned lots of parakeets and I think that as a pet they're less than nothing.

What does amuse you? About all I've ever read is what doesn't.

Gee, Tosk, read all of Wibberley's books -- try Take Me To Your Leader. I haven't read the stories about all those poor people losing their souls. Maybe I just made that other story up.

Which batchelor in SAPS should I start to vamp -- hmmm? What you mean by "vamp" anyhow?

Fear not, I threaten! I will be a member of SAPS in the near future.

Toskey believes I exist. Therefore it must be true! Golly, yo is a good Democrat too! The real reason (I listened in class the other day) the politicians don't start a N\*E\*W party is cause they'd lose their seniority in Congress and couldn't head committees and therefore rule the roost, so to speak.

#### VONSET

[Ray (Old French): kingly]

Look! Just look what's happened - just look at the page total for this mailing. It must be true that The Toskey has put fear into all the typers of SAPS. If everyone does mc's they might

find out how much fun they are, and then they'll be unable to stop.

I have no idea what I might do if I had only one day to live. I'd probably spend the entire day trying to decide what to do. I'd like to think I'd do something for someone else; there's no use being selfish all my life. I must say that this made me stop and think. My thinking always causes trouble - for me.

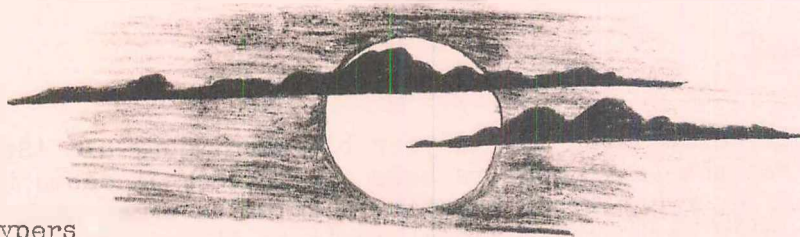
The only important thing is the fact that you can stand to live with yourself. A 'peace of mind' sort of thing. Something which I'd love to have. Right now I'm fed up with the whole world - especially hUMANity. Fear not, I'll never give up - the world will meet my terms - or else!

For some reason I can't comment on VONSET, but I enjoyed it very much, even tho it made me think. I'll probably forgive you by next mailing. I guess I'm one of the human beings that's trying to adjust.

#### WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP - SAPS?

[Alan (Gaelic): handsome]

I haven't thought about WW II airplanes since WW II. Are you planning on collecting them? You'd need more room than Michigan's got, but maybe you could empty the lakes and



[F]

keep your planes there.  
Well, you could try --  
I like to collect money -  
American money, the  
kind the stores ac-  
cept. This is the reason why my collection never grows - it's much too easy to spend.

And after all that talk it would seem that I'm about to forget what I was going to say.  
Which is normal for me.

You'll never have a DECENT conversation with Bruce! Never!!! You might try to keep the conversation decent, but Bruce will never allow it. He can turn a simple statement into something awful just by saying "Oh?" ---

"I say, what do you mean by calling a SAPSzine work?" This is easy for me to sit back and be objective -- I don't have a zine. I could never think of enough to say to keep up the minimum requirements and stay in. I've seen "EXAMPLES" every time I turn around it's SpeBem or Flabber, and I just can't keep up with things like that. I'm a coward -- chicken -- yellow -- scared -- dumb -- aha - a neo. Can't possibly do it. But I glad you can. I enjoyed this.

### THRILLING GREEN SCIENCE FICTION

[Toskey (Scandinavian): one with letters]

Thrilling, it wasn't. Science -?- science would turn over in its grave. But green fiction fits it perfectly. The inside illos were OK and I liked the one by Marvin Bryer. The cover looks wrong to me - I think it's the tail on the exhaust from the ship - the ship itself looks a little like a bowling pin. Other than that, I like the cover. That's me - girl art critic.

### SPACEWARP

[Art (Celtic): noble]

The only thing I can add to your bit about dear old 'Strontium-90' is just what I've heard from the panic rousers here in Florida. It seems the government won't test our milk, and everyone keeps shouting that we have too much 'Strontium-90' in our milk. I don't really care, cause I'm allergic to it and can't drink it.

Wheeeeeeee! I can just see Bruce being careful about setting wide left-hand margins and running all the odd numbered pages at once. He's in such a hurry to get finished that he runs a page or two at a time, which is why some pages are printed in red, green, purple, oh yes, black. 'Tis great fun.

Edna St. Vincent Millay - she's one of my favorites - why, even her name has a wonderful beat.

Either we've heard different jokes about the Texan applying for Alaskan citizenship, or you cheated and cleaned it up a mite. Then there's the joke about the dying Mexican. I can't remember the punchline (it's in Spanish) and I won't tell it in English! [I heard it, but my limited Spanish wouldn't even give me a translation of the thing, let alone allow me to print it...BEP]

I had more to say - said it, in fact - thought about it for a while, and then decided not to give any warning. After all, I've said how nasty and mean I am. SAPS have been warned!

I finished your comments, ignored the math, and then read "Murder wears a Beanie." We should have more stories like this. Great!

### NANDU

[Nan (Hebrew): grace]



I can see that I sneaked an answer to your letter off just under the wire -- in other words, before Bruce gave me your zine. It should also be known that Dee bogs down when everyone answers her at once. I get discouraged.

This was a swell issue, Nan. Much enjoyed. Whenever I start to cope with life - life copes first.

I hope this time we get more nangee - but when we do, I can't think of a thing to say. Say - I keep forgetting to tell you in a letter, so I'll put it here - the Ouija board is called "Hasko Mystic Board," and it's made by the Haskelite Manufacturing Corp., 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

The Ghod Roscoe sounds like what my misspent life has been hunting for. I'll have to delve deeper into this great find.

I'm going to ignore the stencils by Tosk and Weber - and ask what kind of cake were you using for a bribe? I usually use pie of some kind (apple, pumpkin, lemon, Key West lime, pecan, cherry) oops, forgot blueberry!

Hi, Hal - Won't or can't say much about this - reads real interesting tho. I'm in favor of everyone having a hitch-hiker in their zines. Sob! Bruce is leaving in Dec. - this causes a small problem. All who believe in me - fear not! I'll find a way.

