

WAFTAGE I

Waftage 1 is intended for inclusion in the fifty-third mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, and is the responsibility -- or, if you prefer, the liability -- of Vic Ryan (2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, USA), who joins aforesaid society with this mailing. Viva turnover!

Feeling that the established SAPSish precedent -- that of introducing one's self, and mentioning the reasons that caused one to initially become interested in the organization -- is a good idea, I'll endeavor, to the best of my ability, to guide you through the intricacies and fogginess that compose Vic Ryan's personality, and physical characteristics.

I'm 17 2/3 years old, at the time of this mailing, 6'1.9" tall, weigh about 172, with brown hair (parted, combed, and such), gray-green eyes, a round face, and knuckles which scrape the ground. I became interested in fandom about the end of the summer, 1958, through the fan column in, of all things, Science Fiction Adventures (although a certain amount of curiosity had been aroused by that in Infinity).

Of more interest to SAPS, however, is the trail I followed into this illustrious organization. The greatest blame must go, I guess, to Bob Lichtman, who hounded me until I sent my name to Toskey for placing on the waiting list. Miriam Carr, however, first broached the subject. One of her letters, filled with pathos, pleading, and kind patience, urged me to join SAPS. To the best of my knowledge, the most forceful, provocative line was, "Why don't you join SAPS?" There wasn't any other urging, but the sheer power of her suggestion set wheels to turning.

But, then, it was Bob Lichtman who was responsible for my being a member, at the present time. I remember finally sending Toskey either a postcard or a short note, asking that my name be placed on the list; I might have also sent \$1 for an extra bundle. ("Where else," chortled Lichtman, "can you get umpteen pages of fanzines for \$1?" I had no reply to this.) That first Spectator arrived in reasonable time, with my name pencilled at the bottom of the waiting list, in either 16th or 17th place. Zoweeee!

And then began the wait; the continual acknowledgment of our Official Organ; sending dollars when mailing bundles were still available to the waiting list; and, more recently, receiving mailing 53, and promptly filing it, believing I wouldn't be in early enough to do any m/c's.

But surprise, when Eney informs me that I will be in, since -- sorrow -- Eva Firestone has resigned. "Wansborough and Sarill didn't respond", he said. And with Eva's resignation, and some other drop, I had moved from #4, into membership.

Before you damn Bob Lichtman for his lack of foresight, consider the facts. He was not solely to blame for my membership; not was Miriam Carr an only culprit. Lynn Hickman, ex-member emeritus, didn't discourage my application, as much as I gave him the opportunity to do so. Toskey didn't deposit my name -- or, more correctly, my requesting letter -- in file thirteen; They informed me of my deadline.

And, more important, for three or four Spectators, my name was in shocking blue (and, more recently, black) on the waiting list, where any observant member would have seen it, and started a petition. So, the blame is scattered. To repent, fellow SAP, why not assign yourself 12 pages of activity, next mailing?

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A note to non-SAPS (including waiting listers) who are receiving this -- you are doing so for one of three reasons: you have material or art herein, I'm trying to catch up with our trading, or I'd like a letter from you. OK?

As I should have said on the previous page -- but, obviously, neglected doing -- I'm sorry that it was Eva Firestone that resigned, allowing me to come in. She was quite a popular member, and I would have been quite content to wait until Al Lewis (Michigan) was dropped, to get in (that way, I wouldn't have as much to live up to).

But the fact remains that now, I do have to try to fill the void left by Eva, at least to a small extent. Rich Brown will say that I can't -- and he might be right. But I'll try, starting with this issue, which'll run twenty or so pages over the required first mailing magazine.

Contents? Well, the Wilhelm Ratskeller cover, these blatherings, and: (in no particular order): 16 pages of onstencil mailing comments. Reading over these, to ferret out typos and misspellings (naturally, I didn't get them all), I became disappointed. They weren't up to SAPSish snuff. In the first place, they are unbalanced -- that is, I should give roughly twice the comment to a twenty page fanzine as I do to a ten-pager -- but this just hasn't proven true in most instances. Two of the most monumental slights are to Ted Johnstone and Ef Em Busby, in the latter portion -- both put large, interesting fanzines into the mailing, but my comments wouldn't indicate it.

So, bear with me, until I learn the trick, please?

Then there is the review of Psycho, by waiting-lister Mike Deckinger, who doesn't really need the credit -- yet -- but certainly would appreciate all egoboo possible. For instance, those of you who correspond with Mike, why not let him know what you thought of his review?

And my faanfiction, for which I can only make one excuse -- inexperience. I wrote the first draft of "The Tell-Tale Duplicator" about six or eight months ago, and just recently did another -- changing it somewhat as I stencilled along. In this matter, your kind-hearted understanding -- as well as good, old-fashioned, constructive criticism -- would be appreciated.

* * * * *

Just yesterday, Fanac arrived with the delightful news that Art Rapp, SAPS official extraordinaire, and Nancy Share, lewd artist par excellence, are to be married. Heartiest congratulations, all around -- and, no doubt, this comes as quite an extra surprise to waiting listers, who are already thinking of a dual membership. What're you going to name your fanzine, people, IGWARP? SPACE-NAT? And what about a cover -- half quote-cover, half nude wimmen?

At any rate, some best wishes (well in advance).

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MAILING 52: In general.

While some of the items in the mailing -- like Shapiro's "Open Letter To SAPS" and "Coitus" rubbed the wrong, way wrong, way, the mailing was generally quite bright -- and, notably, smaller, a fine trend. For mailing 100, a thousand pages would be fine, but until then, 400-500 page mailings certainly make a lot easier commenting.

Some of the standout items in the mailing, on the other hand, were: Eney's conreport, Lichtman's tale of movie-making, the replies on "Who Killed...", the Vick's mailing comments in PRA, Stf Broadcasts Again!, most all of FAGRAROK and SPACWAPP (OUTSIDERS, too), Durward's covers, the mailing comments in MEST, and Warhoon.

ART CREDITS:

William Rotsler: cover, 22
Bob Warner: 11, 19
Dick Schultz: 12, 14

Mike Dominguez: 15
Trina Castillo: 17
Francis Powers: U2

THE

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TELL-TALE

DUPLICATOR

VIC RYAN

To answer the questions that are, no doubt, crossing your minds -- no, you've probably never heard of me, but I was once

associated with Dunnen -- ah, Dunnen you know, right? Anyone reading this who carried on crifanac during the days of eighth transition knows of Charlie Dunnen, self-appointed BNF and publisher of Lucre, the fanzine of the day; barring senility, these fans remember the one-shot he published not long after he had become a fan, under the guidance of BNF Fred Drake.

"I'll pay 5¢ a word for written material and up to \$5 for cartoons and artwork," he stated in this one-shot, which was beautifully dittoed on heavy white stock; most fans believed him right off -- for, not only had he gone to the trouble of having 750 copies of his one-shot printed, but Fred Drake testified to his sincerity in cold, purple print -- and probably to his wealth in blue typer ribbon, as well.

So Dunnen was a big shot -- his money made him a Big Name Fan practically overnight. If you detect a note of sarcasm in my narrative, then you have interpreted correctly; if I sound insane (which surely no intelligent fan would believe) then you, kind reader, have erred, for were I insane, (assuming for the moment that you are correct) how could I tell my story so rationally?

Material, as you might have guessed, began to flood Dunnen's post office box. Some of it, naturally, was pure, inflated crud, hacked out in the anticipation of easy money; Dunnen, despite his neofannish status and his allusions of grandeur, was a good critic, and able to pick and choose judiciously. Fred Drake chose the artwork and mastered it with the steady hand that had made his own fanzine (defunct for a year and a half at the time) a favorite. Charlie could hardly go wrong -- he had material from all the BNF's of the day: Nirenberg, Pelz, Berry; as I hinted in the first paragraph, I had a hand in Lucre -- remember the column under the byline "Bill Terry" which was a semi-regular feature? I wrote those columns, mostly on-master, to fill a required number of pages. I was asked to use the nom de plume for reasons that Dunnen never openly divulged, but I rather suspect that he didn't want it known that an unknown neofan was writing a regular column for the #1 fanzine, HIS Ghodalmighty fanmag!

To say that Lucre was a resounding success would be to say that Gertrude Carr never, in all her years in fandom, reformed; in a word, superfluous. Here was not only a profitable outlet for the quality material fans were capable of turning out, but a fanzine which averaged sixty monthly pages, mostly done in elite and micro-elite on a high-quality spirit duper (although Dunnen could have afforded a printing press and type-setting machine or a Gestetner, he preferred to have a ditto -- easier color work, I suppose) and easily available for a letter of comment every other issue or a trade on any basis that you preferred.

Even from my status -- that of a semi-active, fringe-fan, I caught most of the repercussions aroused by this paying market; fanzines folded right and left, for either their editors were writing for Dunnen or their contributors were. Six months after the appearance of the first Lucre, there weren't more than fifteen or twenty other fanzines in existence, and, generally speaking, they were quite thin volumes. This naturally caused a great deal of animosity towards Dunnen

(especially from groups such as the Barea crowd) but opinion was so mixed that group boycotting was practically impossible.

