

K



Joe Stata

Now, even as the members of Saps look toward the Brand New Mailing, searching for some comfort in these times of the Shrinking Roster, comes the rallying cry feared by wlers everywhere

EXCELSIOR !!!

But naturally, this is the sixth issue of that Dynamic Young Snotty SAPSzine, served up by that Dynamic Young Snob, Arnie Katz, UB Apts-479B, Allenhurst Rd., Eggertsville, New York 14226. If you don't think Arnie Katz is a snob, just ask him, and he'll tell you so himself. If he'll speak to you, that is.

Really, the above is a Pack of Lies. Actually Arnie Katz is quite a Nice Guy. I'll admit that my long association with him has made me rather prejudiced in his favor.

I'm afraid this is only Meow Pub #55 and Katzac #74. I realize that it is a rare day when one meets a fan who hasn't even published 100 two-page fanzines. I shamefacedly admit that I have not. I hate to admit this to anyone, but my fanzines average 10 pages each, which is most unfannish these days. I won't mention it again, if you won't.

Once again I have Celsy going before the arrival of the appropriate SAPS mailing. As a matter of fact, the mailing hasn't even been mailed out yet. That's how it goes in the Enthusiastic Sap Game.

True to a promise made in the last incomparable (nothing is bad enough to compare with it) issue of Celsy, I'm going to tell you more than you really want to know about the things that happened to me over the summer. Nothing Very Much happened during the summer, and that is much more than you really want to know.

Oh, I did hold a job. I worked as an envelope inspector trying to correct defective gluing on about 2 million envelopes. One at a time. This was piece work (no, Dave, not that kind of piece) and a one-shot quickie of a job to boot. I made about \$200., and I got a lot of Nasty paper cuts. The money will almost certainly be used to pay for a return trip to the West Coast to recuperate from those Nasty paper cuts.

Working during the summer must have done something to me, because I got a job almost as soon as I arrived in Buffalo. I was put in charge of setting up the Dorm Library, and now that it's open, I'm one of the Librarians. I earn the princely sum of \$1.10/ an hour. Of course, like most other librarians, I don't work too hard for my dough, either. (I mean Librarians who deal with the public in that previous sentence. Cataloguing Librarians are very busy of course, since they have apa mailings to put out.) If things go right, I might have enough money to buy a Rex or (ssshhh...) Gestetner. On the other hand, I might invest in 100 copies of "Like A Rolling Stone".

This year I have only three roommates, instead of four. As far as the sleeping arrangements go, it boils down to the same thing as one of my roommates is a Resident Advisor and so gets his Very Own bedroom. Still, it's much less crowded downstairs than it was last year. Actually, I should say it was less crowded, because all RA apartments have recently been given reject furniture from the lounge in Goodyear Hall, the girls' dorm. Our couch has several huge gashes in the cushion which we have not been able to explain. The current hypothesis is not suitable for a Family SAPSzine, or even Celsy.

I was going to tell you all about the Weird and Pervert things my roommates do, but I don't believe them, so I don't think you will either. One thing you might believe is that Al Florence is a np mind. His principal interest, aside from surfing is making and throwing Goobers. Goobers are large balls of toilet or tissue paper soaked in water. The sound of a Goober as it sails across the room, smacks against the wall, and spreads is a Very Discouraging thing to hear at 2 ayem.

There has been one improvement over last year. Al Florence, among his few redeeming virtues, has a record player. Unfortunately, none of my roommates like Bob Dylan. I confine my playing of it to times when they aren't home. Sometimes, the procedure is slightly reversed. I start to put the record on, and suddenly they aren't home. I don't do that, usually, because we have a Deal worked out. They don't play Jan and Dean while I'm home.

Just as an aside, I don't have any corflh up here at UB. That is not good, but there's no help for it. I'll try to remember to bring some from home when I make the NYC scene. That won't make any difference for this Sapszine, but I thought you'd like to know that those who read fanzines that come after this will not Suffer as you are going to Suffer. Oh well, you're all in the Best Apa anyway, unless you bought this mailing as a wler. In that case, you aren't a member of the Best Apa. Why not?

By the way, I hope you all realize that the riding I gave DaveH last time was just in jest, meant to be taken in the same spirit as his stuff to me the time before. Dave is really one of my Favorite Fans. I also support him wholeheartedly for the OEship. Go thou and do likewise.

I seem to have acquired a New Nickname. Actually, I heard it at the end of last year, but didn't think much about it. This year, however, it seems to have caught the fancy of most of the school, and it has been pressed upon me, much against my will. However, I have been getting used to it. Everyone calls me "Hawk", which is, I am told, short for "Hawkeye". It refers to my notoriously bad eyes. However, the Hawk cult has another facet, the Hawk Call. The very air reverberates with the cries of "awk! awk!" when I walk to my classes. It's really all quite jolly.

Next quarter again----Arnie the K

RECORD
REVIEWS

This sure was a neat layout, the first time I did it. Before the stencil tore. *sigh*

I have a nice stack of lps, a nice stack of Blank Stencils, and no corflu. Thus armed, I will say the magic phrase, "Like A Rolling Stone", and turn into Arnie the K, hyp record reviewer. Or maybe David G. Van Arnam. You never know in this biz, baby.

It's My Way

by Buffy Sainte-Marie

Although this is far from being a new album, I just bought it, so it's at least new to me.

If you've never heard Buffy Sainte-Marie, you have missed something that must be experienced. If possible, see her in person, because records somehow don't capture her completely. I don't think I'd have bought this, frankly, except that I had the chance to see Buffy at the UB Folk Festival this year.

