



Joe Staton

A sudden rush from the direction of Long Island. A faint, and then a mighty cry emanating from Buffalo. A cry which gives trufen, no matter how out numbered by SF fans they be, a point about which to rally. And now, for the benefit of Loyal SAPSsites Everywhere, sitting in their easy chairs huddled up with the mailing (and, in some cases, with eachother) for protection against the evil doers of the world (ie FAPAns), let us once again step forward, raise our faces to the sky, and, in the process of ending this run on sentence, thunder out the call of,

EXCELSIOR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mais Certainement, this is the third fulfilled (if I didn't tell you it was fulfilled, you probably couldn't tell just by reading it) issue of that Dynamic Young Deathwish SAPSazine brought to you every quarter without fail, if not without failings, by Arnie Katz, UB Apts-468E, Allenhurst Rd., Eggertsville, New York, a young fan who has a sense of Fathistory and a reverence for the Elder Gods. I think that means that I want to buy old fanzines, but I'm not sure. It has been especially created for the 71st mailing of SAPS. For those who are keeping up a little list of my fanzines on the reverse side of the latest PLAYBOY calendar, I have utter contempt. Imagine defacing something that important. What do you think those blank inside front and back covers on F+SF are for, anyway. Getting back to the subject, those compiling that list of Katz fanzines, wherever you may be writing them down (Walt is knotting them into his beard), will be happy to hear that this is Meow Pub #35 and Katzac #49. I hope that impresses you all to hell,

Today, as I type the last part of EXcel, is the first of February. Yes, believe it or not, and I'm sure that you Saps who believe that doing a zine smack against the Deadline will not believe it, I started this on the very day the mailing came. Just the day before my mailing came, I called Len Bailes (the pariah I told you about last issue) long distance to talk about various things. He was all excited over the possibility of his Making It into SAPS as of the glorious 70th mailing. He pointed out to me that Bruce Himself had given him some encouragement in this regard. I laughed like a fiend when the mailing came and Len Bailes, boy trufen, was still number one on the wait list. Since I sweated it out, complete with a well intentioned note from Fred Fatten that I was a member when it turned out that Bruce had decided to hold up the mailing and ended up Dismembering me, I would like to see my Pal Len suffer a little. Or maybe a whole lot.

I have a lot of Great First Draft Material ready to be redone and stenciled. Only, I have a big enough issue this time. You wouldn't want me to be Vulgar and Ostentatious, would you? Of course not. Why, in the Great Page Count War II, I will no doubt swamp Dave, not counting LOKI, this mailing. I prefer to build up my totals page count slowly, so that some of the rest of you will have a chance to resign before it becomes more than you can bear. Is/are there any brave Saps who would like to make this more than a two way contest? The more the merrier Or Something.

1

TV SCENE

I was just thinking about Len's tppsy-tervy world, and I realized that in our hypothetical cosmos, fannish companies like Speed-O Print would be the giants of Industry. Every large company has to advertise, so I thought I'd cook up a little something in preparation for the day when we Take Over.

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(Scene: Firing Range. There are two S*T*A*R*S in the foreground, and one is about to fire his Plonker Special.)

Announcer: Watch Bruce Pelz, BNF publisher, teach young Lenny Bailes a difficult stunt!

(Shot of Bruce shooting at SAPS wlers Stine, Van Arnam, Mann, and Kusske.)

Announcer: Four out of Four!

Pelz: Now you try it, Lenny!

(Lenny draws and fires. He shoots first Stine, then Mann and Kusske. Van Arnam just ducks under the plonker.)

Announcer: Aaaaalllllll Most!

(screen fades)

Announcer: Now let's Look in on Bruce and Lenny back in the mimeo room!

(Scene: Bruce and Lenny standing by their mimeos. Bailes is pouring brand-X, obviously Sears, ink into his AB Dick)

Pelz: Hey, Len, are you still using that greasy kid stuff?

(Bailes looks at him, bewildered)

Pelz: Let's do the zine test. You put that stuff into your machine, and I'll put some Speed-C-Print Ink into mine. (He does) Spread it out good. Now, let's compare zines.

(Both attach stencils and crank off a few copies.)

Pelz: Look at those uninked streaks in your zine !

Bailes: Yeah!

Pelz: C'mon, Len, get that greasy kid stuff out of your mimeo and get with new improved Speed-C-Print Ink.

2

Fade out

THE

FAN FICTION

ESCAPE

BY ARNIE KATZ

Lord Toskey stared at the stone walls of his cell. Above him was a stone ceiling and below, a stone floor. The walls had no windows, and they were also of stone. At this point, Toskey began to feel somewhat stoned himself, but this was due primarily to the corflu fumes which pervaded the dungeon.

He heard the clomp of footsteps outside, in the passageway which ran past his cell. Through the slats in the iron door, Toskey saw the figure of Baron Pelz himself.

"Let me out of here, Baron. Once I was lord of the Barony of Saps. Then I turned control over to another, and now I am kept a prisoner in my very own castle." The Baron shook his head.

"Never! The vassals of Saps would never allow your departure, my dear Count Toskey. Have you completed your quadriannual decree yet?"

"No, Baron. But don't worry, I shall do them, I shall do them," replied Count Toskey, wearily. If he didn't, he knew that Count Weber and Prince Ballard would see that some one of his pronouncements to the people of Saps which had not been used already was sent out in his behalf. That was a fate worse than a fate worse than doing his own decree.

"You'd better, or I'll give the Lords Ballard and Weber the leave to publish more of the things you wrote when you were but a young noble." said the Baron. Lord Toskey muttered some vile oaths. "You have a duty to run Gasting Hall, and I won't allow you to shirk off." Baron Pelz regarded Toskey critically, and then turned on his heel and walked back up the passageway. Alone again, Toskey looked down at his drab gray tunic, and at the one concession to his status as a nobleman; a gold foil plate attached to his breast pocket with his family name engraved upon it. It was not, of course, strong enough to be used as a weapon or to lever open the door.

"I have to get out of here," he said. As he began tapping on the wall, looking for a weak spot which might conceal a Hidden Passage, he sang a chorus of "I Want To Be Happy" to cover up the noise and to frighten away any would be prying eyes. His inspection was fruitless, which Lord Toskey thought rather queer, since all dungeons were supposed to have Secret Exits. The person who was responsible for constructing this one obviously hadn't read any of the proper books.

His latest search merely confirmed what he had already known, the cell had no hidden paths.

He considered his friends; the other nobles of Saps. None, he forced himself to admit, would help him. In fact, they were all actively supporting Baron Pelz, Prince Ballard, and Count Weber. He thought that the Squires, those would-be Knights of Saps, but he could think of no possible way to contact any of them.

Lord Toskey sat down on his bed. He looked at the hated typewriter with its stack of royal blue wax coated writing sheets made by the House of Gestetner beside it. He would either have to fill those sheets or escape. Finally, he had an idea. He had a use for his name plate after all. He took his steel tipped stylus, and after ripping the plate from his tunic, began to score a line down the middle of the plate. For hours he worked at scraping away the gold, until he heard footsteps approaching. For an instant he panicked. Then he saw that it was just Sir Meskeys and Sir Katz. Sir Meskeys couldn't see a foot in front of his nose, and Sir Katz couldn't see a foot if you kicked him in the eye with it.

"What do you two want?" said Count Toskey, turning away from them as he spoke. He wasn't going to take any chances on one of them just happening to notice that the name plate was gone.