Naturally, it was only lip-service when the Hugo nomination and final voting were carried out; who else but Dunnen could win? Egoboosting? Certainly, but the letters which deluded him were, in some instances, the most sickeningly ingratiating things that I've ever read.

Despite the fact that this type of letter was something of a minority reaction, the egoboo associated with this petty crawling did affect Dunnen. He began to get "uppity". One day, when I was falling behind in the printing of Lucre 9, he stalked up to me, looked at the sheets I had printed, smirked, and called for everyone to stop what they were doing and "come over here". Drake stopped mastering illo's, Martia Hoffman left her circulation files, and the three college boys who cut masters part-time ceased their work, also. Everyone gathered around us; my cheeks began to flush in the anticipation of the embarrassment that was to come.

And I wasn't wrong (I was never wrong about Charlie, really). He pointed at the sheets I had run off, made a general comment or two about how lousy repro had been on the last few issues (although, as you can see by digging up your old files, the dittoing was better than anything Sata or Likewise had ever printed) and then said, "Here I buy the finest ditto made, so all ya gotta do is turn the crank, and here he's only printed these pages in" he glanced at the clock, "four hours." He laughed, and, of course, the others laughed, too, though I'm sure they were sympathetic -- they had been chewed out before, though not, of course, as often as I. They all laughed. And...and the duper laughed, too. I had heard of objects with which one had been long associated taking on almost-human characteristics, at least in their operators' minds; this wasn't the same thing, though, for that damned ditto seemed to leer at me, leer and laugh.

I had been chewed out quite a bit before; it was inevitable that I would take the brunt of Dunnen's hostilities, for I was not only smarter than he, but the only staff member with the financial means of quitting his force. Why I hadn't quit him before, I couldn't say, but that duper was the last straw. It hadn't laughed before, never before, but it was the last thing that I could take. I strode out of the room, picked up my coat, and left -- vowing never to return.

But the idleness that followed that morning only allowed me to think -- think of how I hated that damned Dunnen, and his ditto. Hated them both. The spare time allowed me to conceive a plan of vengeance.

Later, about eight o'clock, I drove to the vicinity of Charlie's home, parked about a block from his pad, and walked the remaining distance. I then hid in his bushes until the last light -- that in the farden -- had gone out. I waited for another two hours, long enough for him to get to sleep, then moved from my place of concealment, across the yard, and up onto the front porch. I then quietly opened the door with my key (we had all been given keys, for whether or not Dunnen was awake and around, all his staff members were supposed to be at work promptly at eight) -- I had to suppress a smirk, for Dunne, thinking that I'd return the key when I came for my separation wages, hadn't asked for it before; that little mistake was going to cost him his duper.

Quietly I entered the front room, and moved along the hallway to the farden, which was on the side of the house opposite that in which Charlie slept. I switched on the light, a small table lamp near the correspondence files, and turned to face the duper. It seemed to have retreated into a corner, yet I had left three feet of clear access on every side -- it must have moved.

I felt no ecstasy, only an overwhelming sense of -- well, corny as it might be, duty. With a calm precision I repeatedly brought a chair down on the duper, again and again, oblivious of the racket I was causing. Oblivious of everything, except my urge, until the light flashed on.

Dunnen was standing there, hair mussed and attired in gaudy pajamas; his mouth was agape and it must have been a full minute before he finally spoke. "What in God's name are you doing here?" He queried. I started to stammer out a story, any story, but instinct had driven him to the telephone, where his finger was paused above the "O" insert.

I swung the chair in an arc which terminated at the base of his neck, and

watched him crumple to the ground, dragging the phone with him.

Considering that Dunnen's death (he was dead) wasn't originally in my plans, I acted remarkably cool-headedly. I dragged him into the bathroom where I proceeded to dispatch him (the bathroom being the easiest room to clean, later), carrying the remains back to the farden, where I peeled back the rug and pried up half a dozen or so floor boards. I squeezed him into part of the area, and the junk duper into the rest, replacing the boards and the rug. I cleaned the den and the bathroom, wiped areas which might have my fingerprints but shouldn't, then left by the front door -- after scratching his wall safe a little; outside, I pried open a basement window, all in the hopes that the police would think that a burglar had absconded with money and Dunnen's person.

Despite my precautions, the police weren't satisfied, and the staff was notified that there would be some routine questioning. I was, naturally, a prime suspect, having had a squabble with Charlie only the day before.

I was surprised when the police car which picked me up drove not to the station but to Dunnen's home. I expressed the surprise I was expected to exhibit, but no more -- for, obviously, this was a clever trap, designed to cause the guilty person's conscience to overcome his exterior fear of punishment. But, by damn, I was smarter than any policeman, and I could certainly hide my feelings...

The others were there when I arrived; this, to me, was suspicious, for it was obvious that they had determined that I was the killer (had they found his body?!) and they now planned to trap me.

I was the first interrogated, being subjected to the usual questions about whereabouts on the previous night, our scene of the day before, etc., etc., etc. All routine, I gathered.

I was directed to a seat in the farden to await possible further questioning or permission to go home; the others around me engaged in idle chatter and speculation as to Dunnen's whereabouts, but I remained quiet, wary of any possible slip. This self-silence sharpened my hearing -- I could detect the individual heartbeats above the low-toned conversation. No...not heartbeats, rhythmic, but not heartbeats...

The realization struck me -- the duper turning! I had smashed it, but now it was turning, perhaps by Dunnen! I quickly glanced at the others; they were idly chattering about this and that (but mostly Dunnen) -- and carefully avoiding my stare, afraid to look at me. On the surface, they didn't seem to hear the duper; after all, it was pretty faint, and their preoccupation with their own erudite conversations probably deterred them from hearing the minute sound...nut...it wasn't so faint now -- I could hear it plainly. Stop! Damn it, I thought, any louder and they're sure to hear it! Gotta stop it -- but first I have to make sure that their conversation was drowning it out.

But God, it was loud! How could they help but hear it, unless, as I had suspected, this was a trap. Yes, it must be a trick -- a mean, damn trick.

But not a trick...certainly. And the noise was getting louder, increasing in both volume and tempo. How could they help but hear it?

Unable to stand it any longer, I jerked upright and dashed to the approximate area in which I had constructed the dual grave. My actions were no longer controlled by my formerly rational brain but rather by my fear of others hearing the sound. Senseless I stomped on the floorboards, screaming at the top of my lungs.

* * * * *

It was later that Detective Carter came to visit me in my detention cell (I didn't know what my sentence would be, at the time). My efforts to appear mad, before a psychiatrist, had seemingly worked, and I'd probably be committed to a mental institution. He was curious as to what had made me shed my disguise.

"It must have been your guilt," he insisted, for the umpteenth time, "your guilt made you think that you heard the duper.

"No," I said calmly, I did hear that ditto -- as surely as I hear you."

He looked at me for a moment, puzzled by my conviction. "But how?"

"I'd forgotten, Carter -- Dunnen's machine was a spirit duplicator!"

PSYCHO

FILM-REVIEW

MIKE

DECKINGER

Terror is not an easy thing to evoke in a film. It can be achieved through the use of outside, simulated shock gimmicks, as employed by William Castle, or through more subtle means. Alfred Hitchcock, a film director who is noted for suspenseful, yet eye-appealing films, in the past, has finally turned to the shock picture, in a type of story that seems more suited to his television show than to the screen.

Based on a novel by Robert Bloch, which should be recommendation enough, PSYCHO is a first-rate thriller, starting off a bit slowly with a superfluous clench, and ending in a wave of horror and revelation. It is so different and unusual that Hitchcock has forbade any film patrons to enter the theatre while the latter part of the film is in progress; a wise move, indeed. In the filming stage of the film, Hitchcock went so far as to refuse entrance to the studio during the filming, and practically made the movie critics swear they would not let advance information leak out.

The picture opens innocently enough, with a panoramic view of a Texas city, taken from a helicopter, which makes a three and a half mile landing approach till we are looking straight into the hotel window at a romantic scene between Janet Leigh and John Gavin. As the story progresses, Miss Leigh, playing a young, bored secretary, absconds with \$40,000 her boss has given her to deposit in a bank. On the way she stops off at a roadside motel during a fierce storm, and meets young Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) whose hobby is taxidermy and turns out to be a very peculiar person (Ed note: no reflection on taxidermists.). He has a confined, sick mother living in the house near the motel; at times, she becomes a homicidal maniac.

In what has been described as one of the most nauseating, repulsive, and yet thorough murders ever committed, Janet Leigh is repeatedly stabbed to death while in the shower. Every detail, or practically every detail of her murder, is revealed to the audience.

From there on the film proceeds at a much quicker pace, drawing into the story Vera Miles, as Janet's sister, John Gavin, Janet's lover, and John McIntyre, the deputy sheriff who has nothing to do with Janet. The final few scenes of the film are extremely well done, combining more terror and suspense than Hitchcock has ever used in a dozen films, and the closing scene conveys the impact of a physical blow.

