

PERIHELION

#4

PERIHELION 4

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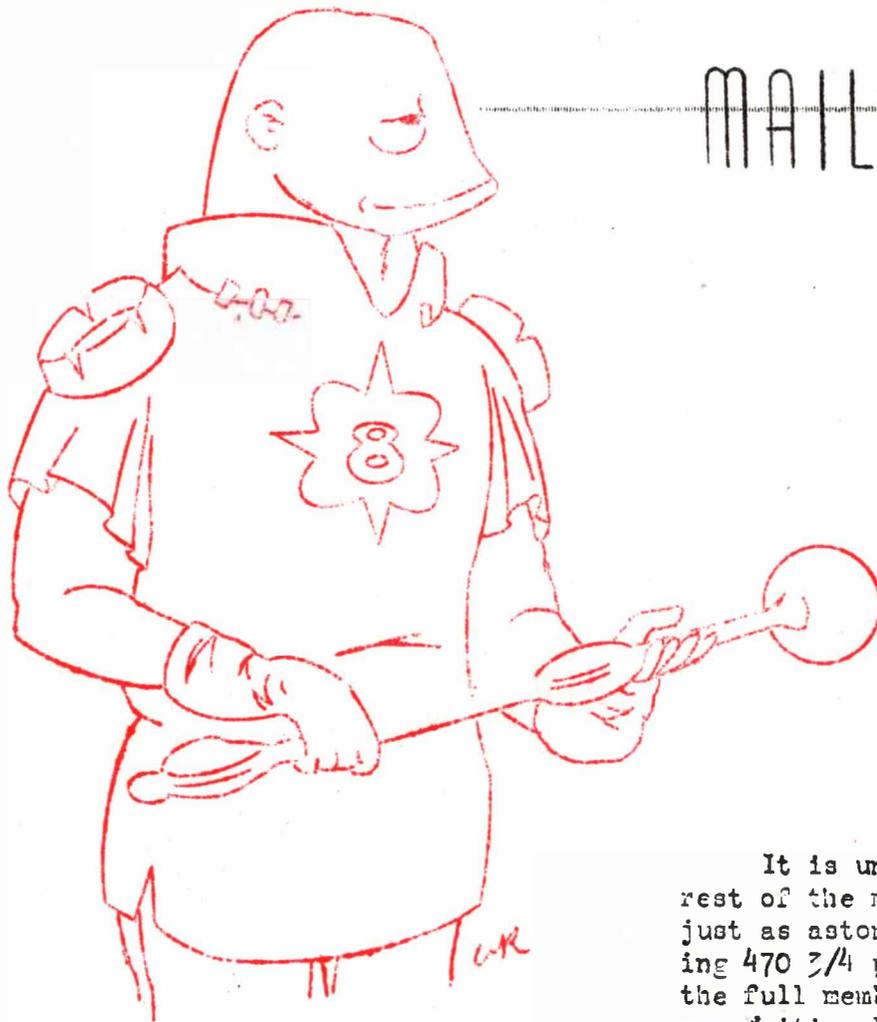
ART CREDITS

- Paul Davis - 45
- DEA - 7
- Archie Goodwin - 6, 11, 15, 16, 20, 22, 43, 44
- ISM - 5, 9, 14, 18, 19, 42
- Larry Ivie - 25, 29
- Gene Kelly - 12
- Bill Rotsler - 4, 8, 10, 13, 17, 21, 23, 27, 46, 48

Despite the profusin of artwork, I need plenty more and it IS solicited. You hear me, Harness? Profusin. Now there's a word for you...

Perihelion, sometimes called Pileshellion, Perilhelion, Pilleshellion, Concept, and various obscene terms is published quarterly by ~~Ann Pickett~~, ~~Ann Pickett~~, ~~Ann Pickett~~, Ron Farker at 714 west 4th street; Tulsa 7, Oklahoma. It is concocted exclusively for S&PS, and thish is intended for the 41st mailing. Big deal...

An etaoin shrdlu press publication



It is undoubtedly repetitious of the rest of the membership to say that I was just as astonished as you at the staggering 470 $\frac{3}{4}$ page mailing, not to mention the full membership roster and a FIVE man Waiting List. But, when one looks

onto the following page of the SPECTATOR, they discover two more waiting Listers. Confusing, tho, how Bourne is #5 instead of Sims, who becomes #7, and who is #6? Confusing, isn't it? A few swift calculations show that the average production for each member in SAPS was 15 $\frac{2}{3}$ pages! For FAPA to do this it would have to a mailing of about 1,018 pages, or almost double their current average!

In ECCLESIA #3, Lee Shaw's General Distribution zine, Ted E. White stated that the rush on the FAPA's was dwindling, but is it?

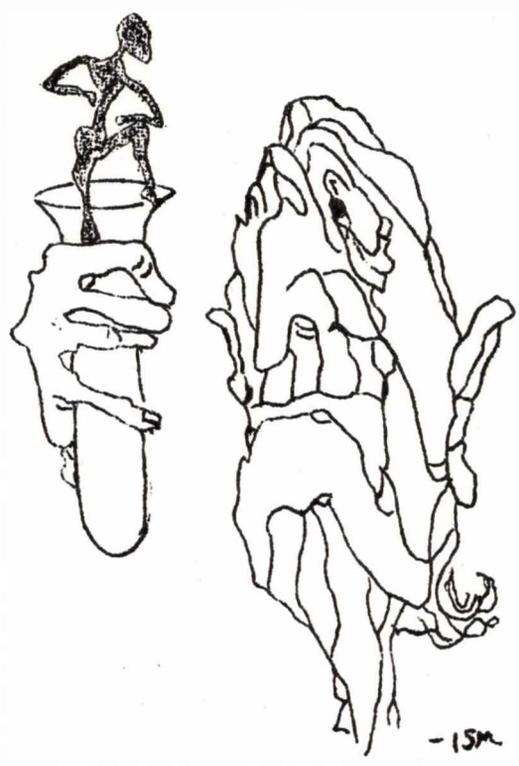
I am particularly proud of the cover for this. It is probably the best one I've yet stencilled for any of my zines, and of all my zine covers it is topped only by White's HOOAH #7 job. By praising the cover, I may be pushing my neck a bit out as it is still on stencil, but it looks good from this present vantage point. I obtained it from Don Chappell, a gaffiated Tulsa fan, whose fanzine collection I also bought out. It was done by a professional artist in, I believe, Texas, but the name of said artist refuses to place itself prominently in Don's overflowing cerebrum.

Contrary to my previous SAPS habits, I am producing this issue well in advance. In fact, as I write this, I've only had the bundle two days. Probably this will be more along the lines of the type of zine I have been promising to produce when the time avails itself.

This year's OklaCon is to be in Enid, and will have long passed as you read this. Ron Ellik, he of California and Marine fame, has promised to spend about a week with me at that time and we will tentatively hitch hike to Enid for the affair. The hitch hiking being not only for the better enjoyment (?) of the trip, but also because I have a lot of mimeograph materials to purchase during the time between now and the OklaCon, and also need a new record player. Probably will purchase a Webcor Holiday 1653, #60 new. Then, too, will want a tape recorder shortly, and have to save enormously to make South Gate in '58, hopefully with White and the D.C. group.

With luck, there should be an OklaCon V report herein.

BRONC FIRESTONE



Congratulations for not falling apart at the staples this time; perhaps it's my turn. In re your VONSET comment: Naturally, heredity would have the most profound influence upon a person's mental ability. But after a person with normal capabilities is born, he is immediately subjected to environment which, from that instant on, is to shape and determine how he is to shape and use these normal abilities. Therefore, while heredity is the most important, proper environment is the truly determining factor. It is primarily a case of having to have both or nothing intelligent can be formed. As to Harness' IQ: I'm doubtful. No offense to what Jack says, however. But the psychological concensus of the matter is that it is practically impossible for a person to measurably change their IQ. I could conceivably be convinced if the claimed rise were 10 or 15 points, but 50 requires a little stretch of the imagination. Still, I hold it

is quite conceivable. It must be remembered that Intelligence tests measure only certain abilities and a picture of the total personality can never be attained by an intelligence test alone. Then, too, there is the matter of a person's feelings and environment during testing.

Missed seeing the comet in April. Was cloudy all during its appearance and I was quite disappointed. Night of April 26 was particularly bad, and I checked into my letter file finding that was the night I had a private party in this second floor apartment at 2 AM, radio blaring and everything. Rest of the building was hidden in the basement as a tornado passed directly over my head and, thankfully, did not dip down. Perhaps my attitude was a bit foolhardy, but it was fun.

A lot of people pick on Palmer without any real emotion. New neos especially. The Shaver material was all a big mess, but I must agree that it was entertaining and, when you get right down to it, accomplished one of the primary functions of science fiction: to stimulate new thoughts and ideas. Palmer's current flying saucer crusade is causing a great many persons to burn him on the crosses. Even I no longer consider him my favorite editorial personality. But the man has done so much for science fiction and fandom, has gone undaunted by the most slumping times of the field, been unstopable by the most appallingly low circulation figures, that to suddenly turn against him after so much for so long is like breaking a television set because you suddenly don't like the programs.

If you're typing stencils the way you claim to be, you could read the backing sheet for errors after removing the stencil from the typewriter. You could then re-type the errors or correct them with a stylus. If you have more questions about mimeographing, why not direct them to the Popular Mimeographics section of PERI? Helps fill out the mag. Incidentally, thanks go to Ted White, from whom the title Popular Mimeographics is taken. Ted used it in his FAPA zine, NULL-F.

An additional note on Palmer: YANDRO #54 had a very fine 8-page history on the man, plus a 3-page letter from him on the article. Very good, for both reading and reference material.

Certainly can't say much about the comments on PERHELION, other than the fact that they were well received comments, despite brevity.

Thanks for the orderly listing of Pillar Foll ratings. Appreciated.

.....
 "If you call me Dick Sneary I'll pour this bheer on you!" -Rick Sneary from Burbee Party tape.

Emaciated tho it was, 'twas still a reasonably good issue, especially due to very readable mimographing, and was enjoyed from GEEZEE 4:15 cover all the way through. Obviously NanShare is on her toes and not giving you credit for that cover. I'm glad to see her enforcing the must not have appeared anywhere previously regulation.

You laid it in for Harness pretty heavily. It seems to me that Jack's cracks to you were more a matter of his attitude at the moment rather than his normal opinion. Even you have doubtless said things in print you later wished to retract because you had not been in the best mood. Particularly cinching my opinion of Jack's mood is his calm attitude in mailing 40. Probably, after seeing your comments in #40, he'll gun for you in earnest with the mailing this is in. Perhaps not. But it seems to this bystander that Jack and you are both being pulled into a feud because of Jac's mood at one moment, the finale to the exchange of a few caustic but certainly not derogatory or feudable comments. Then again, I could be wrong entirely.

I am really amazed that Dick Eney wasn't out for blood in mailing 40 after the things you said about him in GEEZEE 4:15 (FAPA). Frightening.

As I made comment in the last PERI, Bloch told me about your playing poker with he and Tucker. Are you trying all the vices as you have been trying the occult things, or is this one of your suppressed habits?

I must say Ran is a bit more original than the current misspellings. But the Porker is really hilarious. I've given up fighting the misspellings. Someone pointed out to me how it quickly drove Steward right back out of the organization. It was actually getting me to almost the same place for a short while. It sort of does something to a persons moral, and I can sympathize with Gey for dropping. I think the thing that broke me into happy and enjoyable submission was NanShare's fabulous slash in the mailing 40 SPECTATOR.

But it's always nice to try and buck it occasionally, don't you think Girdle Cur?

My doubting your existence was but a humorous comment and not intended as a serious comment. It would seem that this formed an opinion that I'm a neo. I'm not, tho that's my opinion. To you, even if you knew me better, I might remain a neo. Fen too often throw around the term of BNF loosely, which bothers me considerably. It's a term to be really earned. To me, you're not a BNF. Just a fan who attracts attention by making lots of noise. But you're a notable fan, I must make that consideration. However, the main point is that the title of a fan really depends on the person doing the judging, and one opinion isn't to be taken particularly seriously.

I must say I admire the way Kent Moomaw





GEEZEE CONT.

handled your tremendous slash at him. He came through quite opposite what I expected. The boy is sharper than I gave him credit for. In a way, of course, it might be the easy way out, tho the nuts to you closer is interestingly stimulative. Y'know, if you are as above a person like Koomaw as you seem to be by your standard, then wouldn't it be rather useless to fight back at him since you're above him? If you do slash back, aren't you admitting you have been hurt and are slandering back on equal terms so as to not publically lose face? It's an interesting subject for speculation, and I faunch to see what you have to offer Kent in mailing 41.

Why are you so worried in this supposed "change" in Harness?

I must agree with the petition to throw Wansborough out on further displays of his crudely crud material. He did it again, you'll notice. But that other thing he had in must surely have been a Testetener production, it was so neat and legible! He surely didn't do this himself. But even at this, I feel another crudzine should be sufficient grounds for removal from SAPS. Are they adding to the enjoyment of the members or the furtherment of SAPS as a whole? Certainly not. Gee. It is unusual to be able to read something by Wansborough, tho. Really astounding.

In fact, look what's next. The crudzine contribution, known illegibly as...

S.S.I

WANSBOROUGH

For cryin' out loud, Norman. If you can produce something as legible as the other item, why do you persist in putting this crud in? Actually, I'm pretty certain you didn't do the other one.

You keep supporting They in your crudzines. No wonder they lost the election. (Can't see how Madle won, but that's life).

Your writing could use improvement y'know. Much too juvenile and immaturish, just as is everything you produce. You also start too many sentences with "Well," so and so, which especially irks me.

You ran out of stencils? Is that what you're using? I thot you carved this on leaky papyrus.

Just how old are you?

RETRO

AMBUSBY

Repro is above average, layout and art lacking. Seems to me that a First Anniversary in an APA isn't particularly an outstanding event. A person could get by with two issues: his first, and then pass all mailings for the year until he could pub an Annish. Even when a person makes every mailing for the year such as you have done, it seems so unavoidably unspectacular, even when you realize that many subzines publish less than 4 issues a year and still have a big affair come a first anniversary. Of course, in an APA, there is an elimination of mailing individual copies, and the opportunity for material in the form of mailing reviews is always present. Irrewardless of all this, congratulations, Hope you see many more anniversaries.

.....
"My name's Rotsler." -Bill Rotsler on Surbee Party Tape.
.....



RETRO CONT

I must agree with your proposed system of taking the Pillar roll. A maximum limitation on the number of votes for one person or zine in any category, but be able to give at least a vote for anyone is a commendable idea.

What would life be like had a great many of those different descendents descended? And where would we be had fate decreed ours shouldn't or one of our innumerable ancestors should get killed sooner than he was? I imagine that, had many of the early types of humans descended, there would be quite a time in Clinton, Tennessee. It is possible, too, that the Negro race started as a mutation white person. Or, conceivably, vice versa. Who's to say just what color primitive man was?