"We're just inquiring after our Lordship's health," said Sir Meskeys.

"Yes," added Sir Katz, "and I am in a contest with Sir Hulan over the size of our quadriannual proclamations. You were once in a similar contest, your Lordship, I was wondering if you would favor me with a hint or two."

"Surely," said Count Toskey, "I shall give you the best hint I can think of. Don't do it." Here, he had turned to face the two knights, but he also took the precaution of folding his arms across his chest. "And now, if you will excuse me, I would like to get some sleep." Obediently, the two knights hastily retreated.

Alone again, Lord Toskey resumed his work on the plate with the stylus. Finally, when he thought the line was deep enough, he began to bend the plate back and forth along the line. The plate was thin to begin with, and his scraping had cut its thickness in half along the line, but he still found it impossible to get the plate to break. Toskey began to use the stylus again. He worked feverishly to get as much of the gold off as possible. At last, after much work with the stylus and bending the plate along the scored line, it came apart into two equal pieces, right between the "S" and the "K". Now, he smiled, knowing that he had won. He threw the "TOS" aside, he used the "KEY" to unlock his dungeon's door and escape. He was free.

A

SOUR

PICKLE

FOR

LEN BAILLES

MCs ON SAPS #70

SPECTATOR #70-0Elephant

A 21 person wl, eh? I'm afraid that I can't muster much enthusiasm for more than 10 on the list. I can muster more or less active disinterest for another 8, and the other three make me *curious*. As I'm fairly sure I said last time, I'm for leaning on the wl to a certain extent. I have faith in the people I would most like to see in SAPS. Van Arman, Bailles, etc. are not going to be shaken off. The weak sisters (no reflection on you Jean. About you, I am *curious*), might be another matter. We got Evers, and we almost got Haskell, too.

On the other hand, I think wlers should be able to put franked zines through the mailing. When I was making out the Pillar Poll, I looked over the mailings rather carefully. One thing I found was that Bailles and Mann were producing zines that were better than a good portion of the membership. If the Pillar Poll allowed it, I might have been sorely tempted to break one of my Personal Rules and vote for non-members. By and large, the forbidding of wler zines is a slap at just those wlers who we, or at least I, would like to see have a high degree of interest in SAPS. I think that wlers ought to be able to frank zines into the mailing. I don't think that they ought to be able to pay a fee to have their zines circulated. If a waitlister can't find one out of some 35 SAPSites (not including couples) to frank his zine, SAPS is probably better off without it. The way things are now, it just means extra work for some of the members who are using those ex-wler zines as columns.

Until such time as the OE can be convinced, I offer again to Dave Van Arman the use of SPECTATOR for any material he would care to ferret us with. I offered before, but Dave got lazy and didn't take me up. Perhaps he will be *sober* when he reads this. What'd'ya say, poppa Dave?

The mailing itself is of good size, if that's the size you like your mailings. . . those who want bigger mailings, I am doing the Best I Can, so Be Patient. In the fullness of time large mailings will come again. When that happens, I will laugh my fool head off, because Bruce will then be unable to jam the whole mailing into one jiffy bag.

SPELEOBEM #26*Bruce

There is no exclamation point in the title of my fanzine. All those exclamation points I use when I say, "EXCELSIOR!!!!!!!!!!!!!" are merely for emphasis. EXCELSIOR, in that context is a word to be shouted, not the title of a fanzine. Go thou and read my colophon.

Another illusion shattered. You say that you're over extended on fanac. Look at it this way, Bruce, fanac fills in those odd moments of the day. It also keeps me off the streets and out of Bad Company. I'm beginning to come up on my saturation point for fanac, too. Especially since the annishes for most of my zines fall out the same month. I can't afford to have any first issues in March any more. Right now, when I'm hyperactive it doesn't mean too much, but if I should ever lose the old enthusiasm, I might not survive three big fanzines in one month.

Bruce, the Fanoclasts will, I am sure, last two more years. The club has been going for a goodly number of years, nothing to compare with the longevity of LASFS of course, about six, I think. I may be overestimating on that figure; I'll ask Ted. Anyway, we do have Tenure, especially compared with BSFS, and there has never been any kind of factionalism. The reasons for this are rather obvious. No one may come to a meeting who has not been invited, and all members are fanzine fans. Having members with similar fannish interests helps knit the group together more than other clubs. Attendance is high at meetings, and 90% of the Active Members come every single meeting. One thing that has always impressed me about the club, since I joined about a year ago, is that the members are not just fellow fans; we are friends. I don't, of course get into the city as often as I would like, but when I do, I usually visit one or another of the guys. We are not going to blow away in a couple of years. On the other hand, BSFS has an awful lot of little kids among the membership. How many of these will be at out of town colleges in three years? How many as teenage neofen are prone to do, will be out of the hobby completely? As for factionalism, I've heard a very interesting report that the Catens are for the NYCcn III, but I haven't had the chance to check that one out yet. I assume that you would accept the word of Bill Donaho on the matter, though.

Rich Mann: Oh, you think that "A SOUR PICKLE FOR LEN BAILES" lacks punch, do you? I suggest that you some day try to take away a sour pickle which Len is in the process of eating with his Roast Beef Sandwich, and see if you lack a punch. Len is pretty much of a non-physical type, but I bet he would fight like a wild cat for a sour pickle, or even a chap-stick. If you are looking for a similar title, but one which might have more zing as far as the average SAPSite is concerned, I have one that I thought up, but I can't use it because it has my name in it. "SOME PUSSY FOR ARNIE KATZ" Does that have enough punch for you, you wiser you.

No, you said you were alarmed at how popular he was. That's a

pretty harsh statement to make about a writer whose work you've never sampled. Anyway, it's a rather silly discussion to drag out over this many mailings. Let's just say that I recommend Spillane to those who dig True Culture.

I wonder who that kind hearted SAPSite is that you intend to hex. I suppose it's me, since I am a wonderful kind hearted sap. It doesn't seem to be working, does it? Perhaps you directed it at poor Benyo by mistake?

If you asked me to join apa 45, I never heard of it. The first time I heard of apa 45 was when McInerney mentioned that he'd read about a new apa in Starspinkle. If some of the rules change, as I've told you in the letter, I still might join. We'll see.

What have you got against New York? Tell me, and I'll try to convince you. You know, of course, that the Virginvention is being organized by Fanoclast allumni. No, they didn't quit in a Huff, they just live too far away to make attendance convenient. You can't keep a good NYfan down. I have only two things or so against a Virgin Islands Con. One is that, it doesn't have New York's advantage of being in the heart of Pro Country, and two, most fans wouldn't be able to afford the trip, even the East Coast fan, who would thus be gyped out of a con. No virgins at the NYCon, you know.....

If you want to be that way, I'll form the Ubiquitous and Honored Fellowship of Dedicated Science Fiction Fans Favoring The Promotion Of The Sale Of Powerhouse Candy Bars Which Contain That Good Good Nugget And Those Chewy Chewy Nuts Throughout The Entire Universe And Even Beyond, Unlimited and Existential. This group will be known affectionately as CHEW, the Society for Chewy Candy Bars. Among outsiders such as thou, the longer initials will, of course, prevail.

YESIDEE #10-Diam

I'll bet you all thought that I would never finish with the other half the the Pelz Clan. Actually, I cut my comments short because of reasons which will become apparent further along in these nos.