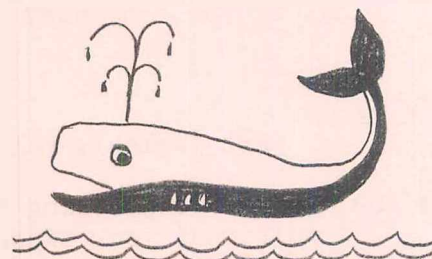
### MRAOC

[Lee (Teutonic): a shelter]

I won't pronounce the title of your zine. The kids might think I'm talking to them, and they'd answer, and that would cause all sorts of trouble.

I have no reason for being in SAPS (cause I'm not, and aren't y'all glad?) but just for the heck of it - blame Bruce. He tries to blame other people, but it's all his fault! I could compare it to Br'er Rabbit and the Tar Baby - except I'm having more fun surrounded by SAPSzines than I would if they were tar - or sumpin. Confused? I am!

Now that my confusion has passed, I'll just have to say (I'll have to get the dictionary and look up some new words -- I would do it, too, if I could read, and if I could read maybe I could learn to spell - could there be hope?) I liked this!



Fashion Note: dark blue wool skirt, with flecks of red, orange, yellow, and blue - bright watermelon pink sweater with a shawl collar and big pearl buttons - black (fooledya) swede shoes.

### MAINE-IAC

[Ed (Teutonic): rich guardian]

18: I almost said that I wouldn't do me on your zine and put sumpin else in (for 2¢ I wouldn't - since it's soo close to payday - Bless Bruce - he bought me a ream of paper). That is, if I had anything else to put in. You could skip all this and look toward the back and see if "The Confessions of a Would-Be Geode Hunter" ever made it to the master.

I'll have to agree with you about "The Green Man," but speaking about juvenile books - have you read the 'Space Cat' series? When you've got an extra 20 minutes someday, try one of them.

You gave a very good description of the Brucifer. Only he tell us/me the Atrocious Stories before we/I have to read them.

I moan at your story of Charlie Chan. I might seem that dear old Squink Blog now has two friends - you and me. It's sumpin like this that may destroy him.

And now for #19. I've got to make the one name do for both. Yo is nice, yo is kind, yo say I don't have to join SAPS. [Yo is nuts...BEP] It isn't that I don't want to join, it's just that I didn't want to wait on the wailing list\* - I'm doing my best to ignore Toskey's suggestion. I'm going to get even with Bruce as soon as he moves and can't type stencils for me any more (egad! that's an awful thought - me doing my own typing.

[H]

Poor SAPS).

That's it! I refuse to cooperate with the cat and the cat won't cooperate with me - result: we hate each other. Only they have the ability to irritate me. Maybe I ~~can~~ find some way to get even with them.

Whееee! Two zines with one batch of comment, like. Very great. Somehow in the Somethings your personality or sumpin didn't come thru and I couldn't talk back - who knows, this may force you back to Somethings - but I hope not - I enjoyed these too much.

IGNATZ

[Nancy (Hebrew): grace]

Egad, I've read and read and enjoyed it muchly, but I can't seem to find anything to wildly agree or disagree with, I wonder why?

Do people experience the same general types of ESP? Whatmakes everyone so sure life is real?

Or that we are? Me, I'm from Venus! Short and sweet or sumpin like that - much fun.

[You, or the comments? ...BEP]

MHO/DJEE

[Art (Welsh): valorous]

I'm the one you're plotting against - poor old worn out, headachey me. But I fooled you - I didn't read your zine. I read page numbers - then zine. Know what? It works!

Lucky or not, I'm not sure, but I never get to hear the radio, so I can't get worked up about music types. I like the beat of the R&R I've heard, and people I know give me 45 rpm records; I've got about 50 or so, but I never play them. I go in debt (Y'all write when I get to debtor's prison - it won't be long now) to Columbia Records and buy their LP's thru the mail for \$4.45. If anyone is crazy enough to want to join, let me know so I can get a free record!

I liked "Chicken or the Egg" -- all in all it was a very interesting zine.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving - I thought I'd done before then, so if I kill myself one will know it for a while.

better get these comments eating cranberry sauce, no

-----

This past week has been real crazy. Not only some homework - I wrote a book report Let me quote you a little sumpin from Sydney: (This is speaking of Good Queen blood victims paid the penalty for ment in international affairs before a crowd. Both protested with all solemnity supposed their offense 'wolde have when the mallet and the butcher's cleaver had done their gory work, and hot irons had seared the stumps, [they'd had their right hands cut off for writing something that the Queen did not like] both men threw their caps in the air and cried loyally "God save her Majesty!" -- Nice, huh? I've learned a lot in British Lit. Then once in a while we hear sumpin naughty -- like when the Monks made pilgrimages, taking their wenches with them. Great fun and all like that.



-----

did I break down and do for my British Lit. course. the book I read, Immortal Elizabeth I) "Her two their brave, blind experisilent and sympathetic ty that they had never reatched soe highlie." Even

11/30 was the coldest day I've ever had to spend in class. Brrrrrr. Tampa U. used to be a very fancy hotel, complete with ballrooms, winding stairs, an elevator, and best of all a theater. This theater is called the 'Dome' theater because it has a dome ceiling. Well, just to try to shorten this story, my Political Science lecture is held in the Dome Theater. It has no doors, just windows -- there are at least 12 windows,



which are at least 8 feet high, and for some crazy reason they leak air even when closed. Of course, you don't need heat in Florida. 11/30 at 9 A.M. (the time of my class) it was 34 degrees outside (official temperature). I swear that inside that classroom was 28 degrees. You should have seen me sitting there trying to keep warm: heavy coat, wool gloves, and trying to take notes -- the notes you can't read, but then you never can read my notes.

At 6:30 P.M. Saturday 11/28 I took possession of my new car. I'm now in debt, for the next three years, clear up to the top of Mt. Everest. I lost my head and all hope -- I bought a Valiant. Gee, it's pretty! It's white, with blue and white upholstery, automatic transmission (push button), electric windshield washer and wipers, heater, defroster, and radio. This car won't fall apart on my vacation this summer (I hope), where my old car darn near fell apart before I traded it in.

