still a couple of gas s left to September) by Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, 70153 for the 109 h Mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #247. Printed in Occupied C.S.A. TSSA.

After weeks of not knowing where to send SAPS material, not that it mattered a whole lot with nothing to send, I finally got a card with the Webberts' new address on it. At the bettom, in a different color ink, was a message in Doreen's hand: "I'll bet you have 3 or 4 zines ready to send." Doreen apparently recalls how her last note affected me.

Mish I did, but the only thing I've done since the last mailing that wasn't specifically intended for another apa (not counting a oneshot that was limited to 34 copies by virtue of the fact that only 34 copies of the cover existed) was Tandstikherzeitung #7. Since I added a lettercol this time, it was twice as thick as usual—ten sheets instead of five—and it would have taken about 3/4 of a ream to send it through SAPS. I'm kind of short on paper right at the moment, so I elected not to. I'll try to get #8 into the 110th.

And on top of that, I hadn't even started Baggie. Been busy with a wide variety of matters, fan and mundane, and just didn't realize that the SAPS deadline was creeping up. Happened to think of possibly doing another Broderick Crawford Day oneshot, and realized how close Broderick Crawford Day (ten-four) is to the October SAPS deadline. So I'm starting to hop on this zine before I think of other such things.

One thought that did sort of vaguely cross my mind was that I might surprise Jim and Doreen by dropping in on them just before the deadline, bumming a few offset masters off of them, and whipping out a zine at the last minute right before their eyes. I'm sure Doreen would have loved to have an opportunity to print my 13th issue. Their new home, you see, is in the same county with my parents', and tho I have no idea how that translates into miles and gallons of gasoline, I was sort of planning a trip out in that direction approximately now. But as things stand just at the moment, if I do get out there this year, it'll no doubt be too late for this deadline. Of course, you never know. I just might wind up celebrating Broderick Crawford Day in Scottsdale.

Which is all very nice, I suppose, but it's not getting my mailing comments written.

Spectator ## OE In addition to the Tightbeam and The Three Kings of Chickeraboo (which, bibliographers note, was misspelled on the Contents), for which you very justly denied me activity credit, the two issues of Tandstikkerzeitung had prior distribution. I wish I could say the denial of credit for the second page of Acrach was equally just. I mean, one piece of the St. Charles Hotel is just like another, isn't it? (Except, of course, for the fact that some of them may or may not have been fragments of Room 770) The pages were absolutely identical to the limit of reasonable observation. As for some of them not having pieces of plaster under the tape, certainly not! Some of them had paint chips or splinters of wood or just about anything I might have happened to pick up from that area. Don't question it. It's not every day somebody puts a piece of a famous famish hotel into a zine.

soy's Own Fanzine ## Edmonds The panel on apas was kind of nice. I agree that personal contact strengthens the bond in an apa rather than destroying the magic. SFPA has an annual convention all its own, the DeepSouthCon (tho in recent years it's been getting entirely too much like a regular con), and most of the members have met most of the others. (The only one who hasn't met any others is Mark Verheiden, who is kind of an anomaly since he lives in Oregon.) To my mind, SFPA is the most enjoyable apa in fandom, with SAPS second. It's the personal contact that does it.

too much personal contact makes the apa kind of superfluous. Faruk von Turk and I see reach other at least once a week, so we very seldom exchange mailing comments. We've said it already by the time we get to doing our zines. But "every few months" isn't anywhere near often enough to have this effect.

SAPS-Only Line ## Frierson There is no earthly reason for me to corflu out errors on apazines, but I do it anyway. I know how much time it adds to the production of a zine—lots more time than changing a golfball, I can tell you. But since I spend less time typing, including correcting mistakes, than reading the mailing over looking for comment hooks, I go ahead and do it. It's more irritation than a real factor. I mean, if it adds 10 or 15 minutes to the production of a 6-page zine, that's not a whole lot. Since I finally got this typewriter adjusted, and it doesn't misalign caps anymore (well, hardly ever, but nobody's perfect), I've cut the correction time by about 2/3. Still, I wish I had your disregard for the appearance of the final product.

No doubt everybody will tell you this, but I don't want to be left out. A balrog is a horrible monster from Lond of the Rings.

## 

...Is...a Rabbit...Cherry...Fun ## the same There is an alternate to Question I, "Why did the rabbit hop over the stream?" to which one proposed answer is "to make some doe." This is fine for male rabbits, but in the interests of erradicating sexism in rabbit jokes, I propose "Why did Ms. Rabbit hop over the stream?" To make a few bucks--obviously.