Is the cover done by Linclium block? Or is that stuff only for high school? It could be captioned, if you won't hit me (you'll hurt your hand), as "Walter Breen Contemplating The Holy Bheer Glass". I hope you don't think I'm picking on you, I just like to caption things. I'll bet Fred and I would have a ball naming states.

Gee, that's just what I thought of when I saw the were-swan. Polly Von is a very pretty tune, and it's often one of the things I listen to when I'm in a PP & M mood.

I think you are taking the Wrong Attitude toward rich brown. You ought to use your artistic talents to end the Feud. Why not make one of those Cement Castings for rich? I think he'd like a nice pair of Concrete Swim Fins.

I am disappointed that you aren't going to hold that debate. I think you could probably Shake the Shindig dancers into the ground. Your discription of the costumes of the debater-to-be reminds me of Penny Passion and the Purple Gang. You see there is this Girl with Long Hair Down To Her Ass, but purple. And she wears purple make up and the tightest pants I have ever seen, purple, and a purple top with a neckline that Just Does Not Stop. Sometimes, I am given to understand, she wears just a little purple bikini. The purple gang, three idiots who round out the group dress all in purple even to the shoes. They wear masks which are reminiscent of the original Shield. Their purple hair is short; it only goes half way down their backs. One of the Purple Gang plays a purple guitar. The second plays a purple piano with green and gold keys. The third is a virtuoso on the purple drums. Penny just makes Round Motions. She is much more interesting than the rest of the group. Their first record, already a two sider smash is "Rats in My Room" and on the even bigger and Greater flip side is "America the Beautiful Hippy Shake". I hope all you rockin SAPS will have a chance to dig this Scene. Especially you, Norm Clarke, you noik.

LOKI #9-Dave

Boy, are you a glutton for comments. I'm sorry, but I am going to have to disappoint you. You've already gotten your precious response to LOKI in SFPA, so let's not have any "BDYDCHE" next issue. I'll bet this is one of the longest "noted"s you've ever gotten.

MISTILY MEANDERING #11-Fred

Have you ever had the horrible feeling that all those Badger Books might be written by one poor hack?

All we have in our backyard here at Buffalo is an alley. In the front we have a Snow Bank which could turn into a river, never mind a stream, during the Spring Thaw, so we have it almost as good as the Webberts.

That's good advice you've given Rich about colophons. If he had some lettering guides and a little nerve, he could do the entire colophon in $\frac{1}{4}$ " high letters. Then, if that wasn't long enough for him, he could use the guide the parking lot line painters use and put one letter on a page.

I learned with Perlis a bitter lesson about recruiting fan. If someone wants to become a fan, he shouldn't need too much encouragement. I've not met anyone here who seems ripe for fandom, but fannishness is spreading like a plague.

69 Skiddoo!

From the Old White Hall Wallzine

The above is an example of the quote cards that my roommates, without comment hung on the wall of our room. Besides some that they've absorbed from me, they have some nice original quotes, and I suppose I'll immortalize them in mimeo in this zine.

I disagree about apa costumes. APA 45ers ought to wear diapers. That will be nice, especially if they ever get a girl to join.

LEN BAILES: I knew that the title had been used before. Actually, as I told you in a letter, this is the third fanzine to come from a member of FISFTA bearing this name. It lends a little Continuity to Fandom, don't you think. A very little.

You are purveyor of misinformation. The Fanoclast bid is for New York period. If we get a hotel in Brooklyn (we were considering the rockin' St. George) we'll hold it there. Otherwise and most likely, it will be down town in Manhattan. We've gotten a hotel which seems to be very interested, but more on that when we have definite news.

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I think you're misinterpreting the SFPA constitution or else I just misremember it. wlers can have mcs franked in; just jot Total Outsiders.

I laughed it up over your BNF cards. But they don't have "tails" for flipping, so what good are they. And they're on paper, making "lopsies" and Distance Flipping impossible also. What are you, some kind of Fake Fan?

Actually, my little ad for Speed-O-Print was inspired by our phone conversation more than these cards, no matter what the introduction says. I wouldn't want you to think I was stealing your shtick, even if I did a wee bit. Let's have more of this stuff.

I commend you to the mc on Dave Hulan's SAPSzine. I hope to write to you before you get this about the little contest.

THE GOLDEN HARP #2-Dian

Except for the illo on page 5, I thought the art was very nice. This gal's figure seems to be a trifle awkward, I'm afraid.

I enjoyed the story, though I wonder about the possibility of writing Living Myth. I'm afraid that Harp will never be Great Literature precisely because no one can write living myth today or any time in recent history. Still, I thought it was the best thing in the mailing by a wide margin. Let's have more and More and MORE!!

You see all you doubters out there, it is possible to make a comment besides "I liked it" on fiction. Please, no applause.

9

DINKY BIRD #13-Ruth

I am going to score what I believe may be a SAPS first. I am not, I repeat, am not, going to make some silly remark about the relative dinkiness of your zine, Ruth. I assume that you are about as tired of such things as that as Ronel must be with Squirrel cartoons. You sure do have a nice big fanzine there, though.

I bet you thought that all that fancy numbering would make Bruce slip up and give you the wrong number of pages in the O-O, didn't you? Having no page seven and two pages which ought to be page two was a pretty nice try.

I enjoyed the story, but, not being really hip to all the coventry stuff it was a little confusing. Still, it is about the first Coventry story that I've been able to read with more than just tolleration. It was good, and I'd even like to see more. How about one in which Jommon Linn threatens to turn Bruziver over to the fuzz for using Library Rates and other devilish crimes too horrible to assail the tender ears of a maiden with?

So "Urendi Maledil" means "God Bless You". And all the time I figured it for some esoteric curse. Len signs it to some pretty mean letters sometimes.

Boy you sure got a dinky little comment from me, dddn't you?

Pleasure U nits #9-- Gordon

Gosh, but I enjoyed this all to hell. Really, it was a Real Gas Out of My Mind, or it would be if I had a mind that I could be gassed out of.

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Candy is dandy, butt..... Oh you kid!!!! !!
=====

One of my five apartment mates is . . . the same type person as Padilla. Art Frank is also, as you say, Fat. He is also Jewish. This is terribly important, because he has the slopoy sentimentality that too many who grow up in a New York City Jewish environment seem to pick up. I suppose anyone would. Anyway, every time someone goes home, even if it's only for a day or so, Art Frank gets all gushy. He will solemnly approach the departing guy and stick out his hand for a good by clasp. He also has a sick expression on his face as if he were never going to see that person again and, furthermore, it looks as if he actually cares. I am trying to cure him by not shaking hands. That is, however, just one side to Art Frank. One day we, two roommates and I, were eating lunch. A girl wiggled up to us and began speaking to Ed Ostrowski, with whom she had gone to school. In the course of the conversation, she said, "By the way I know your roommate, Frank." We told her that we didn't have a roommate named Frank, and did she mean Art? "No," she said, "I mean Frank Woods. I met him at Hillel." We had her

describe him and, sure enough it was Art Frank. I got to thinking about Art Frank with a gentile-sounding name like Frank Woods preying upon this innocent girl (she was non-Jewish; what she was doing at Hillel escapes me). It gave me ideas for a great new comic book character.

(Rear of Trumptet)

Art Frank ducks into a phone booth, pulls on his artificial foreskin and becomes.....

GENTILEMAN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Gentile man, strange visitor from another temple fighting Evil where ever and whenever it appears. Then, his mission of Justice done, Gentleman returns to the phonebooth, takes off the foreskin and once again becomes Art Frank, slob about town.