The mention of Ted White being a lesbian continues to amuse me to no end. It was either on tape, or in a letter, or possibly even in a zine that he explained

the thing to me. I dunno. On a tape he did tell me how he was approached by a homosexual. Rather ineventful and uninteresting, but he's convinced it's the way he wiggles his hips. For that matter, I have a real appeal toward homos. By actual count I have been approached, to date, by no less than 23 persons with perverted sexual intentions. It started when I accepted a ride late one night walking home in a snowy winter. Wound up having to hit the guy in the mouth and leap from a slowly moving and then stopping car. A good many times I've been approached at bus stops and get away when my bus comes. A few times its been in their vehicles, three times in a restaurant, twice at a grocery store where I once worked, and twice have had to actually fight my way out of hotel rooms. No exaggeration. Perhaps I just look gullible (and I am to a minor extent), perhaps I just happen to be at the right place at the right time, or perhaps it's the way I wiggle my hips.... If you're interested I'll be glad to relate a few of the better times, particularly the breaking out of hotel rooms. Ted White's a Lesbian, Jack Harness is a Living Brain, but Ron Parker is a homosexual....

What MAD's does FenDen lack? Pubbing the leading EC fanzine (there are two) I can either find them for you (might already have the extras), or can put in an ad in HCOHAI! No cost, no trouble. "Sometimes my generosity overwhelms me..." (TEN).

Chances are 31.6 trillion to one for a card run like I had? Gee. IBM couldn't do better. I trust you were taking into consideration that I shuffled the deck after each card, and making it possible to get the same card repeatedly. If you didn't consider this, obviously it would make my chances of success even slimmer.

Who's confused? Simply because I don't know the name of my own fanzine. It has been intended to PERIHELION, despite the misspelling on ish 1 and the CONCEPT head was a replaced reject. APHELION was meant as an editorial title that would tie in with the actual title. You'll notice I have instead now incorporated any editorial comments with the Mailing Comments. But, if you like being confused, take note that my monthly general distribution zine is titled APOGEE, which is the opposite of PERIGEE, and both are related with APHELION and PERIHELION. Wow. The confusion is confusing.

So Retromingent means a backward urination. I'd better not say what's on my mind. Doubtless it would be censored by NanShare, our Watchful Censoress.

.....
 "Don't go 'way, Sneary." -Burbee on You know whose Party Tape.

If you were to mimic that cover I would swear that STELLAR had been put into SAPS.

I want to apologize (a la Mansborough) for apologizing.

OK. This bit about the price of CON should be settled right now. The scheduled fourth issue will run 58 pages, so 25¢ isn't at all bad. But, let me also add so that I won't be molded as an exorbitant fan that the price is not mine. CONCEPT is actually edited by a friend of mine; I do all the dirty work as well as pay for part of it. In actuality, tho, it's his zine. I've plugged it because I think it's a good mag with good potentiality. It's not fannish. But it covers fields including sf that are of interest. Present circa is 300, and while we still loose a great deal of money, I don't care to push circa higher as to run such a thick zine with so much multi-color work at 300 is bad enough. In fact, I'm no longer going to huckster it. Circa is bad enough now. #I may pull out of CON yet. The work is too much and too much interference for losing money and little egoboo to myself. I just may dump it flat. Several close friends have suggested this, and I'm about ready to concede. I want the time to devote completely to fandom. #Just so you won't think my huckstering is for monetary gain, check with Dan McPhail. I pubbed his FAPA Memory Book. Did layouts, stencilling, mimeoing, etc., at no cost and, because I liked the idea, invested \$10 in it by paying for stencils and minor items. Dan paid for paper, and post mailing materials. This isn't the way QwertyuioPress got going, but I don't regret it. Well, maybe White did get going like this. He is a generous guy.

"Sometimes my generosity overwhelms me." (TEW)

The only thing I'll huckster now is the FAN CALENDAR. 50¢. Limited printing. Now that I think about the Calendar, I need the month, day, and year of the birth-date of you and Nobby, as well as most other SAPS who haven't yet done so.

In next year's election, I'll remember Tulsa fandom. Seattle had its chance and lost. Give Tulsa an opportunity. I've been planning for quite a while to run in 1958. Martinez can tell you I've plotted on it for months. As OE I seriously promise not only prompt mailings and sturdy officership, but also a complete and colorful SPECTATOR. Also a cheaper one (see my SPECTATOR review). I am now addressing this to all SAPS (and am also typing into the shaded arrows intentionally) as a promise of good OE ship if I should be considered for this post. It may sound foolish, but this is a post I really want. I have thought about it considerably, and hope to make the grade. #I'm sending Waiting Listers free PERI's from now on, incidentally, and I suspect that one of the deeply hidden psychological reasons for this is to gain fresh support for the OEsip of SAPS.

From CONCEPT to SAPS OE in one easy huckster.

Yes, I do have brown hair. Sort of blondish brown, actually. Eyes are green (like the cat I am), not gray. Light skin, but not pale either.

So you and Nobby have taken two courses of dog-obedience training. Well, I trust you both will be very obedient dogs, and if you ever need references for a job, just bark on me, and I'll support you.

Sometimes my generosity overwhelms me.



-15M

FLABBERCASTING-----TOSKEY



Particularly notable and outstanding reproduction. It's a shame you don't display some layout and good art with it, else you would have a very outstanding publication. Your art, I will concede, is quite hilarious, but how about something good? (That sounded highly derogatory, even if it was intentional). And while I ponder on art: the illo on this page is especially dedicated to you, seeing as how you don't like Rotsler nudes.

If your girl advertisement brings more than one suitable application, ship me the surplus. How about our CE? Martinez has a pic of her which I haven't seen. He claims she's a bit plump, and not bad looking. You might look into this.

Rejection slips could be an interesting pasttime. I never seem to find the time or opportunity to try and make a few submissions. I once submitted a story to, of all things, F&SF. That's the only rejection slip

I've collected, and it is typical of what you describe.

I concur on the polio shots. I too feel too healthy to consider them worth the trouble. However, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure and in this case that's a big pound, so what can a person possibly lose by taking them? Otherwise, it's possible to lose everything. You might drop dead any minute, so why not go ahead and take them. To do otherwise seems foolish and quite unprecautionary. I talk about foolish things after having a private party below a tornado, but still. I've had the first shot, m'self. Was quite sudden. Typing stencils one day some friends came by and twisted me into going with them and getting the first shot. I don't particularly love shots, but the polio shots, the first at least, are incredibly small and harmless. I didn't believe it until I looked at the withdrawing needle. Painless. I over waited the time allowance on the second shot, and never got it, but plan to retake the first and fill out the series very soon.

Thank you for liking the film "Oklahoma". Makes me feel proud. I'll start eating Washington State potatoes and apples immediately.

I also pride my perfect vision of 20-20 and no glasses. Never made a 20-15, tho.

Smith-Corona is a good typer. This portable of theirs still pounds stencils reasonably well after 8 years of very hard service and it has never been touched by a repairman or repair shop.

The Ace of Spades was guessed twice because that's what I felt. It was possible because I shuffled the deck after each turn.

Wally Weber has a rare distinction: *W* are also the initials of a certain Irish fan.

Come to think of it, your initials, BT, seem vaguely similar to a certain hoax fan/pro from Bloomington.

My initials, RP, have considerable company: Rog Phillips; Ray Palmer.

Frightening.

Where should I run to, BurnedOut?

It may even have been in this mailing, but I read somewhere recently that Willis uses printer's ink on his mimeo with success by cutting it with castor oil. Eva, you there?

Can't argue with your opinionated likes and dislikes, tho I abhor people who dislike jazz. Lee Shaw considers jazz lovers possessed of more "musical sense" and occasionally finds herself envying people who get so much from jazz. This particularly surprised at the time of that letter, and sort of makes me a bit prouder, I being a jazz fan. I don't care for poetry either, beyond a few choice ones including the POETRY. I'm quite a lover of humorous fanfiction, m'self. I prefer writing it over anything else. I disagree so violently with #10 that I can't continue.

OUTSIDERS

BALLARD

I don't care for the business of incorporating with NANDU. Things are prone to fall apart in this manner.

Thanks for the cover compliments. It seems that multi-color mimeo work like that gets enough egoboo to make it worth while. I'll probably try it more in the future. The colors, incidentally, were Blue, Red, Black and Green.

I've already made my stand on CONCEPT. It's too big now, and I just may get out, so...

I still contend that I was quite justified in not voting in the election on the basis of that one mailing. As to voting only for OE: I would not have even done this. I was not in the least familiar with their APA habits, and I would have hated to make a tie by voting for Young (tho I'm not saying he would have been my choice). Nevertheless, I still feel justified in my stand on all counts, and I am currently satisfied with the results. Nan seems to have started off as a very good OE; I hope she can successfully carry through.

So Nan Gerding will spell my name right if she's elected OE, eh? Gee, I just may vote for Nan, but I'll be running and if elected I know my name'll be spelled correctly every time. Sam Martinez and Bobby Lee are behind me, so Tulsa is going to try for a change. After all, give Tulsa an opportunity to prove itself. Didn't Sam make a fine FAPA officer on a couple of occasions? That's no reflection of me, of course, but it should prove Tulsa fandom has some capable supporters.

I imagine the first tape did lack a lot in intelligence. Quite overdone, ridiculous and juvenile. I trust you considered the second a better reflection of my personality.

I must disagree with you on one point: Ted White is not a Real Good Man. He's too good to be a man.

Gee. I'm a Good Man too? Heaps of praise will get you nowhere. I'm still running for OE. Ron will run!

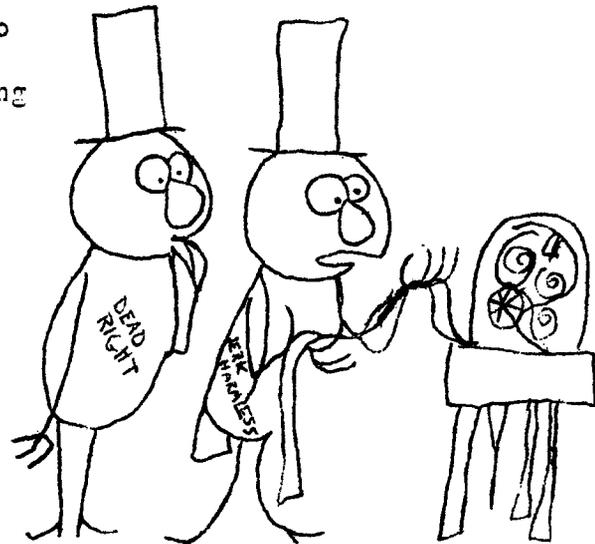
Got your birthdate as part of CALENDAR data from Bob Tucker, one of many Good Men who have contributed vastly to the project. Would like to thank our own Dikini for material aid as long as I'm in the area. At any rate, blame the release of your statistical data on Bob.

Sly of you to regularly alternate page colors.

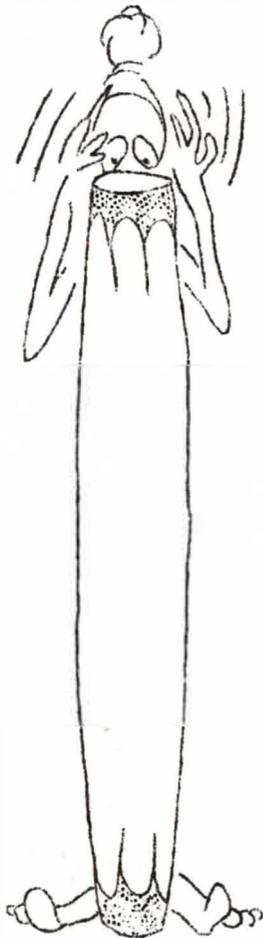
I note a mention to Nangee of Zeta's Six Rules of Conduct. I'm working on a sequel to that fool article, which will be particularly more accurate now that I have a membership card. Getting the card itself was a fascinating thing. I went to the station one afternoon at a time when Zeta was on the air. There he was, sitting at his control table and switching looks into the Uniscope. Y'know, I don't think he's really on satellite 6. He's really on Earth and is fooling us he's in space! Irregardless, I approached the receptionist with my most juvenile appearance (not a difficult task as I look considerably younger than I actually am) and meekly asked: "May I have a Zeta Secret Squadron Membership Card?"

"You'll have to write in. Zeta has to screen all his applicants, as Kharzov lurks everywhere." She grinned evilly.

And, with a thought to a fannish line, I turned to leave as I said: "I lurked high and low but I couldn't lurkate Kharzov."



"IT SAYS THE NEXT SAPS OE RACE WILL GE POGS!"



Tch tch. It appears that I have lost this item of world importance. Not really my fault, either, as since Corey and Bowart borrowed my SAPS mailings 38 and 39, having not bothered to return them yet, my SAPS material has been in a state of Stutter Contusion. I think they also got a couple of things from this mailing. Damn them, tho. I let them borrow them to read while we went over to Sam's. I go to work that day, and in the evening I find not only have they gone back to Enid, but my SAPS bundles have gone with them. Oh fie on thee generosity.

As a sidenote, this is being written several months after the previous page, but still a ways ahead of deadline. This typer is cutting a bad stencil, but at least it's readable. Too bad my use of the Underwood where I used to work is so limited, as it cuts a beautiful stencil; witness the McPhail FAPA Memory Book I'm producing for him for mailing 81.

Another sidenote to make: At the end of this school year I will probably disappear from Tulsa. Either via the Air Force (which will really limit my fanac) or via a job as a Linotype operator in either Kansas or Missouri, which is quite likely if I learn enuf about said machine. In that latter case, I will be in a position to fan like I want to.....productively.

So much for my life.

.....
 "Everyone looks purple." —Burbee on UnonCC's Party Tape

GRIPES OF RAPP

Uh. You talking about the Gee Zee bit about delinquents with likable personalities brings up a point I might make concerning an individual named Glenn Bynum who I mentioned as being involved in some past burglaries and stolen car episodes as well as other less serious but flagrant disregards of the law. The last time I saw Bynum he dropped by my place ten minutes after Ron Ellik arrived. When I finally avoided him and he went his merry way, I neglected to say in the Con report, intentionally, that during his visit Ron went down to a drugstore alone to place a call. While he was gone, Glenn kept trying his perverted ideals on me, and I continually kept him away. I illustrate this point only to point out another of his bad habits... But, the point I'm making is that this fellow with the likable personality went TOO far. He had a long juvenile record and, as you pointed out was too often the case, got "one more chance" too much. Several nights ago (three, to be accurate) he and another companion(who happened to be out on bond for a serious rape offense) went on a car stealing spree and stole several. They broke into one grocery and stole some money, and tried unsuccessfully to drag the safe from another. They were finally captured at 2 AM after a long chase by three converging police cars. They were in a hot '56 Chevrolet full of stolen goods. Subsequently, they admitted a long string of recent burglaries. It looks like 10 years in Prison for Glenn. He got into your "really serious trouble" just as the comments show might happen. The police officer who frisked Bynum in a newspaper photo, incidentally, lives in the apartment below me. He's the same one who has his pic in the October ish of Real Detective as a hero-sort in a lengthy article on the recent Tulsa vice clean-up, and vice syndicate destruction and trial.

SPY RAY OF SAPS

ENEY

Now I turn my head to find that famed TAFF defeated, FAPA elected, SASF persecuted former N3'er, the fantabulous and newmendous Richard Harris Eney. Oh yeh. Also CULT waiting lister, and probably member by this time. Frightening.

Ah, here's where I heard about Willis recommending printer's ink for mimeos if cut with castor oil. Yeh.

Hoo, bhoy. Whenami gonna get that thar tape you been a-promising me?