## 

Outsiders ## W Ballard Jim and Doreen would know more about this than I do, but when I was in Arizona last year visiting my parents, I discovered that a popular lawn style is what they call "desert landscaping." It takes absolutely no care at all, I suppose, which is no doubt why my father opted for it. You get cacti and sand and rocks and to hell with the grass. I guess you could go a step farther and stock it with sidewinders and scorpions, too, but I didn't see any of those. Anyway, I did find something startling about the things. When I asked why there was a piece of clear plastic sticking out over the concrete from my parents' "lawn," I was told that it ran underneath the whole thing, and was there to keep vermin from tunneling in. How bout that. Regular desert isn't good enough for them. They have to have plastic desert.

When I mentioned that bit about SAPS seeming to be "a party for the old members" (which wasn't my phrase—I forget whose it was) I wasn't complaining. I've been accused of treating newer members of apas as less than welcome myself (tho in the case I'm thinking of, it was a misunderstanding), and for any organization like this to last as long as SAPS and be as good as SAPS, there has to be an in group. The thing is, it has to be possible to crash that ingroup. Which, of course, it is.

Nextime Buz starts to argue himself in and out of rejoining SAPS in 43 seconds, stop him on the 42nd, will you? I'd swee like to see him back.

The first half of Steambath was just great, but a minute or two after the intermission, I began to get the feeling that I'd seen it before.

#### 

Basingstoke ## C Ballard Your parents were trying to protect your eyes by not allowing you to buy books? That's insane! I mean, why protect them if by doing so you can never put them to their best use?

## 

The DON ## Toskey Aw, come on. I said I was going to spare you the observation that Nixon was part of the administration that first sent Americans to Vietnam, and here that's the only part of the statement you actually attack. Anyway, our discussion on Nixon is kind of a moot point now, so I'll just wait to hear what you have to say on the subject. You know what I'm going to say.

According to the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Department, a raw oyster is alive until some part of the diges-

Toskey ## cont. tive process of the heartless fiend that dips them in horseradish, lemon juice and tabasco sauce kills it. Usually, this happens when it is chewed, but people have been known to swallow them whole. In cases like that, I imagine a bath in digestive juices does them in rather quickly—but painfully, if they haven't already gone into shock. This accords with observation—i.e., when an oyster dies without something done to preserve it, like frying, pickling or digesting, you can usually smell it very quickly. Think about that next time you stick a fork in one.

I'm not too much of a Don A. Stuart fan myself. Haven't read a thing by him under that name that wasn't pretentious, bombastic and dull. I am, however, a John W. Campbell fan, and have read and enjoyed every last one of the Arcot, Wade and Morey stories. I think he chose wisely which bunch to put his own name on. I would, tho, like to have seen a few "Don A. Stuart" stories written by a more mature Campbell, say, in the 50s.

#### 

In Memory of Gregor Samsa ## Stoelting I can't quite figure out what you mean by the statement that you consider most of the grammar rules arbitrary. If you're talking about the actual structure of a language, sure, it's arbitrary. It could just as easily be one way as another with little if any change in the informational content of a statement—but since it does happen to be one way and not another, well, then that's the way it is and you either go along with it or have people think you're an ignorant lout and/or not understand what you're talking about. But if you're talking about the pronouncements of grammar books, they most certainly are not arbitrary, being based on attempts, with varying degrees of success, to record the actual structure of something that has objective reality. In either case, those who would use a language would do well to learn its rules.

comic books haven't completely sunk into the depths of mire and degradation yet. Uncle Scrooge and Walt Disney's Comics and Stories are reprinting vintage Carl Barks material. Every other issue of Little Lulu is reprinted too, which means some nice John Stanley work. There are also excellent reprints of Captain Marvel and Spirit material coming out regularly. There's even some good new material. E-Man, The Shadow and Weird Western Tales are all enjoyable issue after issue, and Joe Orlando's horror books have frequent hits. About as many top-notch books are coming out now as ever, and about as much dreck. It's just that you're starting to know dreck when you see it.

## 

Pon Que ## D Webbert Reading about Cynthia's problems reminded me of my own reading classes many, many years ago. There were three reading groups in most of my classes in the early grades, and I was usually in about the average one. I'd occasionally work my way up to the top one, but wouldn't stay there long. I remember one girl who strutted the fact that she was always in the very top level. Happened to run into her many years later, when we'd both finished college (not graduated—I don't know whether she did or not, but I didn't—I am, tho, quite finished with it, I'm sure) and was surprised to learn that she'd become an uneducated lout in the intervening years. Probably because her education took place only in school.