Oh, yes - I'm almost well by now - just a sneeze now and then. Also, I feel that I should defend myself. These Dee-molishments should be explained, but I'll never be able to do it. True, I said them, and at the time (with the rest of the conversation) they made sense. It's my own fault, I told Bruce about not listening to whole sentences. I should have known better!

#### OUTSIDERS

[Wrai (Anglo-Saxon): an accuser]

I don't want to miss your story. I won't go to sleep - honest, I won't. Here I've been very careful not to put any check marks in any of Bruce's zines this time, but I had to put one in your zine - I did it real light -- so light I can't find it. Squink Blog isn't bad - shame on you for saying such nasty things about him. He's my (friend, ideal, dream, cell leader, warden, Math Prof, Boss, slave -- pick one)! Be nice to Squink Blog and he'll be nice to you. [From personal experience, I'd say that Squink Blog was your Boss -- since I know your Boss is a monster and a few other things not very complimentary...BEP]

I think I know what's wrong with my taper - the recording head needs adjusting. I guess I'll have to do it myself - the repair shops can't seem to find out what's wrong with it.

Do you know why Dewey said "Damn the torpedoes, etc."? He had a report from his spies that the warheads had been removed and that the torpedoes were harmless. He made a GOOD name for himself, didn't he?

Is it ESP when you find books, etc. in strange places, or is it empathy? [It's Tampa Public Library...BEP]

I found der check mark! Man, if you have classic records like "Heaven Will Protect The Working Gail" maybe you've got some of Bert Williams's recordings -- "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "Ten Little Bottles," "Nobody." At least I think "Nobody" is the one with the lines "when I am tired and sore of feet, who says 'come on in and have somepin to eat'? Nobody." and ends up with "who took that engine off my neck. Not a soul." Or else I've mixed two of his songs up. He was great, and I hate to think of the day when we sold our old windup Victrola and gave the people the records with it. We even had some "old" one-side records. Oh, well, back to the old plot -- Has you got any?

[Right about here I think I should mention the illo on this page: Doreen says it's a piece of sea lettuce, but she drew it on the wrong end of the master, I thought it was a sea shell, and I ran it upside down. I still say it's a sea shell...BEP]



[J]

I hate doing this to you, but if I don't get it down I'll forget it. Sunday I saw a cartoon about some little green men landing in a space ship and asking earth people "Why striped toothpaste?" Right away I thought "Good heavens, what will we do if they (the little green men) ever send back the YELLOW?" I had started to say something about your name, but I don't think I will. After all, other people might think it strange or sumpin. I really enjoyed (as usual) this issue of OUTSIDERS and do tell us/me more about your classic record collection.

### PENCIL POINT

Oh no - not again. I was hoping that it was a one-shot deal. Woe is us. I won't even bother to worry about the meaning of your name. After all, anything I'd say would be wrong. This gets sicker all the time. Take pity on us (us? - on SAPS).

### POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

[Richard (Teutonic): kingly power]

A Squink Blog story - sigh - I guess I asked for it! But a whole zine for good ole Squink - Cheers! Some day I'll have to tell y'all about the kind, sweet nature of Squink. You make him sound like a cross between Garcone and Manyoya, and that's very cross. Very good story. I like.

### POT POURRI

[John (Hebrew): The lord graciously giveth]

Gee, this [#9] was a great picture of these people! Now if I only knew you and could see what type of people you like, I could be sure all these nice people would like me. By now, if you're mixed up - of it nothing think - you should maybe be here, and it wouldn't make that much sense. [Or you should maybe be typing these comments...BEP] My trouble is that my dear English Prof changed his mind. Now he wants the term paper before Christmas, not the book report. Ech - now I've got all that to do. Thanks to you, Tosk now has DEE's address, and

 "We get letters, we get letters - we get lots and lots of letters" Then

they must be answered -- that just might be the reason why I had to drop one class and why I'm flunking - of all things - Math. But let's not tell Tosk - please. When I get to Seattle, I'm going to visit the Busbys ["Busbixii," please...BEP] and let them feed me - gee, if I could gain six pounds, that would be the most I've ever weighed. Golly.

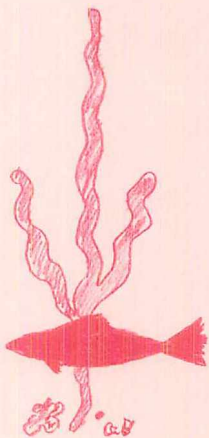
Really, I think all these SAPS were very lucky to meet John Berry. I didn't - sob - poor little unlucky me. [Lucky, lucky John Berry...BEP]

I loved "The Dust Pan" - great, great, great!

Then we have a zine with fiction (very good) and mc's. Can this be "Our John Berry"? It's nice, very nice.

'Tain't life awful? Just as you find a good hiding place for my picture, Bruce prints it for his cover. Now you've got two of them, almost as many as Bruce. [I can always run some more from the plate, tho...BEP]

I'll make a list of your Indian questions, and then see if they're answered. If not, I may make a feeble stab at a few answers. How about some information on the Poor Seminole Indian? They still live in the Everglades, and some are still at war with the U.S. They never did sign a peace treaty,





and as far as a few of them are concerned, they will never sign a peace treaty with us. We're not trustworthy. Which is very true — we broke several treaties with them, and even killed their Chief. All this money we're spending for foreign aid could be put to good use on the reservations. I've known a couple of half- and quarter-blood Indians who have folks on a reservation, and I've heard a lot of tales -- how many or how much of these are true, I can't say, but I'm willing to believe most of it. [What makes you think they're not using your own maxim: "Never tell the truth"? ...BEP]

The Redman is/was very intelligent and learned the Whiteman's ways very fast. It's just too bad they weren't taught or shown some of the better ones.

