

Number Two of a Series

SHARE

THE

RAPP



Now what reason do we use this week  
to cancel Sgt. Rapp's leave?

SHARE THE RAPP

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number two of a series  
in honor of the wedding of  
nancy share to art rapp

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published 1961 by the Fan Hillton Press

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This magazine was published in a limited edition  
of 140 copies, of which this is number:

62

and is the personal copy of:

*ED MESKEYS*

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May the gods bless you both!

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Secret Agent X7-6/8 reporting again.

Subjects, Rapp and Share, marriage of.

Revision is date of wedding. Latest information, received today through secret channels (after all, the mail is supposed to be secret) from the sweet unspoiled and innocent NanShare, says that Art couldn't get there when planned, and now plans to get to Danville the 24th or 25th. I think it will take several days to get the license.

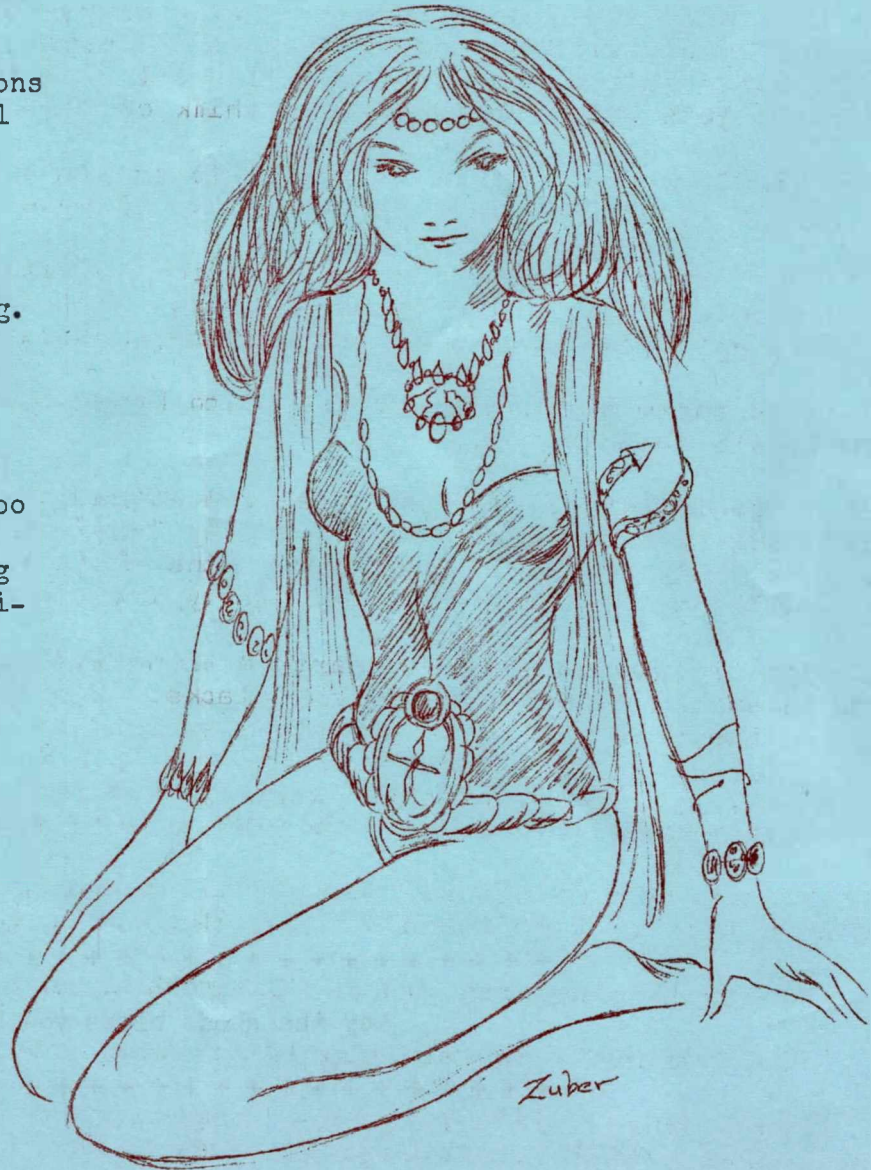
The plot to get copies of the special zine delivered to them at their wedding hit a snag. Had tried to play it sneaky and wrote asking Nance for the address of her sisiter, ex-fan Marie-Louise Share. Felt she'd make a good possibility for delivery for she knows enough about fandom to understand. I told Nance I wanted to have Marie-Louise give me some additional imformation for an article I might have in my next SAPSzine.

This didn't work. Nance said that her sister had dropped fandom, that she didn't know her present address, had never heard of such a person, and what kind of article would I have in my zine, anyway?

Somehow I get the idea she was a bit suspicious of my intentions which shows fandom has her well conditioned. Can see it now: Art says "I do" and from the conditioning of ten years of coping with the male fan mind, Nance will make a cortical-thalamic pause before accepting.

Can't do anything for the zine except offer my best wishes. Got a letter from Al Toth the other day in which he declined to write, too. He just felt too close to both Art and Nance to write anything without becoming maudlin or embarrassingly sentimental. I feel the same way and have a wastebasket full of proof. Just say that I think their getting married is wonderful and I expect it to stay so wonderful, any "wish the best" would be ambiguous.

Wnai





It was the night before the big wedding day and all but two of the Fan Hillton Mob, plus a few of the usual hungry visitors, were sitting around, frowning at what was going on in each and every mind. That thought was of a couple of soon-to-be ruined lives. Two fans were soon to be committing matrimony.

Of course they all knew it would be unfannish and unfortunate for any more fans to become married, and every one -- or nearly everyone -- was very determined to circumvent the disaster as effectively as was unhumanly possible.

Pelz suddenly jumped from the sofa, where he'd been sipping honey mead and unholstered his brand new deadly weapon; a zap gun loaded with purple hekto jelly, and screamed, "I know! I know! We'll get the preacher before he gets Art. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Simply because it is unethical to squirt a preacher with hekto jelly," put in the right Rev. Jack Harness. "We'll have to be more fannish."

"Why not use corflu?" suggested Ernie Wheatley, "Henstell must have a storehouse of it, which he never uses. That way we'd erase the preacher entirely and leave no black mark on our reputation...or on the sidewalk."

Jack threw him a dirty look, which Ernie calmly brushed off, along with Typo's shedded fur.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, but actually from one corner of the LASFS meeting room came a shrill voice, "Hey! Like, hey! I mean, guys, hey, why don't we let Koning blow up the whole city?" In the silence that followed, Henstell went back to typing stencils.

Bjo finally made her appearance along with John, who was trying to keep Spindrift away from his dark slacks. Bjo looked around at the Mob, glaring fiercely. "I hope you are all proud of yourselves..."

"Gee, Bjo," said Lichtman quickly, "we thought you'd understand about kidnapping Art to keep him away from femmes...."

"I see no such thing! You are all a bunch of misguided fans! You don't realize that marriage is beautiful. Where would we be without it?"

"In jail?" inquired John, "Disinheirited by your rich uncles? What?"

"Oh, you men! You are hopeless! Now, John, isn't marriage lovely?"

"Well, sure. It's sharing...togetherness...extra added attractions like a free artist...and lots of free...."

"JOHN!"

"...time to do fanac because someone else is cooking dinner," finished John with an evil chuckle.

"As I was saying," continued Bjo, with a warning glance at John, "is that marriage is really wonderful. Why even Giovanni Scognamillo says it feels different to be married...."

"Ha! That feeling probably comes from the barrel of the shotgun his wife holds next to his head while he write all those charming things about being married," snarled Pelz.

"Men!" said Bjo, because she couldn't think of a cleverer rejoinder. She disappeared into the studio to paint, while John searched thru the stack of papers on the piano for letters of comment on Shaggy.

On Bjo's departure, everyone climbed out from under the rugs, behind chairs and off the Gestetner cabinet; now willing to show off their obvious male superiority.

"Well, what are our plans, now?" inquired Ted Johnstone.

"Best thing would be to warn Art and leave on a visit to Mervyn Barrett, eh?" suggested Don Simpson.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke, followed by a flash of blinding light and a medium-small clap of thunder.

"A little less noise on those stairs, Bruce," shouted Bjo from the studio.

Before the fan's eyes appeared a small queer-looking little fellow. His ears were quite as pointed as in Padgett stories and his wings were filter-tipped. He wore the tiniest little beanie you ever saw. In one hand he carried a miniature bow and in the other a pouch full of plonkers. From behind his thick, unrimmed glasses, the fans could see two popping red eyeballs which had obviously seen too much partying in the last twenty-four hours.

"Ahem", came a sound from the quaint little mouth, "I'm st0...Cupid!"

Ernie dropped his cigarette in the Gestetner, which was later cause for his turning in a three-alarm fire call; Ern sure loves that Gestetner!

"I've just entered fandom," said the little figure, "and so I thought I'd jaunt down here to discuss Randall Garrett and Analog and like that with you all and maybe even get some tips on my projected fanzine, Science Fiction Analogous if I'm lucky...."

The whole group groaned in unison, except Henstell, who enthusiastically sold him a sub to Esoterique along with pointers on repro. The little man looked around in awe. "Gee, you're all goshwow BNFs, huh?"

The assembled fans tried to look modest and failed miserably.

Well, said Cupid, rather reluctantly, "I didn't know how to tell you at first, but I'm here on business. Now, I know how you feel, but I've

got a job to do...."

The fen looked alarmed, and Pelz looked to the priming of his gun.

"I mean, I know that marriage is murder, but still it's been my job for centuries to spread love around and encourage mankind into taking that path. A really boring job, but you know; a fellow's gotta live..." The little figure busied himself with the bow and plonkers. "Anyway, now I'm looking to fandom for some new interest, and maybe some...er...egoboo while I'm at it, you know?"

Don Simpson tried to escape into the kitchen, but Cupid dutifully drew his little bow and plonked each and every fan in the room. He looked in dismay at the slowly spreading purple hekto jelly all over his wings, and then vanished.

"Say," Ernie remarked, "I feel different, somehow....like the whole world was made of chocolate cream pie!"

"I feel sort of strange, too," said Pelz in a faraway voice, "I think I'll...write....a nice letter....to.....GM Carr....or maybe even...i. Belle...." and he went upstairs in search of a typer.

John was not visibly affected, except that he finally gave up ignoring the affection-starved cat at his feet, and stroked Spindrift vigorously in spite of the dangers of silver fur all over his new slacks.

"Everything looks brighter...richer...more full of life," said Don, "I think I'll go fix the biggest peanut-butter and salami sandwich anyone has ever seen!"

"Gee, everyone is acting so strange," observed Henstell, as Lichtman helped him with his spelling, "...sort of like a big old magic one-shot session or something...."

"That's it!" chorused everybody. "Why don't we put out a one-shot for Nancy and Art just to show them how happy we are about their marriage and all?" Whereupon they dashed into the studio and began explaining their plan to Bjo all at once.

She listened and said, "You mean like the Fanzine for BJohn you did for us?" And they nodded happily. "I think that's a fine idea, though Nan and Art probably won't read their fanzine on their honeymoon, as we did."

The fen looked at each other blankly, while John smiled slyly, but offered no further explanation.