I won't deprive the potential viewer of the pleasure of the ending by revealing it; while it has been said many times in the past that the ending of a film should not be revealed, this is one case where this is particularly true.

PSYCHO was filmed by a different Hitchcock than that which made gaudy travelogues like NORTH BY NORTHWEST and TO CATCH A THIEF, or pointless nonsense such as VERTIGO. It was made as a shocker, to show how ordinary life can evolve into a hellish nightmare, to jar the complacent viewer from his seat. In a sense it is superior to ordinary fantasies, in that the events could take place.

In sticking to realism and eliminating the fantastic element, he has come up with a first rate masterpiece of horror, terror, and fear.

In fact, the movie is so realistic that I'd be willing to bet the motel business in this country drops 50% after enough people see PSYCHO.


QWERTYU

The Fannish


CHANCE:

Suggestions:

1. Have yard bombed by Ben Reich (alternate: become SAPS president)
2. Gafiate (permanently)
3. Have name placed on FAPA w/1, wait 620 moves
4. Be called "child of unmarried parents" by Al Ashley

FAPA Lactivity	B*A*R*	Slan Slum	Community Chest	B*A*R*
Futurian House				
Nunnery				
Beastley's on the Bayou				
Okefenö- kee Swamp				
B*A*R*				
Nunnery				
Assorted Services				
Balcony at NYCon II				
Glades of Gafia	Ivory Tower	Chance	Hotel Ingalls	B*A*R*

10PRESS

Shangri- LA	B*A*R*	Shaker Heights	Fantasy Secretary	B*A*R*
				Box 260
				Hyphen Light- house
				Tucker Hotel
				MON DEBRIS
				B*A*R*
				Oblique House
				Room 770
				Slan Shack
Ozark Cosmic "6"resort	N3F Dues	Tendrill Towers	B*A*R*	PRODOM (Collect $\frac{1}{2}\phi$ per word)...

COMMUNITY CHEST:

Suggestions:

1. Win Fan-Dango Award
2. Join N3F, Go Back Three Spaces
3. Advance to Nearest Bar
4. Read complete file of "Vargo Stratton"

NOTED - SAPS 52

SPECTATOR -- Dick Eney

A very attractive Official Organ -- noted, especially, is the neat display lettering announcing the October 15 deadline. The raising of SAPS dues by 50¢/annum and assessing Al Lewis double activity for mailing 53 seem to indicate that you are going to be a forceful OE; so, why not take it upon yourself to alleviate the waiting-list bundle situation -- most members, by their comments, seem to favor sending five extra copies of their fanzine, to make five extra bundles, and raising the cost per bundle. As long as there's such interest among the waiting-listers, why not exploit it, as well as introduce them to the organization?

If you feel you'd like to know how all the members feel about the idea, Dick, why not conduct a poll, including, perhaps, OMPA's occasional rule that any member not returning the poll is considered in favor of the proposal?

MHC*DJEE -- Art Hayes

Is Bill Cornell perhaps any relation to Joni, femme artist and last-minute co-ordinator of Project Art Show?

I see that, in typical fashion, I've forgotten to date these comments: so, it's August 26, late afternoon, and the day after I received a pocsarcd from OEney, which said: "Eva Firestone has resigned from SAPS and made a vacancy for you. Since you're being notified late, your deadline for acceptance is put up to 1 October and that for dues and activity is made 14 October."

Sending fanzines to new Neffers seems quite a generous idea, but 1) wouldn't SAPS be just a little too esoteric for a newfan, and 2) what's this 10¢ postage business? There are a good many fanzines being published today which cost 12¢ or so to mail. No, thinking about that, I've only received a few which have cost more than 9¢ to mail, since the approximate limit for 9¢ postage (according to Ted White, in Void 19) is 78 pages, and one occasionally finds a fanzine of that size -- such as the issue of Poor Richard's Almanac in mailing 52. Twig 15 cost 9¢ to mail. So I don't suppose you send out many large fanzines this way.

I got a chuckle or two from your tale of the magazine salesman, but around this section of town the sales situation is anything but laughable. I live in an obscure corner of town, but, nonetheless, it has the highest property values outside of downtown Springfield, and is therefore supposedly easy prey (and good pickins) for salesmen.

So we get all sorts. Some are honest, and confess they're selling oral contraceptives to work their way through college; others, however, are more devious. Some pretent to be crippled -- as was the case with one red-haired fellow who came to our door trying to sell some cheap magazines or something; when we didn't buy any, he became quite huffy, and stomped out. Later, my mother saw him, sans crutches, getting into a 1960 Pontiac...

And then there was the fellow who called, selling subscriptions to one of the large Chicago newspapers. He spoke in a slow, hesitating voice, saying that all profits from the subscription drive were to go to a local mental hospital. My grandmother was the one who talked to him; she said, "Well, we don't want the paper, but I'll send a small contribution -- not much, but something -- to the hospital, directly..." He answered, "No, no, you can't do that -- we can't accept it unless it's through the paper..." and, surprisingly enough, his retarded speech was gone. As the conversation progressed he repeatedly forgot

his speech defect, and added such juicy items as "Well, I'm one of the afflicted!" Doesn't this sound rather fishy?

A strange coincidence -- just as I was typing this account (onstencil, of course -- but then, that's rather obvious) two boys came to the door trying to huckster the Chicago Sun-Times. Maybe in some future day of financial stress, I'll go from door to door selling subscriptions to my fanzine...

I feel the same way about rejections as you...they're tricky things, likely to alienate even the best of friends. Vernon McCain wrote a fine series on fanzine publishing in Cliff Gould's OB-LIQUE, and one installment had to do with editing and subtle rejection. See if you can't find the article in question; or, for that matter, I'll loan you my copy of that particular issue.

Zoweee? You were only four pages off the official page-total -- for the wrong mailing, however. You guessed 588 pp. for mailing 54, and this mailing in question was 592. Perhaps you are similar to some of the telepaths and mental oddities that Rhine at Duke has turned up -- they can predict the order of cards remarkably well, but one ahead of the next card, if you get what I mean.

"The Great N3F Revolt" had the same fault most of Mike Deckinger's faan-fiction seems to possess -- no characterization. Just a lot of name dropping and no dominant (or, for that matter, subordinate) personalities. Still, the ending was nostalgic enough to merit the printing of the story.

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SPELEOBEM -- Bruce Pelz
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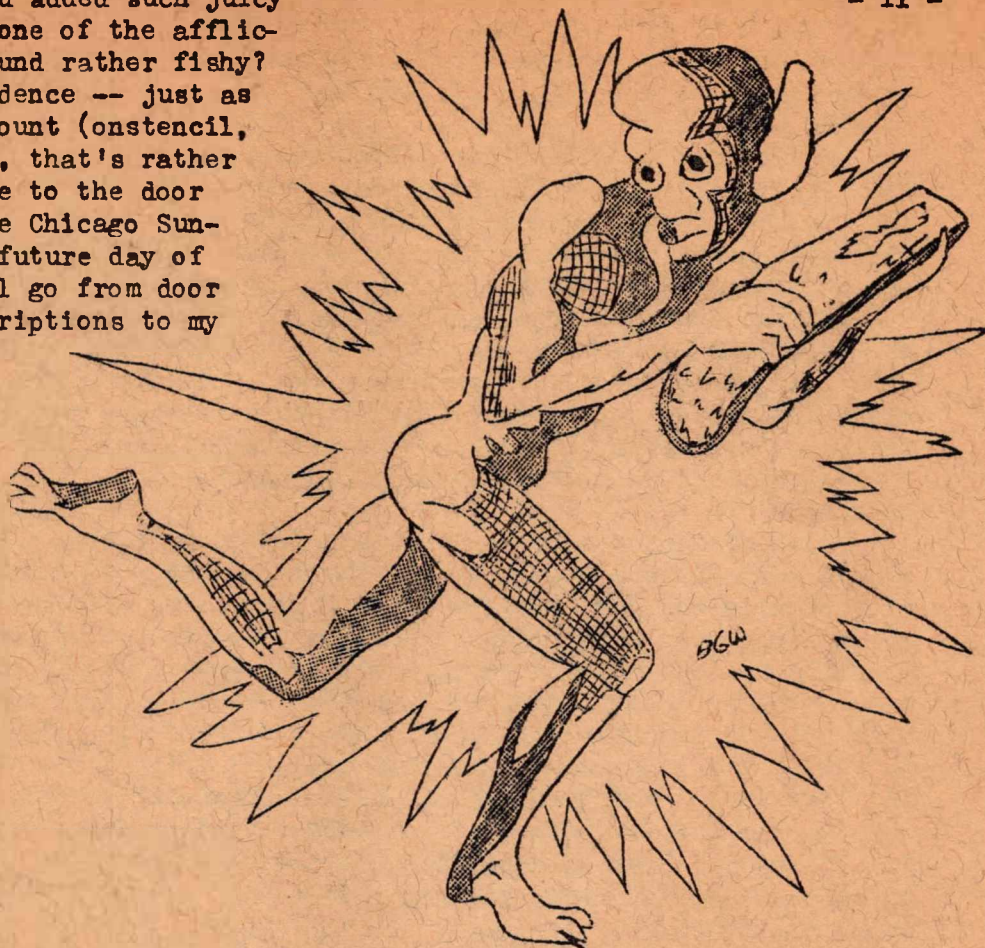
The Harness cover was not only beautifully drawn but nicely printed on an especially attractive shade of paper. The best cover in the mailing. In fact, you should have saved it for Profanity, which usually has a paucity of good art.