I guess I've blown off enough steam about that. More next time, maybe. [I just noticed I've been forgetting the right kind of paragraphing. Actually, about this Seminole business, I hesitate to believe either the "Noble-Redman-gets-dirty-deal-from-vile-Whites" line or the other line that maintains that the Indians were always treated fairly. There has been so much propaganda on both sides, via movies, plays, and the like, that it would take quite a deal of research to find out the entire truth — or any truth at all. For instance, it's a fact that the Seminoles have been moving out of their reservation villages into modern quarters to such an extent that there are now only a very few occupied villages left...BEP]

It seems awful, but you've seen more of the United States than I have. Tell me, what are they like? One can get an awful narrow viewpoint when you don't travel any further than your back fence. Of course, I feel lucky to get as far as my back fence. [They've lengthened your chain? ...BEP]

Your zines were much enjoyed as always, and I can now sit back and drum my fingers impatiently, waiting for more.

-----

It has been brought to my attention that my MC's do not make any sense at all. I've had many a phone call from Bruce wanting to know what I was talking about. And now this buffer between my insanity and SAPS will be removed, and you'll have the full treatment. Maybe I can get somebody to proofread my MC's or sumpin. You can hope - anyhow.

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### SPY RAY OF SAPS

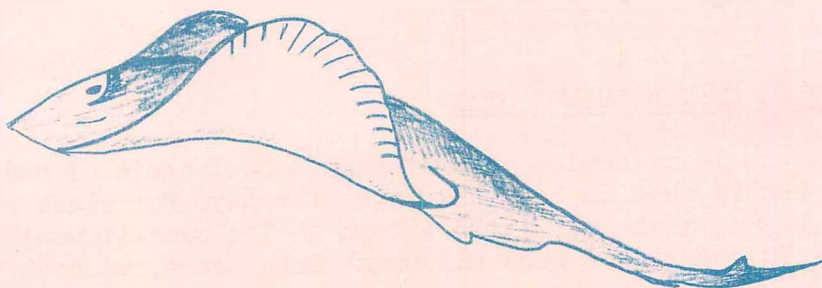
[Dick (Teutonic): Strong ruler]

SPY RAY has had a very sad career. Bruce brought this zine over to the house when I was sick. I read it, enjoyed it, and lost it. Since then there has been a running battle of who had the zine. I said I'd given it back. Bruce said I hadn't, cause he didn't have any comments on it from me. Then I said I'd given it to DEE 2 (she has chickened out of doing comments this time - muttering something about school work). Anyhoo, DEE 2 swore up and down she'd never seen it. Round and round we went.

I found it! (Cheers, trumpets, horns, whistles, etc...) It wasn't lost. It was all the fault of the cover. I had put it with a pile of literature about convention hotels and the rest of the propaganda about Daytona Beach. Since the cover had that nice hotel layout on it, I'd look at it and say "No, that can't be it." Today I looked inside, and lo and behold - that was it. Yep, the SPY RAY OF SAPS.

We had many a chuckle over BRT and the forty hucksters - sounds so true. I can just see Toskey hoarding all those supplies. A perfect picture. Are you going to tell us more about the true life of BRT?

As a final note - please, please, please never put a hotel



[L]

plan on your cover again. Next time I'll probably never find it.

-----  
And now after a very long time I am back to the old typer again, typing like I knew how -- cause this must be in Bruce's hands or in his typer before the 24th, and today is the 21st. A late MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all.

The long pause was caused by the fact that my profs thought it would be nice to have all our tests before the holidays, so we wouldn't have to worry about them over this short period of time they let us out of school. Now that we're donewith them, I'll agree -- it is nice to be rid of them (for a while) ---- but at the time I wasn't in favor of it at all.

Then, Thursday night my grandmother had a small accident. A friend of ours was getting into the back seat of the station wagon, and slammed the door shut on Grandmother's left thumb. It took two Rescue Squads to get the thumb out. It was caught on the hinge side; they finally sprung the door with a crowbar. Our family doctor said he wouldn't touch it, he called in a bone doctor. So after many hours, etc., the doctor came down from the operating room and said he'd tried to save the thumb. If infection didn't set in, it would be OK, even if it was stiff. So we might have a nice Christmas after all - she got out of the hospital Sunday and so far, no infection. Aren't these wonder drugs wonderful?

-----  
BOG

[Otto (Teutonic): a mountain]

Egad, I'm down to check marks again (sorry, Bruce) [S'okay...BEP] For a couple of weeks I was giving DEE 2 credit for being smart. Then I read your zine and see that she wasn't as smart as I thought. She was just quoting your bit about the Rock&Roll car. Everybody at TU has her pegged as a live wire. Now should I short-circuit her? [A shocking suggestion -- she'll be highly insulated...BEP]

So, OK, the only thing I don't like about Crusader Rabbit is the fact that they keep repeating the entire story up to today's episode, and then they only have a second to add to it. Someday I'll sit down and watch all the last installments and know the whole story in just about fifteen minutes or so.

Hey! Yo had better be careful with all that corn you've got ---- you just might pop yourself into a ball, covered with syrup. Or else you just might pop on down here, and that might just be disastrous. Just ask Bruce - but don't believe anything he might tell you.

I'm sorry to hear that Y'all have such light rains. I'm afraid the air might be too dry to breathe. Just today the weatherman said that our humidity was 100%, and no rain in sight for the next three days. But then, we've had a wet year -- we've had about 25 1/2 more inches than we needed.

SOB - How could anyone do that to your records? I'll be looking forward to the next batch of records you get. What makes you think I wouldn't blackmail you? After all, I'm nasty, broke, and buying a new car. Besides, Bruce is leaving town, and has carefully published me name, address, etc. Let it be known that I don't answer letters, tapes, and the like unless I feel that I have to defend myself - or if I get mad. Or are these just excuses? So go ahead and send a tape, I'll need some more as I've used all my scotch tape on Christmas decorations.

#### CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE STAR

Ah, to be in my senior year of high school again. I had a most wonderful time. All you really need is lots and lots of money. For class rings, cap and gown rental, yearbooks, Proms, dinners, little things -- I'm sure it won't take more than 3 or 4 hundred. Since TU got rid of Good Old Drunk Dean Nance, we have also cleaned up the faculty, and about





[M]

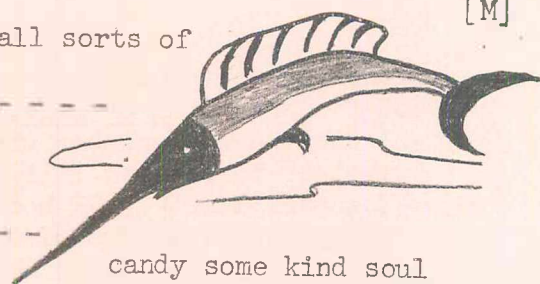
three of our ex-profs are now serving terms in jail for all sorts of nice charges.