"As a matter of fact, let's get to work," said Bjo, and they did; and here it is, and we hope everything is just fine, even if the Fan Hillton Mob cannot sing "Love and Marriage" in perfect harmony for Art and Nan or be at the wedding to throw rice pudding or like that.

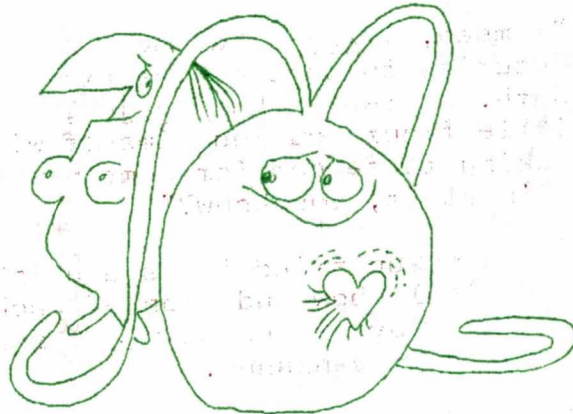
---Craig Cochran---

Now isn't it a darned shame,  
That we must now lose Art Rapp,  
Just like so many others,  
To a lovely female trap.

Then may I propose a toast,  
To this husband and his wife,  
"May all their fanzines be  
BNFish all their life!"

Congratulations

Don F. Anderson

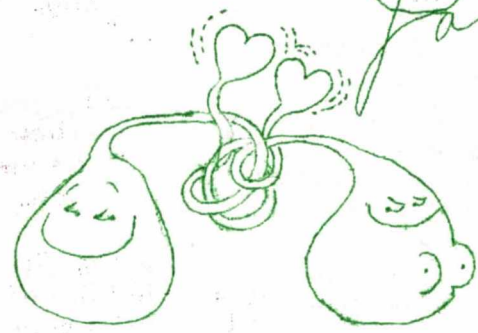


I most certainly would like  
To join this little party,  
Too bad I have no talent  
For things that come out arty.

Can't say I know these friendly fen,  
From Art, I have had a letter.  
Nan, I've seen around the fanlanes,  
But, I'd love to know them better.

So, I do hope they won't mind  
My little bit of daffiness,  
'Cause, I most sincerely wish them  
Worlds and worlds of happiness!

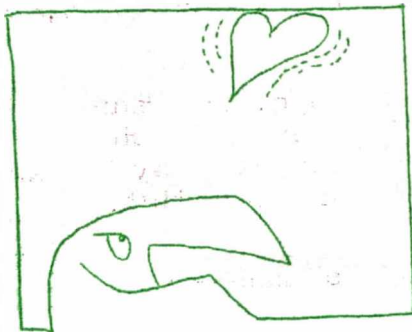
Janey



Thus, while we all congratulate  
And wish the best for both of you  
May fate add special happiness  
To everything you do.

Since we all hope your wedded life  
Brings joy in many ways,  
I want to add good wishes too  
For all your everyday.

Nun S. Garden



To Nan and Art on their wedding day  
I find I have a few words to say.  
First I wish you lots of cheer  
Throughout each and every coming year

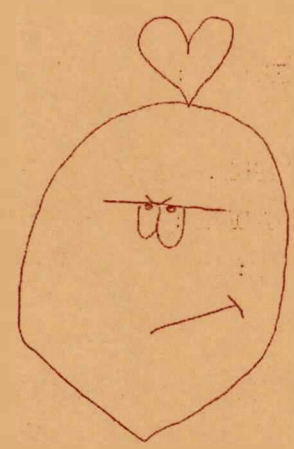
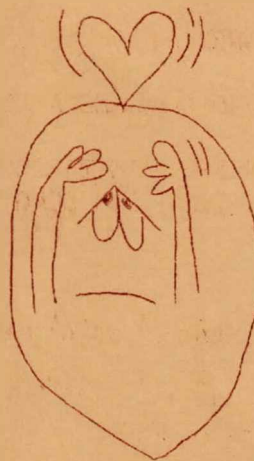
Breath a fervent prayer to Foo or Ghu  
When you step to the alter to say  
"I do".

And when you go on your honeymoon,  
I'll bet you won't be back too soon.

Lenny Kause



I have been asked by the otherwise well-meaning publishers of this volume to contribute a few of my typically poorly-chosen words about Art and Nancy Rapp. This was a bad idea, although they couldn't have known it, because the first word that comes to mind when I think of Art Rapp is too obscene to print. Most of the words that come into my mind when I think of Art Rapp are too obscene to print, and the rest are too derogatory to print.



Art Rapp spoiled one of the most grandiose schemes I have ever conceived, and the one which otherwise probably had the best chance of success. After learning last spring, much to my surprise, that Nanshare had never met a single fan except her sister, I immediately concocted a scheme for being the first to visit her. I would be going to college in Pennsylvania, and surely I would be able to make my way from Lancaster to Gettysburg some weekend. What a way to get my name in the FANCY GORILLA III!

And then along comes Art Rapp and not only visits Nanshare but later takes her to the Pittcon where she can meet several hundred fans! That I was one of them makes no difference. I'm mad! Now he's marrying her and taking her off to Texas, which is almost as impossibly far from Pennsylvania as it is from New York.

I have other things against this marriage. I detest the idea of sweet, unspoiled Miss Nanshare becoming sour, spoiled Mrs. Nanrapp. And I don't approve of mixed marriages between members of different religions. Visions of a great battle between a purple beaver and a brick-throwing mouse are horrible enough to drive me to more drink. And Art and Nancy didn't even have enough consideration to get married while I was still on the SAPS waiting list. No, they had to wait until I was a member and wouldn't be moved up a place; how nasty can you get?

In all honesty, I must say that the primary purpose of all these objections is to fill up space. It didn't occur to me until a moment ago that I know enough about Art and Nancy to write a full-fledged article about them. I've read their SAPSazines and met them both. What more does an imagination like mine need? (I don't even need that; I could concoct a completely fictitious description and few people would know the difference because they are such mysterious characters anyway.) The only trouble is that this tribute to a monumental fannish event will doubtless be filled with descriptions far more accurate than those I could imagine, so I will not try to describe Art and Nancy except to say that Art is dark and mysterious and Nancy is pretty and mysterious.

Despite my many justified gripes, somewhere within me I can find the magnanimity to wish the Rapps a long and happy marriage, filled with SAPS Pillar Poll successes, many fanzines, and a few other joint productions.

Les Gerber

"WHEN A MERRY MAIDEN MARRIES, SORROW GOES AND PLEASURE TARRIES;  
EVERY SOUND BECOMES A SONG, ALL IS RIGHT AND NOTHING'S WRONG!"

"THEN LET THE THROG OUR JOY ADVANCE,  
WITH LAUGHING SONG AND MERRY DANCE..."

...from...

PLAINTIFF: *Oh, joy unbanded, with wealth surrounded, the knell is sounded  
of grief and we.*

COUNSEL: *With love devoted, on you he's doated, to castle moated away they go.*

DEFENDANT: *I wonder whether they'll live together in marriage tether in manner true?*

USHER: *It seems to me, sir, of such as she, sir, a judge is he, sir,  
and a good judge too.*

ALINE: *Oh, merry young heart, bright are the days of thy wooing! Lut happier far  
the days untried -- no sorrow can mar, when Love has tied the knot  
there's no undoing. Then, never to part, young heart! Then, never to part!*

JOSEPHINE, *Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen, the clouded sky is now serene, the god of  
HEBE, RAIFI, day - the orb of love, has hung his ensign high above, the sky is  
DICK DEAD-EYE: all ablaze.*

MABEL & *Oh, here is love, and here is truth,  
FREDERIC: And here is food for joyous laughter.*

ANGELA: *All, old, old tale of Cupid's touch! I thought as much -- I thought as much!*

LORD CHANCELLOR, *While the sun shines make your hay -- where a will is, there's a  
LORD MOUNTARARAT, way: -- beard the lion in his lair -- none but the brave  
LORD TOLLOLLER: deserve the fair!*

*Nothing venture, nothing win -- blood is thick, but water's thin --  
in for a penny, in for a pound -- it's Love that makes the  
world go round!*

PRINCESS IDA: *With joy abiding, together gliding through life's variety, in sweet  
society, and thus enthroning the love I'm owning, on this atoning  
I will rely!*

HILARION: *When day is fading, with serenading and such frivolity of tender  
quality -- with scented showers of fairest flowers, the happy  
hours will gaily fly!*

NANKI-POO: *The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra-la, breathe promise of merry  
sunshine -- as we merrily dance and we sing, Tra-la, we welcome  
the hope that they bring, Tra-la, of a summer of roses and wine.*  
.....

RICHARD, ROBIN  
& ROSE: *In sailing o'er life's ocean wide your heart should be your only  
guide; with summer sea and favoring wind, yourself in port  
you'll surely find.*  
.....

ELSIE & FAIRFAX: *When a wooer goes a-wooing, naught is truer than his joy,  
Maiden hushing all his suing -- boldly blushing -- bravely coy!  
Oh, the happy days of doing! Oh, the sighing and the suing!  
When a wooer goes a-wooing, oh, the sweets that never cloy!*  
.....

TESSA: *When a merry maiden marries, sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;  
Every sound becomes a song, all is right and nothing's wrong!  
From today and ever after let our tears be tears of laughter.  
Every sigh that finds a vent be a sigh of sweet content!  
Every flower is a rose, every goose becomes a swan,  
Every kind of trouble goes where the last year's snows have gone!*

ALL THE CHORUS: *Bridegroom and bride!  
Knot that's insoluble,  
Voices all voluble  
Hail it with pride.  
Bridegroom and bride!  
We in sincerity,  
Wish you prosperity,  
Bridegroom and bride!*