I even had an Arch Enemy for Gentleman. I called him Capt. Kosher. I suppose he would carry a Dread Weapon, a gun even. Somehow, though, the Lox Gun lacks Something, you know?

My roommates and I are always doing things to upset the two others. Ostrowski has maintained for a long while that he intends to kill Joe Walcott, his bunk mate. Yesterday Ed slammed a door on Joes finger, and Joe had to go to the hospital to have it bandaged. Later in the evening, about midnight, we were all in our beds trying to go to sleep. Some sort of light creapt across the ceiling, and I wondered out loud what it was.

"That was the Martians." Joe said.

"Martians," I repeated, a quiver in my voice. "You won't let them get me, will youJoey?"

"Yes I will," He shouted loud enough for the two in the other bedroom to hear. "They're my friends. I asked them to come here, I'm going to have them kill Ed for smashing my finger, but first I'll let them have you.*"

"Oh God, Oh God, "I screamed in a pitiable screech." don't let them get me. I don't want to be taken by the martians, Please, somebody help me!" I began to cry and scream for help against the Martains. Joe kept on saying things like,

"They're gonna get ya, Fatz." We usually do at least one such bit each day. The evening before it was a Radio Serial called "Art Frank, Counter-intelligence Agent." Ostrowski did the background and the ending while I handled the voices. We do have fun in Ted White Hall.

Eklund, baby, have you thought of going back on the streets. Instead of sissy stuff like the Baseball game they had at NYCon I, why don't you and Les Gerber chooss up sides and put on a swingin' rumble. The femmefem could even participate either as fighters or debs. I think our female SAPSites would lock *boss* in a deb suit. No, not all in the same deb suit. You can't fit more tan a girl and a penny in one

of those costumes, no less two or more girls. And girls, when you get your suits, rember, we gotta be able to tell whether that penny is heads or tails.

Gordy, I want to thank you. You have helped restore my faith in Norm. I knew he couldn't do a correct listing of anything, and you've pointed out an Error of Ommission. Now I feel better. Norm had me worried.

I don't intend to Bare My Soul to a large group like SAPS. I try to be myself, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to Tell All about Everything. There are few people I know who I would Tell All to. It happens that there is one in SAPS and one on the wl. Maybe almost two in SAPS actually. That is not to say that they are the only ones I like. I mean, I like Bruce, for example, but I don't know him all that well nor he me. The only large group I can think of where there is a general atmosphere of Trueness is the Fanoclasts. Even there, one visitor from out of town who really doesn't belong (ie Dohaho) can make everyone clam up. Still, I agree that earnest tell all talking can only be comfortably managed between two people at once.

Queebcon Countdown # 5-Lee

I don't know why that title isn't in all caps like all the other titles of the fanzines put out by the Good People of SAPS. Perhaps because you aren't one of the Good People. No, that can't be it. You are definitely one of the Good People. You know what they say, the old ones are The Best. That's what they say, Lee, I wonder why that's what they say. It's not that I've anything against old folks, but doesn't your grey beard get tangled in the typer?

Boy, can Terry Carr really do the monkey? Gosh, it's nice to know that the elder gods still try bravely to swing with us Young Idiots. It's funny, when I showed my New Hyde Park type brother what we call the Monkey in Buffalo (arm extended forward, but still bent. They are alternately lifted and lowered) he said that that was not the way he saw it in New York At All. Of course, it all likelihood my brother is Off His Ass as usual.

Someday I will have to Sneak Across the Border, which is a hell of a lot closer than you might think, and dig a genuine Norm Clarke Gig. Perhaps I would even do it without Telling Him. Then, just as he was begining to really wail the good part of Raunchy, I would jump up and yell, "Skree-honk! Shiffuh!" and crack him up in mid-honk. Or possibly in mid-skree, I'm not sure about the details yet.

You mean you kept pointing at long hair and saying, "Isn't that the kinkiest"? You all could have gotten your haid busted in by one of those little girls.

I assume you caught the issue of Playboy with the interview of the Beatles by Jean Sheperd. It's a shame that Playboy didn't go

the whole way and publish a transcript of the approximately four hours worth of show that Shep devoted to his experiences with the Beatles. The interview was Nothing compared to some of the stories Sheperd told on his radio show. (Aside to Bailes and Carr, did you guys hear those shows?)

RETRO #35-Buz

I agree with you about Dian's separate membership. She's sure entitled to keep it. Just because she's married to the OE of us all is no reason to take away her Very Own SAPS mailings. I would feel Very Unkindly towards any non-Bruce OE who would try to take away her membership. I like to see Femmefen who are Independent. I like to see femme fen, period.

Perhaps you'll get to meet me at Cleveland in '66 if you're going. Of course, if you're going to London and fly to New York first(that goes for all of you) I hope you'll phone or look me up.

I like the Rolling Stones quite a bit, even if their costumes don't much impress me. They have a fine blues style. I mean Soul.

I can't speak for Berkeley Fandom on the subject of the Rump Con, nor even all of New Yorkdom, but I Vas Dere Cholly, and I know that there was only one, count him, one Pro-Walter NYfan who was assing off about the Rump Con. That was Boardman, and when Walt came East, he took pains to set John straight on the matter. I don't think I'm the first to point this out to you, Buz, and I wish you'd believe me, someone who was on the scene, and yet not one of the more ardent Breen supporters,

You bring up a point which, I think Nancy brought up elsewhere in this very mailing on the subject of the Breen Business. I sure would like to hear Walter Breen, for whom so much crusading has been done, and on whom so much time has been lavished and for whose sake so many long standing friendships have been sacrificed open his mouth and give the ones who worked so hard to help him something more than blind faith to tide them over. I agree with you 100% Buz, I'd sort of like to hear some words of wisdom from our Silent Hero. A statement that he doesn't intend to ravish any kids in the foreseeable future would probably be nice. More than that, I'd kind of like to read something from Walt in reply to the Boondoggle. Sure it was a rotten ploy, but it did make charges, and now that the dust is beginning to settle, Walt would clear up a lot of questions with just a little statement about his past and future. I don't think that's too to ask. As you said Buz, I'd even settle for just the part about the present and Future. I think Walt owes us Pro-Breen people that, if nothing else.

Guess I don't qualify as an old Sap ~~and~~ ~~that~~, but I sure think I would make a fine idiot. Can I be idiotic with you and Wral and Edco et al. I'll bet we could run out the Sercon types like Bailes and Weber if we really tried.

I don't know how therapeutic it is, but SAPS has been in a slump for about a year. Unfortunately, no one has told the waitlist, and they keep right on applying. If we're going to have a drought of fugg-heads (and don't forget Incompetants), something pretty drastic is going to have to happen to the wait list. Ah well, maybe they'll all fail to acknowledge.

I'm glad to hear that I am a Hopeful Sign. I hope this insane fanzine doesn't ruin my Image.

NIFLHEIM #10-Dave

By now you'll have gotten my letter taking up your challenge for the Second Great Page Count War. This fanzine, with its long and complete mailing comments is the result.

I think it's a little unfair to count LOKI since that is a SFPA zine that just gets sent through SAPS. I could do the same thing with EXCALIBUR if I could get Len drunk enough, but that doesn't prove anything. I'd rather just have it as EXcel vs. Nif. However, if you feel that you need a handicap, I suppose I'll let you count in LOKI. And yes, I'll run it off on the Tower of Power or reasonable facsimile. I've a hunch that I might have to put several issues of EXcel into each mailing to beat you after the race really gets going. Like, I don't have a big enough stapler to get a 100 pages or so stapled.