"Ask anybody around here; they will tell you about it: I itch all December -- I'm allergic to Christmas trees."

-- C.J.W.

The above happened when I left the room to go rob the box of sent us.

This was real wild, and like that. 'Twas enjoyed muchly.



candy some kind soul

# BUMP

[Don (Celtic): proud chief]

That was without much doubt, quite a trip. It seems as though I should be able to say more than that with all the pages you had, but I just can't. It might be that it's too near lunch time, and I can't think too good when I'm well fed -- the process slows down to just above the stopping point when I'm hungry.

Your comment on SpeBem #4 sounds like you believe me when I say I don't exist. You go right ahead and believe it. Keep saying to yourself "DEE doesn't exist" over and over. Then who knows -- maybe I won't.

We'll be glad to read about the naming of BUMP.

# THE BIBLE COLLECTOR

[Walter (Teutonic): powerful ruler]

Gee, it's too bad you don't live a little closer to Florida; I neded your help last week.

I had to know the history of the translation of the English Bible up tp the King James Version. It's interesting, but a headache to find.

For some crazy reason, I saw "The Shaggy Dog" and didn't see "Darby O'Gill and the Little People." Maybe Darby will come around to the drive-ins while I still have a few passes that only insist that you pay a ten-cent service charge.

Since you all seem to be talking about the LENS MEN stories, I guess I'm going to have to find the books someplace, and read them. Then I can talk too.

"HEAR YE, HEAR YE!!!! -- Due to limitations of time and brain power, the section known as WHY NAWT???? will not appear in this mailing. (I loathe college professors who give homework!!!!) GOOD GRIEF!!!! an elephant just went by the window!" -- DEE 2

"I thought Bruce was on reference this morning??" -- DEE 1

"This is just to let y'all know that I'll try to do better with WHY NAWT???? in the next mailing.....I probably won't show up at all."--- DEE 2

Thank heavens that's over. Cos, I don't like your green/blue ditto. It almost blinds me. Lucky you. After this, I'm going to admit defeat, quit, and go eat lunch. Maybe your luck will leave you and I'll talk and talk to you next time.

# BRONC

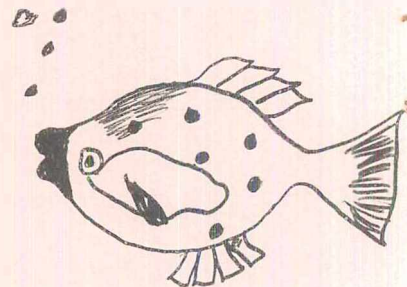
[Eva (Hebrew): life]

Your cover makes the moon look so sad and unhappy. I'd rather think of the moon just waiting for us to get up there so it can get even.

I remember that rumor about Amelia Earhart, but it seems to me that it died kind of a natural death. It seemed rather impossible for anything like that to happen. But then because of

[N]

the war they couldn't check. We'll probably never find out.  
I just finished Star of Life, and it didn't impress me much, cause I can't even remember what it was about. I'd hate to look it up just to see, so I'll just have to ignore the whole thing. Whenever I let an SF book pass without reading it, I'm always sorry, and I always miss something good. Then when I read everything that comes out, nothing seems to be any good.



### SPECTATOR

How did I ever lose my head enough to start a comment on this? I'm not a bit ashamed to say that I didn't read it. I read the last one, and that confused me for all times. I wouldn't dare to try to read it every time.

### SPELEOBEM

[Bruce (Old French): from the brushwood thicket]

Well, since SpeBem #5 came out with THE PICTURE, I've had the feeling that I should get out of the country. I had a chance to go to Europe, but I didn't care for the terms.

Gee, Bruce - I've heaved some stuff at Toskey, but not bricks. Maybe I'll bake him something. [That's the same thing...BEP] [[And you probably expected that comment...BEP]]

Now that you're going to LA, I won't be messing up your zines -- probably won't be bothering SAPS with these comments at all. It takes threats now -- the final test of whether or not I'm a fan will come if I send a zine in all my own, without having anyone push me. Hey, where are you going to send your zines to be bound? ]LA's bound to have a good bindery, but if not, book rate is the same from LA to St. Augustine as it is from Tampa to St. Augustine...BEP]

But Bruce, the only one that tells the bookmobile driver any new jokes is yours truly, and I can't tell him any you haven't heard. [Pfui...BEP]

After listing the TV shows that you watch - I want to know why you don't watch "Man with a Camera"? This is a real great show. [Just not interested...BEP]

The Government men have seen the sign that says "LET'S MAKE NOTHING BUT MONEY" -- they thought it was a great joke. The green ink may make them see it in a different light. [You'd have to throw it at them to accomplish that -- money is black ink, on green paper -- and if you ran that last batch the wrong way, I'm getting a new partner in this counterfeiting racket...BEP]

With great trouble and much expense I got a going-away present for you. I then proceeded to browbeat everyone at the library into contributing their share. Everyone I asked helped, from the Boss to the people you hate. They're soooooo glad to see you go.

I'd like to put it down right here in black and pink that the part of PORQUE! that I typed was a mess -- but it was done under, shall we say, adverse conditions. Just because I was at work, people expected me to WORK. How silly can they get? Now that Bruce has blamed me for all the mistakes, and finished "SAPSet Strip" - maybe things will get back to normal. [Nononono! Not that! ...BEP]

Hey! According to your research, I'm in the same classification as your Atrocious Stories. I resent this. [So what good does it do you? ...BEP]

I feel like I should defend what I said last time in PORQUE!, but I haven't got the nerve. You might think all the remarks by /BEP/ are unusual -- they're not. It's what passes for normal conversation of the everyday type. (Conversation with Bruce is never normal at any time - DEE 2)

I'll try to stop about here before I say something that can really cause a lot of trouble... well, maybe more trouble than what I've already said.