That is not to say that this isn't a good record. In fact, it is one of the more enjoyable ones I've heard in about the last year. Her voice has a fantastic vibroto and is filled with emotion. When she sings, it has the impact of a rap in the mouth. Yet, a rap in the mouth that is a tremendously satisfying experience. Because she emmerses herself completely in the songs she sings, she draws the listener in with her. This is much more evident in person than on a record, of course, but some of it still comes through.

An example of her best is "Cod'ine", a song sung by a girl addict who wants nothing more than to die. Buffy really does sound old and used up (she isn't, really) when she sings this. The misery of the life of an addict lives in this song.

Almost diametrically opposed to the mood of "Cod'ine" is "Eyes of Amber", which is also written by Buffy. The song is about a girl who has a God for a lover. Buffy's voice is

almost hypnotic, lending just the proper ethereal quality needed to put over the song.

A very good album. If you don't like it, it won't like Buffy's other material, but it's worth a listen to see if it clicks somewhere.

Farewell, Angelina

by Joan BAEZ

I guess I couldn't have picked any female folksinger with a more different style than Buffy Sainte-Marie than Joan Baez. While Joan does interpret songs well, she has a marvelous voice to work with. There can be long discussions about Dylan's voice and Buffy's voice, but Baez has a very fine one, and there's no getting around it. Joan is the #1 female folk singer and there's no way of getting around that, either. (Judy Collins is very nearly as good. Pax, Dian.)

This album ought to delight those souls among us who have a line that goes something like, "I like what Bob Dylan writes, but not the way he sings." There are four Dylan tunes on the album, plus "Colours", by Donovan. By an odd coincidence, those are my five favorite songs on the album, though "Pauvre Ruteboeuf" with music written by Ferre is very pretty also.

Baez hasn't openly embraced rock music in the manner that Dylan has, yet there are several cuts, notably "Daddy, You Been On My Mind", that use an electric guitar. The aforementioned Dylan piece is my personal favorite. It has catchy words and an intricate, flowing melody.

"A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall" was no doubt the inspiration for Bob Leman's parody folk song, "Bad Earthquake a-Ccmin'". Bob and the rest of you will probably think I'm some sort of peasant, but I really think this version of the original is extremely good. Although there are traces of Dylan's worst fault as a poet, self-conscious alliteration, the lyrics are really very good. That is, they convey the images of the search of the author for satisfaction, for nature, for humanity, and what he finds on that search; a coming doom for mankind. And yet, it isn't hopeless, because there is still life, and the author and the singer won't let us sleep till the end overcomes us.

The only Dylan song Joan does poorly with is "Baby Blue". At least she has plenty of company, since I've heard several tries at this one, but none really sound as good as the Dylan version. Baez loses the essential blues element of the original, because she doesn't use enough band to do a good arrangement of it. Her version is at least the best of the also-rans.

I'd say this was a better album, over all, than Joan Baez Five, but I wish Joan would be a little more selective about her material.

This album continues the developement shown in "Bringin8 It All Back Home", the previous album. Dylan is becoming more and more a-droit with the small band, and gets a lot more use out of it than last time. Every song on the album is extremely well done, with "Desolation Row", "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues", and "It Takes A Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train To Cry" are about the three best, and "From a Buick 6" about the worst, though still very good.

"Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" is (surprise!) a blues number, of the up tempo variety. It even sounds slightly Spanish, especially the guitar work. It talks a little about *women* and a lot about the realities of life. "Up on Housing Project Hill,

It's either Fortune or Fame.

You must pick one or the other.

Though neither are to be what they claim."

"Desolation Row" is a song about what it's like to be Down and Out. It takes Dylan 11min, 10 sec. to get his point across; the totality of absurdity and dispair, but he makes it, spectacularly, I think.

"ITALTL,ITATTC" is another bluesy thing, though slower, and it is the prettiest song on the album. Even Dylan's voice seems smoother, or at any rate, it sounds as smooth as one is likely to ever hear from him.

"From a Buick 6" is a one of the Real Rocking tunes on the disc. It has a heavy dance beat, and a good deal of whimsy in the words of the song. "If I fall down dyin'" goes the song, "she's bound to throw a blanket on my bed!"

Len Bailes won't like this record. Len Bailes don't havta buy it, neither. I may go out and buy an extra copy to make up for the one Len isn't going ta buy. Len Bailes wouldn't buy a Bob Dylan record unless Bob sang G&S. An' maybe not even then. An' after a long while sittin' here, ya get to be like BbB Dylan, just a-ramblin' and shamblin' down the wretched road of eventual existance, past the dozen dried up rivers toward the great golden mountain of serene salvation, hey-hey. Psychiatrists would call this Transference, or maybe Bad. Buy the record anyway, huh?

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NYCon III in '67!

NYCon III in '67!

NYCon III in '67!

Do you think I'm trying to tell you something?

5

T oskey

R eturns

by Arnie Katz

A
Magnificent Masterwork
from the
Katz Ag of SAPS-
fiction!!

Alas!

Yes! The Thrilling Adventure you've all been writing in about +!!
Yes! The story that is the Mighty Sequel to the Escape!!
Yes! The story Ed Baker will not like!!

////////////////////////////////////
This epic Science Fiction Romance is guaranteed 100% free from ob-
noxious Chalkeresque Convention Propaganda. Read it at maximum
volume to increase the emotional experience. Read it at maximum speed
to avoid stomach upset.
////////////////////////////////////

Sir Toskey was barely away from the castle when he began to have second thoughts about leaving. He had gotten used to his dungeon. He even rather liked the fawning attention of his captivity. Sir Toskey halted his head-long flight. His calculator-like brain weighed the pros and cons of the situation. Suddenly, he reached his decision; it was better to be a con. He turned and began to trot back towards the castle. Perhaps, he thought, no one will notice my absence.

