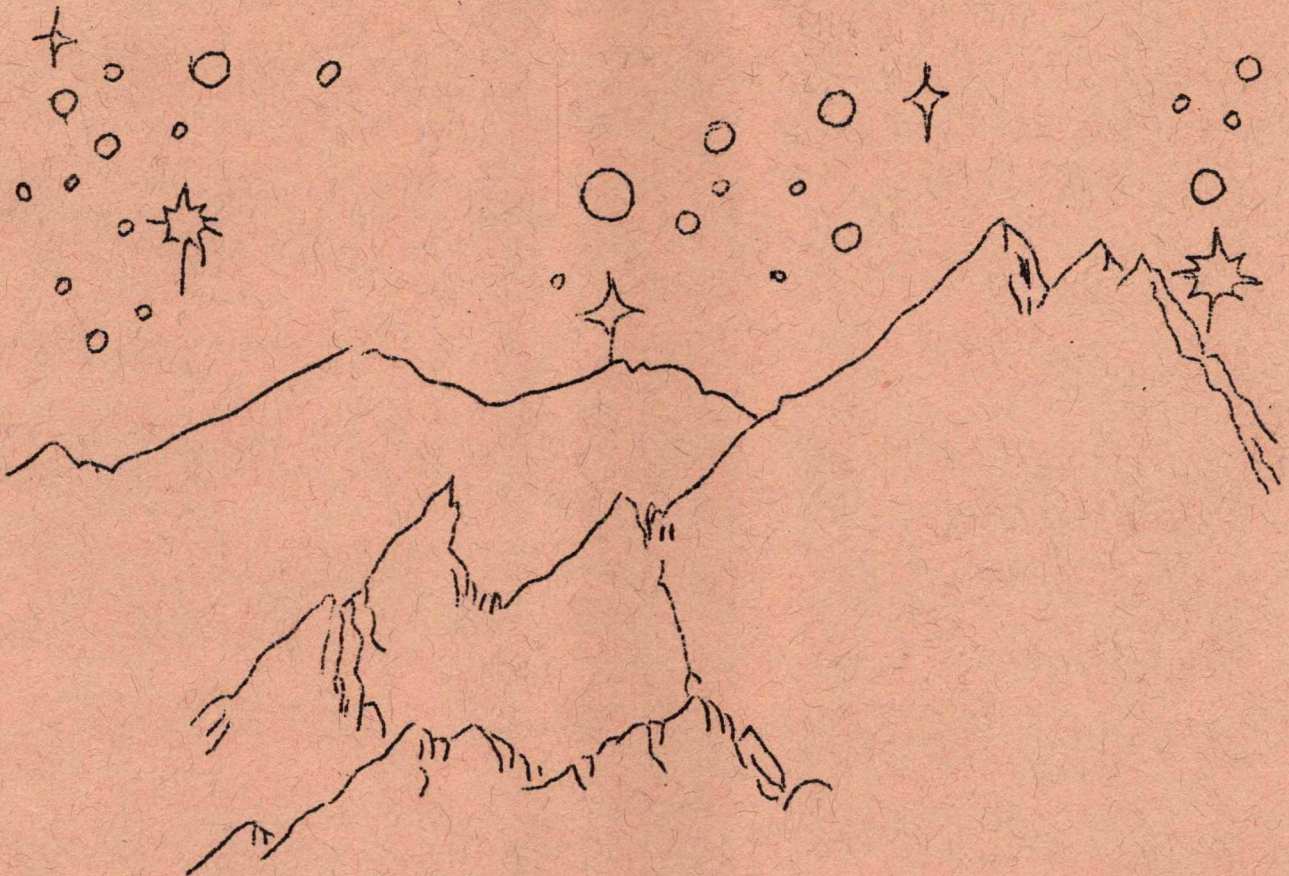


IN MEMORY OF RALPH BAILEY

-from Loubel and Eva-

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again-
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden--and for one in vain?

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One--turn down an empty Glass!



U L T I M A T E W E A P O N

by Art Rapp

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

Nanshare, who had just gotten well into the swing of Mendelsohn's Wedding March, faltered, struck a few more hesitant tones on the keys of the mighty pipe-organ, and subsided into resentful silence.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Reverend Harness, one finger marking his place in the thick volume of Dianetics from which he intended to take the text of his sermon.

"I've decided not to marry her after all," said Wrai.

Bjo, halfway up the center aisle, fainted with a piteous shriek and a loud rustling of taffeta and Venetian lace.

"Gad, Wrai, you are a cad!" shouted Toskey from his place of honor (as befitted an OE) in the first pew. "I've a good mind to penalize you six pages in the next bundle for this!"

"Yes," chimed in Big Hearted Howard, Wrai's best man, "And after all the trouble I went to, getting you the hotel reservations at Niagara Falls! You have no idea how hard it was to locate a honeymoon suite with a built-in mimeograph."