I had just finished running off EXCELSIOR #1, a 678 page effort composed of mailing comments, which is, of course, in the best SAPS tradition. I reeled away from the Tower of Power. My back was cramped from spending two straight days in a hunched over position. My knees were weak from hunger, and my eyes felt like there were weights on the lids dragging them down. I staggered over to the collating table and began the slow task of assembling the SAPS copies. With trembling hands I began to put the zine together. It seemed to me, in my weakened condition, that the best way to collate such a monster was to spread out fifty copies of page 1 and then lay a copy of page 3 on top of each of those and so on. I staggered around and around my basement stacking up pages. After reaching page 46, some four hours after I had started the collation process, I was so tired I could hardly walk. "Gotta keep moving. VCan't let that bastard Hulan beat me. Gotta keep going." I said to myself over and over. That helped a little, so I continued collating. The deadline for SAPS wasn't far away, and the time by which I'd have to send in the zines to Bruce was the Very Next Day. Otherwise, they'd not arrive in time. On and on I trudged. I thought of myself as I once was, a brash young idiot. I thought about how old I'd gotten since the start of the page count war. Where ever I looked, I saw the spectre of Hulan's face mocking me. I kept going. Around and around I went, and those fifty piles, those precious piles, grew higher and higher.

When I was spreading out page 300, a wave of exultation hit me. I was nearly halfway home. I began to whistle the Orc's Marching Song, and that fine faanish melody gave me strength. I began to move

faster, keeping time to the music. The next hundred pages were set out in what seemed like no time at all. 278 to go. But I was nearly done for, unless I paced myself better. I decided to collate three sheets on the run, and then one walking. I followed this procedure through most of the next hundred pages, but I finally had to cut it down to run two and walk one. My mouth tasted like a dried up mimeo pad, but I forced my unwilling legs around the room and collated page 600. "It's all down hill from here on, Arnie-babe," I said to myself though cracked lips. I vowed that I'd never rag Baihes about his Chap-stick again. I cursed myself for ever getting into a nutty thing like this, but I never stopped moving around that room. I knew that if I stopped, I would collapse, and that would be it, meyer.

Page after page was lifted into my arms, carried to the fifty stacks and apportioned carefully among them. 650...656...660..... 70. Chest heaving, I carried one of the few remaining stacks around the room.

Suddenly, there I was, tottering before the last uncollated pile, pages 677 and 678. "I think I can," I murmured. A stop and copy number 1 was collated. Around that room I went savoring every moment. "I think I can," I repeated when I reached copy 10. It was slow going now. The reserves of fannish energy had long since gone, and I was going on pure animal cunning. Like a convict trudging the last mile I hobbled around that room. "I think I can. I think I can." I kept repeating to myself. I reached copy 25, and I knew I'd won. "I knew I could," I moaned under my breath as I placed the last page on the fiftieth copy.

Then I remembered; I wasn't done. I still had to put each copy into its special binder, which meant a hell of a lot of hole punching. Then I would have to adress and stamp every copy that had to be sent to Bruce, some 40 of the things. Tears rolled down my cheeks. I raised my hands toward the sky exploringly.

"Ch Chu, I wish I were someone else, anyone else but me. I don't think I'll be able to stand getting the zine ready for mailing." That's the last I can remember, I think I must have collapsed on the basement floor.

I woke in strange surroundings. And I didn't feel physically tired or even hungry. My hips weren't chapped. I wasn't in a bed, either. I was hunched over a desk. To my left was a big pile of, Ghu no!, cut stencils. Hundreds and hundreds of the things. I looked at them. Nif #15. I was Dave Hulan with a huge fanzine to get out. I felt like crying. Then a thought struck me, and before I could strike back it had captured my fancy. There were veratin advantages to being Dave Hulan that had just crossed my mind. "Hey," I yelled in a voice that was Strange and New, "C'mere Katya, bhaby!"

No, Dave, if the above isn't adequate, I didn't waked up and find that I was Sath Johnson. A page and a half just on one line isn't bad. If you write me a whole page, maybe I'll write you a novel in-

stead of just a short short story.

Glad to hear that you Lafen are going to have a good bid ready. If worst comes to worst and Syracuse wins, I would seriously have to consider supporting a good L. bid over even my beloved NYCon III. I'm hoping that it won't come to that, though. I'd rather see NYCon III in '67 and then South Gate in '68.

Hey, what is an Arnie Katz type, Davie? I may not be W*AL*L*Y W*E*B*E*B, but I've been able to badger a number of people into admitting that I'm pretty funny, especially my serious stuff. Len Bailes usually can't read my serious stuff more than one sentence at a time without going into uncontrollable hysterics. Even Buck Coulson broke down and smiled at Muron, Shadow Slayer. I think the least you could do is to snicker at the colophon.

Say, Dave, don't you know that you're not supposed to write mailing comments like that. When I was just a neofan, one of the very first things I was told was not to do itty bitty mcs that can't stand by themselves. Not that my mcs are something for you to use as a model, but at least they have the form of good mcs. (pause for M'APAns to laugh nervously)

I dare you to write BDYDCOMZ this time, Dave. I'm not saying what I'll do, I just dare you.

SPY RAY*Dick

I hope Ray, whoever he is, doesn't mind your spying on him all these years. If I was Ray, I think I would call the Fuzz.

It's not that I'm looking for a fight Dick, it's just that sometimes I get So Tired. I get tired of Old Feuds. I get tired of hearing Breenie Brigade. Whenever someone uses that little phrase, my first impulse is to Tune Out.

I'll repeat again that I think you've been slamming Ted from force of habit. I suppose that if positions were reversed, he'd have acted about the same. I don't care. I just see you smirking around since this whole mess started taking pot shots at Ted. I don't think you've even bothered to listen to what Ted has been saying. Then again, it is also Ted's fault for not making sure that you understand him. From talking to Ted and reading his comments, I gathered that he was willing to admit that Walter had, in the past, been a homosexual. I don't know whether that is a true fact or not, I just gather that Ted is willing to stipulate it as being so. His argument is on the basis of "Walter has been reformed for several years and is not in danger of molesting anyone, whatever his past may have been." I've also gathered that Ted feels that the specific charges as leveled in the Boondoggle are exaggerations, misinterpretations, and out right lies. That seems like an honest position to me, Dick. I do not think you are totally Evil, that's brown. You seem like a good guy, except that

you are not such a Good Guy when on the subject of Ted White. I suppose that the same could be said for Ted, too. I wish you'd both cut it out, at least for awhile.

Aw, you know rich wouldn't blow up the plane. I think he'd like to see you kick off if he was going to kill you. More likely, if you get him real Angry, he'll put out a fanzine Just For You. I like rb, but sometimes he gets, shall we say, carried away with his Anger. In person though, he is a Good Man Above Most Others, or so I think.

The article on the Population Explosion was interesting, and I hope it drags out for a couple of more installments.

=====
Anyone here want to buy a hand knitted prophylactic?
=====

-AK

MA INE*IAC #27-Edco

I read an awful lot, but I don't keep count. I suppose that the total is something over a book a week, and it might average out to more than two. Or Even More. I probably read over 160 and not more than 250. It's hard for me to estimate because I do a whale of a lot of reading in the summer, and since I've gotten to college, I've begun to read in binges. I always have a book started, but if I get in a reading mood, I can polish off two or three in an afternoon. I've been bringing huge piles of paperbacks home every time I leave Buffalo, so I suppose I'm reading at a furious pace while up here.

