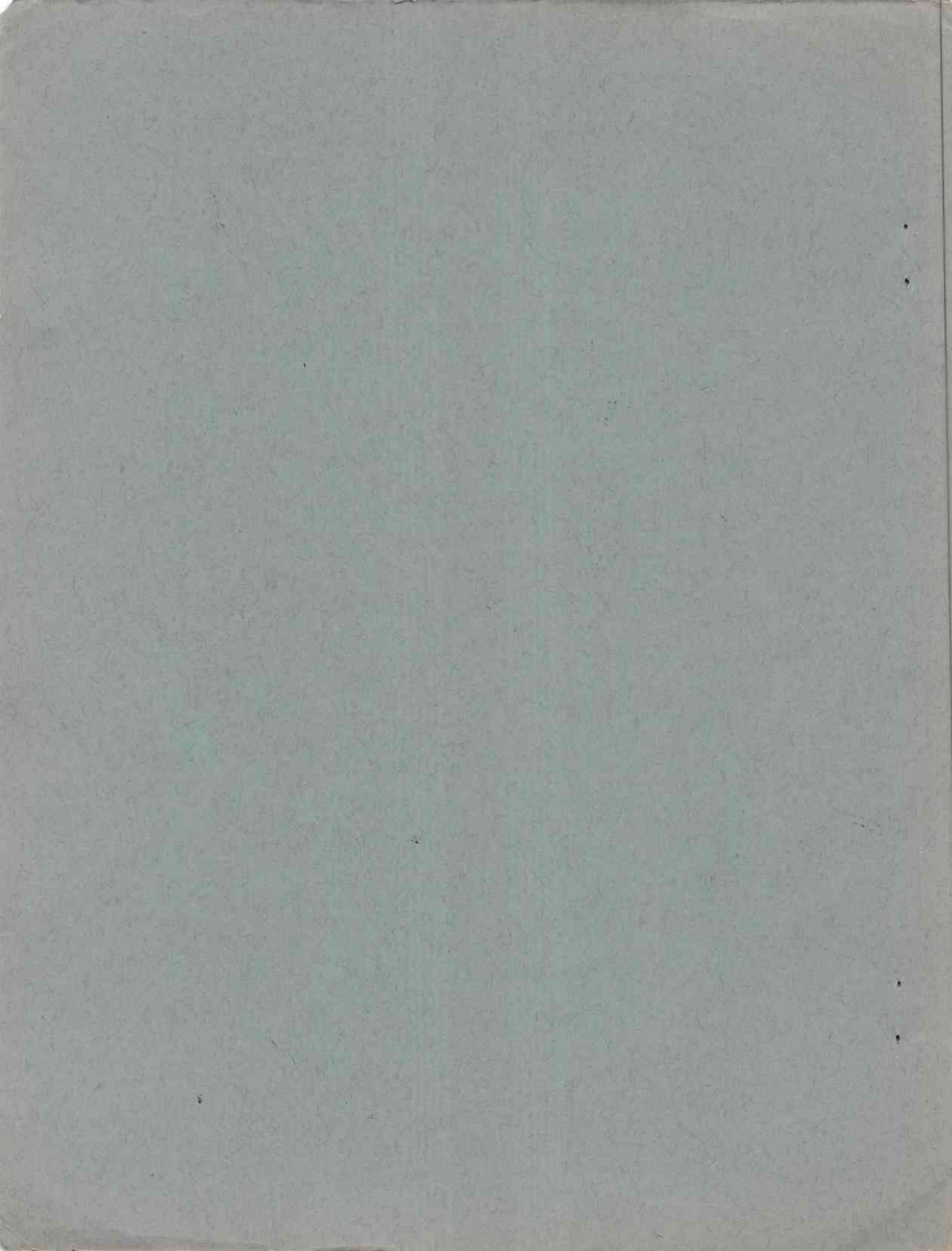


Excelsior...



JTS



Now, because no one has said I couldn't, I proudly present the culmination of thirteen weeks of concentrated goofing off and intensive listening to "Like a Rolling Stone", that nonpareil SAPSzine,

EXCELSIOR !!!

I'm glad you asked. This is indeed Excelsior #8, published by that forgetful young genius, Arnie Katz, who has just forgotten the format he has used for the previous seven issues. Why, he didn't even tell you that this is the dynamic young ethnic fanzine. Until the Worldcon, I will be resident at 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11043. See the next Spec for a CoA.

This is Meow Pub #66 and Katzac #86. As of Katzac #81, my IF is 12pp.

This is the last page of the zine, and I'm really closing in on O-hour for the start of the Greater Trek, about which you will find out more than you might really care to know in either QUIP #4 or possibly the fantastic annish. Annish of Q that is. I menti n this because observant Sapsites will notice that next mailing is Celsy Annish II. The annish will be chocked full of..... mailing comments and stuff. You were maybe expecting "The Harp That Once or Twice"? If you're all good, you might find that next issue will have 45 pages of record reviews...or possibly that number of pages of cartoons by Dave Van Arnam, who will circle his name in his copy of this issue.