*And especially from  
Bruce Pelz:*

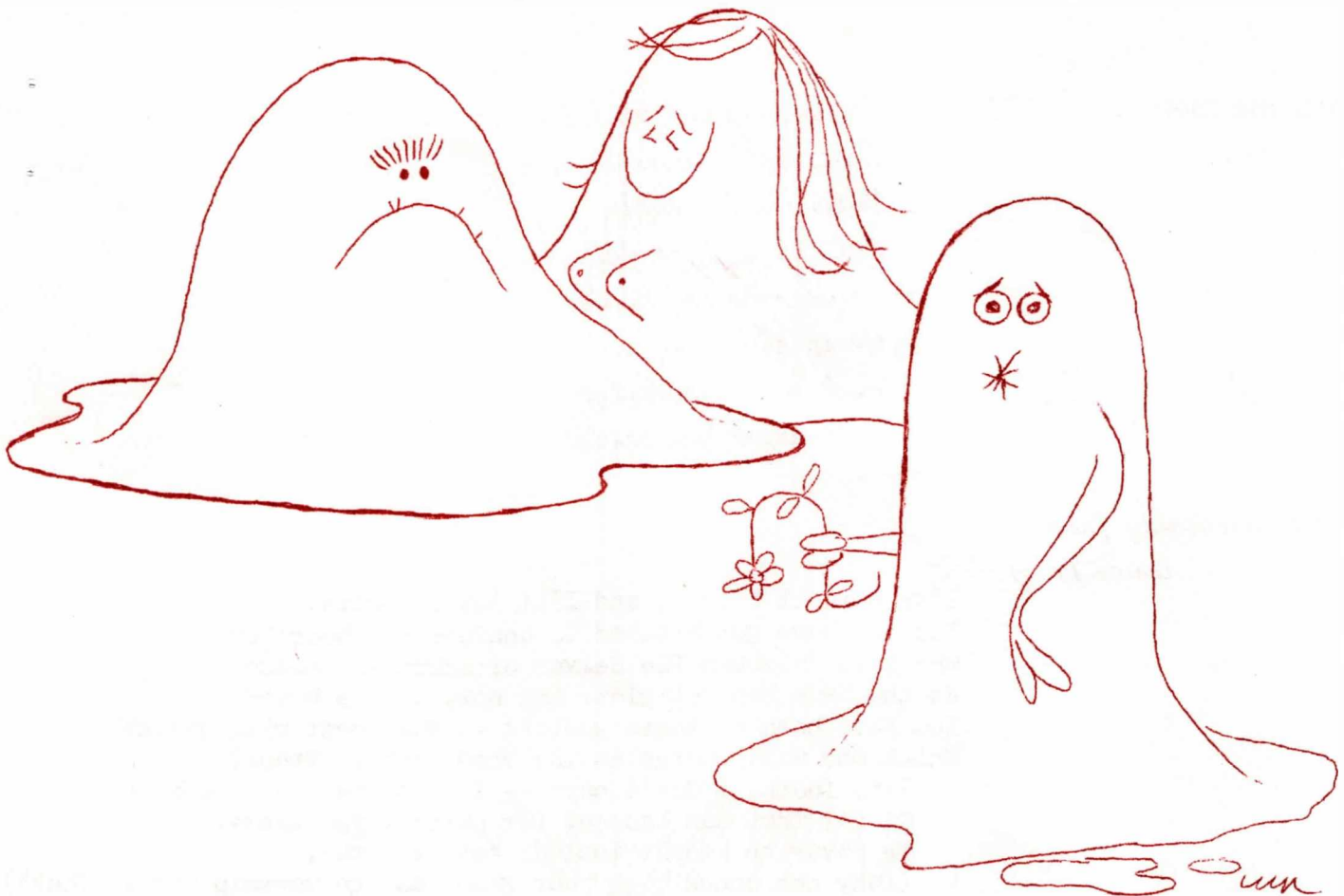
*I've said it before, and I'll say it again:  
You two have got hitched to confuse the poor fen  
Who have followed The Beaver or maybe The Mouse  
As the True Fan Religion. And now, in one house  
You have both of these godlets -- what next will ensue?  
Which one will emerge as the Ghod that is True??  
But, foosh, I don't care -- I just wish you the best  
Of all that can happen! (Or haven't you guessed --  
My Favorite People include both you two.)  
((Why not chuck both your ghods and go worship Ghreat Ghu?))*

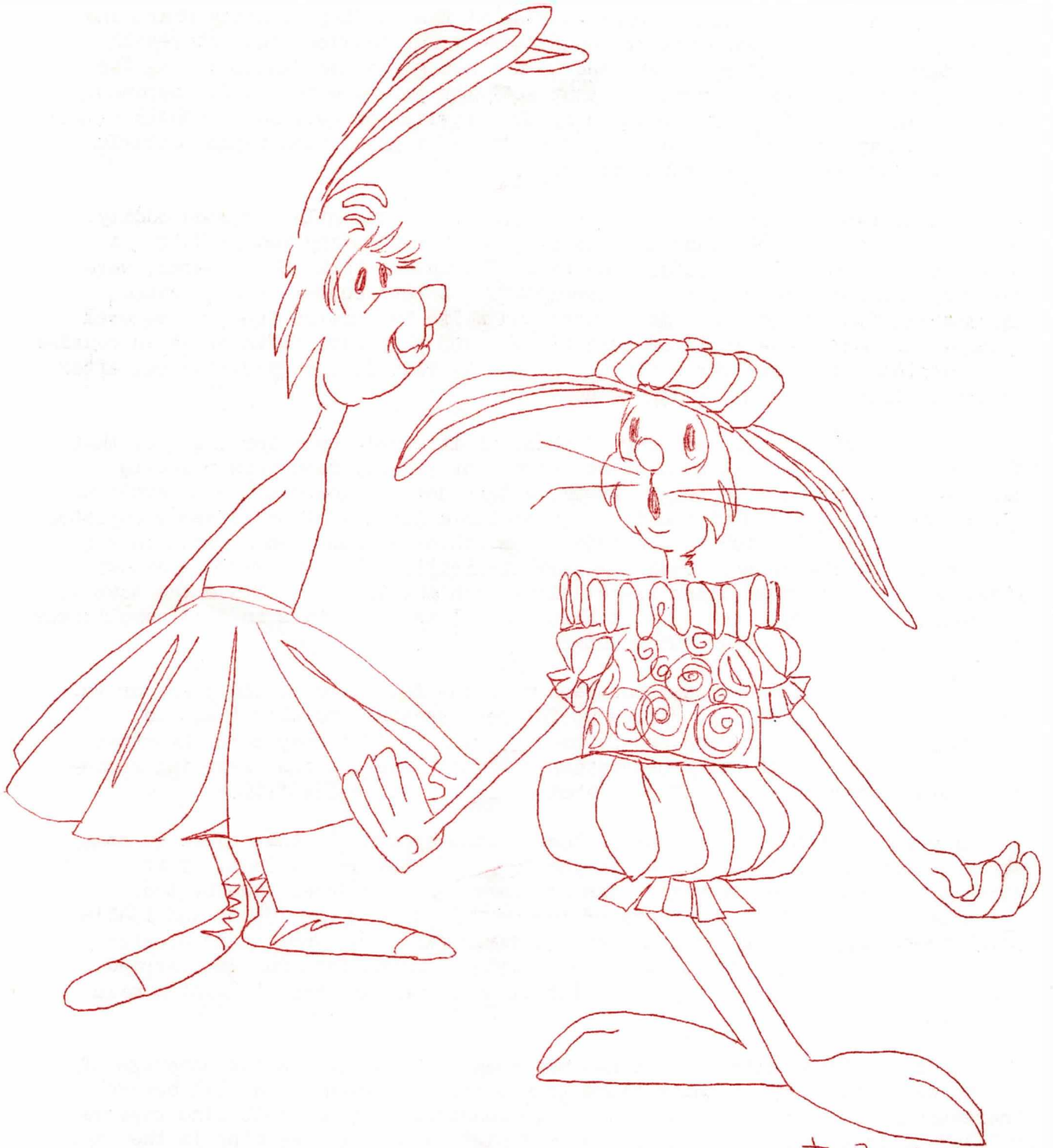
Art and Nanshare Rapp  
(Of SAPS):  
I'd laud beyond the moon  
The noble traits which you possess  
And which you have combined so soon.

But still I know you not  
(Great Scott!  
The friendship I have missed  
If even one report says sooth)  
And so your joys I cannot list.

But even so, you see  
(Hee hee),  
You've shortened up the line.  
Your marriage gives to us who wait  
A joy almost as great as thine.

---Ruth Berman---





J. Burbee

A broken hip prevented me from dancing at the wedding of Nancy Share and Art Rapp. This is probably as it should have been, because I do not recall any wedding ceremony in my experience in which a guest who danced during the ceremony was permitted to continue that activity for more than a few seconds. However, in place of getting bounced by the minister or best man, I shall simply advise the happy newlyweds that they are part of a grand plan begun centuries ago, which is leading inevitably to incest.

During fan history research, I ran across an apparently isolated oddity. Les Croutch, a prominent Canadian fan during the 1940's and Ted E. White, a Canadian fan who vanished before the Falls Church-New York TEW appeared, were visiting one day. Their mothers happened to get into conversation. Bingo, the mothers discovered that the Croutch and White had common ancestry several generations back in an indirect sort of way, and they were fifth or sixth cousins, possibly removed two or three times. Mind you, this discovery came about after both had become friends through fandom.

I would have thought nothing of this, if it hadn't been for the fact that Elinor Busby told me that some of her people originally came from a little Maryland community called Beaver Creek, a half-dozen miles east of Hagerstown. By coincidence, I found at about the same time a listing of my father's ancestors. It traced the family back to the 1750's, and three or four generations in a row were buried at the Beaver Creek cemetery, indicating that the Warners either lived there or had some close associations with the village. Since the town is so small, it is very possible that Elinor and I are relatives in some complicated manner tracing back to the 19th century.

"Sensitive fannish faces" has been a cliché for the past ten years or so. But such stock phrases must spring up for some reason, and when I got to thinking about White-Croutch and Busby-Warner, I began to pay more attention than usual to the Pittsburgh convention accounts, wherein fan after fan recognized other fans as such, before learning their precise identity.

I wouldn't put any particular stock in the hypothesis that there is some vague general resemblance common to the faces of most or all fans, if it weren't for the manner in which fans are marrying each other, two by two. There was an unfortunate shortage of female fans during the 1930's and 1940's which forced some prominent male fans to marry girls who weren't interested in fandom. But during the past decade, most prominent fans who get married pick as a partner for the nuptial enterprise someone who has at least a mild interest in fandom.

These isolated bits of evidence may seem as unrelated as the chapters of a van Vogt novel. But I think there is a pattern in them which will become increasingly clear as the years whiz by. Consider: various fans find they're related to other fans from out of the dim past, a subtle something in the face that causes fans to be spotted as such, the tendency for fans to marry one another. Add to these shreds of evidence another significant matter: almost all active fans live in North America, the British Isles, Australia, and a small area of western Europe. And there aren't any full-blooded Indian, Negro, or Australian bushman fans.

You don't have much choice. You must admit that all this is too much to be coincidental. It looks very much as if all of us fans great and small, famed or obscure, old and young alike, might be the distant descendants of just one male and one female who lived somewhere in England at a time that may range anywhere from 1200 to 1700. Some of their children or great grandchildren migrated to the United States, at least one or two of their descendants were deported to Australia, and we can account for fandom in Scandinavia, Germany and France by the assumption that some descendants of the original couple ran away from battlefields during the Napoleonic campaigns or some other such war and settled down in the continent of Europe.

It would be nice to know the names and place of residence and exact life-span of the couple who spawned the generations who have now begun to produce fans. The man may have been an alchemist who ran across something which caused the genes to become exceptionally recessive in his line of descent, so that only since 1930 or thereabouts have his qualities been reappearing in young men and women in certain parts of the world. Or this couple may have been a true superpair with such titanic abilities that they and their more immediate descendants kept their mental powers in careful control and hiding, and only now after so many generations are the inherited powers so weakened that we can exert ourselves to the fullest without producing anything more outstanding than a mentin in Fanac.

By now it should be obvious that destiny lies ahead for fans. Male fans are marrying female fans almost as rapidly as the supply of the latter variety permits. After a decent interval of time, these newlyweds become the parents of second-generation fans who mingle with other children of fans at club meetings and conventions. By 1975 or thereabouts, we shall undoubtedly begin to have a new type of linkage among fans, in the form of marriages between the members of the second generation who will link up famous names in both the legal and the biological sense.

It will probably be three or four more generations before the complex of interrelationships among fans who are now only distantly related becomes so strengthened by this selective breeding that the descendants of today's fans will approach the true powers or nature of the fannish Adam and Eve from whom we are all descended. It is impossible to determine at present whether this historical process will result in one climactic fan, the product of the generations, or a whole race of hundreds of fans with equal powers. Either is equally likely, because it is widely known that marriage between relatives strengthens whatever characteristics these individuals possess.