"I'm sorry, fellows," said Wrai, "But I just can't go thru with this."

"It's too late to change your mind NOW!" screamed a group of waiting-listers, aware that the marriage of any two SAPS created an automatic vacancy on the roster.

"Now look, Wrai, old buddy, old pal," said BHH placing one hand on the bridegroom's shoulder, "You haven't been concealing anything from us, have you? I mean, you're not, like Tosk, secretly in love with Ann Landers, are you?"

"No, no!" cried Wrai, "As a matter of fact, I prefer to read Abigail Van Buren's column."

Toskey uttered a strangled squawk at this slur upon the honor of his ideal woman, but realizing this was neither the time nor place to argue, controlled himself with an effort and stalked out of the building, where he strode blindly down the sidewalk, yelping "Abigail Van Buren!" indignantly at intervals.

The silence following Toskey's exit was marred when Nanshare, leaning over the console to retrieve her music-book, caused the organ to sound an awful discord.

"Wrai," continued BHH, "Think of what you're saying, boy! Here is your lovely red-headed, freckle-speckled, blue-eyed bride, faunching to help you in your farming by pouncing upon and carrying off any rocks you plow up--"

Wrai began sobbing; in fact, there was hardly a dry eye in the audience, mute tribute to BHH's eloquence.

--And the two of you share mutual interests," continued BHH implacably, "Why, Bjo has even printed G&S-type fanverse in Gim Tree. And you know I've offered to help you get your housekeeping off to a good start by selling you a set of mint Unknowns at a tremendous discount off my usual price, and she can type 60 wpm and she knows how to crank a mimeo and cut stencils and--"

"But--but--" sobbed Wrai.

"And of course everyone admits that Bjo is the most talented artist in all of fandom--"

"That's just it!" cried Wrai. "That's why I can't marry her!"

"What?" shouted BHH, faunching backward. "What kind of reason is that for jilting her right in the middle of the ceremony?"

"Gosh, I'm sorry about that," said Wrai. "I'd have jilted her some other time, except I never thought of it until just now when I saw her coming up the aisle. Believe me, fellow-SAPS, it's her I'm thinking of -- it just wouldn't be fair to her if she married me!"

"But why, Wrai, why?" chorused his listeners.

"Don't you see? Outsiders DOESN'T USE ILLIOS!"

-END-

* * * * *
Dear Art, your story arrived day I was all set to mail stencils of Marty's mlg.comments. Certainly glad your letter did not arrive a day later. Thank you very much for helping my extra page count! You know anyone bookish might be living in Tampa, Florida? Yesterday the mail brought a book to me- no return address - title "One Hundred Proofs That The Earth Is Not A Globe." And there's an inked equation on cover that puzzles me. Well, it's quite possible that I'll review this theory about the Earth in a future mailing.. The author is Wm. Carpenter. I shall enjoy reading this book and-- Many delighted Thanks to somebody in Tampa, Florida. ---EvaF---
* * * * *

A COUPLE MORE NEWS HIGH LIGHTS

"A fantastically large radio telescope is now being built by the Navy at Sugar Grove, West Virginia. This will have a 600-foot-diameter reflector dish- The whole dish will turn so as to point in any direction."
(see bacover)-

SOME COMMENTS on Bundle 49

-- marty fleischman

SPACEWARP: I liked it, Art, but I can't seem to find any hooks for comment... (What a way to start off!)

SAFARI: I can't help feeling that the jazz festival article has an extremely limited appeal in SAPS. I found it fairly interesting myself, if lacking somewhat in je ne sais quoi or something like that.

"The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin" may be all Coleman says it is, but I couldn't get past the the third chapter. Ah weel, mebbe gives another go at it sometime in future.

You are so right -- Rotsler cartoons are the most, man. Also anything else he perpetrates. I'll join your society for the advancement of WR fan art; man, like all these squares who dig his work not aren't with it, man.

I have always tho that writing mc's is much easier than writing any other sort of fan stuff. I guess what you mean tho is that you haven't the time and patience to hunt for hooks for comment and all that. I haven't either, which accounts, I think, for the comparative briefness of the comments I turn out. Soch is life.

SAPLING: About the NEW YORKER --there are more ads in it than material, but what there is is usually quite entertaining, and it is worth buying in my humble opinion. From time to time something as fascinating as the recent series of articles on the Iroquis tribe appears. Also, it has several pretty good columns (unsolicited testimonial...)

Yeah, you're right about photo-offset/printed fanzines, tho there have been some pretty fannish ones, notably PSYCHOTIC and ABSTRACT. I suppose they don't count, however, because they were fannish fanzines to begin with (that is, before their editors decided that producing 200 copies of zines 30 pages or more was Too Much). And ABSTRACT saw only one offset issue, I think...