Finally, he stood at the edge of the moat that surrounded the castle. To avoid being seen by guards in the watch tower, he made a breathing tube by breaking off one of the hollow reeds that grew by the moat. Sir Toskey backstroked across the moat, which was ditto fluid of course, using the reed as a snorkle. Naturally, the maneuver was carried out brilliantly. Toskey said as much when he had reached the other side.

Circumventing the guards at the gate was comparatively easy. The two sentinels were so busy trying to decipher the typographical errors in the proclamations of Sir Arnold and Lady Nanshare that they never noticed the waterlogged knight as he stole noiselessly past.

* * *

Even as Sir Toskey made his way back to the dungeon, a council was being held in the main dining hall of the Castle. "I think we have been wrong to hold Sir Toskey here against his will," said Sir Busby. An enthusiastic cheering arose. Sir Busby's statement carried the day.

"I'll saddle his horse," volunteered Sir Wrai.

"I'll prepare his pack," offered Lady Doreen.

"No let me do it," demanded Baroness Dian. The two noblewoman

exchanged sharp glances.

"Now, now," said Sir Theodore, "why don't you prepare it together?"

"Yes," replied Lady Doreen, "that sounds like an excellent suggestion. That way, we can let Sir Toskey leave twice as soon." The two women walked off together to do their task.

"I intend to issue an Official Proclamation," said Baron Pelz, "to the effect that Sir Toskey is to be lent every possible assistance in leaving the land of Saps. In fact, the proclamation has already been drafted, and I'm sure you all want to sign the original." The nobles of the court rushed forward to be among the first to sign.

* * *

Sir Toskey arrived at his cell. Carefully, he let himself back in, throwing away his "key". He'd really begun to get used to the place. It had become a Habit to write his quarterly proclamation there. And if His Friends wanted him to stay so badly, then he would stay. Or stay he would, unlike Pinocchio.

Hardly had he made himself at home when a party of some 20 knights and ladies descended upon the gaol.

"All right," said Sir Frederik, who had been sent by the Baron to convey the good news, "the Baron wishes me to inform you that you will have every assistance possible to leave the land of Saps, Sir Toskey. Even now he is dispatching messengers to all parts of the Barony, instructed to tell all whom they meet that if you should venture to their particular region, they are to provide all aid you require. And here," he added with a flourish, "is the document that seals it all. It's signed by all your friends."

"But-but, this has become a Habit. I don't want to leave," Sir Toskey said.

"We realize that you are just saying that. You really want to go, and we'll make sure you do," said Sir Theodore.

"That is correct," added Sir Frederik. "The Baron has placed all the power of the throne behind this proclamation. Even Carr, the ace pirate, will not dare to molest you."

"How about Sir ~~Van~~ Sticky Fan X?" asked Sir Dikini. Sir David, off the family Van Arnam hit Sir Dikini with his breenie, a short two edged dull letter opener. Sir Dikini made a soto voce remark about what a whole company or brigade of knights armed with breenies could do; nothing.

"Sir Sticky Fan X is long ago gone to Fapa," said Sir Frederik, anxious to get back to the original subject, "but as I said, you are now perfectly free to leave."

"I won't," the recalcitrant knight stated.

"Sir Mann, go inform the baron of this," ordered Sir Daveh. Sir Frederik nodded agreement, and the newly initiated knight sped off. Scant minutes later, the heavy footsteps of the Baron were heard on the stone staircase.

"Great Roscoe, Burnett!" the Baron thundered. Sir Gordon, quick to follow orders, struck a match and lit the proclamation.

"You fool, Sir Gordon! You and your damnable puns and japeries. Now Sir Toskey must remain here until I can redraft the proclamation.


"Ahahahaha," said Sir Gordon.

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This story, like the recent Brunner novel can be read on two levels. On the first, it is a masterfully told, tense exciting drama. I say this because you might not realize it was a tense, exciting drame, masterfully told unless I informed you of the fact. On the second level, it is an exact day-by-day representation of the pennant race last year in the National Zuzzball League. Zuzzball buffs will be helpless before my literary craftsmanship if they will read this story (begining first with The Escape) with a file of box scores of New York Rozzer games. The rest of you will only be extremely gassed.-A the K.

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Sometimes, I am stuck with all this extra space when I don't write things that come out the exact length I want them to come out. At such times, an unsightly blank space is to be found. I could fill this blank space with a fabulous illustration depicting some crucial scene in a famous story of Science Fiction, if I had such an illo and could stencil it.

I could mention Dave Van Arnam. That is always a good thing to do, because Dave gets such a child like pleasure in seeing his name in mimeograph ink. I hope he is happy, because this is a paragraph of unlocked for egoboo that wasn't even looked for. This paragraph, I mean. Dave Van Arnam is a very fine fellow, and I don't know where the Panoclasts would be without him. I do know where the Shaefer Beer Co. would be without him. The Shaefer Beer Co would be in receivership. The Panoclasts and Shaefer's Beer thank you, Dave.

So, I'm sorry that I'm leaving all this empty space at the bottom of the page. Please overlook it. We'll pretend it never happened. Say, maybe I could do something artistic myself to fill up the remaining space. I have just done a marvelous little drawing. I call it "The day it rained chocolate and that was all you could see." I hope you all enjoy it. It's the first time I've ever done anything artist for Saps. Would you like to see more?