Hmm. Good deal you got from White. Hm. that'd be 2600 sheets of paper for your 7 bucks. Presuming it was Masterweave color stuff, that's offhand about paper costs. So's everyone won't think that qwertyuiopress isn't the only generous mimeographing hole, let it be known that the FAPA Memory Book I'm doing for McPhail is being done for paper costs. (He's also sending me costs for postmailing material: postage and envelopes). I am not only doing all the stencils, but donating them as well, at least 10 bucks on my part. etaoin shrdlu press is here. Which also causes me to point out I will mimeo YOUR zine if you like for costs plus a teeny margin. You, of cuss, would do the stencils, tho I'll throw in lettering of headings and some art stencilling of you wish. If I offered to do stencils too I'd spend the rest of my life typing stencils. I'm spending half of it on McPhail's zine. Get a good typer, not like this, and there might be produced some good repro.

.....
I've got to blow my own horn as to do otherwise would be most unsanitary.
.....

On religion and things: One of the most hilarious things to do is listen to your radio some Sunday and hear one of those fast talking yelling individuals preach. Some of the philosophies they hold are side-splitting. The other week I obtained a new insight in religion when one of them denounced all other faiths very violently, warned everyone there to accept Christ or suffer in Hell for Eternity, other typical bits, and the hilarious idea of contacting the "Saucer People", asking them to fly to heaven and demand assured salvation for said Church or whatever it was. This whole thing, all blurted thru in 2 minutes, was followed by the longest, most pleading plea for "all the money you can spare and more" to keep them "on the air" so they can continue preaching against all the radicals and evil-doers in the World. Reminding everyone that "money is but an Earthly sin; in our hands it leads us to Salvation" they went off the air. Tch. Someone must listen. ~~It~~ Want to see a real fanatic, you've probably seen this Eric Ericson's zine, Rapier, full of fuggheaded prophesies, predictions and general crap. Tch.

Right about here should be commentary on returning Lynn Hickman's Argassy, but alas, another disappearing fanzine. It's a good thing Lynn didn't know that when he was here... Come to think about it, I had it back then. Tch. Fie on that Corey and Bowart.





Heh. You and your sly comments on DeVore's #65 mimeo against my \$225 job. Whaddaya tryin' to do? Start a war? Might as well, tho. SANS couldn't help but benefit. Anyway, mine was a brand new job, fresh from the company (DeVore's might be too, but since Corey and Bowart have my mailings I can't check). It is the best machine Speed-O-Print makes beyond their electric. It works fine and has fine repro synchro. Now that's a demanding technological term for your 50 ounces of brain: Repro Synchro. A new science that threatens the very foundations of Scientology and Believism, not to mention Lesbianology. Repro Synchro. Heh. By the by: A suggestion from Archie Goodwin in re believism, where you Not Believe in things first: He doesn't believe in it. Yeh...

Actually, the repro qualities are going to depend greatly on skill with stencils as well as mimeo. I'd rather like to see BHH competing against me; it would prove quite interesting...

I would also list the top ten tunes in Tulsa but I couldn't really pin them down. Of the many stations in Tulsa, four are very openly in competition and each has their own fantastically different top tune chart, KTUL, which I once had so close an affiliation with; KFMJ, probably the low-man on the asteroid; KAMG, not so much r&r and in my opinion Tulsa's best radio station; and KAKC which plays their own top 50 over and over and over and over sandwiched between twice as much spot advertisements always yelling and hollering.

KAMG has a daily afternoon show that plays SOME jazz. The guy that used to run it and got \$1500 a month, went to Baltimore where there was more pay.... This is especially astounding for a dj as Don Wallace on KTUL, when I quit pubbing his 1200 circa Fan Club Fews, was getting \$55 a week... But then, this guy that went to Balto was tremendous!!! Tulsa's one really good jazz show is a 10 till 12 PM affair on Saturday night (tonight, by darn). You're lucky. My record player is on the blinko, too. Heh.

I'm a true Ghuist that uses mimeo, by the way. So don't single out Davis. I'm with him! In fact, the color of this page run was set up just for you. Be honored!

Heh. I must admit, on reference, that the Mansfield cover DOES resemble the one on ZIP #6, eh? I sorta think Steve DID have a purpose in scrutinizing my zines so well to "see what sorta stuff he should do".

If ya really want confusion, my real name is actually Milton Ronald Parker. Uncle Miltie and all.

DAAL is a local boy, Don Lindmark. Full name, thus the initials, is Don Arcus Allen Lindmark. I'm going to get hold of him and see if I can get more of his stuff; I depleted my stock and did Steve's confusion.

I can't say anything but kind words for the faaan fotos. Of the pipple I've seen before, I can say there were some tremendous fotos there. Seems the MidWes-Con sparked several foto binges what with the Seattle page being the cover for at least 3 zines that I know of (Cry, Polarity, and the GMC report), and quite conceivably a few others. Those Busbys. Always milking something dry to save a few bucks...

Gee. Only Impressionistic Press #9? Just your zines or those of others? I've produced 23 of my own items, this making #24. This does not include quite a number of local ads and forms. I'll include in my numbering system zines I do for others, which means the FAPA MB and a couple of proposed jobs I'm to do. Hey! Forgot about the two other contribs in this mailing. That makes this #26. Yeh. etacoin shrdlu press #26. Perihelion #4. Page 535. (That last isn't an inaccurate slash at this numbering stuff, either. Carefully figured up. FMB will add about 56 pages, too).

BOC

PFEIFFER

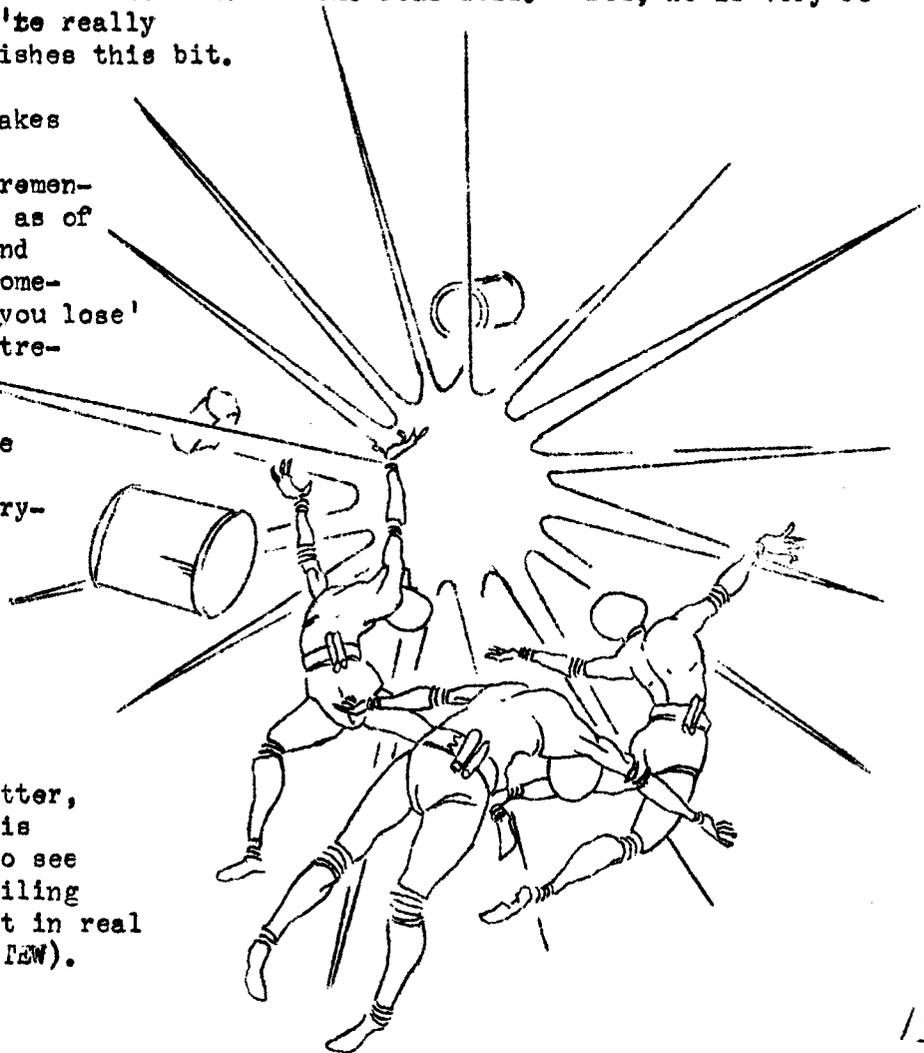
Yeh, saw the Saucer bit. The convention thing. There's even a reprinted newspaper clipping in a fanzine review column of mine for 3PECTRE, Bill Meyer's proposed GenDisZine, but thanks to delays, including that of publisher Rickhardt, it has become well outdated by this time. Tch. A very hilarious clipping, too.

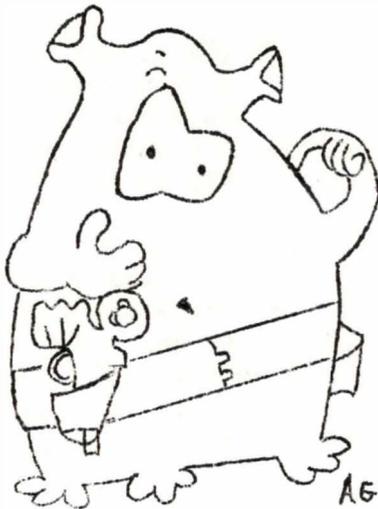
Heh. Should we tell everyone else about our big Bheer knowledge and the sticker I sent and all, or figure a way to confuse 'em.

John Carradine IS a wonderful actor. In fact, I urge all SAFS to see a recent hack movie he was in just for one scene. He, being a scientist in a spooky house on a hill, makes a loathsome monster out of some real doll. BUT, he is very remorseful and sad, and you're really sorry for him when he finishes this bit.

He gets up sorrowfully to leave and his secretary makes some statement. At this point he gives the most tremendous expression I've seen as of late. A sort of shrug and 'Those are the breaks---sometimes you win, sometimes you lose' attitude. It is really tremendous. I saw it with Archie Goodwin, and for 3 solid minutes we sat crumpled in our seats laughing fantastically, trying to breathe. Tremendous. Unfortunately, I can't remember the name of the movie. Fretty recent, tho. Probably some of you diligent SAFSians can recall it.

According to your letter, you will turn to mimeo this time, eh? Hmm. Hope to see some layout and longer mailing comments. You gwine fit in real good, bwah. (courtesy, LEW).





MUD LEE

My only comment can best be summed up in one tremendous, "Good Lord!"

Gee, Bob, if you'd say something constructive occasionally, you might irk some comments outa me. At least you're funnier in print than in person. SAPS should be warned of your very weird personality. Sort of a suppressed Sam Martinez...

Big Brother, eh? I have a feeling I'd better keep on watching.
Frightening.

FOOT! FLEISCHMAN

You say fans are not good critics, yet you are criticizing them. In fact, you do several bits of criticism. This isn't good, y'know; defeating the purpose.

No, people are not, on the whole, stupid. BUT, when you consider an average intelligence of 110, that is pretty good. 140 or so, is considered genius. I sometimes wonder about people, tho. In one of my classes my 126 is tops, with one kid holding a 76. Horrifying. Yet there's a 101 average. As a sidenote, I have discovered that the school IQ's are not accurate; they are below actual IQ, which, however, can never really be found. So, I will jump off the IQ ladder bit by stating it is higher than the original 126 discovery. By how much, I don't know. I'd prefer never to know, tho my class adviser continually informs me I'm in the upper 2% of the school (which has 4,000 pupils), and which gives me too much egoboo. Lest we all get swell-headed, there is a west German (west Berlin) exchange student at our school at present. Also a Senior, he has had things like Calculus that US high schools rarely touch. In fact, it is a known fact that some foreign schools have US high school grads in the sixth grade and below. Tch.

Isn't subject digression wonderful?

I also enjoy all forms of music, with the absolute exception of hillbilly. (Considering r&r is a strain of r&b and hillbilly, it's sometimes strange how I enjoy r&r and r&b.) However, my first love is jazz. J*A*Z*Z.

To show the ignorance of some people concerning music, let's delve into some literary references, an item you seem to enjoy to great degrees:

First, a letter to DJ Don Wallace published in my own Fan Club News, ish 5:
"Dear Don wallace:

I recently happened to listen to a segment of your afternoon "rock & roll" show, but before I go any farther I might as well tell you the type "music" you play is poisoning the minds of the younger generation, But back to when I was listening to your snow. You played a song having to do with an ape or something.
/Ed note: The reference here is to Nervous Norvus' "Ape Call"./ I was very tempted to smash the radio before I went mad, but I decided to stick it out and see the kind of trash our kids are listening to. I am not asking you to go off the air because I realize you have millions of teen-age listeners. /Wallace is a local DJ!/ My only request is that you play more sentimental songs with sincerity, meaning, and heart. I'm sure today's teen-ager would be well satisfied with these type songs. When I was listening I heard you mention something about juvenile delinquency. I thought to myself, this poor man begs for less delinquency when the records you play cause most of the damage. But be that as it may keep up the good work and try my idea of more sentimental numbers. Very Sincerely Yours, Fred V. whitehill, Jr."

Now there is not only a display of utter stupidity (like blasting Don and the music and then saying "keep up the good work") but also a case of letting personal prejudice blind this person to the tastes of others as well as condemn the thing he is prejudiced against as causing crime and so forth. fcb. Besides 1200 readers, Wallace read this over the air, so you can imagine the frantic letters we both pored thru from teen-agers calling Whitehill all sorts of things.

In the June ish of RECORD WHIRL (June, 1956) singer Mel Torme made some very slanderous comments against Big Presley. The typical letters that followed are but fuel to the fire and your evidence of musical prejudices, and often musical stupidity making strong comments. These cuts from the August 1956 issue:

"...He's just mad because Elvis Presley's records make better listening and are much more popular."

"...Next I want to tell off a couple of so-called singers, Jeri Southern and Mel Torme. Both of them sound like dozens of other singers. I couldn't pick a record by either one. They are obviously jealous of Elvis's unique and wonderful singing. Miss Southern said she couldn't understand what he was singing about. Sometimes I can't understand some of his words, but that's the charms of his singing..."

One sensible soul sort of OK'd r&r, but really shot at the teenagers, "who, because they are 'sent' by a few r&b discs, think they are experts when it comes to criticizing music."

"Goodbye to Mel and to his Sinatra, Mario Lanza, and anything else that has to do with him. I think the articles and pictures on Elvis Presley were super."

"I don't know who this so-called expert Mel Torme is, but I'm sure he can't be very important or he would have more to do than make nasty cracks about Elvis Presley."

So it goes. People, in their ignorance, not capable of comprehending tolerance condemn what they dislike for stupid reasons. Just like your examples, these show considerable ignorance to music as a whole. Sure, I dislike hillbilly music greatly, but I'd like to know of one unkind word I've said about it. Occasionally even it has a vague appeal to me, and I certainly can tolerate it as a form of music. It's a shame how ignorant some people can become in their own stream of prejudice.

WHITE GHOYSSSEY

This is one of those uncommendable creations, but it was quite enjoyable. The poems on the last three pages were hilarious; tremendously so. Moreover, the majority showed good writing ability and fine comprehension and rhyming.