I hope that Nancy and Art will be happy, even if they discover some day that they had a great-great uncle in common and realize how much help they're getting from destiny.



--- Harry Warner

SOME PSEUDO-NOT-POETRY FOR THE NEWLYWEDS

Do we give a Rapp?  
Yes, we do!  
To whom do we give  
Him? To you,  
Nancy Share, to you!

Do we wish to Share  
Nancy's heart  
With a fan by the  
Name of Art?  
Yes, Art, we do, Art.....

We know that in the mundane world  
It's the bride that's "given", that's true.  
But we give Art to Nan,  
On our Share-the-bride plan,  
For it's the fannish thing to do. . .

And now at your bidding,  
We'll stop all this kidding,  
And stop writing poetry that's "not".  
To the groom and his wife  
We wish a long, happy life!  
What more can we say?

---Len & Anna Moffatt---





SEX o'clock in the morning  
OR HAVE WARDROBE - WILL TRAVEL  
OR LEAP YEAR

I like going to weddings...especially fannish ones.

Trouble is, I've only ever been to one.

I am privileged to say that way back in 1956 or thereabouts I was invited to the wedding of vile pro and sometime faan James White and his femme fatale Peggy. I had a wonderful time. True, I had to be carried home, but the fact remains that I was enraptured for days, even though there was one discordant note. I was approached by a fan artist of considerable repute and well known over the science fiction field (sorry I've forgotten his name) and asked for my autograph. At the time, I was in full possession of my faculties, and someone lifted me up and I wrote "John Berry" with a flourish. The artist (who painted snazzy front covers for NEW WORLDS, etc,) sagged backwards and was heard to say, "I thought he was Bryan Berry." (You may have heard of him, too, a pro writer of the mid fifties.)

The whole of Irish Fandom were at the wedding and the reception, and with much ceremony we handed James and Peggy an ATOM compiled one shot called HYMEN, which I think was a dreadful typo for HYPHEN. Atom must have been half asleep or something, because otherwise I cannot see how he managed to bitch the spelling.

And like I said, it is something proud and wonderful when two fans get married, most especially if they belong to the opposite sex.

Unfortunately, I cannot attend the nuptuals of Nancy and Art Rapp.

I shall be with them in spirit, though, and would like to take this opportunity to give them some words of advice.

I mean, I've been married for over twelve years, and I've a hell of a good memory....

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Look, bhoy, you've got to show immediately that you are the dominant member of the duo.

I wrote a thesis about the intimate aspect of the nuptual chamber in a HYPHEN some years back, and I don't want to rehash the whole thing, but whatever furniture you procure for the resultant setting up of your house, get a good wardrobe. Be a Wardrobe Jumper. I've advocated this for years. Instead of just getting into bed with your wife. be a MAN. I would be the first to admit that it is your prerogative to get into bed, but this is for weaklings.

Climb up on it, look down at Nancy, hold your nose and jump on to the bed. I guarantee without reservation that Nancy will be awe-struck. I promise she will look at you with amazement. I tell you from experience that whether you wear a crash helmet or not (this is dependant on the bed-spring tension) Nancy will realize that she has married more than a male. She has married a MAN. And she will love you for it. I know. I'm speaking from experience. When I came out of the hospital (I tried to be clever and did a wardrobe jump in complete darkness to shake Diane, forgetting she was a fresh air addict... lucky we were only on the fourth floor) I got more affection than I ever thought possible.

When you've completed twenty-five jumps (complete with ultimate objective successfully attained) write to me for a badge and certificate, I promise that a rampant wardrobe in green on a puce background suspended below your row of medal ribbons will make for prestige.

Nancy will be proud, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Nurture this boy.

He's got years of virility in him.

I know him, you see.

I met him in Detroit, and I liked what I saw.

Don't applaud him when he climbs on the wardrobe. Men like to feel that ego-boo in such circumstances warrants more than a mere hand clap. When he lands on the bed, hold him tight. It's more for self-preservation than anything else. It's not nice to be up to your ears in plaster.

Cut stencils for him.

Help him with his IPSO.

Show him that you appreciate his talent, and that goes for his fanac, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

What scope there is for you in SAPS now.

I look forward with great anticipation to your first SAPSzine after your wedding. Let's have all the details. I'm dying to get the lowdown. Surely you can beat Toskey's record for page count.... you've got all the material, and with Art's powerful descriptive ability and your delicate illoing skill I guarantee that if you pubbed a thousand issues you'd sell them.

How wonderful it is for two fans to be together, and to devote all their time to reproduction of their fanzine. I only wish my wife had a fannish spark. I'm getting tired of this blasted Bedtime Canasta until 3 a.m. Surely, as a fan, I could expect more. Make certain you don't fall into the same rut.

You are both fans of repute and ability..

Show us what you can do.....



Look.

Be good to each other.

If you've any little problems, drop me a line. I am 'Aunt Edin' in three British Women's magazines at the moment.

Be happy and have a full life,

Best wishes,

John Berry.

P.S.

Art, don't get a wardrobe with little wheels on it. I finished up at the end of a hundred foot corridor once.

PRESENTING...the International Pun Page!! Featuring fabulous works by some cat from Cheshire and a couple of well-wishers from Canada.

NATIONAL  
SOGGIE  
WEEK

SHARE TAKES RAPP!!

When word got out of the imminent Nancy Share/ Art Rapp Matrimonial affair, my mind immediately started juggling with Horrible puns (witness above).

RAPP GETS HIS SHARE AT LAST!!

Honesty  
IS THE ROAD TO  
STARVATION

It's nothing unusual (as you will find many to testify..) for my mind to consider itself with Horrible puns, but it is fairly rare that it thinks of Matrimony. My mind usually boggles at the idea. Where I am concerned.

However, as far as Other People are concerned, I'm wholly in favor of more-weddings-in-fandom. Apart from the fact that this should ensure a future generation of fans, it makes for some pretty good fanzines!!

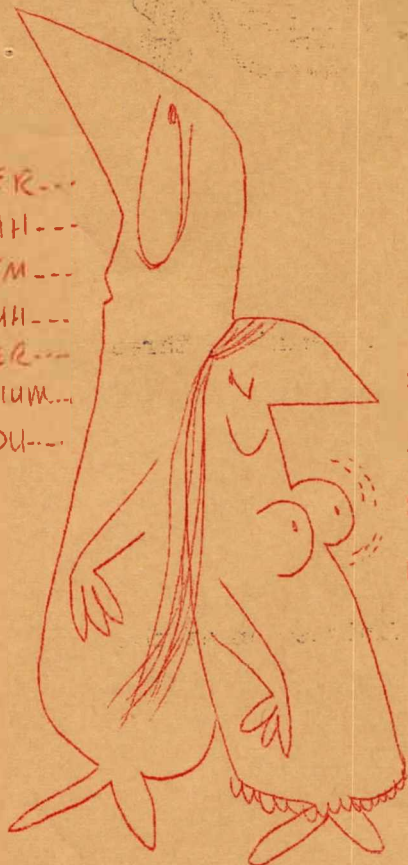
ART and NANCY

May your days be long,  
And your nights even longer...

---Eric Bentcliffe--

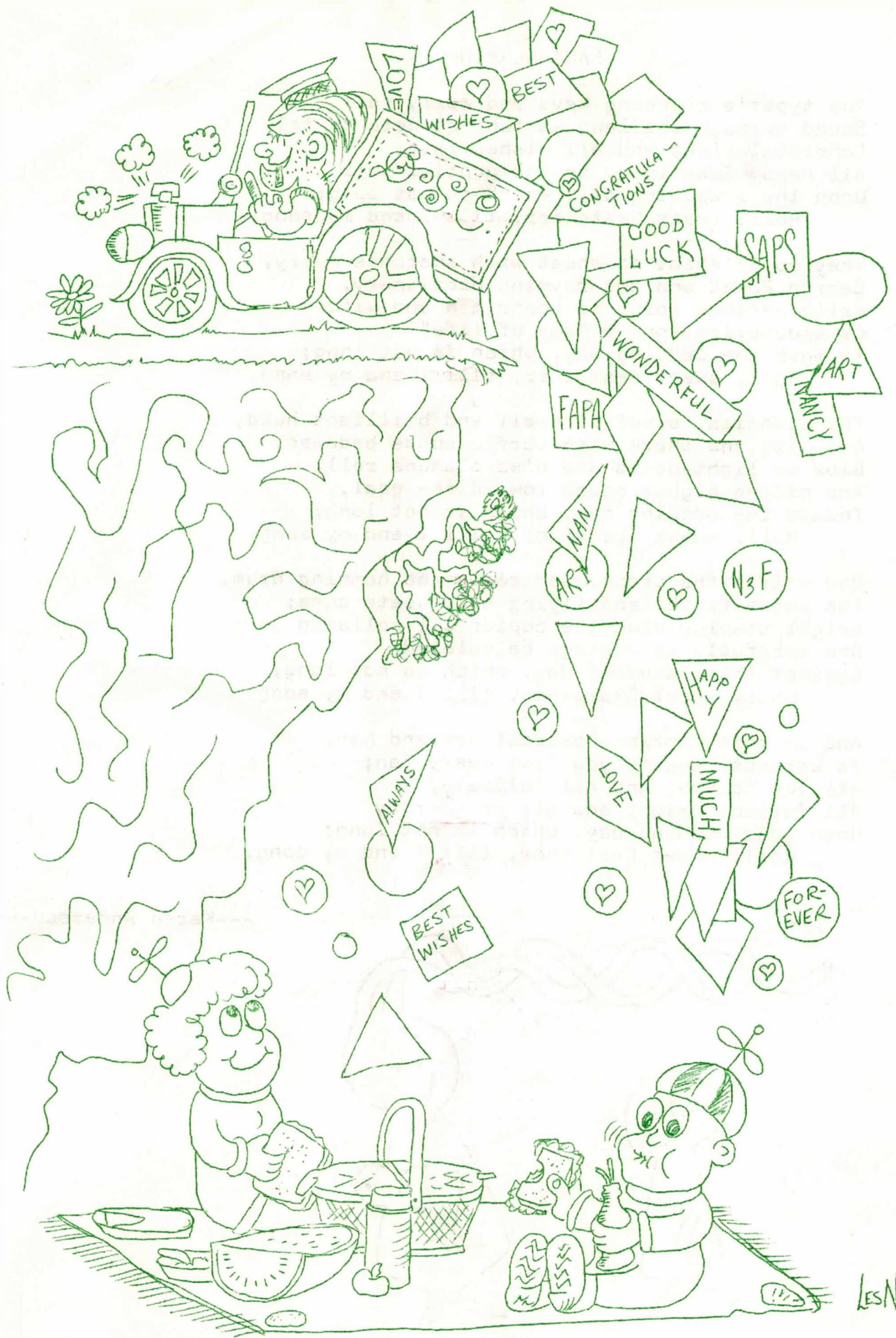
PLAN AHEAD

ER...  
AH...  
EM...  
UH...  
ER...  
HUM...  
DU...



Somehow, it doesn't seem quite fair:  
Art, we know, has got his Share,  
So Arthur is a lucky chap...  
But Nancy has to take the Rapp!