M.
C.
S.

A
SOUR
PICKLE
FOR
LEN
BAILES

MAILING #73

HE
JUST
LIVES
RIGHT

SPECTATOR #73- OElephant

So far, I've met Bailes, Berman, Busby, Carr, Chalker, Cox, DeVore, Eney, Fitch, Harness, Hulan, Jacobs, Johnstone, Katz, McInerney, Meskys, Patten, BPelz, DPelz, Schultz, Van Arnam, Webberts, and Weber. Counting a double membership as one, I've met 23 out of 34 or 71 %. I've also met 11 out of 27 on the wl.

I must say, Bruce, the front page of the O-O is poorly repro'd on my copy. A shame to spoil your record at this late date.

How come the number of copies wasn't reduced again, now that we've lost another couple of members? To make an additional couple of surplus mailings available?

I notice the treasury continues to slide each mailing. I wonder if you've considered levying a \$1. assessment on all members before extending the dues free period another four mailings. The \$32 dollars would make up for the losses to the treasury that seem destined to occur this coming year. As the outgoing OE,

you would be a good man to do it, Bruce. Unless I'm mistaken, the candidates are all committed to Free Dues, which might not be a good thing for SAPS.

This was really much too small a mailing, though what was there was pretty good. It is also getting pretty bad when there are only 7 zines with ten or more pages. Bailes, Hulan, Mann, Patten, and Van Arnam as would be Publishing Giants didn't look so good this mailing, although Len did do the actual publishing of QUIP, an excuse of sorts.

DEADWOOD SAP #4--Tosk

I've got an idea for another story about you, Tosk, but it hasn't completely jelled yet.

I guess you aren't going to resurge in fandom, as you say. That's a shame, I suppose.

Somehow, I don't think Jim Webbert is going to replace you as the quantity king of SAPS. At least I hope not. I don't know what I'd do if he did about 60 pages of mcs, none of which were about my Sapszine.

It just came to me, as an aside, that quantity can't really be increased by one or even three guys putting in gigantic fanzines. One or two Great Big SAPSazines will merely overshadow the mailing without really providing the material for a general increase in activity. I mean, there's a limit to how much space anyone would give over to one zine, if the rest were all small.

EXCELSIOR #5-A the Ø

Well, at least this fanzine mentioned my name often. I'll give it that. By the way, Celsy is available *free* to Ringo Starr, Bob Dylan, and Nakker Phelge, if they will only Write In and Ask.

wild colonial boy #14--John

Oh, I don't know, John, I would loan Candy to a 17 year old girl. As a matter of fact, now that I come to think of it, I have indeed loaned Candy to a 17 year old girl. Shows what kind of guy I am, huh?

And mailing comments aren't going to well today.

Too few people do complete mcs, or even comment to everyone. This is probably one of the things that is worst about SAPS today. I'm hoping that Van Arnam and Mann will set good examples for the rest of the crew. And if apa l would only fold, we'd be in great shape, since guys like Patten and Bailes might be induced to rejoin. Or in the case of Bailes, perhaps join was a better word. He was more active as a wler, in some respects.

DINKY BIRD #16-Ruth (and Jean)

Nice seeing both of you in New York. Hope you'll make the Midwescon, and, if not, at least show up at the Tricon. I, barring unforeseen, expect to be at both. I hope that doesn't discourage your attendance.

I heard the Gemini Broadcast, too. They don't really play fair, since they merely repeat everything over and over. After the first hour, they could have replayed the tape, and no one would have noticed. Not that they covered all the essential facts that really interested people faunch to know. My mother came up with a Very Good Question. Perhaps some Sap Scientist would tell me how the astronauts "go"?

Ruth, the fact that eyesight is improved in free fall won't help Ed. He'd still be known as Ed Meskys, licensed to kill, even if we could find a way to induce a suspension of gravity in his car.

I'm not really ashamed of my early fanzines, because I feel lack of expeience can excuse a lot. I've very often had the feeling of dissatisfaction, which is different than shame in considerable degree.

Jean: Pursuant to our conversation when you were in New York, it certainly is amazing the way it has become Terribly Hip to be Jewish. Just think how we've anticipated the fad. We both already have Jewish Mothers. I read "How to Be a Jewish Mother" (relax gang, I'm not intending to become any kind of mather, Nor a Father right yet either.), and found it was indeed Quite Funny. Have you seen "Fanny Hillman", the cartoon book? It isn't really too bad at all. I'd also recommend "A Mother's Kisses" by Bruce Jay Friedman. Maybe I'll review it this issue.

I really ought to write you a letter, Jean. Perhaps I already will have by the time you read this.

POT POURRI #41*john

All right, the rest of you. If John Berry can do mcs, you can all do complete mcs. For Pages and Pages, perhaps.

Speaking of Chess, I used to play Chess when I was much younger. Len also played chess. He played it devotedly. Passionately. Every once and awhile, he'd come over, and he'd have That Look in the Eye.

"No!" I would say.

"But I haven't asked you to play in six months," Len would reply.

11 "And I wouldn't want to bust a string like that," I said.

"Oh yes you would." I would climb up on my dresser and curl up into a little ball. No, that's Not True. I would curl up into a Big Ball.

"But last time I gave in, I beat you seven straight games. And I don't even like chess that much. I haven't played since I beat you last. Let's go to Hymies." Len Bailes, has persistancy. He is also stubborn as a mule. Faced with a Defiant Katz, he would begin to work out an evial plan. First, he would try to get me angry. Then Jolly me into a good mood so that I'd stand still for a game. Then, he would try to reason it out with me.

"Look," he was wont to say, "I have been Practising . I have been Studying the Great Masters like Morphy and Roger Wunderlich . I feel sure that I have improved greatly. I feel that I have now progressed in skill to the point where I can beat you."