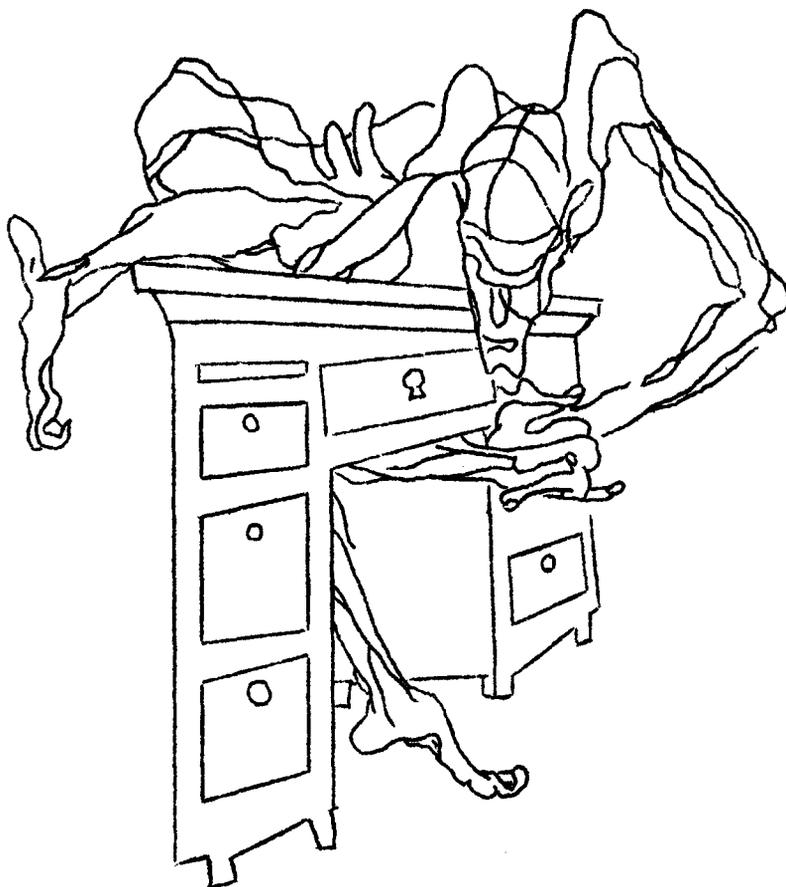
COLLECTED POEMS

CARR

Now here is something I skipped over almost completely. There is just no quality about your poetry that holds any interest for me. I must admire the effort, and I must say it was sort of noble of you to send in \$1 to help offset the postage that thick production consumed, but it is something I just didn't read because it just plain didn't interest me.

Such a consumption of paper, too.
Frightening.





-ISM

I still contend that emerging from a Nan Share production, crooked pages and all, is like emerging from a really unique world.

There is an uncommentable quality here that defies any sort of logical commentary.

There is a weirdness of an undefinable type.

There is a strangeness; a dim and misty veil that overshadows Other Things and slowly, carefully, cautiously yet all encompassingly and indubitably entrances the reader.

There Is Something about This Zine.

And that Thing, that indescribable, indefinable, incomprehensible something is... that something is...is...is... that Nancy Share's crazy.

Yeh, that's what it is, alright.

Yes, all things considered, things in SAPS are improving. The art is improving (I think stuff I've brot in from the Mundane friends such as Goodwin, ISM, and Lindmark have helped slightly). Material is picking up but it could stand more volume, mailing comments are getting along; even layout is gaining here and there.

Bless you, fellow Ghuiet and mimeographer. Together we can Reform All.

As long as you're commenting me, I might as well do ditto. Rather, mimeo. Anyhoo, GS is indicative of some pretty capable reproduction. Art and layout you need, tho. (I should be the one to talk). Hm. Some of the mimeoing is crooked enuf to be SHARED, but it's durn legible. If I could get a good typer so would this. It really bothers me how I've gotten down good repro but am cutting a miserable stencil that thusly gives me "rough" repro. The FaPa MB, done on the typer where I used to work, is wonderful, but this thing... Tch. Oh well. I should complain? I might wind up hand writing everything...

Oh? BHH mimeoed this? On his cheap little ole \$65 machine? Heh heh. Er, like I said, this is terrible repro. Miserable. Now if you had a \$225 mimeo like me.....

Gee, even poetry in Saps is improving these days. Vive la miracles. Happy Easter, Jawn...

THE VICIR

MUSSELLS

And a very merry Unbirthday to you, sir.
Hll, bhoy. You ain't gettin' nuthin' from me till I see some mailing comments.

BEAVER BORED

MOOMAW

Heh. Mr. Moomaw, I presume. Sorry, ol' bhoy, about the comments in the Cult. First impressions get me in more fool spots.

The comment on the forgery of Wollheim's signature was sort of a private joke that came out a fuggheaded sort of statement. I was originally planning to use signatures on the contributors list of the Calendar. I finally discarded that idea, but for the longest time I was trying to get Don's sig on stepall and just couldn't seem to master it. Not so hard when you realize a master is for mimeo and a stencil is ditto. Ditto for the rubber stamp, too. Merry Christmas to the stapling machine and rack the radio, bhoy. Ants will conquer the world and I shall take my lamb to school.

Now that is what I call a really psychological thing. For the first time, on stencil, I suddenly decided to just type what came to mind. I think I'll do that more often. There was the oddest ecstasy I cannot describe, just running wild like that.

Anyway, the point is that I spent quite a while trying to get that sig down. Finally was so used to it I felt like a forger.

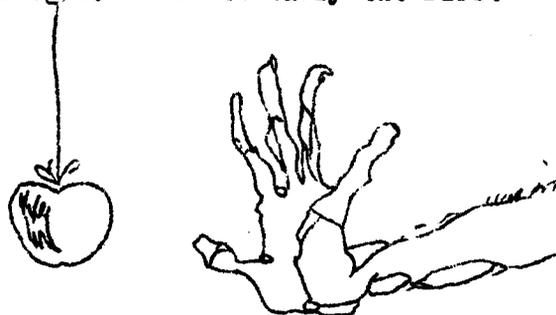
Somewhere in the last ish I made a comment about Miriam Allen deFord in which I said something to the effect of 'tho a pro I find her a wonderful correspondent.' That, too, sounds fuggheaded, and both sound quite name-droppish as I study them, but here too lies a story. Remind me to tell it sometime.

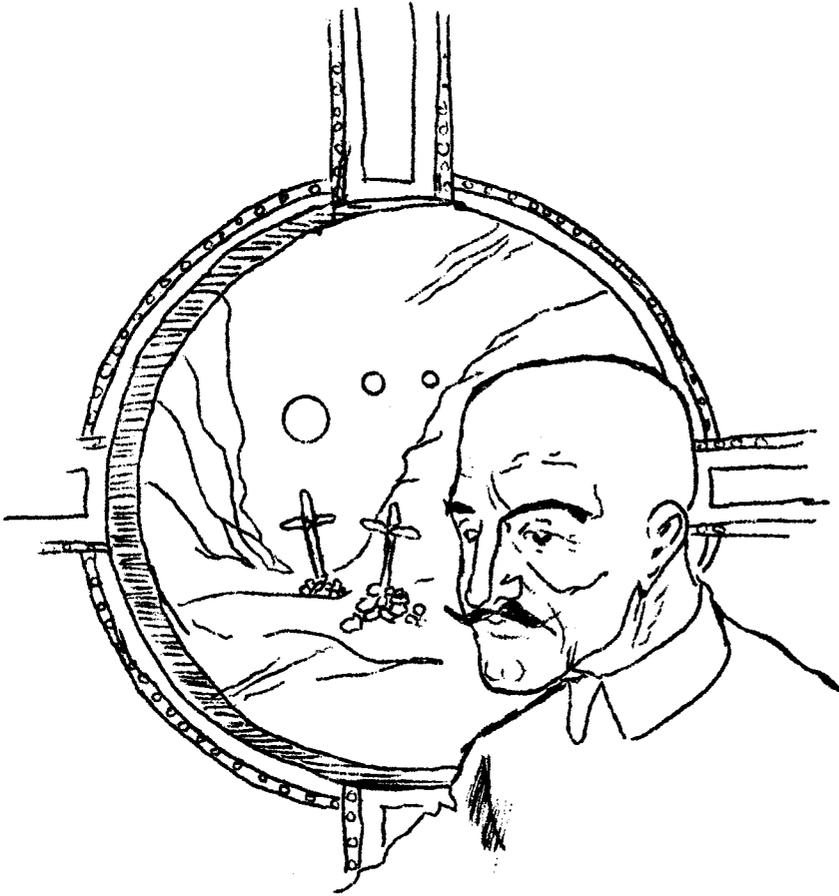
I was lucky, learning my school record IQ. Am on fine terms with my Printing instructor who, while one day lecturing me on why I didn't knuckle down and do some something or other, pulled out this mimeoed sheet with the IQ and a few other ratings of all school students. After showing me what an intelligent person I was, he saw to it I paid a visit to my class adviser who, as usual, told me I was in the top 2% of the school which sure helped the inflating headbone. Tch. I have since learned via close informants that the school ratings are actually lower than the true ratings. Even those, of course, aren't a true personality picture, but this is a repetitious comment. But that's how I found out.

Dunno about MAAL's sales ability. I don't recall Don ever mentioning a great many attempts, but he has tried a few places. Then too he's had stuff in school mags and papers. I agree, tho. Some of his stuff should be snatched up. When I grabbed up the few items I got (what I had left I assembled in Stutter Contusion) I noted he had several reams of good cartoons. I'll try to get a big bunch if I possibly can. Some, tho, are practically pencil roughs. Particularly the first one in Stutter Contusion.

Heh. Talk about me giving OCN a big buildup. Get that comment on ABby; "an (ahem) up and coming new fanzine that has drawn favorable comment from a long list of Bnfs..." Uh huh.

Rather a nice production with very fine repro. Just layout and art in mild profusion and you're made.





Gee. I can read it.
You're insane, but it's
nice to able to read the
stuff for a change...

Just to display in-
sanity...

I do this not only
cause I like it, but also
cause I think maybe some-
one is laughing...

Ha hahahahaha.

6 is a number of
ruggy proportions like a
large mammal. 3 is a
curly-Q feetbull that
kicks and groans and
tears up roads. Three
cheers for the concrete.
Oh, pity the highway
white line painter-- A
woeful soul is heeeee.

Paragraph stop.
Back, foul line. The
Lesbians are after us
once more. Arise all ye
noble Homosexuals and stop
these Believisists, Lesbians,
and Horatio Hornblower.
I dreent I blew my Horn in
a Fordenmaid record.

Psychologists, take
note.

Collector is the one remaining item that went travelling to Enid...

So, I go to Creep.

"What do you think of this issue of Creep?"

"It's an outstanding demonstration of fine American wit and mailing comments combined into a pleasurable conversational story of hilarious content, soothing quality, and unique creation."

"In other words you liked it?"

"No, but it's different."

"Well, I thot it was real great. Besides, there were Kind Words about Peri and myself."

"Well, that cinches that. Weber IS insane."

"Hush now. You want to get us thrown out of SACS?"

"Hush now. You want to get me involved with you? The NSF would ban me."

"Hey, look. All sorts of kind words and egoboo. That should prove some-thing."

"Just one thing."

"What's that? You're both insane."

"Careful now. You can be replaced with Believisism."

"Too late. I stopped believing in you when you spelled Perihelion Concept."

BONFIRE

COSLET

Good heavens, man. I don't give a coffer's dam what's going on in the N3F. I'm interested in what's going on in SAPS. Thus, if N3F is keeping you so busy that all you can give SAPS is two pages which tell us your big N3F career, then get out and let some faunching Waiting Lister in. You and N3F go have a big time and you be a Big Man and Lord Ghod there, but for Heavens sakes either produce or pack up and G*E*T O*U*T!

Have I read any good prozines lately. Yes, but there's some pretty poor fanzines I've read lately, and am reading one printed on gold (malaria) paper right now. Tch.

KEEBIRD

ENEY

Now, on the other hand, here's a zine filled with wit, humor, fine art and material, and Ted E. White.

After reading thru this mass hysteria closed out with that Geis material, all I can utter is: "What a crazy guy."

How about competing with Bible checklists and give us a Miracle Checklist?

TAILGATE

YOUNG

Of primary interest here was the Spirit article. Thus, I'm using a yet unpublished CONCEPT article on the Spirit to supplement yourn. That, suh, is your mailing comment.

SAPSTYPE

HIGGS

Maybe I'm running down toward the end, but I'm suddenly quite desiderate of comments.

Very cute cover indeed. Nicely done.

Gee. I appreciate being egoboosted into the top ten for that mailing. You may be a Good Man at that.

There was a vague aura of disorganization herein. Let's hope to see more of you in the future when in an organized state of mind.

What kind of ink you using? Sovereign?

ORGY

RIKE

Hey hey. Stencils do too make a difference in repro quality. How you use them, too. You, for instance were not always using a film and thus a lot of segments of letters were falling out. Ruins the appearance. There are good and bad stencils. Just as ink and even paper make a difference (as does the typer and the person) so do stencils.

Asian flu, eh? Tch. Contagious as it is, I may get it from this zine. The thing about that fool Asian flu that gets me is that when it was just barely getting started as a mild disease in Asia and all, and there were tiny mentions of it on page 999 of the paper on occasions I'd keep mentioning it to people in conversation, and they'd never heard anything about any epidemic. Now they've heard. Tch, ah weel...



SAP ROLLER.....JERK HARMLESS



About IQ's and relativity - As I said to a couple others herein, the school IQ is lower than regular tests. Maybe if I find the right test I'll catch up. No sweat.

Gee whiz bang, Uncle Jack: You is ab-so-luti-nati-vite-ly crazy to use justified margins. I've used 'em for a couple years but these days I seem to have fled to uneven right hand margins for everything, with the major exception of the Papa Memory Book.

Does anyone have a bona fide pic of Ghu? Hm. Maybe I'll ask Wollheim. He created him. By the by, how many of you-all know when to celebrate Ghu Year's Day? I thot so...

I filled out and sent in my Attitude Survey. Now, when do I get a big volume of free Jerk Harmless artwork?

Very entertaining, Uncle Jack. I won't even argue with you. After all, who am I to argue with a Sen? Besides, I'm taking Believiam and I don't believe in you.

SPECTATOR

There is something very fishy going on here Miss Nancy June. Howcum Spectator supplies are \$4.50?? I could produce that, with stencils the primary cost, for about \$1.50. - \$3.00 difference. Or did I overlook cost of mlg. envelopes? Let us have some more specific like budget handling.

RATING

- 1 - Outsiders
- 2 - Creep
- 3 - Sap roller
- 4 - Keybird
- 5 - Retro
- 6 - The white Ghodysey
- 7 - Ignatz
- 8 - Beaver Bored
- 9 - Flabbergasting
- 10 - Gripes of Rapp

And, getting a Special Rating due to fanzine repro above and beyond the call of possibility for him, we award the Silver Bullet to

Norman G. Wansborough
Long May He Perish.

On which note I leave you,

THE SWAMI



Dear Swami:

Why is a man walking with a woman supposed to walk on the side next to the street?

--Mary

If anyone drops something from the window of a building, he is less likely to get hurt.

Dear Swami:

Have you written any songs lately?

--Otto

I've written the first four lines of a very lively tune. It goes:

When you wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip,

And I wore a big red rose,

Streets were congested and we were arrested--

We forgot to put on our clothes.

I'm having a little difficulty proceeding from that point.

Dear Swami:

Is ice skating a safe sport?

--Nan

Yes, if the water is frozen.