---Norm & Georgina Clarke--



## FANTHALAMION

The typer's clicking keys and merry bell  
Sound through the land as fans compete to tell  
Congratulations and all wishes fair,  
All Happy Greetings, to the nuptial pair  
Upon their wedding day, which is not long;  
Roll, sweet Gestetner, till I end my song.

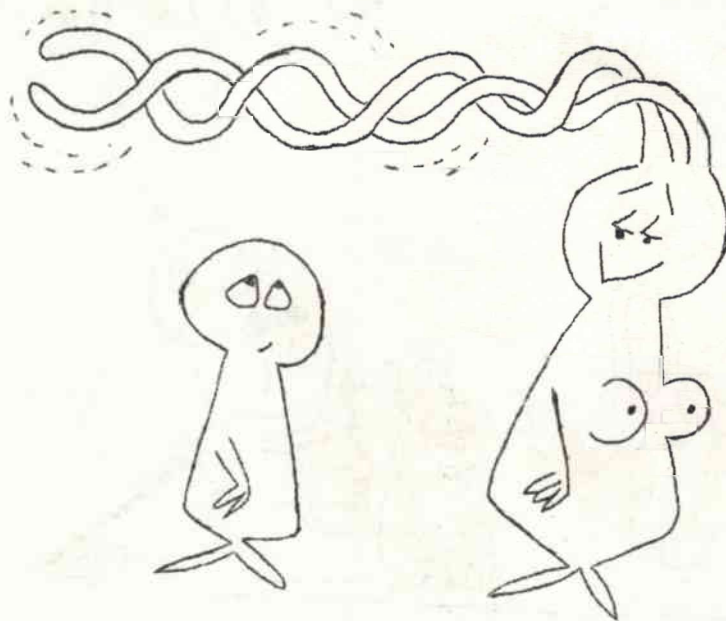
They cover sheet on sheet with sketches merry,  
Search Roget and the rhyming dictionary,  
Write serious words to honor man and wife  
Or spoonerize upon a "way of life"  
To mark the wedding day, which is not long;  
Roll, sweet Gestetner, till I end my song.

The stencils, sweet of smell and brilliant hue,  
And here and there with corflu spots bedew,  
Glow on light-boxes and o'er platens roll,  
And piling higher reach toward the goal,  
Toward the wedding day, which is not long;  
Roll, sweet Gestetner, till I end my song.

Now whirls the crank, and rolls the humming drum,  
The pages flash, and flying slipsheets come;  
Bright staples bind the copies all collated  
And carefully is postage calculated  
Against their wedding day, which is not long;  
Roll, sweet Gestetner, till I end my song.

And in this fanzine, dearest Art and Nan,  
Is warmest love to you from every fan;  
All joy to you, and all felicity,  
All fortune bright and all prosperity  
Upon your wedding day, which is not long;  
Roll, sweet Gestetner, till I end my song.

---Karen Anderson---





((For shush shush Rapp zine))

When I heard that two of my favorite Neffers, Art and Nancy, had finally taken the big plunge, I decided that I wanted to write something extra nice about them. So I sat down to the typer, and my mind went completely blank. I just sat there, staring at the keys and the nice fresh white paper, and they stared right back questioningly.

Of course, I could point out that Art is a zine publisher from 'way back, and is an expert at practically any and every medium of publishing, and that his zines set the standard at which neo publishers aim -- but shucks, anyone who has been in fandom longer than a couple of months already knows that.

I could mention that Nancy has written ream after ream of letters for the benefit of the NFFF, and that Art served the club faithfully as a Director and head of the supplies department -- but that's a matter of history, and any Neffer who is up on NFFF history also knows that.

Or I could mention that they're two of the nicest people in fandom, no matter what facet of fandom you want to look at -- publishing, con attending, fan organizations, or what not -- but that too is such an obvious fact that it isn't any news.

And so, about all I can do is to just fall back on the old mundane cliché: "Congratulations, folks. May you have a long and happy life together." And, oh yes, don't forget to bring all your kids up to be good loyal Neffers. We need the members.

-----Ralph M Holland, Pres.,  
National Fantasy Fan Federation.

*And very best wishes from  
the entire NFF to the Rapps!*

When I heard the other day that Art Rapp was going to marry Nancy Share I immediatly said to myself that by golly here someone else was sneaking into FAPA under the guise of sanctified sex.

I don't know if that is true or not because I haven't checked the memship roster lately, but it is a fine charge to level and I like it the way it stands.

About the young lady of this new grouping I know next to nothing. In fact I was heard to say in the presence of seven ornamentally arranged fans:

"This Nan Share. Is or was she ever Nan Gerding?"

About Art Rapp I know a little more. Back in 1950 Laney and I published what we thought were to be the final two issues of his genzine Spacewarp. The first one we did as a sort of mark-time to the second one we did, a gigantic 86 page thing that contained all his regular columnists plus superlative stuff by Laney and other top writers of the ers. Everybody liked it except Marion Z Bradley.

The next next-to-nothing I remember about Art is when he sent me a holograph postcard on which, on the last line, he nominated himself to run for FAPA president. I was the OE at the time and naturally included him on the ballot. In the voting, he and Marion Z Bradley tied. So Laney had a ball writing a Veep's message about splitting the office between the two of them. But MZB resigned. Her half accused me--to one of my correspondents--of writing in Rapp's name simply to bedevil her. Of course, with Rapp's holograph card as evidence I easily cleared myself of this charge.

I understand that when Rapp came out of the army--he'd given up Warp in the first place because he went into the army--he resumed the pubbing of Warp on another network. And for all I know he has continued this right down to this very day.

I can't be sure though. I live in a universe bounded on one side by FAPA, on another side by ragtime piano rolls, on another side by home brew and steam cars, and another side by the corrupting desire to own a sweet-smelling beard. I still retain enough of the amenities though to wish these guys all sorts of happiness, and to express the hope that at least one of the products of their collaboration will be a fine FAPAZine full of highclass writing and pictures of naked women.

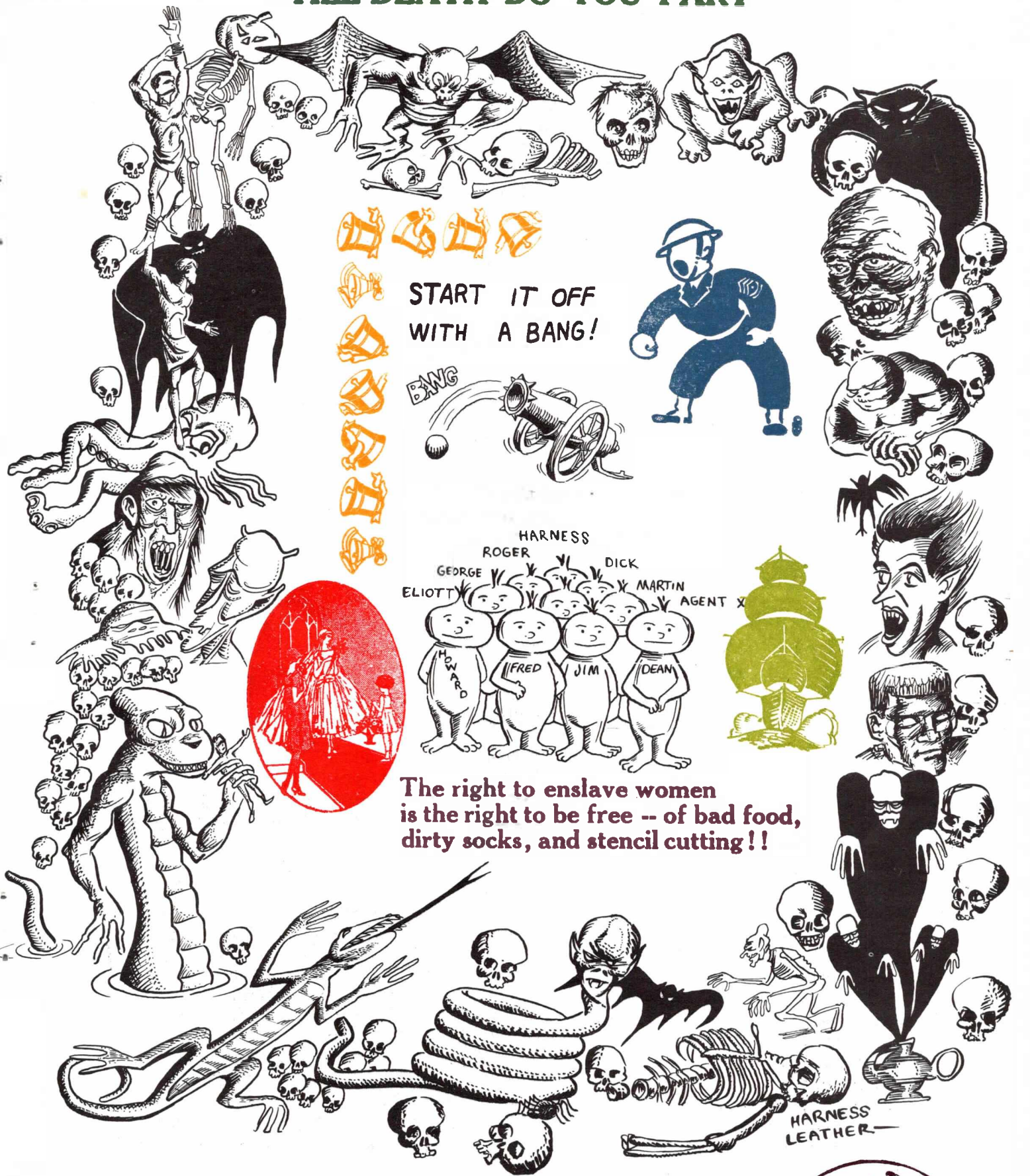
--- Charles Burbee





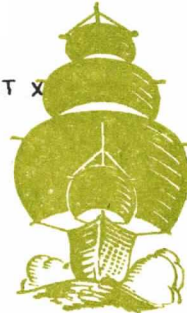
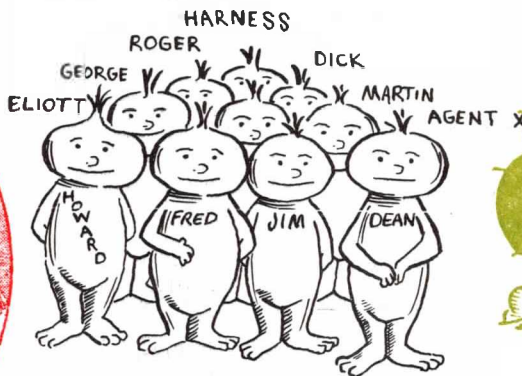
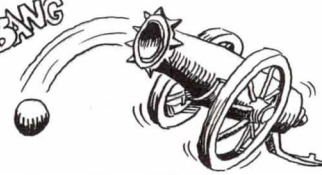
The MISFITS wish you HAPPINESS

' TILL DEATH DO YOU PART '



START IT OFF WITH A BANG!