"No you can't, because I'm not going to play you." Then he would try the emotions. He would rant and rave a little. This soon passed, and he would pull the coup de grace.

"You won't play me because you're chicken. You know that I can beat you easily. Why, you can't play chess at all. I only lost the other times because I made Stupid Mistakes . I could have beaten you all those times, if I'd be just a little more careful." So I'd go and get the chess set, and we'd play seven or eight games. And Len would lose, and we'd go look at the comic books at Hymie's.

Except once. Once Len caught me after I hadn't played for a year and won several games. I notice he hasn't asked me to play since.

That's your story for this issue, John.

I'm really tickled to find you a fellow fan of Bob Dylan. I, too, think "Mr. Tambourine Man" is a terrific song. I nearly always play it when I use my record player at home. Have you heard the album reviewed in this issue? I think you'll especially like "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues", which is somewhat like "Tambourine Man".

I don't think your issues are small, either John. However, I think many Saps feel that Any Berry is Too Little Berry. I suppose the Old Days of one Berry mczine and one Berry nonpmczine in each and every mailing are Gone. Maybe if Saps gets better, we'll see that again. It is to wish,...

I sure would like to see a book of Irish Fandom Stories. The one's I've read have always seemed to me to be the epitome of faanishness. And they were Funny as Hell.

I also thought "Golden Gun" by Bond was awful. I didn't even bother to finish the book. That's about the worst indictment I can

give to something called a "thriller".

The Byrds aren't much like the Beatles, John. The Byrds are much more folk oriented. Not as good either.

*Sonny and Cher are American *??? I thought I heard several djs say they were British. I think you're right though. Those djs aren't ones who know much of anything. One introduced Bob Dylan as,

"Bobby Die-lan, a brand new popular singer." He thought he'd discovered someone brand new and was being very daring by playing "Subterranean Homesick Blues. "

OUTSIDERS #61-Wrai

8 pages is much better than 6. 18 is much better than 8. If you want your Good Old Days, you're going to have to get on the stick (and Off Your Ass) and do some Old Ballard Sapszines. No, some New oldstyle ones is what I really mean. I guess.

Right now, I'm Way Too Heavy. I'm doing something about it, and the longrange target is 185.

blush, I just do my best on the mcs, Mr. Ballard. I'm glad you like them. As the senior citizen of Saps (somehow that doesn't sound as good as "grand old man of Saps) you've seen just about everything in the way of mcs that ~~are~~ likely to come along.

Golly, you sure do ask the Right Questions, wrai. I too am interested in whether Dian is going to wear her bikini. However as a Young Fan with Broad Mental Horizons, I also am wondering if Katya Nulan is going to wear her bathing suit that is cut Very Low in the front.

MROAC #5-Lee(pronounced as an obscene gurgle)

Right about the Deep South Cons III, II, and I. They may have been small, but they were by ghod cons, and the people who attended them all seemed to write Happy Conreps. Of course, Jack's put down of the DSC is natural. Natural for Jack that is. After all, some of the Southern fen support NYCon III, so they couldn't have done anything worthwhile.

No, no no! I am not a fan of any New York Baseball team. That is Len Bailes, who's Yankees didn't do very well this year. I've rooted for the Dodgers since I was about four years old. I believe that was about the time I attended my first Dodger game. You Los Angeles type people who have only lately begun rooting for the Only Team are Latecomers, sort of like being neoSaps!

I prefer baseball, but I do follow the Bills fairly closely. I got here last year, and rather got caught up in the town passion

~~xxxx~~ for the team.

Golliard 837-Karen

So, you beat the deadline after all. I see that BEP isn't as enthusiastic about dropping people as he would like to have us (or Don Fitch) believe.

I sure wish I could come up with some kind of real serious comment on this, though.

I saw a slide of your Loncon costume in the Cult, Karen. It looks Very Nice.

RETRO #38-Buz

I don't see how you could call the last Westercon "little". It was actually quite large. If there had been more pros, it might have been able to pass for a smallish worldcon. It couldn't have been too small. After all, I didn't even hear SaM. I'm glad to hear that the next one will be at a pool-type place rather than the downtown scene originally scheduled.

Your idea about Instincts and how Our John Foyster is trying to run exactly counter to them makes a Lot of Sense. Jean Shepherd (whom you can hear in Seattle on, I believe, Monday evenings) draws an analogy with Lions. It's very nice to set up rules that Lions won't eat Deer. Things will go along very well, too. Then the Lions will begin to get Hungry and... Man is a predator, and there's no denying it. It can be curbed by conscious application of Will, but I doubt that it can be just Blocked Out completely.

If you think 60 zines in two years is all that much, look at how many fanzines Rich Lann has published in the last two years. Also, Buz, that total is a little deceptive. I should think that two years of Cry plus other apazines done in the same period would run higher in page count. Van Arnam must have over 150 zines in the last two years, but I think his perzine average is about 4.

Hey Buz, if a column would be a forum, you can have one in QUIP any old time. I don't believe in censorship, either, if that means anything, except in cases of probable Libel.

No, Buz, the NYC II was in '57. At least that's what the posters Baltimore people brought to Philly last year said. You don't think they could have been----well, Wrong, do you?

Wrai should definitely go to the next Westercon. How else am I going to meet him?

QUIP #1-Len and Me

Despite the usual run of first issue foul ups and things not

done exactly the way they should have been, I'm reasonably happy with this.

STUMPING #14--Jim

BDYDCOMZ !!!!!

BDYDCOMZ !!!!!

BDYDCOMZ !!!!!