Dear Swami:

I have been invited to attend the christening of a ship and will be away from my office a few days. What sign should I put on my door?

--Jack

Out to launch.

Dear Swami:

Who was Horatio Belderdash?

--Phil

He invented stationery elevators---they stay in one place while the building goes up and down.

Dear Swami:

Don't you think What's-His-Name's behavior at the Convention was disgraceful?

--Who's It

Yes. He was so tight I couldn't see him.

Dear Swami:

Just what is the fifth amendment?

--Gertie

It's the one that came after the fourth amendment.

Dear Swami:

Do you like kipling?

--Eva

I don't know. I've never kippled.

Dear Swami:

Have you written any songs lately?

--Wrai

I'm working on a tune called "When I Married My Wife She Was A Dear, But Now She's More Like A Moose."

Dear Swami:

Have you tried any poetry?

--Buz, Elinor and Nan.

Yes. I've done one for the law boys called:

To The Bar

My lawyer's working on a case,
One must admire his poise.
He works with dedicated zeal,
It's work that he enjoys,
He's systematic, thorough, sure,
Experienced and deft.
My lawyer's working on a case--
There's just one bottle left.

Dear Swami:

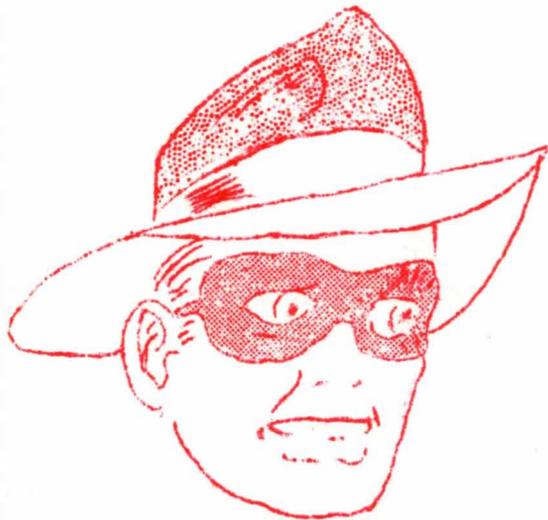
Is there any simple way to keep from confusing the Hal Smith who catches for
Kansas City and the Hal Smith who catches for St. Louis?

--Lynn

There is no reason for confusion. They're both really Al Smith who plays outfield
for Cleveland.

the world of the

SPiRiT



One of the most fascinating series to spring forth from the field of comics is that of Will Eisner's SPiRiT. Those who are unacquainted with this character, or have merely a passing knowledge of him, cannot appreciate this statement. That person who has stopped long enough to take any lengthy note of this strip at all, is, undoubtedly, a confirmed SPiRiT addict. This whimsical series is as immediately contagious as was the old EC--in fact, it was the inspiration for much of the EC material. No great observation is needed to detect the influence Eisner had in forming the thoughts of Harvey Kurtzman and Wally Wood. In fact, many of the ideas appearing in MAD can be traced

directly to the SPiRiT series. Wally Wood was not only influenced in his drawing style by Eisner, but actually drew several weeks of the later SPiRiT newspaper strip.

The SPiRiT not only moved from newspapers to comic books, but many years of the comics were newspaper strip reprints. It was only after a considerable length of time that the newspapers received material prepared for them exclusively.

The SPiRiT is not a serious strip. In serious guise, it is a lampoon on serious strips. Even the SPiRiT's mask is a lampoon of all super-hero costumes. Not only does it rarely come off, (the SPiRiT may stroll casually down the street, or appear in formal dress for a dance, but the mask remains) but it is also molded to the face as though painted on. Conforming, reliably, to all facial expressions, it also possesses eyelids of its own, to close in unison with those of its wearer.

Instead of becoming the love interest on the strip, the SPiRiT's childhood sweetheart, Sand Jaref, (Sans Serif is a form of lettering) has become one of the strip's numerous villainesses. And, instead of our hero triumphing, in the end, over these female villains, they invariably outwit him horribly--escaping clean with the loot.

Patterned, somewhat, after the Shadow adventures, the SPiRiT also had his private taxi cab--driven by a twelve year old named Ebony (later replaced by Sammy).

The strip has been continually over-run with kids. The waif with the brown leather hood and peppermint stick, for example, has been sucking on that stick for almost fifteen years.

Although walking away virtually unscathed from such incidents as being shot in back and falling down a twelve step flight of stairs face first, one volley of shots toward his legs, at one time, caused him to appear on crutches in every story for the next two months.

At present, Eisner, with his staff, has left the SPiRiT to produce training aids for the army; and it is with longing eyes that we turn toward Wildwood Cemetery in hopes of seeing Denny Colt crawling once more from his grave, as he has done so often before. Long live satire a la Eisner!

POPULAR MIMEOGRAPHICS

DEDICATED TO A YOUNGFAN \$\$\$

Since my previous SAES bundle is in Enid thanks to Corey and Bowart, I have no idea what Young said specifically last ish. Thusly, I am cut off making several corrections I wanted to make. Also, while I had planned a lettering catalog of hundreds of hand styles which I can very effectively reproduce with time and effort that was sworn off a while back. So, I will venture forth with my venture in mimeographing.

First we come to stencils, which are a Vital Thing, y'know. Probably the best stencil you can get your hands on is Sovereign, put out by the Speed-Print people. By all means avoid ABDick material of all sorts as ABD will give you miserable quality for exorbitant prices. Master's makes a fairly nice stencil that sells pretty cheaply: \$3.20 for one quire. (\$2.99 per with 2 quires; \$2.85 each for 5 and so on). Master's, incidentally, is a fine place to do business. If you aren't familiar with them, write to Master Products; 330 South Wells St.; Chicago 6, Illinois for a catalog.

Presently I'm using ABDick stencils (which I got wholesale from a dealer going out of business), as well as Sovereigns, Masters, and a Heyer Lettergraph baby of pretty good quality.

Ink: Right now I'm using some Master ink. I can get this good quality ink in 5 pound lots for \$1.80 a pound. For a long time I used Sovereign Grade A, but this stuff penetrates deeply and will leave an oily haze. I've tried some of the ABDick stuff, and it's not much better. I understand that about the best you can get is Print-O-Latic Impress Formula 27, but White, who keeps telling me about this fine ink (he wouldn't use any other) continually neglects to tell me where to get it. I can't locate it locally.

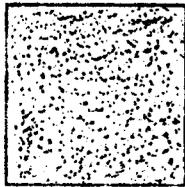
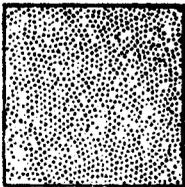
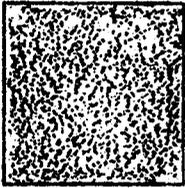
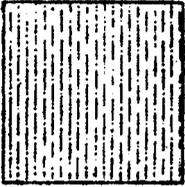
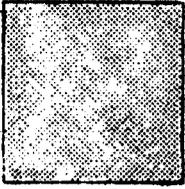
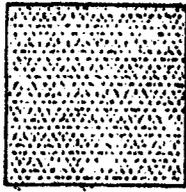
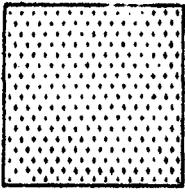
Paper: I order entirely from Master's on this bit, beyond some wholesale buying of 20# white stock for local mimeo work at around a buck a ream. Master's has around 6 types of paper, the prices on which I'm quoting in 10 ream 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 lots. If you get smaller or larger quantity, the price changes accordingly; they also have 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 14 for a bit more. Masterweave, like Harness and Castora have, is \$1.39 per ream in 10-ream carton. A much smoother colored stock runs \$1.65. One white stock in 20# weight is \$1.47. They have two other whites, both with 16# and 20# prices. One runs \$1.34 and \$1.55 respectively; the other, \$1.21 and \$1.38. Finally, they have the 26# white like this is being run on. I always get it in 10 ream lots and it runs me \$1.99 a ream, still a good price.

Stencilling: First you need a good light scope, which runs about \$25 to \$40 new for a decent one. I picked up a fine one thru Master's for about \$25--a sale price, too.

Lettering and shading are both essential. Following is a rushed sampling of my collection. Styli are, of course, necessary. For close art you can't beat a wire hoop job. Also, a rolled point stylus is better than a pointed job.

Thus, on to lettering and shading with guides and plates...

SHADING



MY NAME IS JERK HARMLESS.
I'M SIX YEARS OLD AND
I'M INSTRUCTOR AT
THE SCHOOL OF
SCIENTOLOGY.
MY DADDY IS
L. RON HUBBARD. HE IS A
BARE CUBBARD
salesman who
is always

PLAYING

TRICKS ON MY OLD MOTHER.

I DON'T LIKE MY

CRUEL OLD DAD.

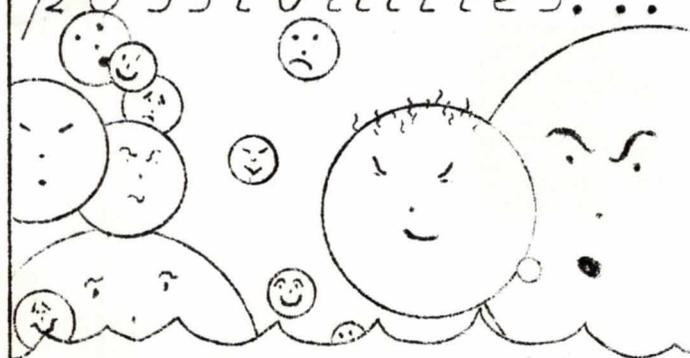
I THINK I WILL TAKE

UNCLE THEODORE

EDWIN JACOB GILBERT EDWARD
WHITE'S COURSE
IN BELIEF

IN EVILISM. THEN I
WON'T BELIEVE
IN HIM.

I DON'T BELIEVE
IN JED I CAN
STEAL HIS mimeograph and
RECORDS and oh
THE GRAND
possibilities...



The World of



EDGAR
RICE
BURROUGHS

†
10

The symbol at the top of this page is probably quite familiar to most of those who will be reading this article. It, apparently, is a family seal---the family of Burroughs. Since the death of this famous author, Edgar Rice Burroughs, several proposals have been put forth, publicly, for a successor to carry on the adventures of his famous characters; and a complete file has been established cross-referencing every name and major incident in his works for such a purpose.

The worlds from the pen of Edgar Rice Burroughs are so constructed as to closely parallel that of our own. Although they contain little fact---and, therefore, must be classified as adventure-fiction rather than science-fiction---they contain a great deal of hidden philosophy and irony with which he probably meant us to see more humor in our world. The majority of his works are written as though they are true, or based on actual occurrences. He often places himself in the story; and makes references to recorded material, he supposedly found, as though it were actual.

One must remember, as they read his works, that he uses "I" as he would any other fictional character relating an experience. He also broke a major rule of writing by continuing one story through several books. Often people buy a Burrough's book only to find that they have come in at the middle of a story. More confusing still is the fact that he never completed a series before beginning a new one; and often intermingled the two...or more. He wrote his books in a certain order, and expected them to be read in that way.

For the aid of the avid Burroughs fan, the following list is a relatively accurate guide...

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| *1--Tarzan of the Apes | 26--The Outlaw of Torn |
| *2--The Return of Tarzan | 27--The War Chief |
| *3--The Beasts of Tarzan | c28--The Mastermind of Mars |
| *4--The Son of Tarzan | *29--Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle |
| c5--A Princess of Mars | 30--The Monster Men |
| *6--Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar | *31--Tarzan and the Lost Empire |
| c7--The Gods of Mars | p32--Tanar of Pellucidar |
| *8--Jungle Tales of Tarzan | p*33--Tarzan at the Earth's Core |
| c9--The Warlord of Mars | c34--A Fighting Man of Mars |
| *10--Tarzan the Untamed | *35--Tarzan the Invincible |
| c11--Thuvia, Maid of Mars | 36--Jungle Girl |
| *12--Tarzan the Terrible | *37--Tarzan Triumphant |
| 13--The Kicker | 38--Apache Devil |
| p14--At the Earth's Core | *39--Tarzan and the City of Gold |
| c15--The Chessmen of Mars | v40--Pirates of Venus |
| 16--The Girl from Hollywood | *41--Tarzan and the Lion Man |
| *17--Tarzan and the Golden Lion | v42--Lost on Venus |
| p18--Pellucidar | *43--Tarzan and the Leopard Men |
| 19--The Land That Time Forgot | c44--Swords of Mars |
| *20--Tarzan and the Ant Men | *45--Tarzan's Quest |
| 21--The Cave Girl | 46--The Cakdale Affair and the Rider |
| 22--The Bandit of Hell's Bend | p47--Back to the Stone Age |
| 23--The Eternal Lover | 48--The Lad and the Lion |
| 24--The Moon Maid | *49--Tarzan and the Forbidden City |
| 25--The Mad King | v50--Carson of Venus |

*51--Tarzan the Magnificent
c52--Synthetic men of Mars
53--The Deputy Sheriff of Comanche County
p54--Land of Terror
*55--Tarzan and the Foreign Legion
v56--Escape on Venus
c57--Llana of Gathol

* Tarzan
c (Carter) Mars
p Pellucidar (the Earth's core)
v Venus

This list does not include Man Without A Soul which was published in England around 1946. This is the title of a magazine story printed in book form under the title The monster men. (This is not to be confused with The Man Without A Soul which is printed, in book form, as part of The Mucker.)

Also not included are The Tarzan Twins (1927) 126 pages in 'Big Little Book' fashion, only larger, and Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins with Jad-Bal-Ja, The Golden Lion (1936) 314 pages.

The following stories have been printed in magazine form only, and have yet to be published in hardbound editions:

The Man-eater
Beyond Thirty
The Girl From Ferris's
The Efficiency Expert
The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw
The Scientists Revolt
Tarzan and the Champion
Tarzan and the Jungle Murders
John Carter and the Giant of Mars
The City of Mummies
Black Pirates of Barsoom
The Yellow men of Mars
The Quest of Tarzan
Invisible men of Mars
Beyond the Farthest Star
Return to Pellucidar
Men of the Bronze Age
Tiger Girl
Skeleton man of Jupiter

One Tarzan story was not completed.

Burroughs died March 19, 1950, at the age of 74, with a total of 78 completed novels to his credit.

-Larry Ivie

the exploration of barsoom

ray capella

While giving the original Mars trilogy a second going-over, not too long ago, I was struck by the fashion with which Burroughs dragged in the racial bogey and vigorously proceeded to slap the tar out of it. It was a good feeling to find something more than imaginative slam-bang in the two sequels, and I proceeded to look for more.

I excluded the original "Under the Moons of Mars" (or "A Princess of Mars", if you like) from that last comment because said novel can stand on its own feet as a true-blue adventure, or "romance", as magazines like the All-Story and Argosy were apt to put it. It didn't need a gimmick or message because as a romance on its own it was a classic of its genre.

But it's the two sequels that followed that held more subtle intentions. Burroughs added a holy race to those known in his first book -- a type whose phony faith had undermined Barsoom for many thousands of years. When John Carter was through with these dirty villains, the worst thing to be on Barsoom was a vain white man who had passed himself as top-dog and who wore a yellow wig to hide his weakest spot -- a bald pate. If this type of symbolism didn't hold the bite of Swift-like satire, I don't know what did.