BANG

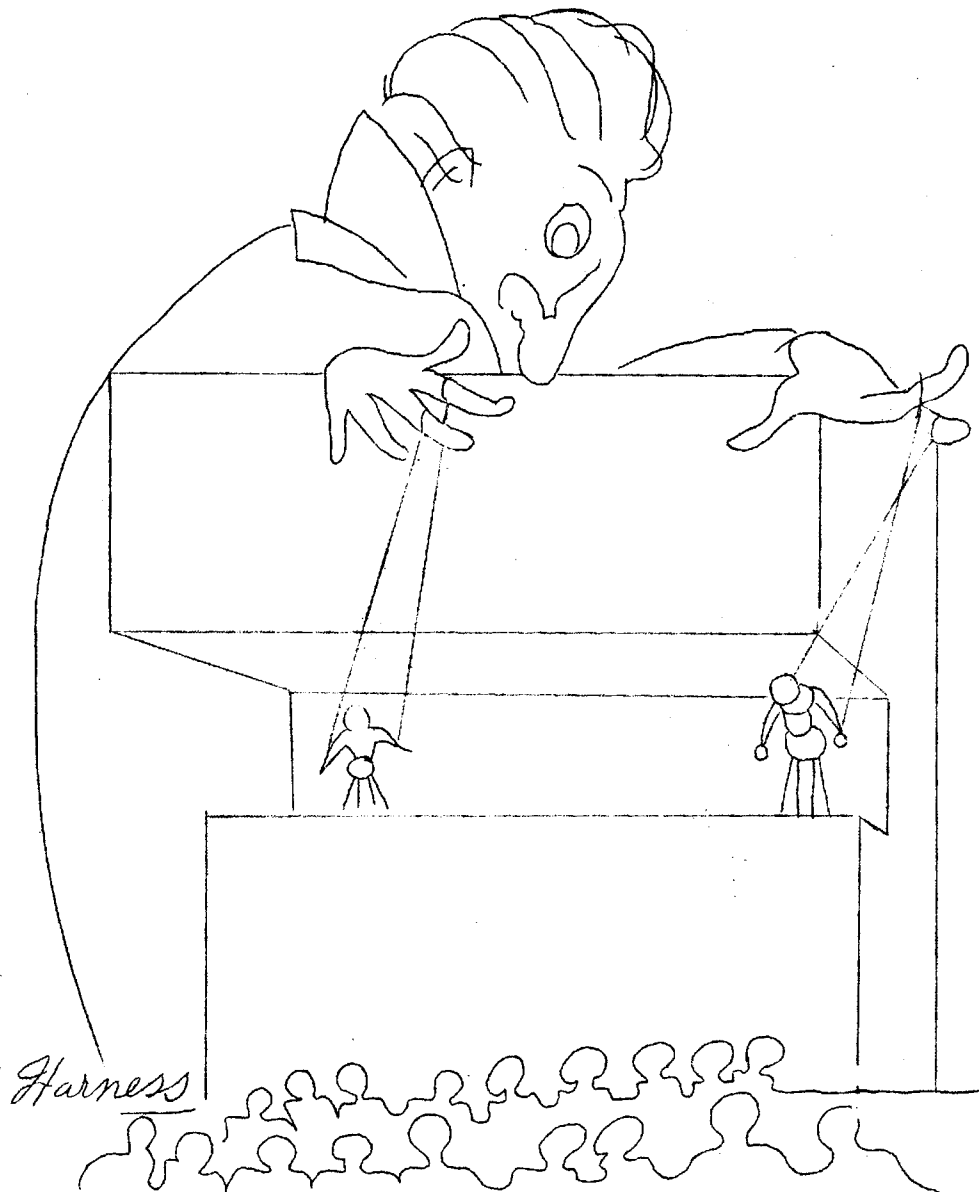


The right to enslave women is the right to be free -- of bad food, dirty socks, and stencil cutting!!

HARNESSE LEATHER

Here comes a candle to light you to bed  
Here comes a woman to bite off your head !





## Unfinished Symphony

This tale of an unfinished symphony hangs by a thread on two small puppets, a robot and a doll.....a pair of universal toys who knew nothing of life or living, only of inanimate being. They were not alone in this. They puppeted among a multitude of robots and dolls, all treading the earth with unfeeling steps.

One day the earth stopped turning for a second of time and Robot and Doll collided in mid-step with an impact that remolded their clay into a new form, strange to them. The earth turned again but this time in rhythm with a pair of melodic minds, frightened, entwined minds. The faint beginning music of telepathic interchange was muddied, unclear, clouded with turmoil. Robot and Doll were filled with fear as they began to clamber the stairway to life. He was slow, stiff-moving and Doll danced slowly behind, caught by the string of self-doubting mind.

"Let me in," cried Doll to him and was echoed by the stars. But Robot was deaf, ears closed with the scars of imposed unknowingness. They continued to climb, scared, scared, the slow-motion melodrama of their strife a mute counterpoint to far-away music. Suddenly, their slow-motion was flung wide by beauty that flared when deft mental fingers touched the keys to telepathic communication, unlocking the door to life.

The piano of their minds swept into sound, splashing them with immortality. For a brief moment, their doubt and stiffness melted away as, hand in hand, the warmth of humanity, of human love, enfolded their forms. Animate now were they. They discovered they could stand tall and sure as they sang with the stars an exquisite equation of blended emotion and full maturity, played on the keyboard of communication.

Sad-short was this blending, rare bitter-sweet. Strong mortality caught at their clay-feet, pulled them back, slowed their climb. Telepathic fingers weakened, slipped from the keys, and overture was broken, leaving flat despair.

Their oneness gone, flight was again theirs. Pain and fear accompanied their parting. Their mortality was bared, held in sway by conditioned reticence and inhibition, the well-developed lesions of unrealistic social conditioning. The overt, the physical became once more the framework for social perdition.

Robots and dolls, puppets all, boxed in life, the pianos of their minds muted with the pain of inanimate being, unknowing toys of the universe.

Weep not for these puppets. As the earth turns, they continue to clasp their hands, faint touch holding strong the thin tenuous thread of life. Fingers of exploration had dug deep, touched the keys of communication, and stirred the dust. The score of the pattern is still there, an anthem of life momentarily forerun. A turning was made and the groove cut sharp, so sharp that the slumbering will of mutative evolution became wide awake.

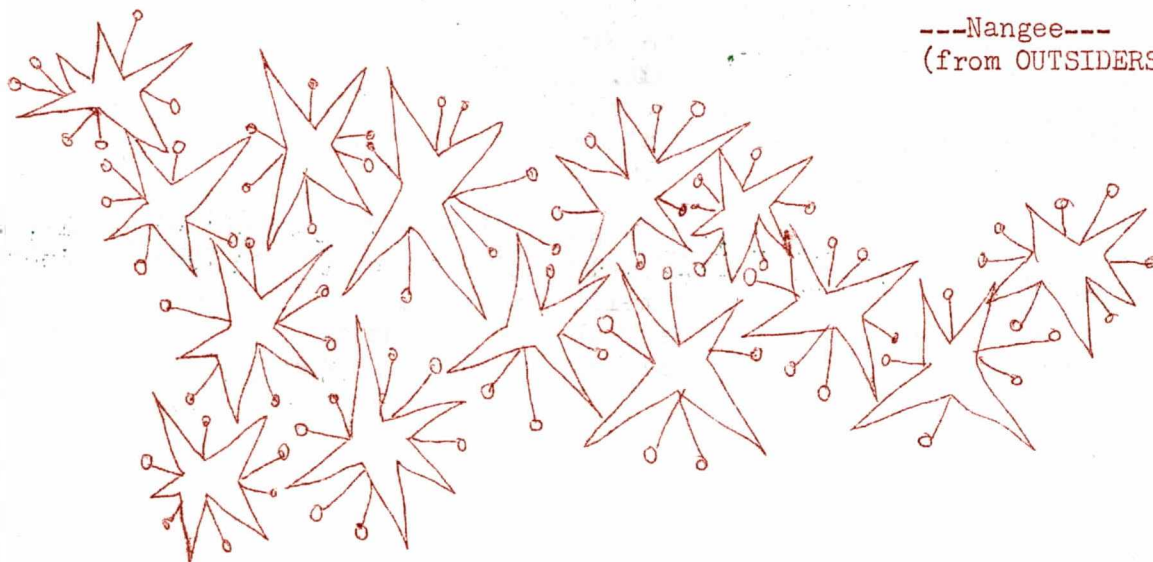
Robot and Doll may still run scared, uneasy, unsure. But the pattern woven of shining threads of maturity and the immortal strength of humanity shared holds tight the key to mind-music now clear. That it is at times a very faint quivering intermezzo matters not. It will eventually crescendo into full-throated theme for all.

The earth will continue to turn, in her agony and in her beauty. Robot and Doll will continue their tread-mill steps, lightened now with humanity's life-saving imperfections. The green enchantment of a fantasy, the discover, or the filmy substance of a dream, cannot compare with the enduring clay of their new-found human-ness. It has the smell, the feel of the good earth upon which they walk.

And as they walk, they reach not for a star but for the touch of a hand, a mind, for the touch of many such. They may dream their dreams for the sake of reality but they use reality for the sake of their dreams. The music of the universe is theirs - human maturity born of gentle understanding and full communication - a rough unfinished symphony as yet but amendable to revision and improvement by all seeking mind-hands.

That is my tale. It still hangs by a thread for which we can all be thankful. Take heed, robots and dolls, and use the thread well. You'll never be sorry.

---Nangee---  
(from OUTSIDERS # 41)

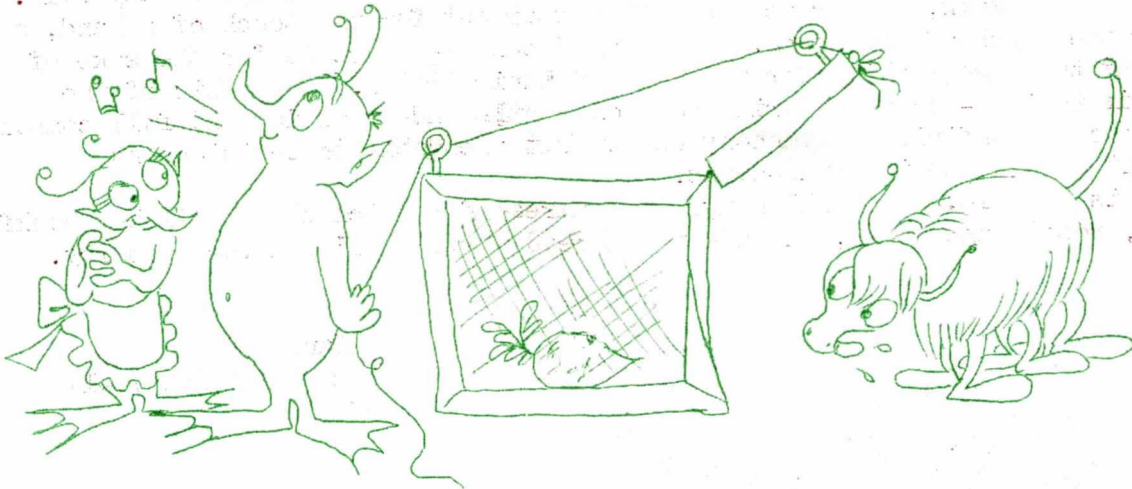


## •• MARTIAN PZILPH BALLS ••

1 medium sized Martian Pzilph\* boned and run thru grinder  
1 Ergan Swilf\*\* also run thru grinder  
1 Ovioid Cackleberry+  
1 cup macerated Spacetack++  
Seasonings to taste (Terrans usually prefer the ancient salt,  
pepper and a dash of chili powder.)