I don't quite know how to tell you this, Jim, but you didn't comment on my zine last time. Or the time before. Or any time. I feel rejected or maybe even Invisible. Now that's an idea.

"Who knows what comments lurk within the zines of fen?"

The Hawk knows, you dummy! (no, not you, Jim)

Seriously, couldn't you even write "noted" so I at least know you've gotten a copy?

POR QUE? #27- Dee

I'm glad to hear that you now appreciate the Beatles. I don't see what you have against Top 40 stations, unless you mean those New Look C&W Top 40 outlets. All the Top 40 is is Beatles, Sonny and Cher, Rolling Stones, Dylanesque Groups, and people like Dean Martin. Except for Dean Martin, it's really pretty good.

If you want to talk to Don Fitch at Cons, push him down onto a sofa and sit on his lap so he can't (and won't want to) get away. Then you can talk to Dirty Old Man Don Fitch for hours. Or even Days.

No, Doreen, I'm not going to finish that comment to Ruth. She saw me in New York, and didn't even mention that I'd left a comment to her unfinished. And if she doesn't care, then neither do I. It was ~~probably~~ probably a Brilliant and Witty as Hell comment, too. If I remember what it was maybe I'll send you a pc and tell you. I guess that's the sort of thing that comes from leaving an mc right in the middle and coming back much later. I just assumed I'd finished with Ruth's ~~zine~~ zine and went on to the next.

I'm voting for Dave Hulan, but don't feel bad. I'm sure he'd be willing to come North each quarter and take your Fun Sapszine out of your ~~soft~~ ~~claw~~ soft warm hands ~~xxx~~ in person.

Fear not, fair Doreen, we, the New York Saps, wouldn't want you to go to a Hateful, hateful city like Baltimore which does not provide the atmosphere conducive to Doreen Webbert having a Good Time. So, precisely because it is Be Kind to Dee Webbert Year, we have arranged to put in a fine faaaanish bid for New York City for '67. Your support is faunched for greedily.

Wrai Ballard will have to rag you about doing Sapszines more often. You could also do Your Part by ragging him. *Yes*.

COLLECTOR-Howard

I don't know what to say, except it sure would be Very Nice to see you doing a few more pages each quarter.

QBEX Vol 2 No. 3-Chalker

Oh, we're not going to fight dirty, are we? Oh, of course not. I won't even both with this piece of trash. You're really showing everyone why NY Con III is the best choice, Jack.

It's too bad a nice bunch of huys have to have a guy like you to give them a bad name.

I thought of something between last issue and this. If you were such a Big Cheese on the Discon committee why
1) was MIRAGE on the Hugo nomination Ballot in violation of the rule in force for that year which dis qualified AMRA, a zine published by a Discon committeeman.
2) If you had all that Great Responsibility, how come none of the people who attended can remember you going anything but drinking?

I've got to leave this zine now, gang, the you know what is coming up to my knees.

PLEASURE UNITS #12-Gordy

It is bad enough that you are a Sjit and a Moral Crud, but you also Read Minds. I mean, Gordy, we go along, mailing after mailing doing the same things at almost the same time. I really was going to do a bang up job on the rockfolk craze, but you've gone and beaten me to it.

I do have a couple of things to add. One is that you have completely neglected the man whom I consider to be the number one pre-Dylan folkrock singer and composer. My article would have pointed out that Buddy Holly, besides his personal contributions to music was also the inspiration for the Everly Brothers and most especially the Beatles. The whole Lennon McCartney style of song writing is a direct out-growth of the style Holly used up to his death. Further, Holly was a great influence on folk. Carolyn Hester, to name just one, acknowledges Holly as her principal influence. I think Holly has been neglected as the one who really paved the way for the Folk Revival and the rock folk era we're in now. Buddy Holly was head and shoulders above his contemporaries (with a few exceptions), and I'm surprised that you could have ignored him.

Another thing, which is rather an addition than a correction, is that "I'M A Loser" was originally supposed to be much more folk oriented. It was speeded up and much harmonica work taken out before it was actually recorded.

It really was a good article, Gordy. It's nice to know that SAPS swings.

So, you don't know any fans from Mississippi, eh? How about Dave Hulan? Tell you what, next time you see Dave walk right up to him and ask your Question. Which is, in case you've forgotten, "Are you a Negro? Or do you merely lynch them for God?" You just go and do that, Gordy. Maybe we'll find out if DaveH has twenty words after all.

Going back to the article again, I just really looked at your Discography again. Isn't it "Positively Fourth Street". That's what my copy of it says, anyhow, I don't see how you can call yourself a semi-active member. I'd say you were one most the most active at the present time, even if you didn't put mcs in your zine last time. How many Saps put in zines of over ten pages? Not many.

Tis The Season To Be Nasty #1-Dick

It sure would be nice if, one of these days, you did something for Saps that might make us think you read the mailings. Still, this was somewhat interesting, but I don't know how to comment on it. In Buffalo, we have all kinds of problems. The outgoing Republican Mayor is a dunce and the previous Democratic Mayor cleaned the city out. Sedita, the aforementioned Democrat must be running low on money, because he's running again. This Sapszine is being done so early that I don't know if he won. Tomorrow is election day.

One interesting thing happened in Buffalo this year. There is an insurance man named Ben Kertz. He advertises regularly on WKBW, the Rock Station. It seems that Ben invented a character called SuperKertz, who flies to the scene of any accident or other situation where his insurance company would have to pay off. SuperKertz as a gimmick has quite caught on ~~km~~ in the last year or so, making Ben a City Figure of immense popularity. So this year he was running for Mayor as an Independent and later a Conservative. I say "was" because he withdrew. It seems he had some polls taken, found he couldn't win, and threw his support to the Republican candidate because the Democrat is Sedita.