I, too, am sentimental about Christmas, save the commercialism -- in fact, I imagine that most people are, since at no other time -- with the exception of the first few post-war days -- is feeling so universal, and the mood just sort of prevails. I imagine Christmas in L.A. must be quite good fun, with both the regular, mundane parties, and the LASFS activities, in addition. Is the club planning a successor to "Meretritions"?

I doubt such a thing as "Don Ford's clique" even exists, unless you consider a group of fans who have one uniting factor -- their feelings toward a nice fellow -- a "clique".

A thousand plus page SAPS mailing would be FUN???

Ah, your remarks about fanzine collecting being a "dogfight" are so true indeed! For every copy of Spaceways there're always half a dozen or so faunching youngfans with dreams of completeism in older fan magazines. I imagine my



collecting problems are quite different than yours. For instance, California is loaded with old-time fans, willing to part with at least sections of their fanzine collections; however, there's also quite a bit of competition for these fanzines, with yourself, Bob Lichtman, and some of the newer fans, such as Andy Main.

My problem is altogether different -- finding the fans willing to part with their collections (or even scattered fanzines) is quite difficult, but once they're found, my competition usually isn't as great. Which method of discovering old fanmags is the more successful is easily answered by the apparent size of your fanzine collection, as compared with mine.

Re the number of candidates standing for TAFF: in 1957, the year that Madle won, there were eight candidates, not seven, as you guessed. However, in a way, you were right, since one candidate, He Ackerman, withdrew sometime during the race. The other candidates were Stuart Hoffman, Dick Ellington, Dick Eney, Boyd Raeburn, George Raybin, and Ed McNulty.

Much of the bitterness (that you mention) of that particular campaign resulted not from the mere number of candidates running but some actions which fandom MIGHT have outgrown. There was much rumoring about vote-buying, which apparently is true but the parties involved have probably never been named -- at any rate, it wasn't Madle. Then, this was the hey-day of Gem Carr and her favorite candidate, Stu Hoffman, whose candidacy probably did more to foster the "fanzine fans versus convention fans" row than any other, including Madle's -- after all, he HAD been a publisher before, of Fantascience Digest.

Do you have the issue of Ken Bulmer's Steam devoted to the history of TAFF?

I enjoyed hearing about the Interplanetary Game -- in fact, it inspired me to the Q'ERTYUIOPress game in this issue, so you have no one to blame but yourself, Brucifer.

I missed the original discussion of the "Best of SAPS" volume, but, Bruce, are you sure you aren't misinterpreting the idea? Certainly, anything that appears in SAPS that's really good will probably be printed in BoF, but perhaps the ideas behind BoSS is that there should be a representative volume of our apa's works. Not necessarily the very best that appeared in a given year, but the most representative non-MC material.

Your accounts of college japery are most interesting -- if that sort of thing interests you as much as it interests me, then you should read H. Allen Smith's The Compleat Practical Joker, which is one of the funniest things I've ever encountered. It not only makes hilarious reading but sort of alleviates typical feelings towards practical jokers -- at least the more asinine ones.

This makes me wonder...could there be a practical joke fandom, like magic fandom or such? If so, they'd automatically have one parallel to our fandom -- for as the serious science fiction fans try to live down the juvenile aspects of beanie-wearers, bad newspaper reports, and pulp Amazings, mature practical jokers (that is, those who pull intelligent jokes, designed to mildly embarrass but not harm anyone) would have to try to live down the antics of hand-buzzers, flower-squirters, etc.

On TAFF again -- unless I'm mistaken, Vinç Clarke won the 1954 campaign, but backed out, and, as you say, Bulmer won in 1955, in a different election, becoming the first TAFF elected fan to make the trip.

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SPY RAY OF SAPS -- Dick Eney
- - - - -

Your inside front cover brings on a word of criticism; shame on your allowing yourself full credit for a page consisting of only 80 or so words.

Really, you shouldn't knock your conreport; save its lateness and the haphazard use of topic numbers, it's really quite good -- one of the better Deten-



tion reports. You and the Youngs visited Tucker, didn't you? Seems I heard that someplace -- you will, naturally, write an account. won't you?

While on your fanaine, and, particularly, "VILE HUCKSTER DEPT.", a double-damn is due Terry Carr who "pounced with an Air Special letter to get the Rapp-stuff" which I faunched for -- but, I suppose it's all in the spirit of fmz. collecting. Incidentally, Dick, if you should ever come up with any old surplus stock or space-consuming fanmags -- let me know, hmmm?

THE ZED -- Karen Anderson

The best thing about this issue is the artwork -- both the two-color cover and "The Star-Forgotten" cartoons on the back page. The text itself (pleasantly chitterchatterish) provides only two hooks for comment, the first of which is a question, inspired by the Henry VIII discussion: why, for the sake of Oscar, are Henry and his wives always portrayed as some of the characters in a wax museum? It seems that the scene is indispensable, to wax artists.

Secondly, Transient is, as you suggest, quite likely to become a classic -- not only because it's been quite widely discussed, but because from this era on, assuming that a few stfmags last, all our classics, or at least 90% of them, will be coming from the magazines. It's not that there aren't good books printed any more, but that people rarely buy them, and purchase magazines, instead. So it's entirely likely that from now on, Amazing will be providing all our classic novels.

ROSCOE WILL SAVE -- Ted Johnstone

Thank you for the Dead Bark Scrolls, you are hereby commended for spreading THE WORD. However, isn't it only slightly less than profanity to grace the 200th Fandom symbol with the name of "Ghu" (whoever he may be)?

HERE THERE BE SAPS -- Bob Lichtman

I liked your cover; pausing to consider for a moment, don't you think that the "squirrel joke" is probably the most popular, most used (and to best advantage) of all of Fandom's esoteric jokes? Body Raeburn, it seems, has created a monster which is getting out of hand -- but in a most pleasing (to anyone but Ellik) fashion.

The fact that Squirrel has just packed away his blazing six-shooters, but his victim is full of arrows, reminds me of a Bob Hope movie -- ALIAS JESSE JAMES, where Bob is helped in the extermination of some bad men by Tonto. Imagine the double take, when he shoots at a fellow, who falls, dead with an arrow in him.

Your account of producing the Ballard Chronicles was very much enjoyed, but leaves me with no hooks -- except to ask you -- and, for that matter, any and all L.A. SAPS, to contact Carl Garrison, at 1206 West 69th Street, LA. 44. I remembered to mention this since he's currently working at MGM. He's a stf fan, a bit busy for such things now, but perhaps you could interest him in joining the club. He's quite a nice fellow; we first met, via correspondence, when I had a letter published in either Amazing or Fantastic -- he was born in Springfield, but moved West some time back. I've given him your name, address, and phone number (at least, the one in Bennett's Directory, but I guess he hasn't gotten around to calling you yet.

Next time (this mailing, really) I hope you have an account of "Ditch Day"; the nearest thing we have to it is a trip, co-ordinated by our Social Studies Department, which takes Seniors and Juniors through the East -- it's called the Washington Trip, so designated since our capitol, and the Congress, are the main attractions. However, don't think the whole thing is stuffy history; about one third of the time is free, including two whole days in New York City, and the swimming party at Baltimore (sub-titled "The Bunch on the Beach", where "bunch" doesn't mean "group" -- and, really, it WASN'T my idea!). If I take the trip next year, I'll naturally try to look up some fans in that territory -- BEWARE!

I see we disagree on the subject of the PE (or, as they're more commonly called, around here, gym classes) classes. To me, they offer rather a pleasant break in the academics of the day -- I mean, here you've been sitting on your can all during the first part of the day, and will continue to do so, so gym offers a chance to break the monotony. It's a pleasant feeling, after being sedentary all day, to mix it up in a football game, shoot some baskets, or even run the track. As to grades, during the first half-year (semester, they call it, Ryan) with baseball (at which I'm rather atrocious) I get B's, but basketball (at which I'm rather good, if I do say so myself) I get B plusses and A's.

Pavlat's Fanzine Index lists Howard Miller as co-editing only one issue of Dream Quest -- perhaps he edited more, or was that the only issue?

Any attempt I made at estimating average hours of television/week would be rather misleading. I don't watch anything during the day now, though earlier in the summer, when it was still running, I usually saw The Thin Man. I must average about an hour and a half per night in the prime-time; since some nights I don't see any television and others I watch it most of the evening. Two other factors are that I watch late movies, one and a half hours each, quite a lot, and will be eagerly following all of the Olympic Games coverage. But during the school year I'll probably average 4 or so hours per week.