The make up of the books is rather varied. SF is the largest single type, with mystery next. I haven't been reading too much non-fiction while up here, probably because I'm doing enough of that for school.

I read all the prozines, but since I got into fandom, I don't read them the day they come out like I used to. Since buying SF is nearly impossible in Buffalo, I think I've been missing quite a few of them lately, especially FANTASTIC. I'll have to stop by the back-date stores when I go home in March and Load Up.

I read the apa mailings for FAPA, SAPS, SFPA, N'APA, and Apa f, plus all the zines that come in the mail. To that I can add the old fanzines that I've been buying (anyone want to sell some?) or borrowing from rich brown. Oh, and I get Cult stuff, too.

I don't read as many non-SF prozines as I used to, at least on a regular basis. I, of course, buy PLAYBOY every month, and usually manage to give TIME, SPORT, SATURDAY REVIEW, and a bunch of others a look.

I can read fast, and I often do with good retention, but I usually take thought pieces and Significant Novels more slowly. I tend to give apa mailings first a scan, then a reading, and finally a studying. After all, one never know when he will be called upon to take a test on the contents of a SAPS mailing. Hope I've answered your

questions satisfactorily.

But, shouldn't it be the Rural Amateur Press Exchange? The story is a pretty good parody, and it has possibilities, if you decide to be creative and swipe stuff from more than one story, of becoming another Fellowship of Nothing, ~~or even worse~~. I feel more at home reading this type of apa serial than S&S apa serials. You see, we neofen from N'APA write the Space Opera type. You've made me feel right at home with this.

EXCELSIOR #2-Arnie the K

I had a cover for this issue, I really did. Only Joe Staton, teenage OE, spelled the title wrong. I decided to hold it until I could get him or someone else to redo the heading. I wonder which fanzine I finally used the cover on.....Ah well, I'll try to get something to put on this one. The old typos are still with me, even in This Very Fanzine You Are Reading. I'm learning to type, by sheer practice, so give me time, and consider the fact that I'm a klutz.

Just as a note, my average for the First Semester was 1.6. No, Fred, don't faint, it 's on a 3-point, rather than a four point system. The system was designed to help people flunk out. There just isn't any harder way of figuring out the grades.

After all my groussing about the Astromomy lab, I got an A in it, and a B in the whole thing. Croggling note for Len Bailes: I got a B in French, honors French, yet.

As I'm sure every fan who had the guts to read the piece on fannish greeting cards is sure to tell me, there have been real pre-vicus cards for fannish occasions. I knew it when I wrote the article, but I'd never seen them, so the fact slipped my mind.

No dear hearts, I don't intend to write a page of comments to myself. I'm hoping that some of you will do that for me.

SLUG #10-Wally

Gee, Wally, I get that St Louis Station on my transistor radio, and it needs batteries. I don't listen to the Shadow on Sunday; WBZ in Boston has a good folk music show on at the same time. When I feel like the Shadow or Green Hornet, I usually listen to WFAA, 820, from Dallas which broadcasts both those shows every Tuesday and Thursday evenings at midnight EST. Don't ask me how I get all those Strange Exotic Stations from Buffalo, because I don't know. I'm just Happy.

Sometimes, when I've got nothing to do, I tune in one of the Southern Hill Billy Stations. There's one down in Charlotte which plays some real gen-u-ine Roy Acuff like you don't hear every day. But I like the commercials even better than the "music". I heard the tail end of a commercial just the other day that really hit me where I live.

The announcer, who spoke in a thick Southern accent, said, "..... and, if you send in yoah money right away, friends and neighbors, you are going to get not only " 100 Bible Questions Answered For Women Only", you will also get not just one magic picture of Christ, but three magic pictures of Christ....." I sure would like ta know what all them hun'ed questions wuz about fur wimmin, and I would give my best bottle of moonshine ta know why all any one would need three pichers a Him. I's also wunderin' what all is so mag- ikal about thaim pictures a Him. Does it braing him back ta Life when we haive need a Him, like to keep those damn Nigras outa our schools?

POT POURRI #37-John

I usually have an interest in acheology and Old Ruins that approaches zero as a limit, so I skipped reading both of your zines until now. I was surprised to find that it wasn't what I expected at all. The trip report was up to the usual Berry quality, and the second part will round it out nicly, I'm sure.

Well, now you've passed up Harness in the issue number of your zine. I suppose that next mailing will see you pass Nancy, which would seem to make Wrai the next one to fall behind you, 5 or 6 years from now if you keep up two issues in one mailing.

Whatever happened to mailing comments, the Ghod of SAPS? I dimly remember you saying that you were going to do mcs. Of course, it might simply have been my imagination. John Berry MCs sound like something that belongs in a piece of faaan fiction.

POT POURRI #36*John

What is SAPS coming to when John has two zines in one mailing, and not one review of a mystery novel?

John, you seem to be a pretty fair populaar historian. Hope to see more such papers from you. I feel like a glutton, always asking you for More of whatever it is you've just done, but I figure it's for the Good of SAPS.

An interesting coincidents, inview of your Bond Boosting is that the theme from Goldfinger has come out recorded by the Berry Orchestra. I could swear that I heard it announced as The John Berry Orchestra, but I wasn't really listening at the time, and I might have gotten it wrong.

SON OF SAPROLLER #36-Jack

I assume you've gotten my letter about the fanzines. I'd just like to mention for the benefit of any SAPSiyes who want to get rid of fanzines, I'm very interested in taking them off your hands. Write and tell me how much you want and what you've got. End of commercial.

That's very immature what Stine does with the SAPS roster. Now,

just for contrast, look at the behavior of two suave, sophisticated waiters like Bailes and I. All we do is shout death curses as everyone in FAPA as we read his or her name off the list in the FA. Oh, I guess that that's not strictly true. We also shout prayers of well being and increased activity for a Select Few. Maybe Stine could try sticking pins in the roster.

This is terribly unfair of you, Jack. How am I supposed to write a Whole Page At Least, when you do only a page of writing. I tell you it's unfair to us mc oriented types. Which is a pretty sneaky way to say that I sure would like to see you do a good sized fanzine one day real soon.

SPACEWARP #80-Art

Goshwow, you've been warping spaces for 80 issues. That really makes me feel young. Why, you were putting this zine out before I could read, maybe before I could walk. When did the first issue come out?

It's too bad that you had to restrain your noble SAPSish impulses beca use of a silly old deadline. You'll just have to start earlier next time. I suppose that Being Over There is not especially conducive to SAPSac, so you are excused.

That was damn sneaky of Roy Tackett. He's following me, you know. I think he's some kind of ~~pat~~ acolyte of mine. He even named his N'APAZine after me. He had a secret ulterior motive in writing to SPACEWARP in that he knew it would Surprise Me. Too bad he couldn't think of anything to say. Too bad I can't think of anything to say. Maybe Ray and I should form an apa for people who don't have anything to say to eachother. Activity would be a minimum of 6 pages of original non-mailin comment material, with no more than three pages of blank space being allowed towards credit.

BDYDCOMZ, Art Rapp. How can we new bunches of SAPS with all the enthusiasm Lift SAPS to Greater Depths if you skip us (read me).

IGHA TZ #37-Nancy

BDYDCOMZ on you too, Nancy. I guess it runs in the family or something. Shiff.

Boy, Steve sure managed to stick a lot of fannishness into that one line. I dug all that In Humor Muchly.