You've done a great job as OE, and as far as I'm concerned, you can stay OE as long as you like.

I only recall having been first in a mailing once, and that was when I sent you Horrible Stories for the 100th. If Guy had been a member then, I would have had to share credit with him even then, so I don't have too much claim to having been first more times than anyone else in your OEship. Missed it by nine days this time. I was, tho, first in more mailings of my OEship of SFPA than anyone else. Shipping time was a lot shorter, y'know.

Lately, I've been reskiming an occasional Nero Wolfe book, and I'm surprised to see what an excellent character Archie is. He's not just a foil, as he seems at first glance. It occurs to me that the only look at Wolfe we've ever had has been through his eyes. It would be interesting, I think, if Wolfe would narrate a story

D Webbert ## cont. or two himself, as Sherlock Holmes did in his later years. Might give us a whole new slant on what sort of person he is. But Rex Stout isn't exactly what you call a spring chicken these days—he was in his late 40s when he created Wolfe and Archie, and that was in the 1930s. I don't think there's too much chance we'll ever see it, unless it's as a pastiche, which is less than satisfying.

I may occasionally have been guilty of watching a crayfish (pronounced, of course, "crawfish") die-giggling even-and then eating it, and sucking out everything inside the shell including any problematical brains it may or may not possess...but you can hardly compare that with eating raw oysters. After all, the crayfish isn't alive when I put it in my mouth.

Kangaroo, which I'd occasionally watch if I had time, hoping to catch a Tom Terrific episode. I remember one time one of their categories was "books and authors." One poor guy kept getting it, and would always choose something else. One time, that was his only choice—it went all the way across the board. So the man asked him what was Margaret hadn't held myself back, I would probably have put my foot through the screen in an acceptance of the screen in an where do they find these fools?

not telling us what this idea is that you keep saying no to, you're allowing us to use our imaginations to create ideas that are surely worse than the actuality could possibly be.

Talk about having titles ripped off...there's a newsstand magazine now called Sphere. But my SFPAzine has been running longer (and is better produced, but that's beside the point). And of course, there was once a very fine magazine (or fanzine, depending on how loose your definitions are) published in Grub Street, London, called Spectator. Of course if anybody wants to make a big deal over conflict in title between a professional magazine and a fanzine, all that has to be done is to prove that the fanzine was using it first, and any copyright they have goes out the window. You can't copyright something somebody else is already using.

Spy Ray ## Eney Come on, Dick. I didn't really say anything about the Vietnamese War being a civil war (tho it must be remembered that it was an outside force that originally divided it into two nations, and maybe the division isn't as obvious to them as it is to us), did I? I will admit to saying that it is a matter of no concern to me if one of them wants to invade the other, but that's not the statement you answered.

Okay, so maybe sometimes you have to choose between two bad lots. This wasn't one of those times, tho. There are times when it's best to let two bad lots fight it out between themselves and hopefully wipe each other off the face of the earth. As the war dragged on and on, it became more and more apparent to everyone but you that this was one of those times.

Last I heard, Clea is quietly sitting at home, and glad of it, having recently thwarted the plots of Silver Dagger and seen same imprisoned forever in the Eye of Agamotto or something. On. Strange is one of the few Marvel comics I still buy, tho I'm sure I would have dropped it long since if he still wore the tights.

statements about women being just as bloodthirsty as men remind me of one of the arguments used by women's lib advocates before they got too sophisticated to appeal to such drivel—that if women were in charge of the world there wouldn't be any more war. Or maybe the reason they stopped using that one is because it was so easy to point out Golda Meir and Indira Gandhi.

Sunset ## Koch Damn 'fi know what Astrid is doing in New Orleans. She just sort of ran into Doug Wirth on the street one day about a year ago and said she was living here now. And still is, last I heard, tho I haven't seen her lately.

Invidious ## Lillian That cover is amazing. It has elements of the styles of Jack Davis,
Will Elder and Harvey Kurtzman...yet, the minute I laid eyes on it,
it screamed "Alan Hutchinson" at me. (Should have mentioned this in SFPA, I guess, where
Alan could have seen it, but I guess it won't hurt to send him a copy of this zine--after
the deadline, of course.)

Didn't see anything by Doug Wirth in this issue, but I did see an uncredited George Douglas illo.