How could you place a particular illo in PRA as being from Equation #1? I couldn't make out a single illustration or read more than 100 words of the text in that issue (and the second wasn't really much better).



"Oh, damn, and I just got through warning him about the Ides, too!"

160 and up is. I've taken three of the tests, all of which, I gather, showed 139, one point less than you -- I feel inferior. One of my best friends has an IQ of 144, his brother, also 139, while a friend in college roomed with another who had an IQ of 180. The highest IQ I've ever heard of was 239, but how accurate this was, I couldn't say.

Hell, I'll loan my copy of Bulmer's Steam, with the history of TAFT, to anyone who asks, and promises to return (one at a time, please).

I can't compare notes with you, anent mundane apas, but I have a quote from a letter from Buck Coulson which might make interesting comparison to your comment about "beautiful workmanship" in mapa publications: "...do you know anything about the apa that Johnny Bowles was (and perhaps still is) associated with? I don't even recall the name, but it was a strictly non-stf apa, and from what I saw of it these members who were supposedly interested primarily in the actual publishing aspects of the outfit put out incredibly poorly reproduced fanzines..." (The underlining is mine, but the use of the term "fanzines," Buck's.

Strange, your comments to Elinor Busby, page 19, bring up three comments in three paragraphs...batting a thousand. First, your designation of IQ is quite different than that which I've always been accustomed to...mostly because 130 and up is certainly not genius status, but rather,

Your comments on Buz's phallic-symbol shirt (and your interlineation) inspired this line:

"The right to find phallic symbols is the right to be free!"

The early mailing-reviews were, as usual, muchly fine, and the letters from Kennedy and Alpaugh quite interesting. You achieved quite a nice balance with the mailing comments, letters, and various narrations.

SAFARI -- Earl Kemp

The cover registered quite well, Earl, but it was just rather sloppy to begin with.

Hell, SFAdvertiser was dull. I have only six issues (well, actually, four of them are "Fantasy Advertiser", the former title) but they must be fairly representative, of Squires' work, at least -- two were edited by Willmorth and the other four by Squires. Perhaps Willmorth did a better job with the earlier issues, but nothing I've seen in these six particularly impressed me -- with the possible exceptions of the Carter, Austin, and (particularly) Dollens covers. One article by Shroyer was rather good as was a reprinted bit by ACC, but, generally, in terms of interesting material, New Frontiers has it beat all to hell and gone.

You pay \$16.50 for state license plates? What kind of car do you have? My grandmother's '58 Chevvy Impala requires, I believe, \$22 and my old, beat-up, dead-on-its-feet '50 Buick required \$17 -- I think. Do you request the same number all the time?

"The first word on page 28," is "Mike", I believe, but the gagline refers to what he was saying: "B---- to Mike Wallace" (I believe that was to whom it was directed. Bob Lichtman will probably answer this in greater detail, so why should I bother...oh, what's "B----"? Eney, in Cy², called it a "rather vulgar synonym for testicles", I believe.

Avram Davidson: GROTCH to you, sir, for the same, old, tired argument that fanzines don't mention science fiction enough. I'll let someone refute this, for it's obviously incorrect -- didn't you really mean, "fanzines don't mention the pros often enough"? True, you have some right to be angry at the designation of "vile pros" (which probably was somewhat instrumental at bringout about this diatribe, but really -- no, I believe I'll write a personal letter to Mr. D.

A most enjoyable issue -- in fact, I imagine your writings would have been enjoyable even if you had carried through your minac plans. Yes, CHICAGO: 1962.

KRAML -- Jim O'Meara

I got much enjoyment from various Saps' guesses at the significance of your title. Art Hayes said, "sneak in a package of dried kraml..."; Bruce Pelz chortled, "the hairoil you advertise in the title! All this is rather silly, since it's obvious that a kraml is a desert animal noted for its ability to store water,

Thank you for enclosing the advertising for Psycho -- I saw that movie the day before yesterday, and it was truly fabulous -- in fact, there've been sell-out, GRO crowds ever since the show opened, all performances. By the way, reading this inspired me to ask professional film reviewer (really, he is, now, a real pro) Mike Deckinger to give a run-down of the movie, for fans living in such out of the way places as Danville, Pa., and Blanchard, N.D.



This seventh page of mailing comments will be something of an experiment -- instead of using the usual AEDick 1160 or F1160 stencils I'm using a "Klean Write" (no serial number), with film copped from an AEDick stencil and some sort of translucent carbon sheet. The results: before you.

OUTSIDERS -- Wrai Ballard, Esq.

Please, sir, correct those typing mistakes -- I mean, where the capital letter fails to print in line with the rest, I suppose because you don't depress the floating shift long enough. You could always punch the shift lock, or better yet, assuming that you don't want to take time to correct mistakes like those (which are certainly rather minor), then merely skip them, starting the intended letter again, and later proof-reading, confluing these errors. But I suppose I'm a fine one to talk, since this will probably end up being a mass of bad grammar, spelling, and typography.

If, when you're passing through Illinois, you get anywhere near Springfield, why not drop in and see me? I'd like very much to meet you, and you can explain the intricacies of artificial insemination to me.

Better than assembling Harry Warner's SAPSletters and circulating them, I'll loan him my mailings and let him do full m/c's. How about that, Harry? This is your best chance to be voted the only SAPS President, not a member.

Your mention of William S. Hart reminds me that ABC has a new television show, Silents Please; have you seen it? For the edification of SAPS who haven't, it's what its title no doubt indicates to you -- a show which, well shows (damn this composing onstencil!) old-time silent movies. The first in the series was Rudolph Valentino in "Son of the Shiek", and that's been followed by a Buster Keaton comedy, and last week, John Barrymore (Jr.?) in the 1920 version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". Next week's show is a William S. Hart western, the name of which escapes me. It's aired at 9:30 p.m., Central Daylight Time, on ABC -- and I suggest that all SAPS see it -- not only is it usually hilarious but quite remarkable, in retrospect.

I suppose it's only natural that "SAPS is growing away from stf..." since it can hardly keep up...reviews of magazines and books are practically worthless, since they are so easily dated -- even if you're the official editor, and can publish a criticism-fmz. the hour before the deadline, many cads in this organization don't read the mailings for weeks, nay months until after receipt and would therefore find dated reviews.

Also, good, general critiques are so few and far between that they're generally gobbled up by the genzines. So what's left? Discussions of "the Golden Age of Stf"?

"I hardly ever say 'stopit', but I do blush furiously. At least I did 14 years ago, on the last occasion I had reason to blush." Oh tell, oh tell, what was that occasion?

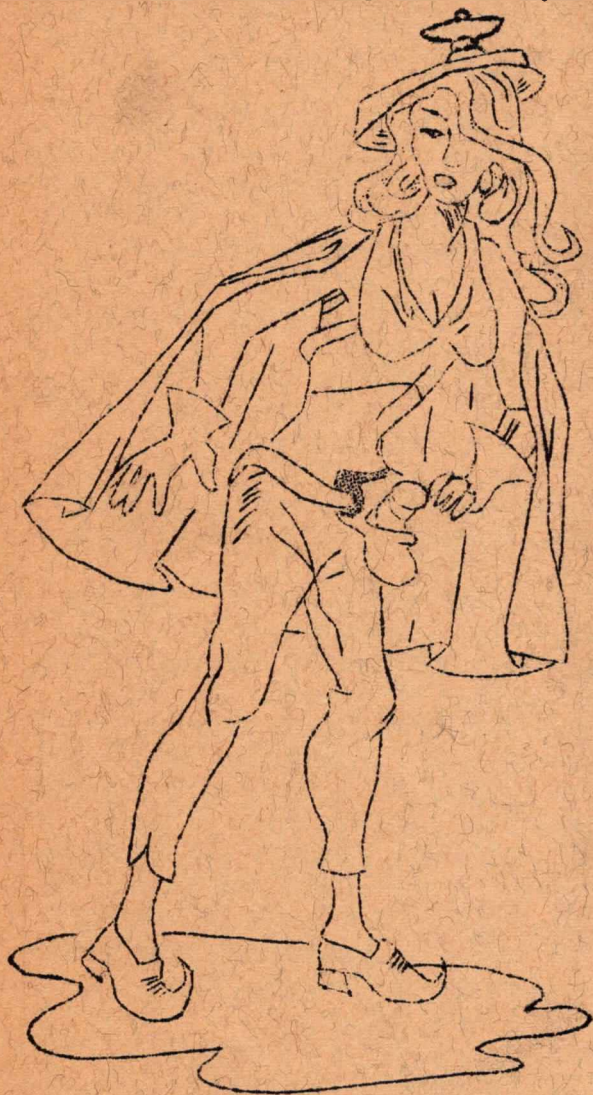
SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION -- Burnett Toskey

Burt, while I doubt that you ever have to worry about any of the stories printed herein being printed professionally (unless you do the job yourself), you came up with some pretty good ones -- in fact, about half of them were OK. "Escape" and "The Imperial Shaft" were the two I liked the best, I suppose, and "Behind the Glass Veil" the least, but how could TIS be considered science fiction -- or have I missed some subtle innuendo, some hidden meaning?