Dessicate the Swilf; add to pulverized Pzilph and Spacetack.  
Add the Cackleberry and mix thoroughly.  
Form into globules approximately 3 centimetres in diameter.  
Place in flat heated container profusely lubricated with  
oleacious substance\*\*\* until the exterior of globules has  
changed color and developed an appetizing golden-brown,  
turning frequently to prevent discoloration.  
Reduce surface temperature of container and subject to mild heat  
until thorough color penetration has been achieved.

- \* A pound of ground "hamburger" will do if you cannot obtain a juicy, tender Pzilph
- \*\* In case of necessity, an Earthian Onion may be substituted
- + Chicken eggs are best, but duck, goose, swan or pheasant eggs will do. Sturgeon eggs are not recommended
- ++ Breadcrumbs may be alternate choice
- \*\*\*Ham fat, bacon drippings, or cooking oil, but butter is best.



Congratulations, Art and Nancy -- it couldn't happen to a more SAPIent couple...  
Best wishes for a happy and productive life together, and may all your fanzines  
be great, big ones!

*MBarr*

After carrying on a futile and misguided feud in SPACEWARP, I met Art Rapp in person early in 1950. It was at a most inopportune time, for I had just been pensioned from my life-time job with the Illinois Central Railroad Company. One day, into a welter of boxes, bags, suitcases, grips and bundles that had been nailed, tied, roped and stuffed for cross-country transportation, there walked four of the top fans in fandom. Art Rapp came thru the door, followed by Bea Mahaffy, and two lads from the Detroit Clam whose names I never could remember.

We sat around on boxes and other junk and gabbed as well as any one can with a deaf person, and had coffee. I thoroly enjoyed the visit and capped it by spilling my cup of coffee all over a specially autographed copy of the current issue of SPACEWARP. Later I cleaned it off with a kneaded eraser and recovered most of the damages. That copy, along with a special package of h-c books was overlooked and left behind when we moved from Chicago to Dalton.

Art Rapp proved to be one of the most understanding, sensible and level headed fellows it has been my privilege to call a Friend. I've learned many things, most of them the hard way, since that meeting but I believe the most outstanding item is that Rapp taught me what it means to have a real friend. Were it not for Art's handling of the feud, I should have abandoned fandom; right at the start of what has been a great number of happy experiences.

I entered fandom thru the doorway of NFFF in the Spring of 1945 but it was not until after the meeting with Rapp and Mahaffy that I made up my mind to hit the first world convention that I was able to make. This came about at the Nolacon, where Bob Bloch scared the wits out of me when he glanced my way. Today I count Bob as one of my most precious friendships. The use of "precious" may seem out of place, but it is the most fitting word I know.

Over all my fanac, experiences at world cons (four), and still today, is the aura of that first meeting and behind it all I keep seeing the bespectacled face of Art Rapp, as he handed me that copy of SPACEWARP.

---Bob Farnum---



Oh well, I guess some people never learn from the experiences of others, so I guess the only thing left to say is:

*Seth Johnson* Best o' luck to  
a Y\*R\*A\*N\*D couple

*Mike Dehinger*

*Ed Meskeys*

CONGRATS

*Scotty Neilsen*

∫

*B. Joseph Fekete, Jr.*

BEST WISHES

*Art Hayes*

to Nan and Art Rapp

*Dave Prosser*

HAPPY CONNUBIAL BLISS

*Jack L. Chalkey*

and all THAT JAZZ

from Don Anderson



*Emile Greenleaf*

*Phil Harrell*

a mundane, if not a farinial,  
C\*O\*N\*G\*R\*A\*T\*U\*L\*A\*T\*I\*N\*S  
*Rich Ryan*

*Stuart S. Hoffmay*

*Orna M Carmick*

*The Webberts*

March, 1961

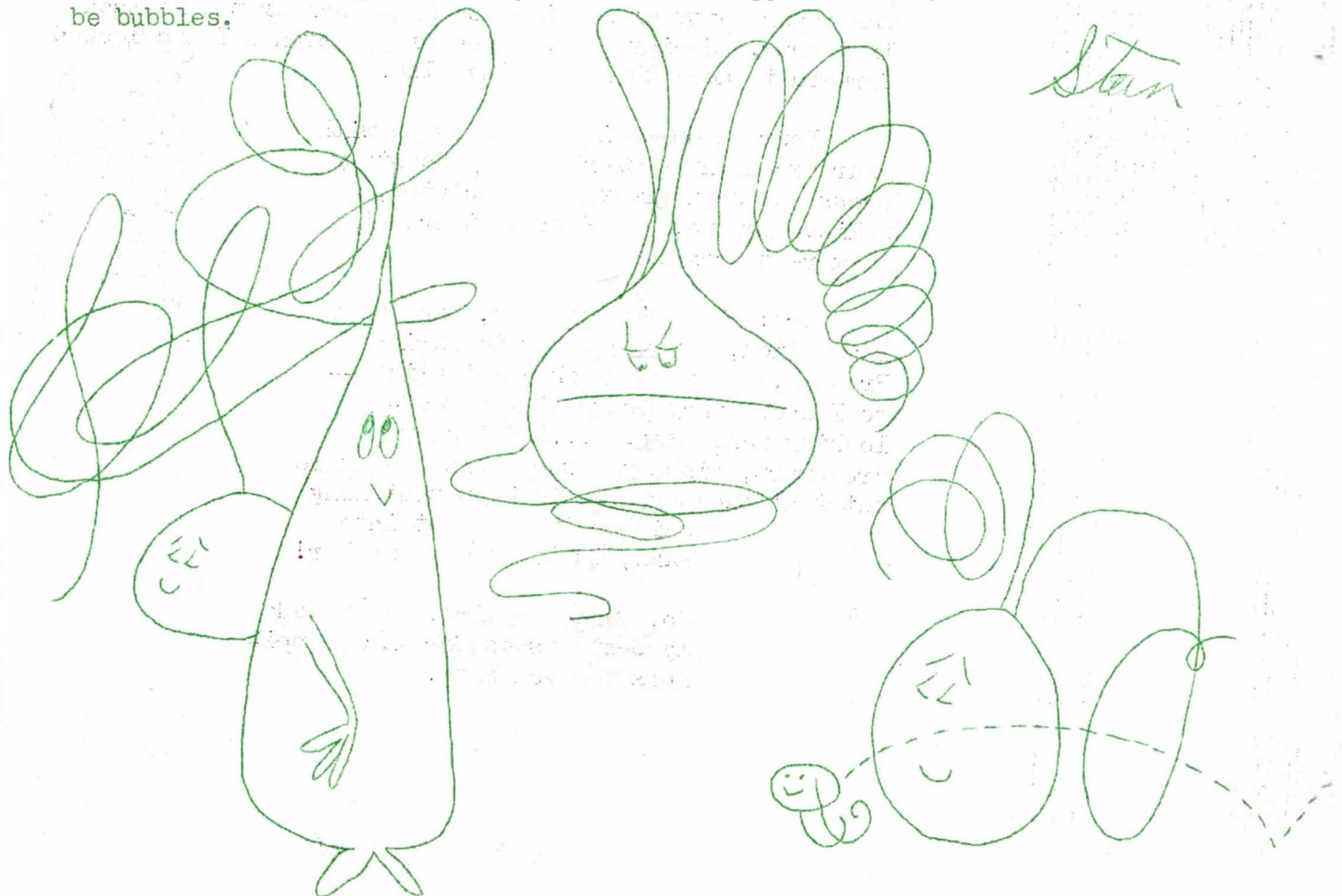
Dear Nancy and Art--

Thoughts before typing include a panorama of "fan families", with the Dietzes in the east, Coulsons in the midwest and the Trimbles here in the west as only the first to come to mind. These are couple-fan families, and represent a truth that such a fannish team has it over the individual fan in one way: that their individual interests will augment each other, and for this reason as well as the simple one of just wishing anyone getting married a lifetime of happiness, I do...

Both of you have covered quite an area of fandom, from that of a letterhack, to fanzine editor and fanpublisher, with the flavor of attending fan meetings of varied sorts tossed in. I suppose that at one time or another outside interests or a degree of disenchantment has shifted your interests from fanac; now and henceforth, however, I can imagine that if one becomes temporarily taken by gafia the other will probably sustain interest and serve as a re-kindler of fan interests. Also, it's possible for a "team" to take on projects that only the most energetic of fans would do.

If it seems that I'm looking at your marriage with a degree of selfishness, you are right. As someone enmeshed in fandom, I think it is always pleasant to know that such mutuality of interests as exists between two fans is apt to continue in an atmosphere suitable for its retention and growth. Pardon me while I wipe away a tear....

If the above seems like too much bilge to believe, then just remember that I am one of the fans who wish you continued happiness. May all your troubles be bubbles.



Dear Nancy and Art:

I am rushing this to your good friends at the Fan Hillton at the very last minute, and I hope that it arrives in time to be included with the expressions of good wishes that will fill the pages of the fanzine that they plan for you.

Like the fellow on the left of this page, I want to take this opportunity to wish you both a l-o-n-g and happy married life.

I address this little note especially to Nancy, for it has been my privilege - and pleasure, to correspond with her, off and on, during the recent years in connection with our mutual interest in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

As you know, Nancy, I am a poor correspondant, and can be as slow in answering my mail as can be, but I do want to say here and now, that I have always enjoyed so very much hearing from you. Your letters have always been cheerful, pleasant and most interesting. I regret so much missing the opportunity of meeting you in person at the Pittcon last year. Seeing you was one of the events I had looked forward to more than anything else.

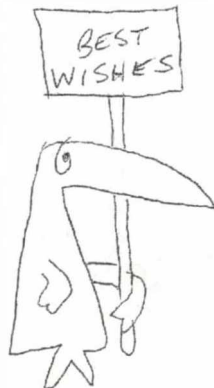
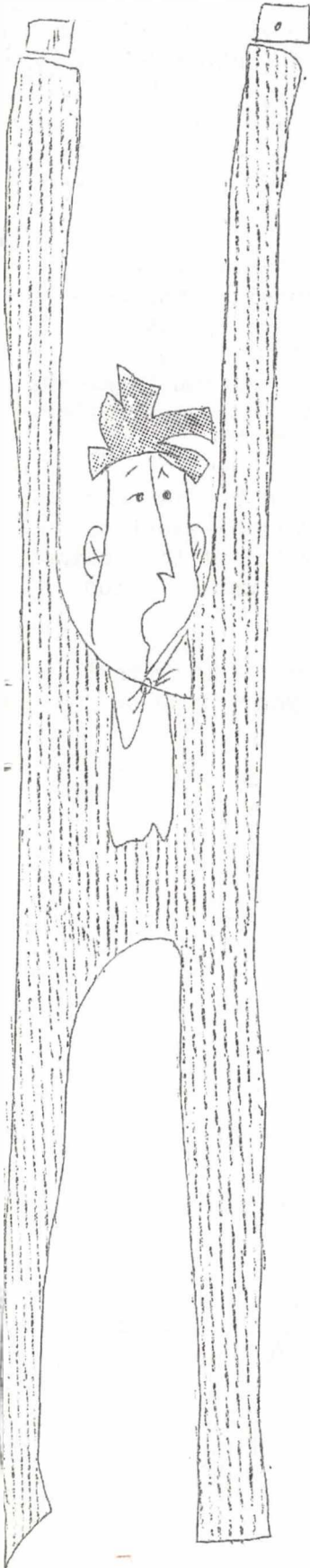
Your kindness in supplying me with your excellent artwork for my Phantasy Press has been greatly appreciated, believe you me, and I trust there will be more to come.