I certainly wish I could think of something wryly humorous to stick in right here.

In case I forget to say it in the body of the zine, I want to thank all those who voted for me in the Pillar Poll , it was very much appreciated.

I might mention that this zine is another one of those experiments on the Arnie Rotery. I'm beginning to wonder if I wasn't ahead with my Tower of Power.

Mitl Stevens, LA fan in exile visited the Fanoclasts last week. He didn't look like much of a Trained Killer to me. Apparently, others shared this view, because he got along quite well with John Boardman. He told John Boardman all the LA dnqs. In return, John told him all the LA dnqs Milt wasn't aware of.

Stay cool.....
.....Arnie

RECORD

REVIEW

THE YOUNG RASCALS

The Young Rascals

The Young Rascals, a New York group have ridden the rising popularity about as well as anyone in America. This is their first album, and I think it gives a fairly good impression of what they sound like. As far as the group sound goes, they have wisely not tried to copy any of the already popular groups, in the way that the Knickerbockers copy the Beatles for example, giving forth with music that is their own. This is not to say that the Rascals aren't influenced by other singers. They are strongly influenced by Negro rhythm and blues artists and slightly by the Rolling Stones.

Both of their hit records "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Any More" and "Good Lovin'" are on this album and are among the best things included. I particularly like "IAGOMHAM", which was written by a couple of girls named Swayze and Burton. This song writing pair is also responsible for one of the other really good tunes recorded by the Rascals, a fast ballad called "Let's Wait"

An interesting thing about the group is that three of the four members switch off singing lead. Felix and Eddie are better than Gene who tends to imitate the original recording artists of the two songs he leads on, "Rolling Stone" and "Just a Little". "Like a Rollin' Rolling Stone" wasn't very impressive. It was done in slavish imitation of Dylan, and the Rascals can't carry that sort of thing. Though "Just a Little" seems to partake a little too much of the Zombies, it is nevertheless a pretty good effort.

The Negro blues influence is most strongly apparent in their rendition of "Midnight Hour" a Wilson Pickett song. They really do get a soul sound, though their ellocution suffers a bit in the bargain. This song is the best of the material which hasn't been released on 45 rpm yet.

The rest of the cuts are mediocre, with the Rascals attempt at "I Believe" the most pitiful. Of course, I detest this song to begin with, but it just is so completely outside the group's style

that I can't see what could have made them try to sing it.

This isn't a tremendous album; I doubt if I'd have bought it except that it was on sale for \$1.97, and at that price, it was worth it for the six or seven reasonably good songs. The Rascals ought to pick their material more carefully, because in this case, mediocre material drags down the album to where it is only slightly above average.

TAKE A LITTLE WALK WITH ME

Tom Rush

Tom Rush has, for the last few years, been considered one of the very best of the male folk singers. His song writing ability is substantial, his voice fairly good, and his musicianship excellent. His material has tended, in previous albums towards blues, and this album continues the trend, but with a difference.

Tom Rush has his reputation made, and he can now sing pretty much what he wants. What he wants to sing is the songs he grew up with in the 1953-58 period, which was dominated by Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, and Buddy Holly. This album is divided much like Dylan's recent albums, into one side of rockfolk and one side of regular folk. Unlike Dylan, Tom has stuck with the acoustic guitar for his rock instead of the electric guitar associated with other performers doing folkrock. On the rock side, the chief instrumental backing is provided by Kooper and Langhorne on the guitar, Gook on piano, and Gregg on drums. This is one of the finer aggregations in folkrockdom. Oh, and Harvey Brooks is on bass. ((The perils of on-stencil criticism-AK)). Langhorne, Gregg, and Kooper are particularly noteworthy. Langhorne also plays 2nd acoustic guitar on the folk side.

The album leads off with two songs originally performed by Bo Diddley, "You Can't Tell a Book By The Cover" and "Who Do You Love". The second is Rush's single release which announced his entry into the folkrock field. "Who Do You Love" is notable for not sounding a bit like Tom Rush. He uses an extremely deep voice on this song, probably in an effort to recreate the mid-fifties sound. Perhaps because I enjoy Rush's own voice, I liked "YCTABBTC" more.

Recently a group called the Booby Fuller Four did "Love's Made a Fool of You" as a follow up to their big hit of "I Fought the Law". For some reason, they felt that they had to make this Buddy Holly tune fit into the same mold as their previous success. Tom Rush, on the otherhand, does it in a slightly more leisurely, more melodic manner, with instrumentation appropriate to the way I think Buddy Holly would have wanted it sung. The result is a version of "Love's Made a Fool of You" lightyears ahead of BFF's single.

The only song which didn't really come out too well was "Too Much Monkey Business" written by Chuck Berry. It wasn't that bad, but I think Tom could've chosen better Berry to record in the first place.