POOR RICHARD'S ALMA'AC -- Rich Brown

I disagree with you when you say that "the old dittoed SATA ILLUSTRATED was by far superior to the cold photo-offset SATA." In what respect? I have all the SATA's that Pearson has edited (#6 on) so I guess I can venture an opinion or two (perhaps I'll send this to Pearson and let him have HIS say). Material-wise, there's little doubt that the modern SATA is the superior product.

While the "old" SATA featured some material of note -- such as Alan Dodd's "A.D. 1999", most of the features were rather crude -- such as "The Sirens of Venus" or "Blue Jungle". The modern SATA, on the other hand, has featured hilarious Es Adams, "If Fans Aren't Slans, Who Is" (Larry Shaw), and "Vocational Guidance" (Bob Leman). Your main point, however, seems to be that the layout of the old SAT is better than that of TWIG ILLUSTRATED; here, again, I disagree. In trying to quell remarks that "Twig Illoed is just another Sata" Adkins presented some of the most beautiful and showy (but not really pretentious) layouts ever seen in fandom. The old dittoed SATA, on the other hand, didn't have the professionally tooled layout, but, in a way, it WAS better -- certainly



more informal and full of fun. Pearson, for no apparent reason, would devote pages to the old gagline "Henry Fonda, Stage and Screen Star, Plays the Bull Fiddle", or would, when criticized on his inability to draw feet, draw them all over a page, or fill a "spread" with footprints imprinted on the text. Informal, and all sorts of fun, but hardly up to the professional standards of TI.

I enjoyed your account of meeting Dee.

Ah, your comments on the "theorems, maxims, laws, etc." of geometry seeming "so obvious" ring quite true in this corner. I somewhat regretted taking, as a sophomore, plane geometry, and, even more so, taking solid geometry as a junior. While I have to admit that these courses exercise the deductive powers a bit more than the average, I always felt, too, that obvious concepts didn't bear repeating, let alone memorizing or writing fourteen-hundred times. When we were told to write such and such a theorem umpteen times, I was always plagued by a juvenile desire to write them out, with brown typer-ribbon, on a roll of toilet paper, but never succumbed. And why the hell, if it's obvious that 2 equals 2 (identity), is it necessary to write it out? Perhaps you had a teacher who allowed abbreviations such as S.A.S. for congruent triangles; I didn't, and everything had to be written out.

Norm Metcalf, stfnish scholar, had some very interesting comments, none of which, I'm sorry to say, inspired any comment.

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN! -- Art Rapp

Thank, you, Sergeant, for a very enjoyable bit of reading. Not only was it quite a fine story but all your writers seemed to create a nice, flowing narrative, in a manner which suggests that perhaps the story was written by one man -- Art Rapp -- alone, and such names as "Redd Boggs" and "Ed Cox" are merely pseudonyms.

BOG -- Otto Pfeifer

No hooks, sorry, but 1) I imagined you'd like the egoboo of the interlineated heading, and 2) CONGRATULATIONS (to say nothing of best wishes)!

CREDO -- John Berry / Ed Meskys (pub.)

"The Goon Goes West" must've pooped John out, like -- noted.

Sunday, August 28;

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RAGNAROK -- Terry and Miri Carr

Really, folks I enjoyed your features -- "The Hieronymous Fan", "I Remember Barbara", etc., but they inspire no comment -- except that I hope you keep up the good balance between bits of material like these and mailing comments.

Miri: KPTV sounds like quite a fabulous radio station -- at least from the partial listing of a week's programs that you give. I suppose there might be Chicago stations which I could get that might have some interesting programs, but hereabouts, it's almost all rock-and-roll, and the "gimmick" -- for instance, fourteen and a half times a day they announce something to the effect that "if you live on Rosebud Street and you're the second person to call our station, you'll win \$1!"

Your views on Boxers being a quite safe dog to have around children are not only completely true but rather universal -- as evidenced by the fact that with the exception of beagles, there are more boxers registered with the American Kennel Club than any other breed; beagles are just registered more often, for the purposes of being used in field trials and other competitions.

I owned a boxer, several years back, and even went so far as to show him once -- at the Champaign Kennel Club show, as a 9 month old puppy. He only won third place in a class of five, but it was much fun, anyhow.

My favorite movies would have to include "Gone With the Wind", which enthralled me, and, more recently, "Psycho", which is a masterpiece. One other Hitchcock movie -- "Rear Window" -- probably was one of my ten or so all-time favorites.

Terry: Your new job sounds quite interesting; and I see you're added to the list of fans working in libraries, or having worked there. Others: Bruce Pelz, Dee, Steve and Virginia Schultheis.

Both of Art Castillo's cartoon series were only something less than uproarious, but if Al Lewis (not Harsheyes) could get nought away with a title "zoitus", how could you slip the cartoon on "Mead of Kvasir -- X" past OEney?

"The Egyptian" just impressed me as having some of the most gory movie scenes I've ever encountered (though Ben Hur is supposed to be far worse). This is strange, since I, too, am quite interested in archaeology, especially Egyptian and Mesopotamian. I could amound on several of my favorite, unorthodox, unsupported theories here, but I'm afraid I'd just Babylon... (Oog)

Not having seen Laney's article on fmz. publishing I can't compare it with McCain's, but I've always considered the latter a model of its particular type of writing. Boiling down McCain's article, you only find a small (relatively) amount of advice, but it is not only told far more entertainingly (through the use of personal examples) than anything most fanwriters could do, but it's remarkably concise and clear.

To see that waiting lister Shapiro has every chance to usurp GMC as Fugg-head of the Year, why not distribute the FANAC poll with WRR and RAGNAROK, both? I certainly know I'll cast a vote, at least, for hal. Just for the hal of it.

A most interesting (and decorative) fanzine .

ELABBERGASTING -- Burnett R. Toskey

This compendium volume business is all right, I suppose, but shouldn't you await the time that you'll be an international BWF, and others will do this for you? Much more egoboosting (to say nothing of less work).

"SAC" is Strategic Air Command.

I've always had a minor dislike for the curve system, since 1) many of our classes are divided -- that is to say, "A" students are in one class, "C" students in another, and so on; therefore, if the curve was followed strictly, the least student in an "A" class would get a "D" and the best student in a "D" class an "A". This is rather paradoxical, and not too likely to happen, but it does present a grading problem. The second point is that this curve business

is grossly unfair when all tests grades are averaged and a grade level fixed; for instance, some of our Physics Tests were immensely hard, problem-wise, and sometimes members of the class would get 12 or 15 out of 100 (I got 69 on one test -- my lowest) while the best student would get 92 or so. This must be roughly the kind of test that you like -- but if an "A" grade is 94 or above, how could even the best student in the class get an "A" ? (Incidentally, this would mean that 60% of our class would have failed Physics).

Don't you want to give any high grades?

; PORQUE! -- Doreen Erlenwein

Yes, I've seen Dick Van Dyke; he turns up on television quite often, now, and I've caught him some of these times. He's probably the best new comedian in four or five years. The only fellows I can think of who might top him are Joey Bishop and Bob Whazzizname who appeared on the Academy Awards Show (incidentally, here's hoping Bob Flock is at least nominated for Best Original Screenplay). Alec Guinness is probably a better comedian, but he certainly doesn't appear too regularly any more. A bright new television comic, incidentally, is a fellow named Dean Grennell.

I've never had any inclination to keep a diary, but a sort of "log book" is a necessity, to keep track of incoming mail. I have a pad on which I write the date, what mail I received on that date, and any particularly important outgoing mail (contributions, apa dues, SAPS bundles, etc.). Without it, or something like Don Franson's rubber stamp, I'm afraid my correspondence and letter-hacking would become abominably haphazard.

We briefly had a beatnick hangout in Springfield -- it was called the "Iago", and while it tried orfully hard to get beat attractions (naturally, there weren't any beats in Springfield, before its coming -- just some fellows that fashioned themselves "non-conformist") it failed not through interest

(there were plenty of people willing to pay \$1 for a cup of espresso, just to see the "beat - nickers") since there was plenty of that, but through planning. The un-lit rat-trap selected for the Iago was condemned four days after opening, as an unsafe public building.

The only Hillsboro I know of, in response to the query you put to Wrai, is Hillsboro, Florida, which was just a couple of miles from my vacation spot, this summer.

There's hardly any need to have a Republican gubernatorial candidate in Florida, since your state is supposed to be "90% Democratic" and nomination in a Democratic primary is "the same as being elected".

BUMP -- Don Durward

Yes, the misplacing of the original BUMP #3 was "tradgic", wasn't it?

Anyhow, the event had its bright spot -- it caused you to write a pretty good LNF story. I especially liked the line, "I would probably be expected to lower postal rates".

Your mailing comments are un-commentable.