Art: I don't know you, except by reputation, but according to Marion Bradley, you and I look a lot alike -- so I know Nancy is getting a good-looking man. Yes. ...And I know you are smart, since you were able to figure out that the best way to beat that long Waiting list to get into FAPA, is to marry a member!

So, Nancy and Art, let me add my best wishes for much happiness for you both.

*Warmest regards,*

*Don McNeil*



*DON'T HESITATE TO CALL ON ME FOR ADVICE!*





THE TROUBLE WITH THEM DETROIT FANS  
IS THEY TAKE FANDOM TOO SERIOUS!

Ray Nelson  
suggested by  
Martin Alger

Dear Art and Nancy,

Great Ghu, what is this fan world coming to? The mundane pressures of conformity are so strenuous that no longer can two self-respecting fans live in sin, they have to make it ~~like~~ regular.

If either of us were practicing psychologists instead of practical nuts we could go into some deep symbolic diatribe on the relative merits of the completely adjusted fan, sexually, morally, and apa-wise. But it might be best to let the world turn on its own axis without any leverage from us.

Nancy, we have known you for more years than most people know fandom. It has been great. You have allowed us to faunch over your nudes, ride with you for a while on your motorcycle and bitch about your repro.

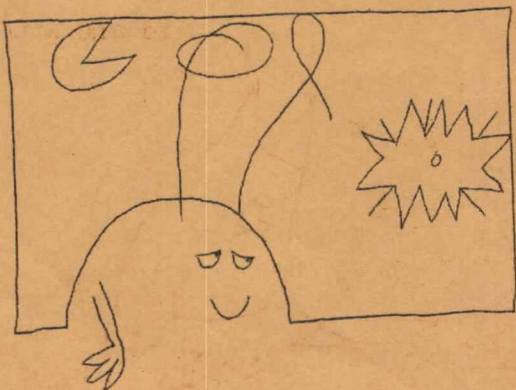
Art, not known so long; but I think known well. You have shared a few beers, allowed us to revel in your philosophy, to read some delightful faan fiction and you have helped, quietly, when help was needed.

Together you have the qualities of an unbeatable publishing giant (of the two-headed variety!), and from here at least, great things are expected from you fanwise. But this is not all, "there are more things on heaven and earth..."

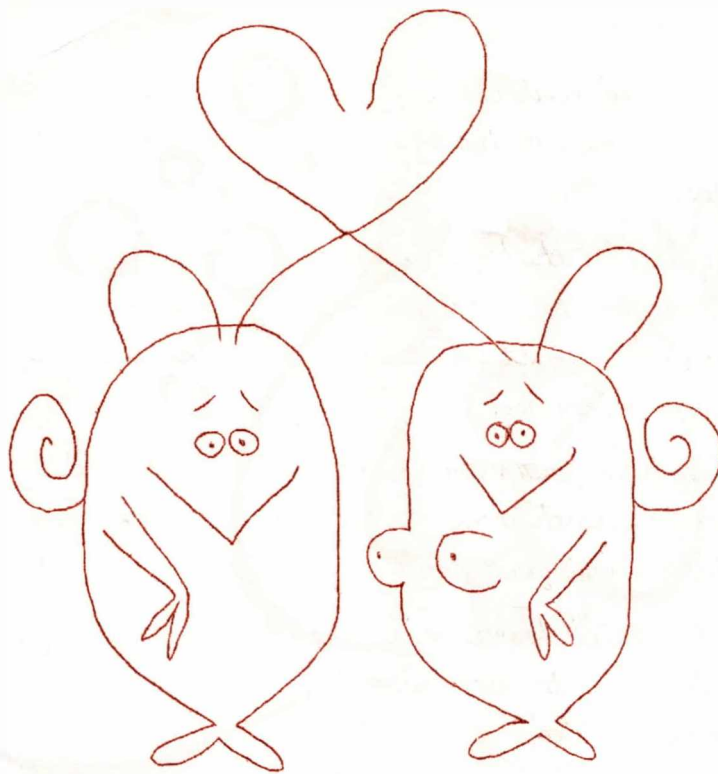
It is here, where you excell. Lijo has called you "two of our favorite people". And I wonder if this is enough -- a gross understatement? You see, the essential thing that sets you both apart from fandom is that you are people first, and fans second. We can pass along no higher compliment.

We are sorry, very sorry, that we couldn't be with you on the Great Day. But there will be other times, when we will be together, and maybe the conversation might turn lightly to fandom now and then.

Perhaps after all, life, marriage, the togetherness kick and all this jazz are really much more than A Way Of... or even just a hobby. It's almost getting to the point lately where fandom is just a goddamn Lohengrin.



Yours,  
Earl & Nancy King

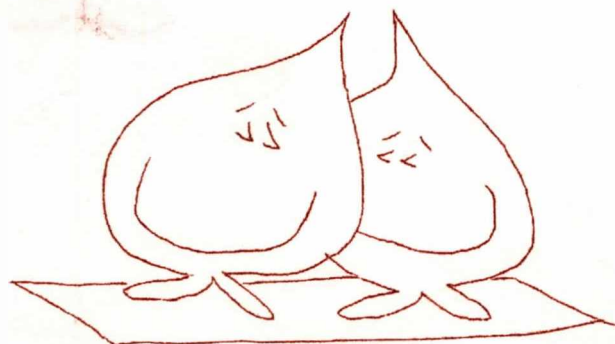


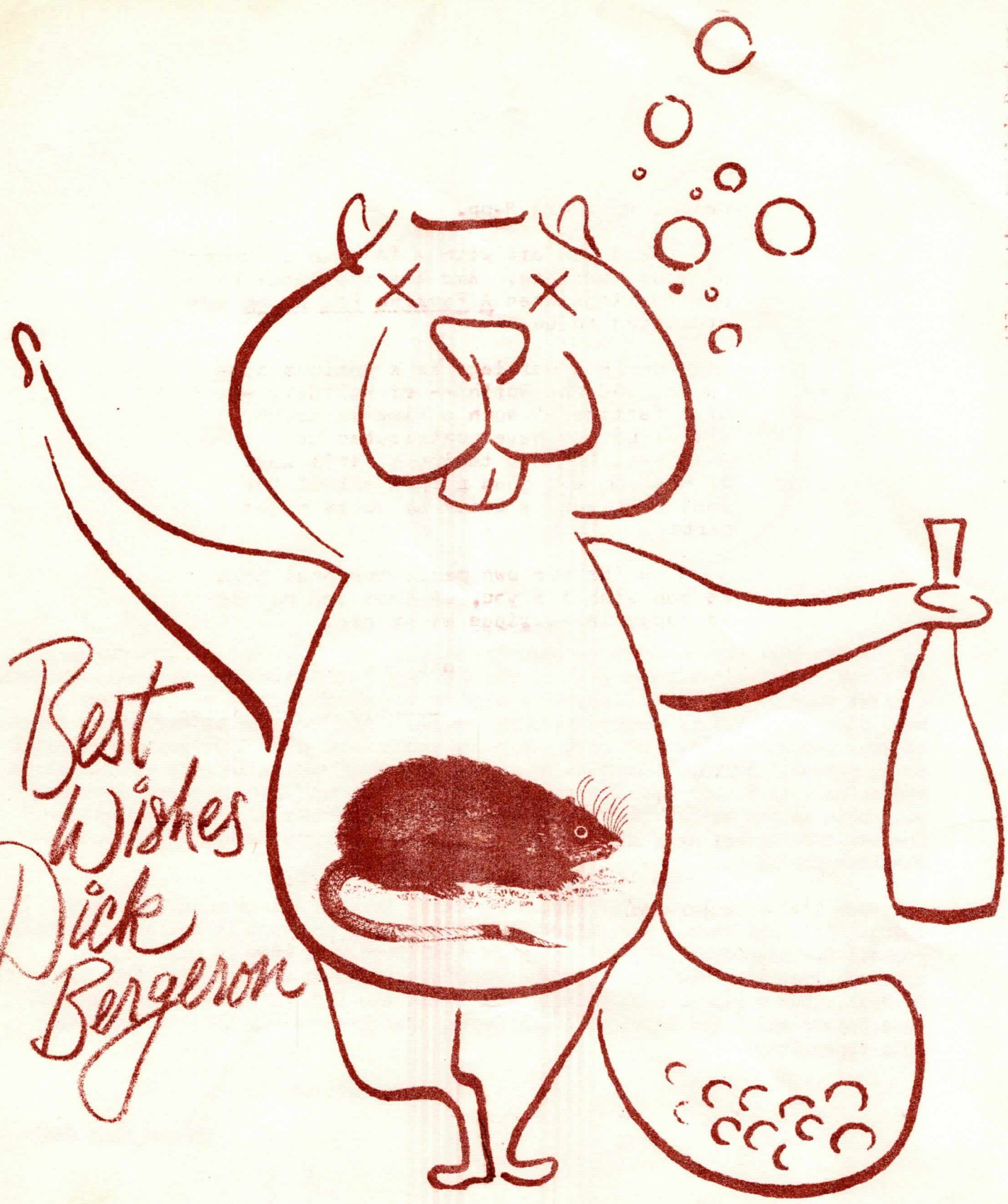
A few last minute words concerning Art Rapp and Nancy Share...The Rapps as of March, 1961. I've known both of you for many years....mostly via correspondence. I first thought I'd write probably a page or two about each of you, recounting many aspects of our friendship through the years and the various and sundry facets of your personalities. But most everybody knows what great kids you are in print or in person. So what I want to do here, instead of waxing lengthy and nostalgic and so on...is to say that I'm quite confident that you'll make a real swinging pair both in and out of fandom. Roscoe knows what manner of fabulous appearance the new combination will make in fandom, but I'm sure you're a great team in whatever you'll do.

One last note concerning the whyfore that this is a last minute sort of thing. It's not that I was reluctant, as bachelors are wont to be, about wishing you all the happiness and success in your marriage...(I know it will be, of course)...you know how bachelors are usually envious or worried that they'll Be Next...but I was so busy before, and after, the 11th of March, which is when Anne Seidel and I got married in Las Vegas, that I've barely time to sit down to a typewriter!

The very best of wishes,

Ed and Anne Cox





Best  
Wishes  
Dick  
Bergerson

Hello, Mr & Mrs Rapp.

Here you are with a fanzine in honor of your marriage. And the knowledge of our feelings when A Fanzine For BJohn was presented to us.

While a marriage is a serious business, and the worth -- or validity -- of a fanzine at such a time in doubt, all of us who have contributed to this magazine are taking a fan's way of wishing two good people all of the best that such a union as yours might portend.

As for our own part; the most that we can wish for you, is that you may be as happy in marriage as we are.

all the best,

----bjo & john trimble.

*P.S.*

*This doesn't say it nearly as well as we'd like, but....*

*We're not sure such feelings can be expressed.*

*----uss jt & bjo.*

CREDITS:

ATom  
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Bruce Pelz  
Ruth Berman  
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The Misfits  
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