"Money Honey" was done both by the Drifters and Presley. Tom Rush sounds more like Les Gerber than either of them in his version. I somehow picture Les every time I play this cut.

The final song on the folkrock side is "On The Road, Again", the first folkrock composition by Rush. It's about a truck driver or a rambler (Rush never quite says) who goes from Boston to Miami, then to Chicago, and finally back to Boston. The theme of the song is that some people don't fit too well into a static existence. It isn't very profound, and not especially well written.

On the folk side, there are two Eric Von Schmidt songs which are well done by Rush. One, "Joshua Gone Barbados" is a beautiful ballad about the plight of cane field workers on St. Vincent Island who are induced to strike by their leader Joshua, lose, and find that Josh has split the scene. The other "Turn Your Money Green" is a more up-tempo blues song about a guy who's been left by a girl who only wanted his money.

Rush does a good job on "Sugar Babe" and "Stateborough Blues", but we've come to expect a good job from Tom Rush, so this doesn't excite much comment.

"Galveston Flood" is that song you often hear done at break-neck speed with a lot of whooping and hollering about what a mighty day it was when the storm winds hit the town. Tom took this standard awful folksong, slowed it down, changed a lot of the music and some of the words, and came up with a really fine blues piece which is enhanced by superior playing the guitar by Rush.

Overall, this is an excellent album. Elektra has been a nice production job, hired good musicians to back up Rush, and with one exception given him his head Rush has performed to the fullest extent of his ability. This is definitely the best new album to come out thus far this year in the folk field.

The one exception mentioned, in case any are interested, refers to the fact that Rush wanted to record "Urge for Going" his finest composition, and as yet unrecorded in any form, though it is the underground rage among east coast folk fans. Elektra rejected it from the preliminary tape Rush made for the album. Fortunately, this take fell into the hands of DJ Jefferson Kay who in turn gave it to WBZ, but hearing it on radio a couple time a week is a poor substitute for having your own copy.

Even with this error of omission, this is still a great album; a must for folk and folk rock fans.

THE KANDY -

KOLORED

TANGERINE -

FLAKE

STREAMLINE

BABY

BY TOM WOLFE

.....

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is not an article on folkrock. This is not even an article on rock 'n' roll. It is a Serious Article of Literary Criticism. No applause, please.

.....

.....

Actually, this review is another sterling Celsy First. It is the first review of this book that is not written in a parody of the writing style of Tom Wolfe.

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After reading about the eighteenth paragraph propoing to parody the style of Tom Wolfe, I decided that I would have to see what this supposedly brilliant humor had behind it. "Who knows," I said to myself, "maybe I can write a QUIP editorial entirely in the style of this Tom Wolfe person." Then I thought a minute and added a tentative, "Wow!!Pow!!! Kazowie!!!!" Since I was harranging myself at midnight, there wasn't much I could do about getting hold of some Wolfian prose. Coinisidentally, that night's Long John Nebel radio show had Wolfe as a guest. He was quite interesting, not at all as bombastic as parodies of his writing had led me to expect. This show increased my desire to latch on to "Streamline Baby". Evidently, the Fates smiled, because Noonday Press had just issued a \$2.00 paperback edition of Wolfe's hardback success.

The title of the book, which is curious to say the least, comes from the title of the first piece Wolfe wrote which broke through the cliches of Totem Journalism, as he calls it. It seems he was assigned to cover one of the huge Custom Car Shows, and he was supposed to write a totem article. That is, he was supposed to make "gentle fun" at the nuts and creeps, so that all the average Americans would know that they weren't endangered. I shouldn't have to tell anyone here in SAPS about Totem Journalism; you've all read newspaper accounts of Worldcons, I'm sure. Wolfe wrote the totem article for the Trib, but he wasn't satisfied. So, after an incredibly manic all night writing session, he came up with the article, "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Stemline Baby", an article in depth analysing the custom car world.

The underlying thread running through Wolfe's essays is "Today's Culture". Wolfe is fascinated by the myriad manifestations of today's culture, which includes everything from Baby Jane Holzer to Murray the K to Las Vegas. Wolfe is extremely intelligent and it is obvious that each one of these articles has involved a considerable amount of observation and research. He is not one who falls into the category of a journalist who sounds great unless you know something about his subject. In fact, the effect with Wolfe is almost the opposite. While reading articles which had particular interest for me because they were concerned with things I really knew about, I was continually impressed with Tom Wolfe's ability to give vivid descriptions that capture the essence of the subject. For example, there is his fine essay on Las Vegas, which leads off the book. There is no jazz about the thrilling turn of the roulette wheel and the fabulous fortunes people have lost and won. Instead, Wolfe tells us about the sound of Vegas, the women who stand at the slot machines with a cup full of nickels in one hand and wearing a work glove on the other, and the architecture of signs that forms the skyline. This is the first essay on Vegas that really sounds like it's about the same town I visited twice over the last few years. Or, to cite another instance of Wolfe's prowess at description, there is the article on Murray the K called "The Fifth Beatle". This article really evokes the gnome-like hipster who dominated NY radio during the height of Beatlemania. One can almost see Murray twitching his shrimpy body to and fro as he spits out his words, rapid-fire.