A LETTER TO SAPS -- hal shapiro, db

Sir, as F.M. Busby, in WRR, pointed out: you are dung-orientated, and this makes your writing far less pleasing than that of other waiting-listers who have sent their fanzines through SAPS -- notably, Dee, and Rich Bergeron. Are your letters to the main office of Fawcett filled with words such as "shit" "ass" and these other words that you throw around in this two-sheet bit of C*R*U*D*? I doubt it -- probably, such ravings are confined wi to fandom, where they will undoubtedly make you a Big Name Faaan!

OK, so you once spoke out in favor of SAPS; should the membership lionize you now? (or. to quote the Derogation in A BAS, paraphrasing a bit, "It's hardly likely that SAPS will lionize you, hal, since you're pretty small potatoes...") Should you be vaulted right into membership as a reward for metetritious performance and magnificent defense of SAPS?

The only thing that you say which I find myself in agreeance with is your "almost anti-union" view, which expresses my views rather well, too.

POT POURRI -- John Berry

Some very interesting writing, but all I can say is that I enjoyed most all of it but find no hooks. The photos are appreciated muchly, especially the page which shows not only yourself but waiting lister Eylmann, stalwart Ballard, and evil OEney.

SAPS lost its most ardent Max Shulman fan when Lynn Hickman resigned; he's followed all the Shulman books for some time, and, on his occasional visits, has never failed to relate some of the fascinating bits of humor in such books as RALLY, etc., THE TUBRA DERBY, and so on. Max Shulman, incidentally, writes a television series over here: "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis" which demonstrates some of his ability, but is probably a little too confining to allow his talents to really blossom.

SPACEWARP -- Art Rapp

Your comments to Art Hayes, re TAFF, are quite interesting, and your suggestion that the host country do the nominating and voting is an interesting one, but don't you think that the country from which the TAFF delegate will be sent should have some say in the matter? After all, they'll be laying out good cash -- at least 50¢, and usually more -- and should therefore have some choice as to just who will be writing the conreport...

Perhaps in my subconscious, I would enjoy being "pawed" by a teacher of the opposite sex -- I couldn't say, not being able to explore my subconscious. All I know is that consciously, the thought is repelling, since most female teachers at my high school, are repulsive as all get out, in the 60-65 age bracket, fat, and generally unappealing -- no, thanks.

Your memory aid -- for learning the sequence of presidents -- is certainly clever, and I'll have to try to remember to commit this to memory. However, it's hardly necessary if you've ever taken a good U.S. History course, one which doesn't stress dates and such but the general continuity of the past -- that way, the sequence of Presidents follows natural order and is rather easy to remember; a possible exception would be with the "minor Presidents", such as Fillmore and Van Buren, both of whom I'd be confusing, probably, without some memory refreshing.

Naturally, there is such a thing as a "respondence problem", but it's somewhat more a matter of conscience than a problem.

I let my conscience dictate just what letters I answer -- for instance, I try to comment on every new fanzine I get, since it's rather important to neo-editors to get a good response, whether favorable or not. Secondly, I skip fanzine commenting where it isn't necessary -- for instance, I gave up writing to CRY since it was strictly a subscription fanzine (no trades -- or very few), and

others of that sort -- except when I have the time. Any letter which comes to me, and obviously requires an answer (like "what are your subscription rates"), I answer, as well as letters from regular correspondents, and others who want to correspond.

Commenting on a fanzine doesn't take a "whole evening" -- at least for me. Usually, I read my mail as soon as I get ahold of it -- during the summer, when it's first delivered, and during the school year, when I arrive home. Then, the mail is stacked according to arrival, except for such things as acknowledging receipt of the Spectator, etc., which is designated important mail.

Then I answer the mail whenever there's time. Two time savers, when commenting on fanzines, are: 1) checkmark, so you don't have to hunt for hooks, and 2) re-read the thing the night before you comment -- it only takes twenty minutes or so but saves trouble when you actually apply yourself to the typer.

When you receive a request to trade, merely send the faneditor a postcard, saying that you'd be glad to, but that you don't have any trade material, at the moment.

But correspondence is pretty much an individual problem. For instance, my main efforts are expended in trying to keep my unanswered mail from piling up; at the moment, however, I have about twenty to twenty-five letters to write, since the past few days have been devoted pretty much to reading and commenting on mailing 52, and, before that, mimeoing my genzine, FANE. So I'm way behind, but will catch up, in the same manner that I apply myself to study for a tough exam: will power, the force to cause me to sit down and GET TO WORK. So I'll spend a couple of days doing little else but finishing this correspondence.

Incidentally, you owe me a letter, Art.

YESTERDAY THE FUTURE -- Walt Coslet

Sorry, Walt, no hooks, except that I hope your failure (to this point) to secure promises of future SAPSmailings will make you reconsider quitting. Hell, if it was all a matter of dues, I'm sure SAPSmembers would get together, each contributing 5 or 10 cents, to keep you in.

FANTOCCINI -- Les Norris

The TAFF administrators are pretty much omnipotent, like SAPS OE's, but they have, as yet, done nothing to gauge fannish opinion on the current status of TAFF and whether or not it is satisfactory, as set up. Probably, Bentcliffe and Ford should poll fandom -- since they seem to have disregarded the results of the FANAC poll -- to test certain ideas, like the suggestions that TAFF be made a club, with yearly dues, or that the voting be restricted to several months, etc. Your suggestion that they do something -- anything -- is agreed with, here.

Where's "berkeley College"? Do you mean the University of California?

Incidentally, I liked your cartoons in this issue; continue them, please?

COLLECTOR -- Big Hearted Howard DeVore

No hooks on this, but I do have a few things to say about:

UNATTENTIONABLE -- Al Lewis

While Eney's judgment of the filth of your title might have been a little severe, you are still responsible for having brought this fate upon yourself. I can see you now -- three youngsters, deciding to try to "slip one by the censor", typing (naughty) dirty words, and, ummm, my you're bad bhoys! And Thiel's asinine experient with peyote serves him right -- trying the stuff for kicks, for which it probably was never meant, but rather as an experiment.

Why don't you drop off the roster, and let Gerber or Bergeron or someone with some real interest in?

The date is September second, for the third and final installment of mailing comments. I'm back to F1160 stencils, instead of 1160 with plastic coat-bag films.

BUMP -- Don Durward

Bump again -- the same old grind.

Although your question "what are you going to do when you run into someone like me who can't write worth a damn and when he tries he makes a mess of it?" was directed to Earl Kemp, I feel like interrupting with an answer of my own. Whathell if you can't write well (I'm not saying that, you did) -- you're not expected to have the talents of a Boggs or a Warner or a Willis. It's just that mailing comments, at the sacrifice of everything else, tend to be monotonous. Even if you think you're a terrible writer, you should always try to do some non-mc material, other than a page or two of editorial comment -- if for no other reason than to give SAPS an idea of your personality. "The Tell-Take Duplicator" is certainly no masterpiece -- I can pick out all sorts of flaws -- but it's just a piece I felt like writing, despite the fact that I'd never do it like a Bloch or a Tucker. Be brave.

Your '55 Mercury sounds rather run down, Don; my car is a '50 Buick (Super) (!) with quite fine tires, etc. It needed a new battery -- \$22, but guaranteed for three years, which is mostb unusual and one control cable was quite frayed but otherwise it was in pretty darn good shape. I just happened to notice, the other day, that I had driven it 4,000 miles without an oil change, though --

quite careless, no? Especially since the oil should be changed at least every thousand miles, if not 500...

Incidentally, how much gas do you keep in your car's tank? With the usual state of my funds, the gauge is between $\frac{1}{2}$ and empty, most of the time.

I volunteer to be SAPS' villain, but I don't really believe I could be as obnoxious as Shapiro.

You were betting at a race track? How old must one be to do so in California? In Florida, which has dog races, one must be 21 just to get in the track (although I suppose that, once in, you can bet.) I gave my parents' some money to bet for me; strangely enough, in the three times I bet, my dog paid off, all three times by placing second. For a \$6 investment, I won back some \$17, for \$11 profit.

Your mailing comments are bubblingly egoboostical all around.

FENDENIZEN -- Elinor Busby

Hah! That just goes to show me, I guess -- here I go into great length, for Pelz, about the TAPP candidates in '57, and you've already listed them -- in order of finish, yet. That'll show me to do any comments before I've thoroughly read the mailing, not just skimmed over the latter parts. For that, I assess myself six pages of credit for mailing 54.

As to photo-offset fanzines, and your question: I received INSIDE about two days ago, and SFL a week before that --



Notch

no, the post awful wasn't especially late in delivery, it's just that old-time fan (newly returned to the fold) Ray Cummings sent along those two -- among others. Joking aside, there are still photo-offset fanzines being published, the most notable of which is Pearson's SATA.

I've never had any experience with chows, but know that they can be trained to be the best possible watchdogs for children -- if the training goes right. Doberman Pinschers aren't really such dangerous dogs -- unless the wrong people own them. They've gained their bad reputation through two channels. 1) They are quite strong willed -- more so than any other dog -- and, unless trained with a great deal of discipline, can be mean as all get out -- but only if improperly trained, or insufficiently trained. Another point is that they are extremely intelligent -- as much so as German Shepherds and Poodles -- and are therefore quite often trained for police or military work.