Aw, Nancy, don't be prejudiced against us NY fen who want NYCon III in '67. We are, after all, fanzine fen, and we want alll our friends who get our zines to consider that when voting (unless you don't like our stuff, in which case forget I mentioned it). New York, though there is a possibility that the scenery might not be Wonderful for you, but we have so many advantages over Baltimore in other respects. Our group is more mature, more stable, and much more active. New York is the center of the SF world, and the number of pros would no doubt be larger than those who would go to Baltimore. Due to the

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prediction of all experts concerned that there will be a major slump in Hotel business in the city during the Con year, all the Hotels are dying to line up conventions; therefore, we'll be able to shop around until we find the prefect hotel. For those whose interest extends beyond the Con proper (or improper) New York has more good restaurants, night clubs, sporting events (two major league teams), and more B*O*O*K S*H*O*P*S than any place else in the East. Baltimore doesn't have too much to offer the tourist, or even the resident (and, yes, I've been, I've been). NYCon is My Con the 'Wet Con. (I don't drink, but no one's going to stop anyone from drinking in New York at any time. We have liberal laws.)

Very pretty cover illo. Let's see you do more Serious Artwork for SAPS soon.

NANDU #29-Nangee

I'm not sure, because of the-uh unique way you do mcs, I must say, "BDYDCOMZ Madam. Don't any of you Old Guard Saps love me? No, I suppose not.

Yes, I agree. The Knights of SAPS will prevail. The question that's still bothering me is, over what? Oh I know, the Knights of SAPS will prevail over the current SAPSish Daze we are going through.

I could think that you maybe Laughed like Hell at my fanzine, since you didn't remember the title of the one that affected you that way. On the other hand I know that it must have been Pleasure Units because it's the one that I laughed at; *sigh*

Hooray for Ghu. I used to be a Foo Foo ite when I was but a little neofan, but after several experiences with my ditto that verged on the traumatic, I decided that I would rather switch than fight. I did, and now I am a practicing Ghuist. (Not for real yet, just practicing). I don't think a Ghod is much good if he never pays attention to his fa ithful, do you? Now I am a changed man, I have even given up spiking my soda with ditto fluid. But I'll tell you, Sears Ink doesn't taste too bad, once you get used to it.

IBBX #5-Jack

Oh no, you have misinterpreted rich brown grievously. If he doesn't resign from SAPS (or rather be purposely dropped for lacktivity) by this mailing, I'm sure he will take you apart for uncalled for rharacter assassination. Rich was being perfectly serious in his offer to assume what he said were Dian's standards, and I think that you owe rich an apology for impuning his sincerity.

Your remarks on New York have so little logic to them, that it is croggling, but I will assume that you were rushed, and so will ignore that fact, and give you Straight Answers, even if your questions are screwed up. This could be a third run through, just in this zine, but I've not got the time to check back now, and besides, I think

you need lots of repetition before it sinks into your brain. You're still mouthing the same inanities that you were using at the start of the con battle.

First, it wasn't only that little neofan that was so ridiculous. Attendees tell me that the whole bunch of Baltimoreans were carrying bayonets with little "NYCon III in '57" signs stick on them. That's a fine way to impress up with the maturity of your group Jack. It also shows how well BSFSans know their fanhistory. The NewYorkCon II was held in '56, and has nothing to do with our bid. Once again I will state the simple fact that there is no overlap in the two committees. The name of our Con the NY Con III was chosen specifically to indicate our lack of affiliation with the previous New York Convention.

Jack, coming from Baltimore as you do, you probably don't know too much about New York Fandom. You see, Jack, we have quite a few clubs in New York, Each one caters to a different type of fan, though I admit that there is much overlapping. The Fanoclasts is the club for the active fans. The Lunarians are a different club, and the fact that some of them might support you doesn't surprise me. One part of it might be jealousy. After all, it would be galling for certain people to see NYCon III succeed where the Silvercon failed; Another part is that some of them would rather go away for the Holidays to some strange city instead of being in New York. I can sympathize with this desire for a change of pace, but I don't think they would be disappointed out of their skulls if we won. As a matter of fact, the EasterCon is sort of a cooperative deal between those two clubs. NewYorkCon II sure was a disaster, and that's why Syracuse had better lose or Kyle will get another chance to ruin a con. Don't blame that one on US, Jack. Most Cons that are run by club fan seem to come out badly for some reason. The Cons that everyone remembers as being great were all run by active fanzine fans. That's us, Jack, not your group.

Yes, if you really want to know, I consider EEtlin a fringe fan. I consider the Ostens as Nice People, though I heard they're no longer connected with the bid, but they are rather on the fringes, too. Owings is a fringe fan and notably lacking in talent, formy money. Bounds is such a new fan and has done so little, I wouldn't want to make any statements about him. You, I have no doubts about. I trust you, and all of the Fanoclasts agree that you are quite competent. However, we do question the competence of your associates. I don't think you can push the BSFS into the background just because it is inconvenient for you to have to explain them away. They are the ones, though they have no fancy titles, who will have to help put on the Con. Lack of competent help was what screwed up the Kyle Convention. Since you lauded the rather puny accomplishments of your committee, allow me to do the same for our ConCom. Ted White is one of the foremost BNFs. He was a co-editor of VOID, a zine of high distinction, put out MINAG, is a FAPA top tenner, helped found the FANOCLASTS, edits P&SF, has had one novel, in collaboration with TCarr, published and has sold at least one more already, and has attended many conventions. Dave Van Arnam, who is now a co-Chairman, has not had as

long a fannish career as Ted, but still is far from a newcomer. Dave was a fringe fan in the early fifties due to his residence at the Nunne ery. He re-entered fandom as a Club Fan with the Fanoclasts (the one zine he'd put out in '52 qualified him), and he quickly became interested in fanzines. He is an authentic trend setter, putting out the first real weekly genzine (aside from newszines), which led to Apa F of which he is one of the three founders. He wrote the Readers' Guide to Barsoom and Amptor which won much praise, and he is knocking on the door of membership in SAPS and the Cult. Dave also has writing ambitions, and there is a good chance that he will be a Dirty Pro very soon. John Boardman is the Treasurer. He is an active Cultist, Club Fan (ESFA, CCONY, Fanoclasts, FISTFA), and publishes two pretty good genzines, KNOWABLE and POINTING VECTOR. He is also, as I'm sure most SAPSites know, the founder of Postal Diplomacy. He has been a fan For 3 Years. Mike McInerney is the Acting Secretary. He is another one of the Apa F founders, and has been a N'APAN at times. He just became a Sap, too. His genzine, which is rather irregular to say the least, is non the less a rather good one, and at least one of the things he published a short story by Bunch, has seen pro publication. Mike is the real Club Fan among the Committee members. I think he belongs to about six or seven of the things. I don't think he'll be permanent Secretary, or so was the impression I received when I last talked to him. That's the committee. How about the rest of the Fanoclasts? Well, we don't feel that we have to hide our club away in some dark corner. Andy Porter has been in fandom several years. I've heard that he was a Jerky Neofan when he first began to show up at ESFA meetings, but time has wrought changes in Andy. He has Grown Up. Look at his genzine, ALGOL, if you don't believe me. It has doubled its quality every issue until now it is a damn fine zine that anyone would be proud of. Andy is also big on clubs. Besides the Fanoclast-FISTFA group, he is a Lunarian, an ESFan, and a neffer. Andy is also one of the finest young artists in fandom. How about Andy Main? Well, Andy puts out Jesus Bug, which seems like a sufficient qualification. He has also, of course, put out many other fine zines, and has been a fanatic con-goer. Steve Stiles is so talented and has so much going that I don't know where to start. SAM, the #1 dittozine, art, humor, apa f, and Con going. The Lupoff are the Lupoffs, and who doesn't know about Xero and Can averal Press? Rich brown is not totally evil in person. In fact, in person he is positively scintillating. A good man to have around when brain are needed. Lee Hoffman is a regular at meetings. She seems to have published something called Quandry, a Fine Fannish Fanzine, one time. Perdita Boardman, Johns' Only Wife, is a Fine Woman and an Artist. Jon White is a con goer and publishes The Riverside Quarterly. On the other (and crippled) hand, there is mw. I like apas. And Fanzines. They promise to watch me at all times.