SAPRISE #4--Dave

Sometimes, Dave, you push Friendship Too Far. One expects, when he has done 15 pages of mailing comments in the previous mailing that he will not be Skipped by his Good Buddy Dave Van Arnan. It's all very well to tell Rich Mann that you Dig My Stuff, but it really doesn't do all that much to me to have you say that, and absolutely nothing else, you swine.

Although I'm just not the type that goes in for costumes, Dave, I can see where the Egoboo lies. There is quite a bit of creativity in getting together a really good costume. I also think you're wrong about a costume not having relevance to the wearer's Self. To take one example, I think Bruce's costumes represent a certain part of his Self that longs for swahbuckling adventure and pomp and ceremony. We will not attempt an analysis of people who wear swords all the time until next semester.

So, now that it's too late you admit that I was right about "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.". And how long did I try to get you to watch another episode? Serves you right. I sometimes watch it up here at school, when I remember it's on.

Speaking of Games, we really are going to have to play a game of TACTICS some time. Maybe the next time Len comes to New York or something.

Glad to hear that you want to Go Back West again, too. It would really be very groovy if all six of us could Do It Again. Perhaps we could even meet Wrai Ballard and Gordy Eklund. Maybe we could even have a Special Program Item at the Westercon. Calvin, Gordy, and I could go up on stage and imitate eachother.

BIZARRE-Ed

Ed: Many people have asked what I was thinking of when I said, "7 gänzines are coming out of New York."

"What were you thinking, Arnie?" is the way they usually put it. At this point, I am wont to smile serenely, lean back in my chair, and collect my fingers from my pocket to use for counting.

"I'm not Too Sure," I say with a smile. "Go peddle your fanzihes."

Besides the four you named, there are also Warhoon, Lighthouse, Focal Point, Fantasy Times, and Zeus. At the time, however, I was probably thinking of SAM, Jesus Bug, and Beard Mutterings, which seemed about to appear.

Tom: And Tom Dupree is really J. Fred Muggs. It all goes to show that you can't trust anyone these days.

Don't call him Bobby Zimmerman, if he wants to be named Dylan, I figure that that's his previledge and right and we ought to Go Along. I don't think it ever was a secret that The Rightious Brothers weren't brothers.

I'm not Very Thin. In fact, I consider myself running to Fat at present. Something is being done.

Have you ever thought about waiting quietly on the waitinglist? I'm not trying to put you down, but wouldn't you like to have SAPS be for members when you get in? And it isn't that your stuff is all that bad. There are many on the wl who would do much worse, and there's the rub. The waitlist is for Waiting. I suppose that's really Very Harsh, but Buz is begining to win me over to his Principle. Again, nothing personal, Tom, but I wish you'd really think about it.

A FANZINE FOR THE OFFICIAL SPECTATOR #1-Don

I suppose that the question is not really "where do they come

from?" , but why. Some of them, like Thorne and Kusske are the multi-apan types whom one would expect to join SAPS. Some more, like Jean Berman, Rich Bergeron, and Earl Thompson are probably on the list because they're friends of many of the members. The ones that thow me are types like Mamont, Pearson, and Avery. I can't see what they're doing on the list. What possessed them to Sign Up. I suppose with a little luck, we may never know.

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY*Don

Imbalance is the way I'd describe my writing ~~and possibly~~ ~~my mind~~. What other excuse is there for Copious Mailing Comments? In a Good Apazine, with certain few exceptions, mailing comments ought to more than counterbalance everything else, or so I think. Even the exceptional zine that doesn't rely heavily on mcs is truly not an apa slanted zine, just a small general zine going to a small select group.

However, I, too, have much praise for Terry Carr. Certainly, he's one of the finest writers in Fandom. Now, if he'd just do mailing comments in SAPS.....

IN PRINT AND IN PERSON*Don

Don, you say these are notes (they are indeed) for an essay. If/when you get around to writing it, I sure would like to publish it in QUIP, as it is one thing that has Keenly Interested me for a long time.

Many fans do have a large difference between written and aural personalities. I think most people tend to me more guarded in personal contact ((damn, I meant less guarded)), because there is less time to compose one's thoughts. On the other hand, I used to find myself much brasher in print than in person, mostly because I was very *Shy*. I am getting over this, if you all haven't noticed upon meeting me.

NIFLHEIM #13-DaveH

I guess I can't very well let you go with a short mc, even if you didn't scrimp this time.

Is it possible that electing you OE will also induce you to switch to mimeo for everything but the NIF cover? I'll bet you could have gotten a few more votes with a promise like that. Speaking of ditto, who did your cover. I can't find a signature, but from the ditto technique I'd say it was Ric. Yes?

It is Very Nice to know that long mcs don't surpass your ~~Grotesque~~ Grotesquing Point. I would hate to think that SAPS would stoop so low as to elect someone who didn't like lots and lots of mcs.

It amazes me that I could have this little to say to you, Dave. However, as you said, it was Your Fault. Repent ye while ye may.

MAINE-IAC #29--Edco

I resent, I say I resent that slur on the title of my SAPSzine. I especially resent it because I can't think of any Funny Comeback to use involving the title of your SAPSzine. I mean publishing a zine called "Maine-iac" from Southern California is already the Last Word one could say on the subject. If you weren't a Loyal Quip columnist that poor fellow getting hit by a bale of Excelsior might be you. Rejoice, for your Good Works have been your Salvation.