It would be a mistake to say that Wolfe's only talent is as some sort of camera which takes word-pictures. Each article gets into the why of whatever aspect of Postwar Teenage, as Wolfe is wont to call today's culture, is under discussion. To return to "The Fifth Beatle", Wolfe fits the phenomenon of the Hysterical Disc Jockey (Murray the K was the first successful one) into the totality of Postwar Teenage. In this case, the explanation is that people who listen to rock stations are, most of them, not looking for a Message, but rather an Atmosphere. When a message, such as the news or a commercial, starts coming over the radio, they

xchange the station, looking for their newly lost atmosphere. Murray the K was the answer to the problem faced by rock stations. He kept things at such an insane, maniacal pitch that listeners were hypnotized into leaving their dials stuck onto his station.

"The Marvelous Mouth", about Cassius Clay naturally, is another one of the better essays in the book. This could quite easily be the only article on Clay that isn't immediately identifiable as press agent swill. A point that Wolfe makes early and which the rest of the article bears out is that Cassius Clay is more a folk hero than a celebrity. Also, Clay isn't always wildly enthusiastic about playing folk hero 24 hours a day. Sometimes, it is sort of a *drag*, as Wolfe's description of Clay's visit, along with his five girl friends, to the Metro-pole Cafe. Apparently, the only time Clay was really happy there was when someone wasn't trying to prompt him into making an on-stage Clayesque speech. In brief, Clay is a much more complex person than one would suspect from reading the sports pages, and Tom Wolfe seems to have been the only one who took time enough to find this out.

I could go on to summarize all 22 essays, one by one, because almost all of them were, in my opinion, extremely interesting and well thought out. While it is true that occasionally Wolfe's style does cross the thin line into cloying cuteness, such lapses are far less frequent--and far less spectacular, than his many parodists would have us believe. Sometimes I wonder if people who write Wolfian parodies read Wolfe, or just other parodies of his writing. Despite the aforementioned lapses, Tom Wolfe emerges as a fine writer, and an intelligent social critic.

This space could well turn into the biggest doodling space for Ed Cox ever seen in SAPS, or anywhere else for that matter. However, I can't see myself buying fancy expensive paper like that used last and this issues any time soon, and it seems a shame to waste anyxx of it by leaving a big blank space. Instead, I will fill it with little blank words, produced out of my blank mind especially for this issue of Celsy. I could ask you all to support the NYCon 3, but if Chalker is really going in to the Army, Baltimore is no longer a y more serious a bid than Boston.

A S O U R

SPECTATOR #75-DPOE

You all probably won't believe this, but right now the stereo is playing that great sentimental ballad, "Like A Rolling Stone". Somehow, playing that song while doing SAPS mcs has become something of a habit with me. Oh, I'm sure that I could do mailing comments without the moral support of "Like A Rolling Stone", but somehow, the song helps me get in the mood for tackling the mailing. I assure you it's not a Fetish. Why, in a pinch, I'd even be willing to use "Positively Fourth Street". Truly.

I see that this is another one of those small mailings. However, there are a few bright signs. For example, Van Arnam did a good sized zine, and hopefully, he will continue doing them. Also, this mailing I'm happy to say that we had eleven SAPSzines of at least ten pages in length. This despite the fact that DaveH and Edco pretty much dogged it for various reasons.

Though the wl continues to empty at the top, it's filling up at the bottom just as fast. It really is remarkable that, with one of the quickest turn-overs in recent SAPS currently underway, the wl has remained just about the same length.

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Of SAPS I have met the following: Bailes, J. Berman, R. Berman, Busby, Chalker, Cox, Devore, Eney, Fitch, Hulan, Jacobs, Johnstone, Katz, Patten, B. Pelz, D. Pelz, Van Arnam, and the Wbberts. Also the invitee Lamont. That is 19 out of 30 or 63.3%. On the wl, I've met 12, which doesn't count Ellern, since I've never spoken to her, though I have seen her.

DEADWOOD SAP #6-Tosk

Isn't it amazing the way your issue number is starting to get up there. I can almost see DS #30 in another seven years or so. I sure wish you'd keep the zine at the double minac level you reached this mailing. After all, this is the level favored by such burned out fans as Len Bailes.

Sir! I think it is perfectly vile of you to accuse Jeanie Berman of being high on the waiting list. I happen to know that she does not drink at all! Is that the way you generally act when you meet a nice young girl for the first time? I'll bet you also say, "hey baby, are they real!" and other crude things. Shame.

I think it was nice of you to tell Len Bailes how you aren't really doing minac. It sounds so much like Bailes and his ridiculous excuses that Len might get a blinding flash of self-realization and start giving value for value.