There are other fen who don't get to meetings often, but who would no doubt help around with the Con if we should get it. Terry Carr is one, and Lin Carter another. There are more kicking around, too.

I have also heard a vile rumor that Len Bailes is applying to a New York City college. Bailes is really talented. I hate to have to admit it in print, because it will shock him all to hell, but he is

a real fannish talent. He's in all sorts of apas; OMPA, N'APA, SFPA, APA L, and, very soon, SAPS. He also publishes a genzine with some creep named Katz. He's a neffer Bureau Chairman. He'll do if he makes the New York Scene, I think.

That's meet the Fanoclasts for this issue.

Oh, Jack, I almost forgot, if Baltimore is such a swell city, how come they're so hungry for Cons? New York will have that slump I mentioned previously, becuase most of the big cons were scheduled in New York out of their normal order of cities in order to coincide with the Fair. So, we will have an artificial slump for the year or two after the fair, while the cities which have been skipped in the various organizations which hold cons. What's your excuse?

FITCH and Kusske-themselves

Don: Nothing much to say to you except hello. Oh, and thanks for all the Cultzines you've been sending me. I appreciate it, really.

John: I thought that that was a mighty effective parody. Members compla in that wlers try to tell them how to run the apa, and then you do up a zine showing how it would be if that were really happening. The only problem is that I don't think you're kidding.

I have to admit that you've got some good points, though. I don't think SAPS can have a return to the Olden Days. I never knew them, of course, but they sound like fun. What many of the older Saps want is a return to the atmosphere of SAPS that produced its greatest period. I can understand this. Certainly, SAPS could stand to get out of the current slump, and I, for one, am willing to try reinstating the things that once workd so well for SAPS, like a small membership. I'm sure that most SAPS realize that new fans are coming in all the time; what the ones who are against fredding anf feeing want is for the wlers to do about a years worth or more of maturing before they invade SAPS. I', as I've said before, only partially concurr with this viewpoint. I'd really like to allow franking, since that would keep the had stuff out without penalizing the good wlers.

That's funny about your thoughts of me as an apa 45er. I've had a number of people, including both Benyo and Mann tell me that they wou.d vote for me if I wanted in. I might want to join if some rules were changed, but one of those rules is the voting on new members. That I wouldn't even be assured of your vote, should I be willing to submit to such a vote simply means that you lack Cool. I can't help that. If lack of Cool persists, see your priest. Hmmm, maybe that was uncalled for. I'm sorry, but that High Judge business gets under my skin. I hope you don't seriously believe that I place a great deal of importance on whether or not all of 45 feels I'm Worthy for the exalted honor of membership. Any group that could refuse, hypothetically speaking of course, Me or Bailes while accepting Pete Jackson isn't worth joining anyhow. I have respect for enough of the members that I assume I will one day try to join. Maybe sooner than you think. Or even than I think.

Just in case you haven't noticed , I've been getting a little punchy on these last few mcs. I think it might be from inhaling too much corflu. Not that Corflu isn't good stuff, but I don't think Ghu intended mortal van to inhale it. Or even drink it, Ed Meskys.

DEADWOOD #1-Tosk

Yes, it sure is unprecedented for an apan to have h&s friends, including the OE, expend so much effort in the direction of encouraging a member to stay; even doing two zines for him. I sure hope that someday, if it ever comes to it, that I will be able to say that I have friends like that. You should be proud.

Well, I went through Buffalo and did NOT throw the bull.

I hope you decide to stay, but only if you really feel that old SAPS thrill again. We want FLABBERGASTING! (copyright, Bruce Pelz).

I've actually got an idea for a little fanfiction story, but I don't want to do it first draft (hi, DaveVA). If it gets done, I'll stick it elsewhere in this mailing.

OUTSIDERS #58

I think about 21 mailings ought to qualify a SAPSite as an Old Member. That's five years plus a mailing, and there aren't too many SAPSites who figure to last that long. I suppose that in FAPA the time necessary to become one of the old faithfuls would be 10 or 12 years. I think it takes about a year in N'APA.

Wrai, you don't cheat fair. If there is a great Toskeyzine that was going to be published this mailing, why not print it up anyway. The last one that Weber did was a barrel of laughs.

That should be a fine WorldCon bid. I'm for it. Hope to see all you people at the MidWestcon in June. I think the Fancclasts will be going in a group.

I think that I won't either do complete mailing comments this time. It isn't for lack of time, either. I mean, what do I have to say to the Webberts except, "BDYDCOMZ " anyhow. Oh, I suppose I could tell Dreen that my friend Ricki Shaper had two big black Labs that were really something. One night, though, someone stole Sheba (coincidence) from her dog house. Now they just have one, Ghana . I could mention to Jim that I don't understand how a french film called Les Parents Terribles could have a translation like The Storm Witnin, but that is really pretty trivial.

Then, if I were doing complete mcs, I would go on to WCB#11. I might a sk for the return of the good old Big Issues, but more likely I would have said that I looked all over the ballot , and I couldn't find anyone else running for CE, so I voted for Bruce as I had planned on doing.

Then, that zine done, I might setup a heading like this:

PILLAR OF FEAR-rich

You know rich, it really is amazing, it really is. You're like Dr. Joykll and Mr. Degler, Or Something. I'd rather not comment on this facet of your fanac, at least in print. See you in New York.

Then would come KATYA'S KOENER, and I would ask if she were bragging or complaining, but then again, Dave might not like that, so it's a good thing I decided not to do those complete comments.

I might smile at Dick Shultz and say that I'm sure glad he got most of his duplication problems licked. I also, Dick, would probably have asked you for more memoirs like you used to do a long time ago. And what is a Shultzine without art? Horrors.

Then, finally, I would come to Norm Metcalf and RESIN #20. I want to tell you Norm that you put out some of the worst garbage I've ever seen. That would be an unkind thing to have said, so I won't say it. Instead, I'll ask you what is your price for dropping SAPS.

So you see, those last few mes just wouldn't have been interesting. Therefore, I decided to spare you the ordeal of those dregs of complete mailing comment mania. I hope you appreciate that. No cheers, just return comments.

In case you haven't noticed, there are all sorts of things within the mes. I suppose that at least the faaan fiction in my me to Hulan deserves a title. How About, "I Was Dave Hulan" or "A Horror Story with a Happy Ending."

I've got this stencil to fill up, you know. And I am talked out already. I think you know that, too. This complete mes thing can get out of hand sometimes. The mailing was rather good, and that was much appreciated. I hope this zine doesn't irretreivably ruin mailing 71, for which the zine is destined.

See you all next mailing.

Arnie the K