[Doreen (French): the gilded  
" (Celtic): the sullen]



RETRO

[F... (Gaelic): the thick-haired]  
 [M... (Teutonic): bear]

Before you holler, just remember you had your chance! (I may let everyone know what I think F & M stand for -- it all depends on the number of requests I get for this information.) And now to the better things in life -- mailing comments, what else?

I may break our verifax machine, but before I give this zine back to Bruce I'm going to make a copy of the directions on making Home Brew. You can never tell when such information as this might save your life. May I thank you for putting it in? I can! GEE, thanks a lot. [She forgot to verifax the directions, after all...BEP]

Did we confuse you on the tape (to be read with innocence and wonder)? I'm DEE l, as if you didn't know or couldn't tell. So I'll take your hint and see how much talking I can do in the little time I have left. It isn't a problem of finding sumpin to say, but finding the time to say it.

All in all, it's no  
 about me, be-  
 FOR SHAME. I  
 Your line a-  
 caused a riot.  
 little, I'll  
 the future  
 Bruce isn't  
 boss," said  
 familyuh with  
 bout mules to

I can too print  
write them, if  
 anyone for  
 into my little

Ah, yes, Bruce puts  
 the time. I've been threatening to start numbering with #100, and work my way down. And if by some crazy chance I published over 100 issues, I'd have to go into negative numbers. Now wouldn't that be fun? Or I could start and use negative numbers all the time. There's a wild idea.

Has Bongo spoken to you as yet? You must keep us posted on such vital happenings. Do you train your birds to fly around the house and then return to their cage? Whenever one of ours gets out it's a wild chase (usually by me) to catch the poor thing before one of the kids loves it to death.

Let it be noted that in a Democracy a party which is in power will also try most anything to stay in power. So far they haven't actually tried force (at least to my knowledge -- which is very small), but that's about all they haven't tried. Read all your old election speeches. All nations are power-hungry -- it's just that since Russia feels bigger, they holler louder.

Read and enjoyed "Sucker Question" and all the poems on the last page. But did you have to make that remark to Bruce about the Dewey Decimal System? (That reminds me, am I still sticking up for the library filing system, or has that died a natural death?) Back to the old plot.....He catalogued all the zines and gave them numbers. He went around here for days muttering under his breath. At least you didn't make up a rhyme about me. Thanks. [So wait until you're a member...BEP]

When I type these so-called comments for Bruce to re-type, I use 8 1/2 x 14" paper, and I'm never sure how many pages I'll have on stencil by what I've typed on the paper. I've got about three sheets of paper with illos on them, and I'm sure I can write that much, and probably more.

So I'd better stop for now, but have I stopped saying that I can't find anything to say? I sure hope so. If I can write this much without finding anything to say, we'd better all watch out if I ever find anything to say. Or something. I'm confused. Can anyone explain



wonder my ears were burning. Talking hind my back, and on tape at that! wish I could have heard those tapes. bout my familiarity with SAPS almost Now that things have calmed down a just ask that you be more careful in with that type of remark. Even if here, he'll be making remarks. ["No, the old Negro, "ah didn't say ah was mules -- ah said I knew too much a- get familyuh with 'em!" ...BEP] nothing but SQUINK BLOG STORIES. I'll necessary. And if you want to blame that, blame Bruce. He put the idea head.

half's in his numbering system all

[P]

this to me?

I had a lot more to tell Buz, but time is indeed running out, and I even had to draw more illos cause I've talked so much. So I'll try to shorten things just a little.

COLLECTOR

[Howard (Teutonic): hedge guard]

I'm going to scream about the change in the size of the type --- it wasn't until I reached the second page that my eyes returned to normal (whatever that might be).

This makes me sure I never want to be on a convention committee. I've had enough trouble being chairman of the Social Cimmittee here at work. It seems that the committee is ignored (which is pretty hard to do with me around) or else everyone says fine, that's a swell idea --- and then goes ahead and does it his own way. Anyone care to plan a menu for a covered-dish luncheon when 35/ people all want it done their way? Bruce wanted turnips... ech. [Got them included, tho...BEP]

This was interesting, and very few people realize that the committees have so darn much to do. After all, they've had sooooooo much time to get ready for the convention, etc. They should have lots of time to stand and talk and hear petty complaints that should be told to the clerk or to room service.

From what I've heard and read, you did a great job, and I'm proud of you. The guides you set up for a committee should work very well for any kind of a convention. The one we had all the material for (where I lost SPY RAY) was for a watchmaker's convention, and they had to have assurance that the jewels and watches they had on display could be kept safe, etc. They had several diamond salesmen there. Much fun.

S---

[Miriam (Hebrew): exalted]

[Terry (Latin): tender]

This will probably run long and involved --- or short and sweet. It all depends on whether I remember why I put the checkmark where it is.

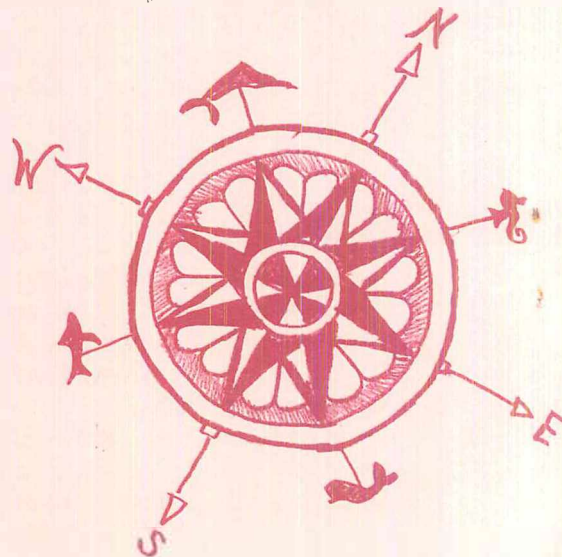
First off --- I likes the idea behind the vembletroon. Goodgoodgood (why do you need three words like that to make it sound right?). I hope you get to do more of them.

Then comes the survey. Bruce mocked up a couple of them for me on the verifax, and I filled one out special with wild answers and sent it to Toskey. Much fun. If you count me in the survey, you might run into troubles, cause I ain't a SAPSmember yet...and all like that.