Don't tell me you enjoy Spillane, too? Golly, first Shaver and now Spillane. I have all his books, and I think they are a complete gas. Well, let me modify that. Tiger Mann books aren't a complete gas. "Bloody Sunrise" isn't even an incomplete gas. I find it impossible to have any sympathy for Tiger Mann because he is such a right-wing super patriot. Tiger Mann books are the sort that should be given to John Boardman for Christmas. Or for May Day, perhaps.

WILD COLONIAL BOY ANNEX (for issue 16)-John

Congratulations again, John, on getting married.

I have a different theory as to why John Berry doesn't do mailing comments often. It's kind of complex, though, so bear with this long winded explanation. First, John is almost inactive in fandom outside of SAPS, as witness the fact that even his column for QUIP doesn't arrive at the rate of 1 per issue (alas). Anyway, John has no outlet for general material except SAPS, because contributing to many genzines is going to mean a rising tide of requests for material from other editors of genzines. And John is, apparently, too kind hearted to like turning people down. Now, he doesn't do mcs, because, I believe, he

doesn't think his mcs are as desired as an equal amount of general type Derry material. And he has a certain amount of logic on his side, if this is how he feels. I know that John is one of my favorite fanwriters, and the more material I get to read by him, the better I like it.

Of course, the thing to do would be to convince John that we would also like to talk to him through mailing comments as well as read his sterling articles and fiction.

No, I don't deny that in the next 30 million years there might be some developement towards a "New Man", but nothing in recorded history seems to suggest any sort of marked change.

I'm sure Wrai isn't forgetting about the time they deposed poor old Coswal. Wrai just probably feels, along with the rest of us, that your constant wailing over Dian's dual membership is more worthy of a champion bellyacher like Boardman.

John, it is true that Dian really shouldn't have had the opportunity to put a zine in a mailing commenting on rich brown's zine inteded for the very same mailing. However, Bruce could hardly be expected to keep Sapszines under lock and key from his very own wife, could he? Be reasonable, John. In the course of things, Dian, when Bruce was OE, was going to see the mail as it came. Although I don't think it was perfect judgement on her part to take advantage of my buddy rich that way, I can't see that it is serious. Besides, I think anyone crazy enough to marry a fan who is an OE in two or three apas should have some sort of advantage, if only to make it up to her. Can't you find anything more important to talk about? Even rich brown didn't think Dian had done anything so wrong.

SAPSafield #2-John

I dunno, I can't see that skit, John. I think Bruce would kick Dian out anyway. LA Fans are above Sex, or at least that is what FJA once declared to be the Ideal. Aparently, fans in LA aren't too far above sex, what with all the rec nt births to serve as, er Living Proof!

I would suggest you look up the meaning of the word "plagiarize". Why, if I weren't such a happy go lucky fan, I would sue you for everything you own. Since I am a happy go lucky fan, I'll only ask for \$35,000. I am not copying, for I suppose that's what you had in mind, Gordy Eklund. I was writing, ocassionally, the way Gordy does now before Gordy was writing the way Gordy write now, when he is in a Demmonistic mood. And even then, we have basically different approaches to humor. We use different

techniques to evoke the gales of laughter that invariably greet our scintillating prose. Especially our stuff on Rock 'n' Roll. Why don't you go peddle your papers, John?

John, I don't really want to embarrass you, but the Official Organ of SAPS doesn't abbreviate "AA" as you listed it in your mcs. That is the way the Official Organ of M'APA is abbreviated. You've got watch that, John. You're in the Big Time now, baby.

You're Wrong. Actually, I would be perfectly happy to read your reviews of classical music, if you can do good ones and if you feel that there are a sufficient number of people who would be interested.

Where did I mention Hamilton? I've never read a book by him, and with so many other things I want to read, I doubt I will any time soon. You must have gotten me confused with someone else, I guess.

I guess I won't sue you for \$35,000. after all. I'll sue you for \$75,000. I was not corrupted by Dirty Old Men on the West Coast or anywhere else (though Andy Porter keeps trying to kiss me). Actually, I was corrupted by clean young women on the west coast.

No, I don't think I will trade Rich Mann for Ted White. Unless I get to keep Robin. That would almost make it worthwhile to get rid of My Hero Ted White. Uh huh.

Oh, and John, neither Rich Mann nor I are having babies, so everyone is not strictly true. Of course, I was actually only guessing about Rich, so maybe you're closer than I thought.

POT POURRI #44-John

I liked the cover cartoon. I have a slight change I might have made in the caption. "...and I hear he called Dave Hulan 'Ewain'" Of course, it could be argued that anyone who called Dev 'dwain' would be in orbit without the need of a capsule.

I have a hunch that this time my mcs to you is going to depart from the standard practice of writing you an article. This mostly due to the fact that I've already told my baseball stories, and I don't have any cricket stories. Except that sometimes they keep me awake at night. The crickets, I mean.