Burroughs aficionados might point out that there was another race Carter brought down -- the "high born" Black Pirates of Barsoom. That was obvious -- he made it an all-around spoof, refusing to commit himself and jeopardize his characters. Still, the holy race seemed to remain outside the alliance that Carter made after replacing the bad pirates with good ones whose code of honor was as high as his. Which brings us to one of the weak points in the series -- this honor code...

"It is my duty, and should be my pleasure, to kill you, John Carter," he said, "but always, in my heart of hearts, have I admired your prowess and believed in your sincerity..."

"Truth and honesty were writ large upon the warrior's noble countenance, so that I could not but have trusted him, enemy though he should have been. His title of Captain of the Kaolian Road explained his timely presence in the heart of the savage forest, for every highway upon Barsoom is patrolled by doughty warriors of the noble class..."

Obviously, writer Burroughs tempered his un-prejudice with class-distinction. The whole saga of Barsoom is spread thickly with a crust of Honor and nobility that verged on blind righteousness and was harder to associate and identify with the real (which is the sole power of the successful fictioneer) than the setting in which it took place. Its only excuse is that the civilization of Barsoom is probably a social parallel to, say, the days of Louis IX of France, or later in the Crusades when Richard Coeur de Leon's derring-do was in flower. Still, the code was a weak basis for the amount of material that was to come.

Because ~~and~~ had now a formula that couldn't be denied. And, up to the time when Ziff-Davis (the thick "Amazing" and "Fantastic" of them days) pubbed all the hack novelettes he could rattle off for 'em, the formula worked -- most of the books before that period came off with plenty of time between them.

He kept the "Message" idea in the back of his head and when "Thuvia, Maid of Mars", came through, it contained a dissertation injected into it. Said theme was in the guise of the "Phantom Bommen", children of hypnotic suggestion whose inventors weren't sure whether they had created each other. When the author consequently ran into the problem of Reality, having played with Believing and Being, he balked. Later, the book rushed to an abrupt end that was obviously meeting a deadline.

Number 5, "The Chessmen of Mars", could be held as a parallel to the author's "Tarzan the Terrible" in the jungle series, for it contained as much fire and energy, if not originality in plotting. Great characterization (comparatively) in the figure of Tara of Helium was not all -- ERB also toyed with the old Intellect-vs-Animal Reaction bit and brought it to as satisfactory an answer as his more literary contemporaries. This was probably the best effort in the seven books printed after the trilogy.

Following "Chessmen", Stereotype was the key word. Even the introduction of a new Earthman (with the unlikely name of Ulysses Paxton) did not enliven the usual chase-plot in "The Master Mind of Mars". And the "name character" (a combination of Professor Frankenstein and Long John Silver) didn't stay around long enough to make the book different. The same fate befell the invisibility gimmick employed in "A Fighting Man of Mars", which, otherwise might have saved said book from being probably the worst in the series.

John Carter returned to the fore in "Swords of Mars" and took a trip to one of Barsoom's moons, but neither idea obscured the usual kidnap-and-chase plot nor the lack of characterization. It stayed almost as bad as "Fighting Man".

By this time, even ERB was probably looking upon Barsoom, in his fantasy endeavor, as Doyle once looked upon Sherlock Holmes.

Maybe it was the latter which impelled him to introduce the subtle transition of identity imparted to the protagonist of "Synthetic Men of Mars". Said character started as stereotype, then had his brain transplanted to that of a monster and developed personality and color as the book progressed. The change was as much mental as physical, 'til, at the end of the book, the reader appreciates him more in his adopted body than his natural one. Coupled with what is probably Burroughs' second greatest effort on spoofing vanity, "Synthetic Men" rises several notches above the others, the only exception being probably "Chessmen".

The rest of the history is in novelettes, in which few or no themes were used. Four of these saw print, as the tenth, and to date, last of the series -- "Llana of Gathol".* I'm sure of one other that never saw book publication -- "Skeleton Men of Jupiter" (Yes -- tired of chasing after her over the dead sea bottoms, Carter now followed Dejah to the Red Spot in Jupiter). And I think there was one other, titled "The Giant of Mars."

But what these carried was that which made the first book -- pace and imagination. This had been fine at the beginning, but it had almost become a nuisance long before the novelettes appeared; for the formula of characterless heroes can only be done so much -- after which it needs more meaning within its simple plot.

John Carter left his physical body on Earth, yet his astral body was solid on Barsoom. ERB was saying: "This is a fantasy. Don't question - enjoy. Barsoom is the soul of Mars. If each were the other, we'd have mermaids and unicorns." I'm pretty sure he meant that, and by that token one can leave Barsoom on the balance of its inconsistencies.

Burroughs floats to the top with the trilogy. We're left with the knowledge that it was pretty rough swallowing the differences, even if it was for the sake of passing a fast-moving fantasy. But after all the corny sentimentalism is done with, and we feed the books to the younger generation, we don't forget adults enjoyed them too. You don't forget Barsoom.

Ray Capella

- * Just for the record, the novelettes found in "Llana of Gathol", are named: "The Ancient Dead", "The Black Pirates of Barsoom", "Escape on Mars" (I believe this was called "The City of Mummies" in mag form - and it might just as well have been the original name for "The Ancient Dead") and "Invisible Men of Mars". The mags are slightly hard to obtain or I'd be less hazy about it. I hope, for the sake of more info that this article is seen by biblios like ole Gregg Calkins, the ERBurroughsophile of Bryce Canyon, Utah, who might inform us all of their printing history.

RC

WHO ENTERS THE FOREST OF GLASSCRANN NEVER LEAVES

—JOHN HITCHCOCK

Forrester was coming to.

He lay there on the luxuriant green grass on his stomach, the wide expanse that was his back well warmed by the red sun. He was a strong man, six foot three, a hundred and seventy-five pounds, blond hair cropped short by an inexperienced barber.

Slowly he turned his German face to the ship, standing there like a needle with a short thread through its eye. Slowly he got up, shaking off the grass from his light blue shirt, and started toward the Big Nike.

There was the giant black snake under the ship, between its legs. Immovable, his only obstacle to the ones he loved--or thought he loved.

The serpent itself was dormant, but could trigger itself into action at the slightest disturbance. Menacing, he thought, as he stood there and looked at it.

Malarkey and Faloni were in its capacious stomach, and there was room for one more. Malarkey and Faloni had tried to get back into the Big Nike, and Forrester had seen the big snake whip up to where they were on the ladder on the outside of the needle and take them both into its mouth at the same nauseous gulp.

That was all Forrester remembered.

He picked up a pebble lying there in the grass, looked at it in a daze, not taking notice of it, thinking, wondering. Slowly the pebble began to roll, faster and faster till it dropped out of his hand. He did nothing to stop it; he just held his hand in front of him and kept on looking at where the pebble had been.

Snapping himself out of his stupor, he dropped his arm and walked slowly off, over the little knoll and down the slope. As far as he could see there were just these rolling little hills, with occasionally a tree, thick of foliage, wide of branches. The grass wasn't really grass, he knew. It was a highly developed fern in full growth, basking in the sun. Everything was green except the blue sky. Malarkey had said that it would be just like Ireland if it were only a little wilder and if you could see a little smoke from a distant chimney.

The only thing that worried him was that he might run into -- literally -- one of those gigantic snakes. Therefore, he was always on the lookout for one. His vigilance proved beneficial, too; after three hours of walking from the shade of one tree to the shade of another, he spied something long and black undulating over the rolling knolls. Finally, after five minutes it went over a fairly high hill and disappeared.

There was a definite loud slurp from that direction. Water!

Forrester waited for half an hour, then moved in the direction of the supposed water. It was about two miles away, and he walked for three quarters of an hour before he found it--a river, wide, shallow, winding gracefully through the small knolls of which its shady banks were composed.

He followed the bank for a few minutes till he found a new type of tree beneath which he rested his worries. Lethargically he plucked a leaf from the tall tree's lowest hanging branch and looked at it. The familiarity was striking; it was between that of a maple and a tulip poplar. Wondering how close to a tulip tree leaf it was, he crushed it in his hand, rubbed it into his skin, and lifted his palm to his nose. First he sniffed at it, then he took a full deep breath. It was tulip, all right.

He got to what was left of his feet and started to walk, crunching under his shoes the twigs and dried, dead leaves of ages past, molding and decaying into the fertile soil to make their bearers bigger and greener. That was it--the greenness of it all, the verdance of every plant he saw.

Soon the banks were again grassy and sunbathed, and he walked softly once more --for five paces. Stopping short, he strained his ears and listened. Far away, on a distant rocky shore, waves--ocean waves, high, sweeping, crashing, receding.

He followed the river, hoping to reach the sea. Not that he was bored with his surroundings already; just that there was something in that direction that attracted him, that beckoned, pleaded, and commanded him to come.

The sun was lowering in early afternoon when he first saw the forest. It stretched out before him, as far across the fertile horizon as he could see. In a few minutes he was entering it. The river gurgled over numerous gray rocks in the shallow bed, and the over hanging branches that blotted out the sunshine made little V's where they dipped into the current. There were many little rills running into the river from unknown places deep in the forest, so deep that he often thought of Tulgey Woods.

Walking was easy, although every now and then he ran into some soft ground. The everpresent sound of distant breakers grew nearer and nearer and louder and louder. Somehow he felt carefree and content, walking along the mossy bank, brushing the graceful branches of weeping willows from his broad shoulders, listening to the occasional cloop! of a frog suspicious of him, and imagining that he was being watched by hosts of little people.

Dusk was beginning to fall, but the ensuing gloom did not bother him; in fact, he felt strangely at home in it, stumbling over an occasional dead branch fallen from some lofty riverside tree, listening to the sweet piping of the frogs that were on both sides of him but always cleared way in front and filled in behind. feeling a cool breeze flow through his hair, although he never thought it possible.

Somewhere a wood thrush opened its mouth and poured out its emotion in eloquent trill; a warbler renewed his courtship, as the bird watchers would say; a bunting sang of the view on the treetops. The breakers soon closed in on the avian music with their endless monotonous, continual crashing against the shore that was soon to be visited by an alien.

Suddenly the river narrowed and rushed into a gorge, with current too strong to be fought, and the enchanted Earthman climbed up the ever-steepening banks till he was at a dizzy height above the river below. The ground was soft here, and the forest was thick from outside view. But when he broke a few feet through the brush and spent a few minutes off the beaten path, he realized that it was composed of large, hollow trees that gave way to clearings every now and then.

Back at the side of the gorge, he plodded on for sometime longer until finally the forest stopped and he was walking out onto a promontory that jutted out into space over the ocean below.

He had with him then a reed he had plucked back in the meadowland and carried all this time unconsciously. He began to warble into it, and the sound harmonized with the crash of the waves below. There was a rustling in the forest, and he whirled around to see, charging straight at him, a fifty foot long black devil like the one that had finished off Malarkey and Faloni!

At the time, he was at the ultimate point overlooking the turbulent salty waters reaching up high on the cliff, ready to grab whatever might come to them. The snake took him completely by surprise, and he jumped back and off the point, to fall five feet to a narrow ledge as the snake whizzed by and fell, jackknifing, into the the angry surf. As he turned to try to see the snake in the dark waves, another long, thick form whipped down into the water; then another, and another, till they were coming off five abreast.

For hours he clung to the ledge directly beneath the doomed snakes, flashing past in undiminishing numbers. The planet's moon was high and full before the crowd of reptiles showed any signs of lessening in number. The trail was not over, however. Forrester had yet to cling to the foot-wide shelf for another day while black streaks zoomed over him.

At sundown that day the final migration went to its death. He wondered from how far away they had come; he knew for sure it was a migration, a mass movement when the number of black streaks stepped up to ten abreast. This was the end of the horde, he thought. They must not have left any behind--there were little ones, too. He waited an hour after the last had gone over. Then he climbed up off the ledge, back into the forest. He was not tired; he suspected himself of having dropped off to sleep for long stretches of time as he lay on the ledge. But he was weak; he needed food if he was to take up living for himself. The moon was just rising when he plunged back into the forest, and its light made it possible for him to see the trees. He climbed up one, stretched out on a fork of branches, and was again asleep, although he had intended only to relax and think over what he would do.

Opening his eyes he saw the moon directly overhead and heard the sound of little animals having an extravaganza of a festival in the leaves below. So that he wouldn't frighten anything away, he turned over slowly and looked down on the scene below.

Because of his many years in space and exploring other planets, he was not as surprised as one would expect him to be. Below him was a festival--a festival of little humanoids with beards, exquisite fairies--yes, they were fairies--and what looked like mushrooms all over the floor of the clearing. He looked still closer and saw that they were mushrooms. The whole clearing was a bedlam of excitement until one of the fairies spotted Forrester and in an instant all the fairies disappeared, leaving some rather startled--gnomes?

A very old but equally spry gnome pointed at Forrester and shouted, "It's him! He's the one!" Several little caricatures scuttled away to return shortly with a tiny crucible full of aromatics. Then the old gnome shouted to Forrester in rather broken English, "Come down! For sure and it was you that chased all the snakes out of the Forest of Glascrann!"

Forrester held his breath. Malarkey seemed to be right there beside him, urging him to go down to the little people; but he couldn't hear him over his own surprise. The little man had spoken with an Irish brogue... He guessed correctly that the gnome had diano-translation to speak English. A literal diano, too; for the gnarled little thing had used Irish idiom. But where could he have

picked up the Irish in the place? It would have been just a coincidence if he had merely spoken in the brogue, but his use of "sure and it was you" convinced Forrester that his native tongue must be Gaelic.

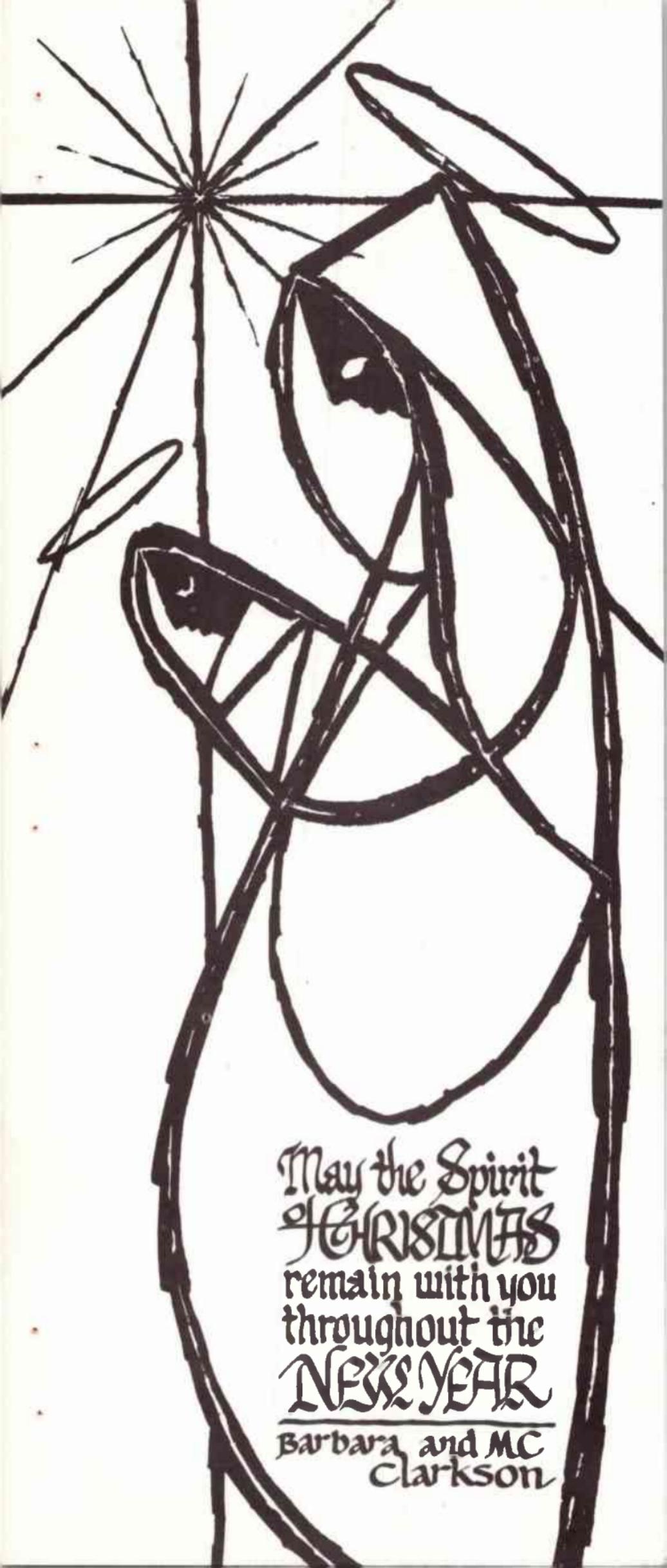
Then he became slowly conscious of Malarkey in his thoughts; and, already filled with curiosity, he climbed down the tree and walked over to the middle of the clearing where the spokesman stood. Instantly the little gnome signalled to his fellow at the crucible, and a pungent brown smoke shot up with a hiss and completely covered Forrester. He felt his limbs stiffen, and when he tried to move, he failed entirely. Paralysis!