From what you said about "Alias Jesse James," I may just go and see it, if it ever comes back, just to see the scene you were talking about. I saw "Son of Paleface" a long time ago, and it was about as wild as this one sounds. I like Boob Hope and have no idea why I didn't see this one.

Gee, I remember "The Man Called X," "Sam Spade," and "The Shadow." The best thing I can remember is one story about the Shadow where he was invisible, and was about to trap the bad guy when the bad guy slugged him. It seems that they had a carpet with a very deep pile, and the Shadow was leaving a track behind him just like he had mud on his shoes. They could tell just where he was standing. That impressed me, for some reason, but I can't remember how the Shadow got out of it.

Then (no checkmark) you were talking someplace about the Jewish race, etc... Why did the persecution of the Jews start in the first place? As far as I can re-





member in things that I've read, they've always been persecuted by some other race. Do you know howcome?

I've been talking with a teacher friend of mine, and she told me that if enough parents complained about the teaching methods and the grading methods (I'd like to see the old A-B-C-D-E-F system come back) that something would be done about it. So let's all start complaining in ways that count -- phone calls, letters, petitions, little things like that, that show up when the school board meets and pester your city council. It seems that this has turned out to be short cause I ran out of checkmarks, and haven't time to re-read, but I'm sure I had much more to complain or praise. Next time I'll have my own mailing, and Bruce won't be able to keep it until about a month before the deadline, then give it to me and then start the next day to pester for comments. I probably won't get a thing done.

### SAPROLLER


[Jack (Hebrew): God is gracious]

"Goon But Not Forgotten" -- geegoshwow! This was great, as a story, but even more I liked some of the individual lines. May they live forever. "She...went freckle-first through the enamel maw." That makes me chuckle every time I think of it. The ending was the greatest -- a real wild play on words.

I usually look at a zine with nothing but a story in it with revulsion. I have considered the SAPS mailing a talk with friends. Needless to say, I put off reading stories until last. I'm sorry now that I waited so long to read this. I could have been laughing for weeks.

### SAFARI

[Earl (Teutonic): of keen intelligence]



So, OK! Since it's not for sale, send back my money. Or did I send money to you? No -- it was Toskey -- he's mean and nasty! I'm sorry to disappoint all my faithful believers, but if you happen to look on the waiting list, you'll find my name. I was forced into this. Bruce will be in California, and the only way I could buy a mailing was to get on the waiting list. No one would help. Bruce said he wouldn't trust me with his mailing (he was afraid I wouldn't send it back), Buz said I couldn't get a mailing unless I was on the wl (he wouldn't even be my friend at court). The evil OE, mean, nasty Toskey, said if I got on the wl he'd buy the mailing for me -- but I'm not

about to be indebted to him. True believers, fear not! Being on the wl will not keep me from getting into SAPS. It won't even slow me down. See you soon with my own zine!

I heard somewhere, from someone, that the smaller the TV screen, the better the picture was. Something about line placement, I think. I have an awful habit of not listening when people talk to me. At times this is a very helpful habit -- other times I get into trouble. Like the time I didn't pay attention to some directions on how to get someplace, and ended up in a filling station asking "Which way's North?" (which has an awfully long story attached to it that I'm not about to go into.)

I'll tell the truth (for once) -- I didn't read your article on Jazz. My interest in Jazz is less than nothing. I don't think I've ever heard good Jazz, if I have, I didn't like it. Dixieland is something else that I can do without. It might be the brass. Then, too, Gene Krupa leaves me cold. Like, drums are not a solo instrument.

My thanks for including the almost-review of Golding's novel. (This is how it's done -- please note, Terwilliger.) Sounds good -- I like a good gory murder.

I'll stick up for spiders -- I've never been bothered by them. They are nice little critters. Talk to me not about the nasty scorpion; I've had several run-ins with them. They are not only nasty and poisonous, but they attack for no reason at all. (At least, none to my knowledge.) One once stung me on the leg, and it took shots, ice packs, and three

[R]

days in bed to get rid of the poison. And this was from a small scorpion -- I never want to meet a full-sized one. We used to have a lot of them around the library, but I haven't seen any of them for a couple years.

The inclusion of the picture of Toskey has caused quite a bit of trouble around my house. The kids saw it and wanted to know what it was. Without thinking, I said "Toskey," and now they want one. Since then I've tried to tell them it's only a little bug, and that that's a big picture of it. But right now they want a bug that size named Toskey. "Imagery in Continuation" was not the type of thing to induce a good night's sleep. I watched Bernstein on "Christmas Startime" the other night, and came to the conclusion that he became a conductor so he could be each and every instrument. That's the impression he gives when he conducts. Also, that might be why he's such a darn good conductor.

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Question: How far have we progressed since the birth of Christ -- in the field of human kindness and desire or ability to live in peace?  
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Then, speaking of progress, what's the difference between a woman taking in washing to help the family finances, and a woman working in an office today?  
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Or, if all modern conveniences were to be taken away from you except one, which one would you want to keep?  
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But then I'm the little brat that keeps driving my political science prof crazy by asking questions he doesn't know the answer to, and can't find the answer to anyplace. He's never gotten over my asking "Do you, as a student of political science, see any comparison between Mr. K's visit to the U.S. and the Japanese Ambassador's visit before WW II?"  
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SAPLING

[Guy (Celtic): sensible]

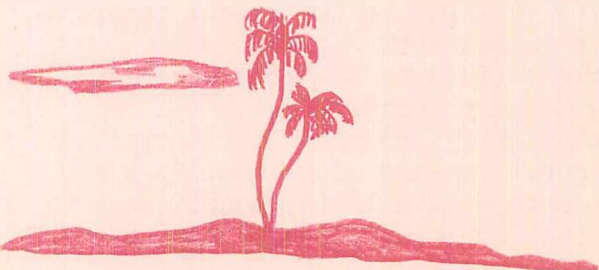
Have you always had this tree fixation? Then, too, you may have gathered that I care not for the book review all through the zine. (If I'm not careful, I'll rate some book review in your next issue.)