Edco, you mention how Doreen has stayed physically about the same despite being in SAPS. I am reminded that I have the photo that everyone is babbling about. It's on the cover of the giant issue of S'Bem. I am Note Sure how this next is going to sound three months from now, but I think Doreen today is much better looking than that picture. Perhaps SAPS is the Fountain of Perpetual Youth and Beauty. On the other (and crippled) hand there is me. I guess every rule has an exception.

THE CHARLOTTAN #5@Len

I was here before Len was here.

I've just thought of something Intriguing, at least to me. I wonder how many of the Fantastic Readers out there have read ~~Charlotte's~~ "Charlotte's Web". I think everyone in your and my grades at school read that damn book at one time or another. It was the "Catcher in the Rye" of the Younger Set.

It's really not too strange that we managed to see/hear that same baseball game. For all the reasons that you named plus the fact we probably watched it on the same set. That is a distinct possibility considering that I can think of no other reason for me having anything to do with a Yankee game.

NU MBER ONE #4--Mike

I'm afraid I don't have much of anything to say, except that it would be nice to see a lot of McInerney in the future mailings of the S.A.P.S.

However, since I have so much to say to Fred Patten, this will have to drag on a little longer. I think the reason ofr graphiti in your toilet is the Impossible that you keep encouraging to come to FISTFA or that just Show Up.

NYCon III in '67!

MISTILY MEANDERING #14-Fred

Fred, it is really very hard for me to write this. I find it a sad duty to have to tell someone who didn't even know he Was that he is now a Has Been. It would have been better to let you think you were a Never Was, but the cat was let out of the bag, and I have been designated a committee of one to Break the News to you.

You see, Fred, popularity is an ephemeral thing. What with not answering letters, publishing small zines, and having a generally lackadaisical attitude toward you OEval duties in N'APA has resulted in a Fall from Grace. Whoever she is, What I mean to say is that Fred's Followers as a club is no more. The Club song will no longer be chanted every evening as we face towards the Holy City of Los Angeles. Why, even the Fred Amateur Press Society has folded. This top secret group most your your more active fans ~~were~~ indulged in hyperactivity. I guess that now that it's defunct, there's no need to keep the details secret, although we decided that no material could ever be reprinted or circulated outside FAPS. However, perhaps some day permission can be gotten to publish excerpts from such incredible publications as CHESLEY, GREENFIELD, BOOKWORM, POTSHERDS. Why POTSHERDS #2 ran to 125 pages, for Christsake. The demise of FAPS was so sudden that I didn't even get to publish my mcs on the fifth mailing. Perhaps I'll use them in Celsy some time for laughs.

One thing I can do is publish the Fred's Followers Song, since I wrote it.

BE LIKE FREDDIE (to DO THE FREDDIE)

Hey you neofen,
now it's time again,
To be like Freddie,
good Freddie .
Pub so carefully,
just the same as he,
Be like Freddie,
good Freddie.

Chorus
~~Publish your zine~~
Publish your zine,
just as he would do.
Turn the crank just right,
and use slipsheets, too.
Now you know just what to do
to be like Freddie
good Freddie.

((chorus))

Ink the drum just right,
have the stencil tight,
Just like Freddie,
good Freddie.
And without a doubt
throw the bad sheets out,
Just like Freddie,
good Freddie.

=====

=====	Never smoke or drink
=====	and watch what you think
=====	Be like Freddie
=====	good Freddie
=====	Never ever curse
=====	cause there's nothing worse
=====	If you're like Freddie,
=====	good Freddie

((chorus))

Of course, all that's in the past. Now, you probably couldn't get votes from Fred's Followers if you ran for Dog Catcher. We're now known as Dave's Devotees.

SAPROLLER #39-Jack

Some one of these days you are really going to surprise *heck* out of a whole lot of who have some of your old SAPSazines and do something good for SAPS.

MEST #19-Ted

You'll just have to get used to the Uncouth Ways of Len Bailes. Even better, you could help him gain couth. Then he would make a great impression on everyone.

Jack may have heard of the Westercon, Ted, except if he mentioned it, it would have Given a Plug to people who Consort with Fanoclasts. Besides, don't you know that a con is not a con unless Jack Chalker is there to give his blessing. Strange but True. Also he couldn't very well have asked us Fanoclasts about it, could he? Why, that would be admitting that maybe he wasn't the ne plus ultra of knowledge.

You got the initialeese perfect.

Thanks for the info on Promotional Films, I just wanted to know what it meant is all. I've seen some of the crud you mention, not worth going to see for real money.

You shouldn't brag about this big zine. 15 pages every two mailings really isn't too much. Better than 6 though. I do like your stuff Ted, and I'm sorry to see so little of it in the apas and none-at-all in genfan&om.

I must be running out of gas if I quit that easily on a good long commentable zine. Sorry, Ted,

YEZIDEE #13-Dian

If I weren't going to marry you and especially if you weren't pregnant and thus a Holy Vessel carrying forward Fankind to the next generation, I might do evil things in response to your remark about coming to LA so Hot Owen could take me to Tiajuana so I could Meet Girls. Is that a thing to say to a Great Guy like me? Especially when I, in the Cult, resisted replying to your remarks on the ~~advisibility~~ advisability and aptness of 69 for partners one or both of whom Talk Too Much. I mean, did I ask you to give us a Blow by Blow account if the couple you had in mind took your advice? No I didn't. And This is How you Repay Me, Fie and double Fie, Dian! Also Shame, shame, shame! It's a good thing I'm in a Great Mood. It's a good thing I'm not too punchy, for me. It's a good thing I realize that you are really a Wonderful Girl and All Like That. Otherwise I might say