#### 

Smiles and Grins ## Budka If you're looking around for a new apa, how about rejoining SFPA? You've been missed.

ability too. Then it wouldn't be so hard to fix my Rex-Rotary when it breaks down, which is about four times in a year and a half, to judge from past performance. Most recently, when I was running off Tandstikkerzeitung #7, the clutch went flying off into space. I've sort of struck up a friendship with the guy who sells me parts. He asks after the Rex's health whenever I see him--it astounds him that anybody could get anything at all out of something as old as a 280, much less do all the repair work on it himself. But if I get him to do the work, it costs me \$14 an hour, and it's not that hard to poke around at the insides until it starts working again.

Fiddling around with it, tho, has given me a pretty good knowledge of the workings of such machines. Even to the point where I could go over a Gestetner at the local Salvation Army and determine that it really is worth the \$64.50 they're asking for it. If I just had \$64.50 to spend on a machine that can't do a whole lot more than the machine I've got now (but probably wouldn't break down as often), I'd buy it. I may even buy it anyway.

I'm the same way about finding it hard to do zines at the last minute. If I'm rushed, I can't find as many comment hooks. Which is why I made a special effort to start this zine while I still have time to get it to Phoenix by book rate (assuming, of course, that I don't hand-deliver it, which is unlikely).

The man to write about joining FAPA is Bill Evans, 14100 Canterbury Lane, Rockville, Md. 20853. A few like you might be just what FAPA needs. (Oh, and I forgot to mention that the man to write about rejoining SFPA is George Inzer, c/o Kelly Walton, P.O. Box 2521, Ga. University Station, Athens, Ga. 30602.)

## 

Libel ## McEvoy It wouldn't be precisely correct to say that I've "had it up to here with Tom Collins and his little tricks." Just that I've found him somewhat irritating. I still have the zines he sent me for SFPA after I was no longer OE. I suppose next he'll be complaining that the reason he got thrown out of SFPA is because I kind of never got around to sending them to the new OE. Not that there's much chance they were creditable anyway—looked like they had prior distribution, to me.

If you want to sue anybody for putting libel, or even Libel, through another apa, then sue Boutillier. The story of how he was going to sue me for libel if I told the story of his impersonating me at an anarchist meeting is too silly to go into just now. The upshot of it is that I told the story, made sure he got a copy, and am waiting for him to sue me so I can prove my allegations in court. I've been waiting for the better part of a year. I've conveyed several dares to him, but no action. Meanwhile, he's been getting more and more abusive toward me in print, and I've been ignoring him more and more pointedly—if I stopped to counter every little accusation he hurls at me, or even call him a liar, I'd probably go over minac in K-a, and we wouldn't want that to happen.

## 

J' doube ## Vanous Speaking of toilet paper, it's too bad the Great Toilet Paper Shortage of last winter went down the drain (so to speak) before it was assigned to "priority users." What a straight line!

Moonbane ## Steele Congratulations on getting the F&SF collection so close to completion.

I've got a fair collection of it, including the first three issues, which I got for a quarter apiece in Matt's Glorified Junk Shoppe (Matt gets more good stuff, and sells it for less, than anybody I know). Now that you're in the final stretch on that, you'll undoubtedly be ready to branch out into what was a much better magazine, really—Astounding. The late 40s and early 50s are my own personal Golden Age. Thanks to Matt, I've got them fairly close to complete, at a fairly nominal price.

permanent con report title for some time now. Haven't published an issue in a couple of years, but I did do several issues of it. If I ever write another con report, I'll revive it.

It's a good thing Faruk von Turk isn't in SAPS. The juxtaposition of your statement that you're a "hard collector" with the note that among the things you're collecting toward completion are Playboy and Penthouse would have sent him into paroxysms of laughter.

Distributors are a pretty reprehensible lot wherever you go. They must be making a fortune distributing something besides books and magazines, because they sure don't bother a whole lot with them.

of course, you realize that no collection of Fast can possibly be called complete unless it includes a complete set of Venture, since each issue of Fast, right above the contents, says "Including Venture Science Fiction." Just that you might like to know.

734

Letta ## Hevelin Welcome to SAPS.

I think it was toward the end of the DeepSouthCon last year that I told you I was disinvolving myself with New Orleans in '76. I'm glad things worked out the way they did, because while I think the 1976 WorldCon is going to be a disaster no matter what, at least this way it won't be a disaster in my town. And who knows, maybe Kansas City will do well with it. They couldn't do worse than what I would have expected had New Orleans won.