I, too, dig Alex King, even though Jack Parr does his best to outshine him, he still comes through well. He must be extremely intelligent, since his wit is as sharp -- and as caustic -- as any I've seen.

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MEST -- Ted Johnstone
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I like your 12-digit method of keeping track of time -- not only does it easily show what time has passed between the occasions that you sit down before your typer, but it's a good indication of just how long it takes you to type a stencil. In your system, the figure, at the moment, is: 144502091960. Isn't it egoboostical to see fellow SAPS adopting your brain-child?

Since you seem to have made mailings- size guessing a fine art, I suppose I'll have to give it a try: 653 pages. Remember, I'm new at this, and if the results show it (either fantastically close or abhorrently incorrect) you will forgive, won't you?

I guess Bruce Pelz -- according to your comments -- is much the same type of runner that I am -- out of condition. I'm never in it, though, since the only time we do track work, in gym, is during the hay-fever season, and I'm always short of wind, then. Still, I can run about 300 yards without feeling winded, even if most of my running -- that in basketball -- is confined to distances of no more than seventy or eighty feet.

On first glance, I mis-interpreted your line, "Jack Parr is almost over" to mean that he is all washed up, finished, kaput. Unfortunately, this isn't what you meant. It's a shame that such a colossal egotist has to be on IBC, the affiliate of our local station -- or is it the other way around? Anyhow, all the good late movies -- British stf, musical comedies, etc., are on the hard-to-get VHF stations, while Parr is on the easy-to-get UHF -- it's a crime, I tell you, a crime. As you might have guessed, I dislike Jack Parr.

Don Ford is a publishing fan, even if you aren't too likely to see his work -- unless you join OMFA. He publishes POOKA in that apa -- seems I remember the elephant stating, in ProF, that he received a bunch of POOKAs from Don -- perhaps you could ask to borrow them, whenst in L.A. again?

It seems fanzine publicity doesn't mean much in any sort of fan politicking any more -- if it ever did. As you point out, the publicity offered by fanzines did neither Bjo or Terry Carr any good, and the same was true in the bidding for the '60 consite. Almost all fanzines supported D.C., with only JD-A, if I remember correctly, favoring Pitt -- but Pitt won, overwhelmingly. And, if I remember right, the voting for the '57 Worldcon followed suit -- fannish opinion favored L.A., inprint, but London got the con. Eh?

I'm sorry I don't have any more comments on this, Ted, but you seemed to have covered things quite well and encompassingly, yourself.

Incidentally, did you sing "How Are Things in Tiajuana" at the Pittcon? And did you find that pro's wife (who you mentioned in PSI-PHI) again?

But perhaps you'd better wait until Pelz is OE, to tell that one.

You know, Ed Cox, it'd hardly be fair to start my comments on MAINE-IAC in this small space.

But I suppose, Ed, that it'd be all right to start here, at the top of a brand new (and, I hope, final) stencil...

MAINE-IAC -- Ed Cox !

I guess your line about "whatever the 4th of July is all about anymore" is pretty darn descriptive. The festivity (as well as the sense of wonder) seem to have gone out of that date, don't they? Perhaps our country is getting too old, and needs a revolution, eh? The fireworks are even gone, too, sky-rockets and other such Emsh-like things (see the cover of some VENTURE). I still enjoy them, mostly, even if they are illegal -- but you can get them in Tennessee and Missouri, amongst the nearby states. Some of my friends have gone down to St. Louis to get fireworks, and I picked some up on the way back from Florida. Still enjoy 'em, and imagine I always will.

The profile on USS Trimble was very much enjoyed.

And "Redd Boggs -- Superfan" was marvelous, terrific, obscenient as all get out. Superfan is usually thought to be Dealer, though, of course, Boggs has a claim to the title. Nevertheless, Super-Squirrel, Bjo's parody (in PSI-PHI) still ranks among the four or five best things I've ever seen in a fanzine.

More?

IPWATZ -- Nancy Share

Well, section one was, as you admitted, nearly illegible, and that in the letterv section of section two not much better, but your writing is still interesting, whether or not it can be read...

I hardly think Eney is ashamed of voting for Ike, unless he intended to vote for Adlai... Take my word for it, Nance, Stevenson would have made a lousy President. He might seem intellectual, but he's also hanky-panky, weak-willed, and mealy-mouthed, to say nothing of lacking in force... If he had been elected, and Nikita Khrushchev (see I can spell his name -- you know, that fellow who's the big boss in Russia) had said, "Adlai, cut back on your defense spending, destroy all missiles and bombs, close down ammunition factories, and release 75% of the men in your armed forces, I might be willing to discuss disarmament with you (chuckle)..." And, Adlai would have done it. Or anything political bosses and heads of state had requested.

Anyhow, I like your fanzine, even if I don't like Adlai.

EGOTAPE -- Lee Jacobs

Most interesting, and thank you. I can't guess what you have to say in the "extra bundle" tape, and can't find out, not having access to a recorder, but this goes on my fannish "must" list as something I'll have to attend to, one of these days.

Can't you just see Toskey playing all the tapes, recording the messages on paper, and averaging the lengths to make for page credits? OE'ey would never do this, however, since he would realize that all messages are not identical.

At any rate, a very worthy project, LeeJ.

WARHOON -- Richard Bergeron

Believe I've already written you a letter on this, so I'll try to find some new hooks. Incidentally, I'm in favor of waiting-list fanzines in the mailing, to serve, as you suggest, as an introduction to a new member. I feel somewhat guilty, just stepping into membership, without having contributed any pre-membership material, but really, you are the exception, and not the rule. And, might I add, you have one of the few fanzines in the mailing that is really worth 25¢/page. Not that the other fanzines in the mailing weren't enjoyed, but either the dominance of mailing comments or the mediocre appearance made them worth just what the members paid -- 50¢ -- for their inclusion in the mailing. How many members would have their fanzines printed, professionally, take

page 25, the last

the time to write a refully balanced text, and then, in addition to all production costs, and postage, pay \$2.25? Not too many.

I wouldn't be surprised if Chautauqua Lake is located in the middle of the Okefenokee Swamp...

The question, in better rhetoric, is not, "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?" but "Who has seen Courtney's Boat?"

I think Don Franson's view of apazines was just a little not-broad-minded. (Bigoted?) In fact, it seems a likely cadidate for a future Derogation. But I think the matter of where one's interests lie -- in general fandom, with general fanzines, or in an apa, with an apazine, depends upon one's favorite methods of egoboo. If a fan likes long letters of comment, interspersed with hearty egoboo, then, of course, general fandom is probably his meat. But if a fan wants his egoboo in print, where all will see it, it's the apas, for him. Isn't it likely that the faneditors who print their own egoboo in their lettercolumns are the most likely candidates for the apas?

Your question (to BHH), "Were there committed delegations in the SAPS elections?" brings to mind a rather croggling possibility; suppose that SAPS was divided into two political fashions, the Republican and the Democrats -- and every year, each faction held a convention, in which its candidates for OS and such would be nominated. For party A, John Davis; Party B, Larry Stone, as an example. Each convention would also hold a meeting in which the party platform, in SAPS, would be decided. Such a important questions as these would arise: Should GMC be invited to circumvent our waiting list? Should we castigate Earl Kemp? Should there be a dues hike? Should there be censorship of Share covers? Should I quite before I have to continue onto another stencil?

A fine, opinionated (pleasantly so) fanzine, Rich. Keep at it.

COLLODION -- Robert Lee

Harness' cover was wonderful, Bob.

If, as you suggest to Rich Bergeron, the polar ice cap melts, I don't believe many of us will care whether or not this heralds a new ice age...

Speaking of Lolita, as you were doing, have you read that James Mason, already signed (I presume) for one of the leads in the movie of that name, wants Tuesday Weld to play the twelve-year-old girl? Twelve years old! Mighod! That old lecher is either losing his ever-loving mind, or he has an ulterior motive or two.

Tuesday, at least, isn't being typed; she's currently appearing in "Sex Kittens Go to College" where she plays one of the title roles...

RETRO -- Foldy Mig Busby

I'm not sure what triggered this particu ar question, but I believe it had something to do with Alex King. Namely, what, sir, do you think of Oscar Levant, the sick fellow? He's either a hypocondriac (spelling?) of the first water, or a darned convincing actor -- I tend to favor the latter. But his tales of being crazy and his nasty digs just convulse me.

True, as you say to Terwilleger (though it might as well have been aimed at Schaffer, I guess), a teacher must be willing to repeat instructions -- after all, just who pays attention to the teacher when it's so much easier (and more fun) to make time with some good looking girls at the end of a period. And giving instructions or assignments at the beginning doesn't work too well, either, as most students, myself included, would then use the period for completing the assignment.

Why don't I have more comments on RETRO -- it was certainly interesting, Buz.

COMMENTS ON THE PILLAR POLL -- Lee Jacobs

Quite interesting, Lee -- but why didn't you give your opinions? They would have been of interest, I'm sure. I don't feel I should comment on this, being new to SAPS and all, but I agree that there should be a few more categories. -30-