It just dawned on me why your writings make me dislike you so much. (I do dislike you! Noooo.) They read (to me) just like a very dear cousin of mine talks, thinks, and acts. She's a teacher, but knows nothing except what she's learned from books. Very narrow-minded, and if someone's opinions don't match hers, they're wrong. I quote from your zine "How can you like Coleridge? He is one of the most atrocious poets I've ever read, with the exception of his Ancient Mariner." The page before this (and you're talking to the same person) you say "Just why does this world feel that in art and literature there must be some binding moral behind what the artist-author composed?" and you agreed with him (Tosk) about his views on art, which matched yours.

This gives me the feeling that you feel only your views are right -- an attitude that burns me up. Now if I've read this wrong, say so. All I have to go by is what I read. My opinions change somewhat like quicksilver, and I'm the first to admit it.

Hey! That's right -- I don't exist ---- so it's not that I think that awful people are teachers. -- some can't help themselves. What I was yelling about was that Elinor was talking about

'maybe becoming a teacher,' and I for one would hate to see someone as nice as she is become a teacher. I know lots of teachers, and about 2/3 of the people I'm going to school with are going to be teachers. Why? Because the course is the easiest, and it's the best-paid profession for the amount of work, in Florida. All in all, I think I have some very good reasons for being against teachers, but this is just my opinion, and it doesn't mean a thing. I doubt very much if I could change any-





one's mind. Phooie on the entire subject.

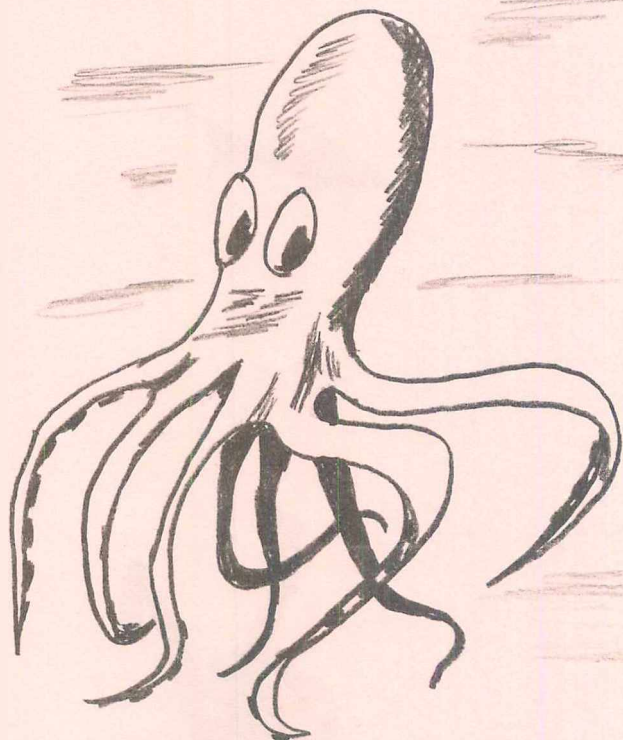
I'm almost inclined to agree about the nutty things going on in libraries. Maybe it isn't the things -- I guess it's just the people.

Your "little visions" are OK. They remind me of my odd ability to know when I've heard (by mail) from someone, before I even get home to see the mail. This happens three or four times a week. Then, I can drive all over town, and never be able to tell anyone 'how' (by what route) I got there -- road hypnosis? A couple times I've 'come to' in the car, while driving, and haven't been able to remember anything since getting into the car and starting it. I keep telling myself that it makes life interesting.

One of the gals at work was planning on writing a book called I Was A Negro For the Recording Company -- she swears up and down she's sure she could make a record as good as those turned out at this time, but she claims they won't listen to her because she's white. But pay no attention, she's nuts. You mentioning "I was a teen-age flying disc" reminded me of it.

Other than finding several reasons why I'd argue with you, and why I don't like lots of things, it's only fair that I tell you I like SAPLING and enjoy reading it even if I have to skip over the book review.

I haven't meant to be nasty, and this has been written in a friendly-type tone. [My, what I must have done with my little typer...BEP] I thought I'd better include this small explanation since I get into trouble when I write letters, etc.



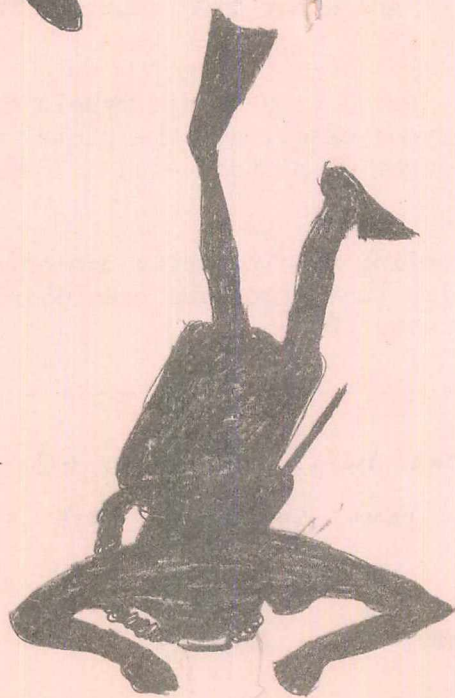
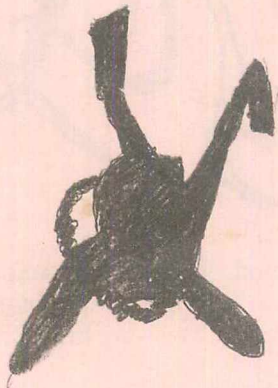
A few last remarks about Grandma's thumb -- the bone is wired together, and the stitches come out Monday (28 December), and her hand goes into a cast for heaven only knows how long. Her thumb will be stiff and about 1/2" shorter, due to the loss of the joint below the nail.

The Christmas dinner at work is over, and I only burned myself three times. Cheers! When I finally got to eat (after everyone else), all the plates were gone. Only 35 people said they were coming, and we bought 40 plates -- what I want to know is what happened?

My problem next mailing will not be finding time to write comments -- but putting comments on stencil and running them. A job that Bruce has been doing for me. Many thanks, Bruce. [I take a small bow, I guess...BEP]

I have all sorts of room down here. So I'll ask another question, how come Garcone's name does not have an accent mark on the final letter? Like, *Garconé*?

Dee



Dec