(This is not, of course, to say that the currently organizing New Orleans in '79 committee is as inept as I fear the N.O. in '76 one was. I shall weigh the evidence over the next few months and decide whether I'm going to support it enthusiastically or just keep my mouth shut, as I did throughout most of the '76 campaign.)

One thing New Orleans in '76 did in a positive direction, tho, was to demonstrate for all to see that you can come damn close to winning a WorldCon bid even if you spend only \$100 on the campaign. Those who would consider buying one by papering the walls with advertising can look at this one. Maybe this will start a trend toward less spending in that area, which God knows, we could use.

Faruk von Turk has a copy of The If you happen to have a copy of the 100th SAPS Mailing lying around (fat chance), you'll find a reference to the story at the end of von Turk's Horrible Stories story, above the ad for the Rosicrucians, if I recall correctly.

Stumping ## J Webbert I don't think you really have to worry about Mardi Gras not being held in the future. It's like a WorldCon. The committee could collapse completely, but 5000 fans would still show up for it.

writing with an instrument that wouldn't allow me to check back to what I'd written previously with just a glance. Besides, if I used a tape recorder to compose, I'd have to endure listening to all my ers and whs, and all the clicks as I turned it on and off. Anyway, my typing speed is about the same as my speaking speed, at least on this Selectric, and not much slower on a manual, so there's really no reason for me to bother.

in 1967, had an all-time record attendance of 25. The latest one topped 300.

Faruk von
Turk will do halftones and plates for \$3. He's possibly the cheapest printer in the USA.

Spacewarp ## Rapp A friend of mine, Pat Adkins, once contributed to one of those wretched college literary magazines just so he could say they'd accepted a poem that took him less than two minutes to write. They accepted it, too.

THE BACOVER: The number search puzzle as an art form is the invention of Faruk von Turk. This particular number search puzzle was contributed by Harry G. Purvis.

Amazingly enough, I seem to have gone through the entire zine without once mentioning the World Faan Convention. All of SAPS is invited, of course. It will be in the Monteleone Hotel, New Orleans, probably on the last weekend in July. I'm hoping for about 2-300 people, but no more than that. There will be absolutely no sf programming whatsoever. The film program will consist of things like Lone Ranger teevee shows, Laurel & Hardy and stuff like that. Pongs (officially Faan Achievement Awards) will be given in various categories, tho we haven't decided whether that will be at a banquet or a ranquet.

I'm seriously going to hold this convention, and I really do think it's going to come off pretty well. Everybody knows what's wrong with regular cons—they're too big, but the main trouble with that is that there are so many perfect strangers running around talking about ridiculous things like science fiction and attending the program and things even more absurd than that. Eliminate the sf programming, I figure, and you eliminate the strangers with it. What's left is us, the trufans who come to see one another. No use attracting a bunch of people who just want to talk about science fiction.

To insure that only our kind of people come, I'm asking that publicity be limited. The criterion I was originally going to use for deciding who should and who shouldn't publicize us was repro. Offset zines, I figured, would go to too many of the kind of people who think cons are for sf fans, whereas mimeo and ditto zines go more to our kind of people. But any policy that would allow advertising in The Alien Critic but not a plug in Por Que isn't exactly what we're looking for. So distribution is the thing we're basing it on.

If you've got a fanzine most of the copies of which are sent out free, as to trades, contributors, loccers or fellow apa members, I'd appreciate a plug. I'm the one to write for info. If, however, you have a zine of which more than half the copies are paid for, then I'd appreciate your not mentioning it there. People who pay for fanzines are welcome if they show up, but if they pay for all the fanzines they get, I'd just as soon not have them find out about it.

I'll get a flyer out pretty soon, and a progress report shortly after that. Both will, of course, be mimeographed, as will the program book. If they're done in time, they'll be in this mailing. If not, look for them in January.

And let me know what you think.

Which brings me pretty close to the bottom of the last stencil. Sorry I couldn't have managed a bigger zine this time, but I'm sure everybody here knows how it is. Reviving a short-lived tradition of shaming myself into making fewer typos, I find that there are precisely 64 corflu blots in this zine. Ten cases of editing on stencil, three wrong fonts and the rest genuine typos.

I think this is an annish for me. I remember joining in October, but don't recall what year. I've missed some mailings, so you can't tell from the number. Anybody care?

# THE NAMES OF 143 BEAGLE BOYS are concealed in this puzzle

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