Since he could not even talk, he had to listen to the decrepit old man. "Who enters the Forest of Glascrann never leaves, be he good. Who enters the Forest of Glascrann soon dies, be he bad. 'Tis you that have driven the snakes out of the forest; you shall never leave us. 'Tis us that are eternally grateful to you for your heroic deed, O Forrester. And sure you'll stay, for before the sun rises in the morning, ye'll be the legendary Glascrann!" The last few words were emphasized by loud voice and thicker brogue.

"O' course! You don't know about the legend? When we were banished from Erin in the time of Brian Boru, we were promised that we would someday have come someone to free us from bondage, and that to repay him, sure we had to change him into a tree, the greenest of leaf ever seen from one end of the forest to the other. And so, in anticipation of your coming, we called this forest the Forest of Glascrann--the Forest of Greentree. Soon ye'll be anCrann Glas--the Glascrann to you."

The sun rose the next morning on a clearing with one short, stout, and very green tree in the exact middle of it. And if you looked very carefully, you could see in its middle a small hole; but you should never get too close to the hole when the moon is full, or you'll disturb Forrester's poker game with Malarkey...

THE BEGINNING



May the Spirit
of CHRISTMAS
remain with you
throughout the
NEW YEAR

Barbara and MC
Clarkson

CLAUDE R. HALL

IT CAME UPON A SUDDEN DAY

Every day this world seems to present something "new" and puzzling to my curious mind. During an idle hour I wandered into the Anthropology Museum here on the University of Texas campus and invested my time--for a change--wisely. The many various exhibits were fascinating and soon my mind and I were lost within a wonderland of the past episodes of man.

My attention was especially captured by the amplitude of a skull on display. Now I must confess that few skulls--still in use or empty, as this one--could absorb my interest so readily and consumingly, but this particular organ was tremendous in size. For a long moment I could do nothing but stand and gaze in amazement. Arousing myself from a stupor of astonishment, I glanced around for someone to inform me about this odd "jigsaw puzzle" of bone fragments. No one was near and necessity finally forced me to see this tiny place-card near the skull which read:

"Sylvid Giant Skull"

From Victoria County on the Texas coastal plain.
Largest American Indian skull on record and one of the largest normal human skulls known. Length--227 mm; width--156 mm; capacity--2100 cc's. (The average skull of a white man is only about 1500 cc's.) This particular Indian was approximately five feet and ten inches in height. He was of a very powerful build.

There were other skulls of Sylvid Indians on display but their skulls revealed nothing out of the ordinary. It seems that the Sylvid Indians habited the regions of Ohio, the Mississippi Valley area, and along the Texas coast. But I was more interested in the abnormal or perhaps--supernormal--that this race had produced, maybe only once during its existence.

What type of a man possessed this skull? The fact that he was evidently exceedingly strong should tend to relate that he was mentally immature by the same proportion of his strength. Of course, these standards apply more readily to our present standard of life--not withstanding extreme youth or extreme age.

However, during the era of the Indian, their living did not depend largely upon their mental abilities or talent. Basically, their institutions of that culture depended upon everyone being able to care for himself. By such standards, each person relatively had to procure their own food. The women, of course, became muscular by working in the fields, or attending to the factors of their particular living culture. This type of living culture can be summed up thusly: Only the strong survive. And, on the whole, this proved to be true.

We can not state, therefore, that because this particular man was strong and of a powerful build, he was likewise mentally incompetent. He might have been. It's reasonable to assume his mental level was exceedingly low when comparing him with certain known people of our times who have possessed over-large capacities for their brainal matter. For instance, the largest brain of this modern age was possessed by a Britisher, who was no richer for having it. In fact, he was more than a little "off" and the only task he could perform with any understanding or success was that of a common gardner.

In the opposite trend, some of the more intelligent men of our time have had slightly large foreheads. To the German people, a high forehead indicates a brilliant man and in general this has proven to be a correct estimate though it can not be stated definitely that the high forehead is an advantage over the normal forehead in intelligence quotient.

The brained capacity of a person seems to relate exactly nothing. To be truthful, there are too many other questions which remain unanswered even in our highly medical era about the brain, the mind and its functions to assume any aspect as being so. The theory has been advanced, and accepted in some quarters of the medical field, that a person uses less than a tenth of his brain for all functions. Thus, it seems, that having a larger brain would give you a larger share of the proportional tenth.

To discuss this, we have to probe deeper into all known facts about the human race and I can think of no better source of information than the bible. I refer to the statement that God made Man in His own image. Notwithstanding the fact that there might be an error in the Bible, we'll assume this as true. And God, having thus in some form created man, would not be hasty in giving a "child" the powers of the Gods. He would probably limit its mental powers by a genetic mental block of some type or merely render a certain portion of the brain incapable of functional abilities until such a time as he thought man ready to take his place among the Gods of the Universe.

Supposing this fantasy as so, evidently God has not thought man mature enough at this date. With our quarrels and jealousies man is yet immature, a child. When and if doctors someday find a method of "lifting" this mental block or activating the unused portion of the brain, man will have tremendous powers of reasoning and thought.

If you will pause a moment to think about this situation, you will realize that slowly this mental block is already "lifting" itself, of course, requiring a strenuously slow process down through the generations. However, it's not too fantastic to consider the fact that probably men have developed in past years far ahead of their time with almost all of this mental block removed already. We have only to consider the exceptional geniuses and talented men of our history--even to and including the late Einstein.

Whether this Sylvid Indian might have contained his "proportional tenth" or just had more of his reasoning powers--supposing he was highly intelligent--it is difficult to state.

But I wonder...

Can you visualize in your imagination the extent his culture might have improved if he was able to make use of these unlimited powers his brain might have given him? A Chieftain among all men, he would have been. He could have changed the final destiny of the world. Once, a few years back, I read a story based upon the old but ever interesting theme of "if" and this story concerned what might have happened had the Indians defeated the white men when they first landed in this new land. I recall that story now and wonder just how possible it might have been.

And I wonder...

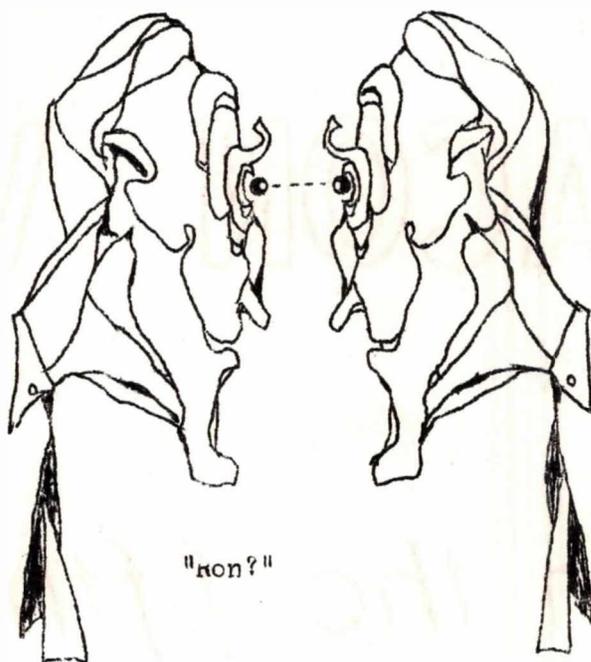
The End

OKLACON V

a report on the fifth
oklacion by

ron parker

HAPPY EASTER, LYNN



Ron Elik, he of California, Marine, and presently University of California fame, had planned to attend three or four conventions this year including the fabulous MidWesCon, but due to repeated interference by the Marines, he made only one. This was, obviously, the fifth OklaCon, which was scheduled for the Youngblood Hotel in Enid, Oklahoma on August 31-Sept 1 and 2. As plans were made in the mails between Ron and myself, we finally planned on his hitchhiking to my place, arriving Aug. 29 (two days before the Con and a day before my birthday), and we would hitchhike to Enid together as well as back to my place after the Con.

So, at about 2 in the afternoon, just a few minutes after I arrived home from work and was running thru my mail, there was a faint knock on the door. This was August 29. My first impulse was Elik was here. Opening the door cautiously and peering out, there stood a shimmering mass of human protoplasm staggering under a multitude of baggage.

Immediately he muttered, "Ron?" I returned the statement logically.

Ten minutes later, Glenn Bynum, a friend but occasionally juvenile delinquent dropped in, recognized Elik as a California fan (I think I mentioned it to Bynum on the phone one day), and made a mild nuisance of himself. Somewhere in the mailing reviews last ish and thish you'll find interesting mentions of Bynum and his present fate. Finally, I mentioned to Elik we go to the drug store and slyly asked Bynum to join us. He couldn't, as I well knew, as a friend was eventually due to come back by and pick him up--he couldn't miss the ride. When Ron and I returned, he was gone, and all I've seen of him since has been his back in a newspaper photo.

The rest of the afternoon was consumed in soft drinks, reading over fanzines, and mimeographing. (Elik is a fairly good slip-sheeter considering I use 3 weights of paper for the task: 16#, 20#, and 26#. Confusing.) Along about 6:30 that evening Archie Goodwin dropped by, rushed due to a date for that evening. We all drove out to Archie's place for the purpose of allowing Elik to rummage thru Archie's 2,500 plus comic collection. Arch wandered off to see about his date. Elik and I both pawed around considerably, and I finally got hold of Sam's house after repeated busy signals to find he wasn't home; whereabouts unknown. Martinez was hiding. Ron and I grabbed a bus back to my place and read and gabbed till along about 11:30. Martinez and Bobby Lee dropped by, along with the Martinez daughter as well as a surprise guest, Lynn Hickman and son. This mild party lasted till some unGodly hour, when Lynn and Sam went to Sam's place, and Elik and I grabbed some sleep.

The following morning we were awakened along about 7 by my Mother. She had stayed with a friend for the night to leave Elik and I free to destroy things, and out of habit I had put the chain latch on the door. I neglected to remember that she had to get ready for work... Once awake, we were forced to get up, and Elik and I shuffled off to where I work. Up until 2 the day was mildly stimulative. Elik wandered around town a little bit and even managed to get his camera fixed in an exorbitant hole with a \$2.50 minimum---ridiculous, particularly considering what little they did. We also wandered around together and became involved with 20,000 Shriners who were in fulsa for a 3 day Convention. I approached several with the line, "Take me to your leader". Also, with Elik, I wandered into a slow and small parade of them, and began singing loudly "Bringing in the Sheaves". This panicked

Ellik mildly.

At 2 I got paid and we both hurried to my place, where Hickman, his son, Bobby Lee, and the young female Martinez were already waiting. Ellik and I piled our luggage in Lynn's '57 Ford (which I later learned was his company car--also that he has an unlimited, unquestioned company expense account...) and took off. Took off, that is, to see a circus which Sam had obtained us tickets for, and Ellik had wanted to see a great deal...

Along about 5:30 that evening, we finally got rolling, minus the Martinez daughter. Sam, involved with the circus, was to drive over Saturday night.

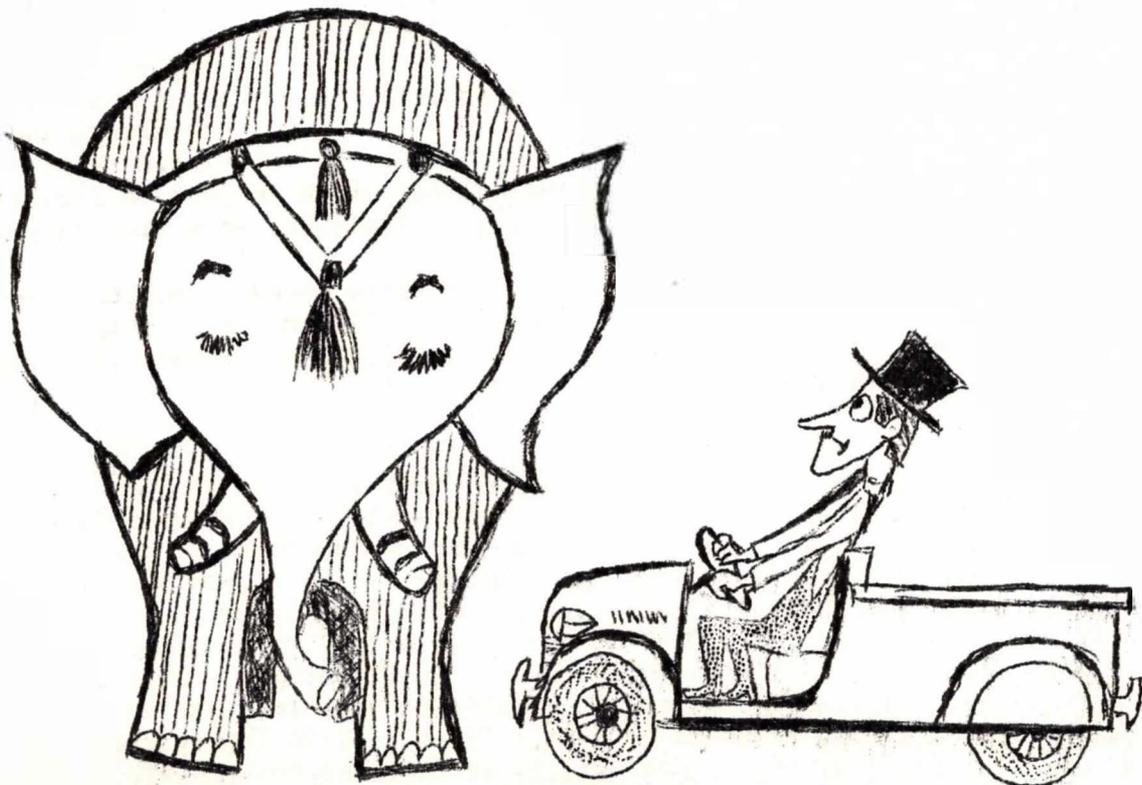
Now, every fan knows the real fan festivities are rolling the night before a Con. Doncha? That's what we kept telling each other as we wandered around the Hotel lobby. I wandered around with Bobby Lee, making fannish conversation as we passed each group. No fans. Ellik and I got room 618, while Hickman spotted himself in 1305. Ron and I went to our room and put up Bobby Lee for the night.