Your article on Cricket, incidently, I found very interesting. You'll never get me to play, but that's because I don't see too well since several sports accidents ago.

I await your fifth issue with baited breath, John. I think it'll come in the same mailing as my tenth, unless I decide to start trying to catch up to older SAPSites in issue numbers. Maybe I will do a mammoth issue for the milestone of 10. Perhaps we could have an 800 page mailing to celebrate your 50th issue.

.....
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT Dept. Can you all remember 'way
back to the last page where I said I didn't have time to read
Hamilton? Well, this SAPSzine, breaking my usual habit, is not being
done in one or two sittings at the typer. Between the time I did
the last stencil and now, two days have elapsed, and somehow I have
managed to read two Matt Helm books. They are very good. I hope
that makes all you Hamilton fans who I indirectly put down on the
preceding page feel better. It makes me feel better. I now return
you to your egoboo.

.....
F---#1-Norm Clarke

Welcome to SAPS "Norm". Did you know there was a fellow al-
ready here with the same name? I think he's been giving all you
Norms a bad name. He is...unhip. I think you are just what
SAPS needs, Norm---can I call you Norm?. An older Dylan-hating
Gordon Eklund is precisely what SAPS needs. Pretty soon, SAPS will
be full of all sorts of Gordy Eklunds. Then we'll see, you bet.
Gordy will become OE and pass a law against bying dogs and---yes!--
cats. The right to buy women, however, is the right to be free.
You'll like SAPS then, Norm. We'll all write to eachother
in this style that sounds as if the writer is wearing pants
that are too tight. But we won't be doing mailing comments by
then, so you'll have to write me a letter or send George with a
note.

I think I once heard your Polka Band, Norm. Is it called
Norm's Warm Polka Rounders? I remember this guy paying an auto-
harp. He was a little guy, built like a fire hydrant, and he
wore this wild striped tie. It was so wide you could use it as a
table cloth. Come to think of it, I guess what made the tie
seem so wild was that the entire band wore red jackets with
green polka dots. This is true, Norm. I think I even remember
the autoharpist "bursting into song". He would wobble around the
bandstand--do you suppose he'd been drinking, Norm?--and, throwing
his hands in the air, he would yell, "I got song I want sing it!"
Then he'd mumble some obscure title like "Raeburn Rhinelander"
and the whole band would launch into some esoteric tune or
other. Could this have been you, Norm?

Well, Norm-baby, I won't let it happen. No one is going to
take away mailing comments. I may go out and buy a dog, just to
keep things going. I think you ought to do something Constructive,
y u skree-honking cassandra. Why don't you and Gina have another
keen lil kid? I notice you and Gina Haven't done this for the last
few years, and I think you might find it interesting. As Dian Pelz's
mother says, "It's an Experience." Only maybe she doesn't talk
in capital letters, since I think I saw her name on an N3F roster
when I helped Cindy Heap mail out TightBeam many months ago.

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It was indeed the Ventures that recorded "Walk Don't Run". I think the reason they had more than four notes was that it was, after all, their first record, and they didn't have their sound down pat yet. I understand they are working on a song with only one note. It is, they feel, their last record. Does this sound like an attempt at Oneness to you, Norm? As to what happened to the Ventures, they have gone underground and begun recording as the Why they b thered is on of the Great Mysteries. They still sound about like they always did.

Fridding in SAPS has not at all the same results as does franking in FIPA. In SAPS, we don't get many "Why is a Fan?"s, but we got a lot of other wlcrcrud + won't name. Not all the wl stuff was crud, Van Arnam, Bailes, and Mann did pretty good stuff as a wlcrc as did Jeanie Berman who was more contributing to her sister's zine than getting franked into SAPS. But, thhc fact that the good people were more or less tolerated, led every jerk on the wl to the idea that he, too, was going to put out a SAPSzine. SAPS has a small membership because the members like it that way, so the franking procedure was changed to the way it is currently.

Yes, I can think of several Presley songs that have become standards in the rock field. How about "Don't Be Cruel" and "Jailhouse Rock"?

Generally speaking, R&B is considered a Negro medium, but the tag is often applied to singers or groups who sing in the R&B style. This is somet i g that has only been going on for the last few years. Five years ago, the Stones would have been called R'n'R, whereas now they're usually considered R&B.

Fitchzines-Don

Right now, I am rushing through this zine in hopes that it will be ready to go when I'm ready to start the Greater Trek. I've not been doing my SAPSzine in one sitting as I usually do. In fact, I haven't looked at the mailing or these stencils in almost two months. That's what happens when you are a young fan and tired, I guess. I mention this only because I want to explain why this mailing I'm not going to ask you why you don't do something decent for SAPS. After all, I'm doing this rather at the last min te myself, so I can't cast stones. Instead, I will merely ask you why you don't quit SAPS.