Guy--what the!!!!!! is this stuff about people who toss in a foreign phrase every now and then being "communicative cripples who can't express themselves adequately in English"? Hmmm?? I mean, hasn't it ever ocured to you that people employ German or what-have-you because (a)-sometimes a foreign phrase conveys something better than its English equivalent, and (b)-for effect, a standard journalistic practice? Oh well, everyone is entitled to his opinion, I guess....

Bacover: I presume you speak in jest. Really not, Guy, would you really and truly want to read a 1,750 page mailing? I know I wouldn't, and I'm almost certain there's no one who does, because gads, man, a bundle the size of this last is too much to read and comment on. Personally, an apa mlg over 400 pages or so gets to be some what of a chore to me; I prefer smaller ones.

THE SPELEOBEM: So Dee exists after all. For some reason or other I always figured her for a non-de-plume of the Toskey. I'm serious.

I liked "Quo los locos se los pasan bien!"; Clever. Mebbe Willis should have put up more of a stand, mebbe not. Like, 5 of WAW's words carry more weight in fandom than 100

of GM Carr's, methinks.

Your mention of Farmer's "The Lovers" brings to mind my disappointment upon reading the story. Around 3 1/2 years ago I had this insane desire to own every prozine published during the early 50's, and so I ran from one back-date zine store to the other buying quantities of zines. Accumulated after a time a stack of 1952-53 STARTLING-s. 7 out of 10 letters in the lettercol concerned themselves in whole or in part with Farmer's little opus. One would sit down and read lengthy appraisals pointing out the merits and faults of it. Also much chatter about the sex in it and breaking of taboos and so on. Oh, what conflicting opinions, what controversy. It was only natural that I began to faunch mightily for the issue containing this fabulous piece of work, and after months of searching, I emerged one summer day from the Mid-town Magazine Shop (or somesuch place), my prize tucked under my arm. --As I say, the story was a disappointment of the first order. It was well written, had some interesting ideas, was unusual in theme, etc., but man! after a build-up such as I'd been exposed to, what wouldn't be disappointing in some way? I often think it would not be a bad idea to reread the story, if only to see if 3 1/2 years made any difference (y'now, matured viewpoint and all like that), but hell I threw out the issue containing same along with all the rest of my collection.

What's so hard about pronouncing "fout"? Incidentally, what would you say is the most frequently mispronounced name in fandom? "Ellik", no? (An--trivia!)

I'm still getting VIEWS & COMMENTS, only these days I read it before tossing it in the wastebasket, perhaps because of sumwat of an interest in political views and like that, which I have only recently acquired. The current issue has a pretty good review (by Dave Mason, he of COUP and Fananarchist fame) of a television play about labor unions, which I rather liked (the review, that is--the play I did n't see). Gads, every time I get V&C I say to myself, like, anyone who considers this "subversive" or somesuch ridiculous noise is a grade a square. I mean it.

I hate spiders, roaches, beetles, and other such critturs. In fact, I really have a terrific fear of spiders (and I'm not just saying that because so many SAPS of note have a fear of spiders too and maybe I think it's a sign of fannishness or something and since I have this fear too it makes me as fannish as Terry Carr or somebody. Really have a terrific fear of spiders, yes I do.)

SAPS I Have Met: I haven't. Is this some kind of a record??

Much of interest in this zine (by the way, tell Dee thanks for all those helpful little hints scattered thru her comments--I'll keep them in mind), but most of the stuff that's checkmarked is stuff I merely agree with and consequently I can't say anything about them other than that I agree with you (or something.) Anyway, be it known that even if it was slightly monstrous in size, your whole zine, Bruce, grooved me.

HERE THERE BE SAPS: What indeed was objectionable about Terry's cover? I'd like to know. Me, I like it.

Yes, that the identity of Don Fulano de Talwas pretty obvious myself; more obvious is the identity of the person responsible for PP #2. It is you, oh editor of FENDENIZEN, is it not? The Pornographic Amateur Press Association--well, you've no doubt seen what the Fancyc II has to say about it. Harness, you were a member, were you not; why doncha tell us about it? That analogy of Warner's was lovely. Sorry there seem to be so few comments on so few

zines, but I haven't yet finished reading the mlg (and it looks as tho I wouldn't get to do so for quite a while, having just today loaned it to Ted and Sylvia White. See you elsewhere in the mlg--

-- maf

Dear Marty of New York. Your material arrived here after Bronc #15 was mineo'd and stapled, therefore, the reason for a separate publishing. Thanks just the same for giving me an excuse to contribute more pages. Will rush stencils to the U.R.Press with hopes they'll catch Ellis before he flies away on another trip to somewhere. EvaF.

2nd NewsHighLight-- "The table of weights that your physician uses as a guide for how much you should weigh is in for some revision. New findings on body build, based on a study of the height and weight and general health of millions of persons, soon will be available. This will make obsolete the current tables, based on a study published nearly 30 years ago." --Hurrah! it was away past time for this--

SAPS