Immediately after Ron and I got squared away, Lynn phoned us up to his room and he and I had a drink of JD while abstaining Ron Ellik sneered actively. Shortly thereafter we all went to the Room of the Ron's for a bit of dice and poker. Along about midnight we wandered around Enid as far as the nearest pool hall; wandered from there to a coffee shop at close to 1 am and everyone was in bed a little after 1, grabbing all the sleep they could.

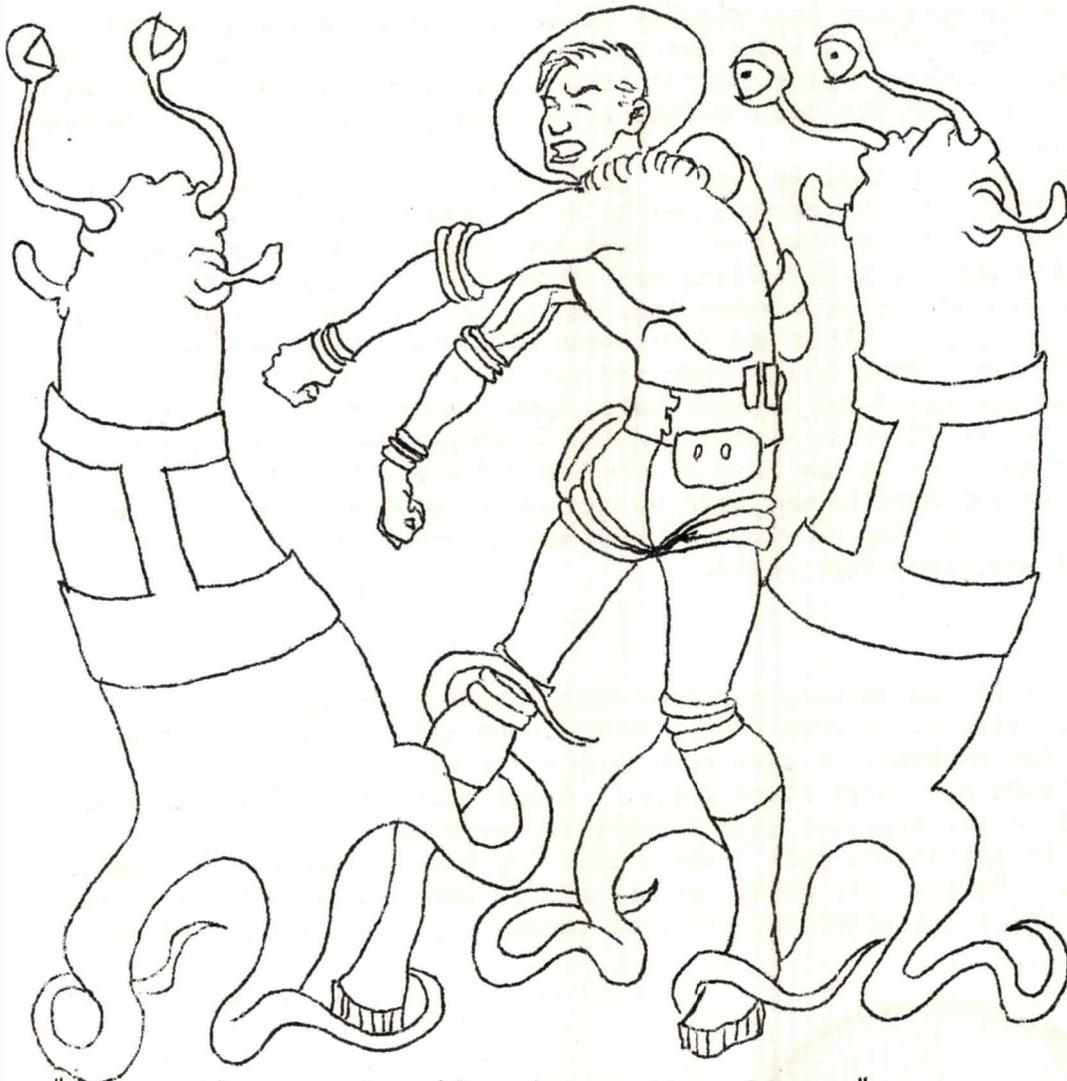
Friday - August 31.

I awoke just as Ellik was opening the door along about 8 to greet a noisy door-pounding group consisting of Kent Corey, Randy Brown and Tom Reamy. After squeezing Reamy thru the doorway, we were soon dragged to registration on the Mezzaine, which overlooks the first floor lobby. Reamy squeezed back out of the room and onto and off of the elevator with reasonable success.

I found, during registration, that I was slated for being chairman of a panel of the Tulsa SF Club. Sadly, only Bobby Lee and myself were from Tulsa, and only Sam was due and then not until after the proposed panel. This turned out OK as



Ellik insisted on seeing the Circus...



"Gimme a tip, you miserable, cheap, stingy fans..."

the program was generally ignored.

The illo at the left, I might add, is a representation of, left to right, myself, the bellboy, and Ellik. The bellboy was successfully ignored where tips are concerned during the Con.

When Ellik and I first got our room he wanted to tip him but lacked the change. The bellboy was gone before I realized what was going on. But we survived.

I helped set up the auction material, which was of good selection, along with Corey, Reamy, and an occasional passerby. Each of us had different ideas on the placement of things, but Corey being one of the chairmen, I relinquished it to him.

I went down to the main lobby where the bellboy tried to pump me for attendance figures at the Con, and I, figuring Corey probably had some promise made, kept eluding him with "I dunno."

I went back upstairs and met Walt Bowart and Benny Sodek, and then, accompanied by Ellik and one other, discovered a shiny pinball machine in the hotel drugstore. After a while at this educational sport, which Randy Brown had joined in on, I grabbed my seventh Coke of the morning and went up to the room to meditate on how Brown could win all those free games.

Along about Noon the Speaker's session got rolling, in which Corey and Bowart mumbled some introductions, Lynn Hickman became Guest of Honor and spoke for awhile, and the banquet was decided upon as an all-you-can-eat-for-a-dollar affair the Hotel had. Don Norman played the recording of the "War of the Worlds" broadcast, but I had heard it with a few others earlier that morning and slithered out with Brown and Jim Hitt for some pool. Such a continual lust for vice I have.

Brown and I make some Salty Dogs in his room and got reasonably high, during which time we both cut up during a speech in the Erid Room and I fell over backwards in my chair. I finally ducked out, realizing vaguely I was making an ass of myself and wandered around to sober up some. I still like interrupting when I did, for some odd was giving us the minute details of what the future will be like. One man's weird opinions. But I swore off getting drunk the rest of the Con, as I

could get drunk most anytime, but this was a one-time affair.

A bit later, we watched a highly amusing film on the LASFAS in England...

I then convinced Brown to share Ellik and I's room as we needed someone to help with the costs, and he came in with us. I had an urge I was hungry, and wandered off to eat thereafter.

Dan McPhail arrived, tho he said he would have to leave Sunday afternoon, and he and I discussed his FAPA Memory Book at length, and studied proofs. He seemed overly happy.

Along about 8 the LASFAS film is reshowed. After that I trot off to my room, and get a call from Dale Hart, who is in bed with a bad back, and I trot up to his room for a lengthy talk during which time I manage to purchase \$30 or so worth of valuable promags for \$6.

I stashed this wealth in my room and found the party in Reamy's room, 1014, which I mentally referred to as The Tuckahoe, Sucker Hole, and other more obscene terms.

That night I engaged in a bheer blast with Corey and Bowart, not getting drunk but quite thoroughly full of and depressed by bheer. Everytime I emptied a can, another was opened and thrust in my hand, and I couldn't waste all that bheer... I soon found how well Corey and Bowart antagonize each other. I wound up with Corey in a strange car along with 5 cans of cold bheer. Despite the fact it was 1 or 2 in the morning, I'm sure we were spotted by a fellow in a passing car who kept staring back at us and then roared up an alley. I got myself into the hotel and Corey followed. He finally slept on one of the display tables while I wandered up to the room.

Sunday, Sept. 1.

After throwing CONCEPT around and getting my morning egoboo, Corey, Bowart and myself cornered a kid who had been hanging around suspiciously. He said he'd "think about buying a membership" and shuffled off. It is suspected he was stealing several items which disappeared. Another nuisance was present in the Con; a ducktailed individual who was always seen with a drink or looking for one, but not participating whatsoever in the Convention activities. I understand he stopped between two fans talking in the hall, waving a drink and hollering to a friend down the hall, making these two fen move away to continue their conversation. This I picked up from Ellik. Several times the individual approached me asking if I knew where there were any drinks or a party, and once, as I sat in the lobby reading over something or other, asked me if I had any drinks in my room...

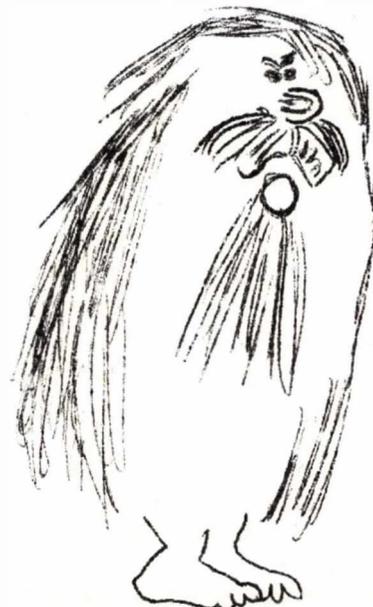
Alpha Hart made a speech dealing greatly with Scientology. I picked up a copy of his Scientology publication, the ABERREE...

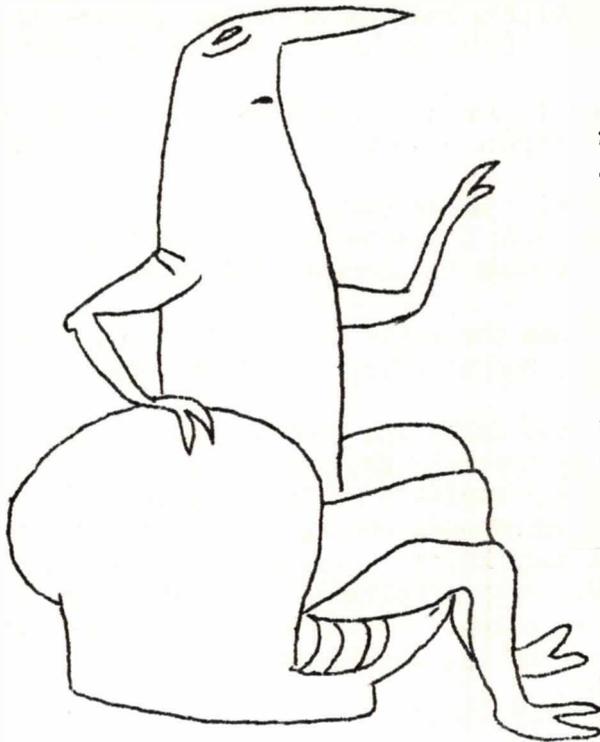
This is the September, 1957 ish, and I'd like to print what strikes me as (forgive me, Jerk Harmless) a hilarious item:

Birmingham, England. - - Trapped on a sandbar by high tide at Llandudno, Dennis Smith, 27, and miss J. Sidgaseick of Essex almost lost their lives, and did lose all their luggage.

"The far worst part of the tragedy was losing the June ABERREE, which was in the luggage," Smith said.

Smith's minimizing of the near-tragedy was almost as cool as the attitude of the former policeman who, seeing their plight, grabbed a lifebelt and swam a mile to their rescue. When he reached them, he said: "You will be all right now, and you will soon be rescued because I must get back for lunch." Then he began towing the 45





couple ashore as they clung to the life-belt. They were picked up by a boat.

The couple was taken to a hospital suffering from extreme shock.

Smith, who has a sponsor from Chio, is going to the United States sometime in mid-August--and will pick up his missing ABERREE, even if he has to go to Enid for it, he said.

That evening, as Sam later said it was the day before catching up with me, I got sick. I slept thru a wild party and the Convention one-shot after dumping my dinner. As I later heard on tape, the party was full of incidents, such as Ellik leaning against, cracking, and nearly falling thru a tenth floor window. We almost had a 'Door' incident to be known as the 'Window' incident, with Ellik's fist as well as Ellik going thru.

Along about 2 am a wild costumed hoard of fans started down the stairway to frighten the lobby when the desk clerk, over the PA system, announced: "There is

no meeting scheduled for 2 AM. Please go to your rooms."

Ellik got in around 5 or so, Brown a bit before. I recovered and could hold down breakfast the following morning, and gathered plenty of sleep, but I missed the Big Party and the one-shot.

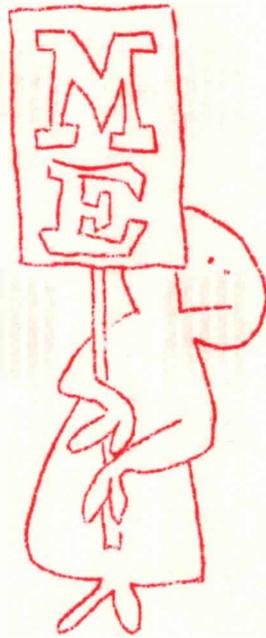
Monday, Sept. 2.

We suffered thru a Television interview about 11 that morning. The Con was now breaking up. Joe Christoff, who I neglected to mention was present, left during the night and he was sorely missed. McPhail had left yesterday afternoon, and several others disappeared. A tape of part of the previous night's activities was played in Sam's room (he slipped in during the auction), and after this I helped Hickman get cleared out of his room to head for Kansas City and get back to business.

Partly for Sam's benefit, the LASFAS film was reshown in the evening. Most of that day was spent in clearing out and wandering around. After dinner with Sam, Bobby Lee, Ellik, Norman Terry, Corey, Bowart and Ted Wagner, we were treated to a double feature on passes obtained by Bowart and Corey. "Curse of Frankenstein" and "A The Unknown" were suffered thru, after which goodbyes were said and Sam and I with Bobby Lee came back to Tulsa. Ellik's baggage came to my place while Ellik stayed around Enid for a day or so.

At 3 AM Thursday morning I was startled out of bed by a pounding on the door. Bowart, Corey, Ellik and Terry had a hitchhiking race and had arrived. Other men might have killed them (Grennell has, in print, denounced Bowart strongly for calling him one morning at 2 or 3), but I'm ordinatily good natured. We had a very early breakfast downtown, and then went over to Sam's and slept on his front porch till he arose. Ellik and I got back to my place later and he prepared to leave. Terry fell in the door a bit later, and I saw them both off thumbing on US 66; Terry to Enid, Ellik thru Enid to Dallas before going home. I worked till that evening and learned Corey and Bowart returned to Enid with two of my SAPS bundles they had taken from my place that morning to "read on the way to Sam's". I have yet to get them back.

The 6th OklaCon will be in Dallas, backed by their large group. If they can get Reamy in the door, I might see you there, or at South Gate.



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