EXCELSIOR #7-Me

Underinking. I haven't run off anythi g since I last ran that zine off, but I hope to do better.

NYCon 3 in 67!

MURIAS #1-Jean

It certainly is a strange coincidence that my first SAPS zine was produced under circumstances that were quite similar. That is, I received word from Bruce--a long distance phone call from me to him to be exact-- and rushed out Celsy #1.

I feel like a Real Louse, because I can't think of very much to say about the rest of this zine. Perhaps the fact that we correspond at such incredible length, and that I commented on this in a letter, might have something to do with it.

COLLECTOR April 66- Howard

No, don't you dare drop out and let some enterprising wler into SAPS. As you say, whoever gets in would probably drop within a year or so anyway. SAPS is very odd in that respect. There's a lot bigger turnover than an apa this size ought to have, but it doesn't hurt things too much, since most of the turnover is accounted for by a succession of new members who replace relatively new members, stick around a couple of mailings, and then give way to still newer members.

It would be nice to see you do more activity, though.

BILLAR POLL*Leej

I found your rules for placing high in polls interesting. I remember a lecture by rich brown on the same subject. I find one thing you said to contradict his advice, and in this case, I'm afraid rich is Right. You said that maximum activity should occur in the January mailing. Rich maintains, and I agree, that maximum activity should take place in October. SAPSites tend not to really research their votes. They remember only the mailing that just arrived and the one before. "But," they think to themselves, "all my fellow apans, being dull chods, will only look at the mailing that just arrived, so I will be intelligent and vote heavily for material that didn't appear in January." Which is why next mailing will see a 534 page issue of Celsy, including Dave Van Arnam's new novel translated from the original german.

GOLIARD #839-Karen

I really don't have any comments. I wish I had some comments. It makes me feel guilty to keep on passing your zine by with nary a comment. On the other hand, you never comment on my zine either.

DINKY BIRD #18- uth

Occupatio nal Nursery Rhymes were somewhat interesting. Certainly a poem about a florist would have to be a nurserly rhyme. Oné thing

bothers me about that particular poem, the last line ("Red and gold and gay"). Does that line refer to the flowers or to the florist? I have met some pretty strange florists. Of the rest of the poems, I think "Beren's Song" and "Season's End-Two" were about the best of the poetry. Both are fairly good jobs, considering the way in which they were composed. Both would probably benefit from a revision that didn't necessarily keep to the prescribed form.

I'd heard your tale of woe before, Jean, but it still reads pretty well. Being left alone for a week certainly is a wonderful thing, except if one has to eat one's own cooking. I solve this problem by simply eating all meals out or else buying the makings for sandwiches or frozen pizzas. But then, boys are usually expected to know how to cook.

The Journal of The Foot in the Mouth #1- Jack

Just for those who are interested, I might suggest a peek at the lettercol of one of the last couple of ALGOLs where there is a letter from a fan named Brooks (Ned?? CW?? I forget) in which he reports getting an extremely agitated phonecall from Chalker. The subject of this great rage, according to Brooks was the issue of Degler to which that ill-starred issue of IBEX was the "reply". I just thought I'd mention this since Jack has been protesting his seeming fuggheadedness.

OUTSIDERS #63-Wrai

I dunno about how good our wl is, though it couldn't be much worse than PAPAs--it's probably better in fact. Why in the first 10 wl positions, we have Thorne, Gilbert, Wilson, Scott, and MacFarland as fine candidates for membership, and Lerner would be another if he had time to do anything. And there are at least seven people on the rest of the wl who ought to do well.

A list of your zines might well be of use to Harold Piser for his bibliography of fanzines, Wrai, so perhaps you should work one up.

But Wrai, you can't let us face those evil Baltimore fans who all the time carry swords and bayonets. After all, Fanoclasts are lovers, not fighters.

Yes, perhaps small (though still interesting) OUTSIDERS were just a passing phase. I'd like to think they were.

Since you're speaking of TV, I suppose I ought to speak up for those two "Fanoclast favorites", "The Avengers" and "I Spy". I Spy is so hyp and well done that it makes U.N.C.L.E. look like it was put together by someone's kindergarten class. "The Avengers" is not only beautifully acted, but it is the most weird and perverted show

ever seen on TV. I understand it was even more outre when Honor Blackman was still playing Emma Peel, but it is still likea Gina Clarke fanzine come true.

Iffen you wanna play chess with Ruth, the Westercon would have been a fine place. I say "would have been" because by the time you read this, it will be too late for you to go to the Westercon, if you decided to skip it. That will serve you right for even thinking of denying Van Annam and I a chance to meet a Sap we haven't met.

I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I don't pun much. It isn't really my kind of humor, and besides, I hate to show up 99% of the people in fandom who pun by making ones that are actually funny without being ridiculously contrived. Also, I think discussing science fiction is a terrible waste of time in most cases, and don't indulge in such discussions whenever I can. Oh, and I don't play poker or golf. I hope this doesn't ruin your day or your image of me.

Sad to say that Katya won't be coming to the Westercon, as far as your girl watching goes. However, don't think you will be able to concentrate on Dian merely because the ever-lovely Katya Hulan will not be Making the Scene. Robin White will be making the Westercon, and she owns several bikinis. *yes*.

Thanks for the compliment, but I don't belong to N'APA any more. I didn't want to keep up an N3F membership, so there was no ense paying N3F dues plus NU'PA dues, and once I dropped N'APA, there was no reason to pay N3F dues. I wish N'APA well, but I don't find enough to interest me to justify membership. I'm not one of those idiotic apa completeists like some QUIP co-editors I could name.

Oh, that reminds me, I met someone who was affiliated with SAPS manv, many long years ago whom you no doubt remember; Helen. So . . . , who is long divorced and That Way. Do you think that that is what happens to Old contributors to SAPS mailings? The idea had me all worried, but then I remembered that she had never actually been a member. Maybe being That Way is something that happens to all old fans who were never SAPS members. Or Maybe Not.

POR QUE #29-Doreen

Up in Buffalo we had gas heat, too. And it went on the blink in the apartments my roommate was inchange of about once every week. My roommate, who was probably smarter than many gave him credit for, always managed to be away when the furnaces did their tricks, and . . . t naturally, all the little freshmen had to come to me seeking Aid and Keen Advice. "Use a heavy blanket," I would say, poking my head out the door and then, I would duck back in my apartment and listen

to "Like A Rolling Stone". Sometimes I even turned on the record player or radio.

Your mention of campus jobs brings to mind my recent experience. As I'm sure I've mentioned, I worked as a desk receptionist after the Allenhurst Library folded. A week or so before I left school, I got a letter offering me an appointment to the Housing Staff with a 15¢ per hour raise to the pittance of \$1.25 an hour. Except that the letter I got also mentioned that there would be no studying allowed on the job as there had been this year. I went to see the head resident at Allenhurst, and he said that they wanted me back, and that if the campus didn't like the idea of me studying while working it was too bad for the campus. As he put it, "Alленhurst takes care of its own." So, it looks like I'll be working again this winter.

Yes, St. Marie was the Indian girl with the mouth bow. I was a little disappointed with her new album, but it was still pretty good.

Dee, you can't use the fact that people are likely to leave the conhotel and go sight-seeing as an argument against any city. There are bound to be people who want to look around any reasonably large city. I'd say that the fact that many fans have seen NYC and that we'll have a pretty exciting program will tend to keep people around the hotel. A syracon, whatever else one may say against it, would certainly not have people going off sightseeing. There's nothing much to see in Syracuse.

I can't believe that a city the size of Seattle doesn't have at least one decent rock station. What is the world coming to?

"Wild Colonial Boy" is, I believe, an Irish folksong, or at least the group I heard sing it was Irish. My roommate had a copy, he being a fan of The Clancy Brothers et al.

I like pro football much better than college football. Not even U of B get can me very much excited, though I listen to school games whenever I get the chance. I get more excited about pro football mainly because the calibre of play is about three times as high. Besides, in Buffalo the Bills are an Institution, with everyone goshwow over the team.

STUMPING #16-Jim

I hate to tell you this, Jim, but going to school and working at night takes up a bit more time than just a little old job. And you're not the only one with other hobbies, either. Your excuses for not doing a big SAPSzine don't impress me too much. It's a good thing that the other half of the Webbert family is a Trufine Sapsite, or you might get exiled to Huntspatch,

SAPROSE #6-Dave

This looks interesting, but I really don't have anything much to say about it.

RETRO #40-Buz

It was this way in N'APA, Buz . There was already one insurrection, against the N3P, in the very same year. It flubbed, and I guess the members didn't want to try another one. However, a FAPA-style blitz might have been a good thing for Bruce to try.

I think it's a fine thing that Seattle is going to try for representation in the National Zuzzball League. I suppose Seattle's fate will be decided at the annual Fall Conference of clubowners. There is no truth to the rumor, by the way, that Len Bailes is going to be playing Center Driddler for the Boston Snarks next season.

You want to know what else you can do for me? Well, you can coax Elinor back into SAPS. I dearly love her old SAPSzines.

But I think there is a qualitative difference between our (aka The Good Guys) comments on Baltimore and their (aka The Bad Guys) comments on NY. We don't consciously lie, we don't quote out of context, and we aren't deadly serious and monomaniacal about our bid. We'd like to win, because we want to put on the con and think (or rather "know") we can do the best job. But we don't do our SAPSac in cover to cover con propaganda.

I think there'd be a good reason, apart from laziness, for not insurging against Fred had he been elected. Don't forget that he told us his exact policies before the election. If elected, he would have a mandate to carry out the policies, little as you and I would have liked it.

You know, the more I think about a Seacon, the more I like the idea. Now, according to RALLY, you're getting Weber back, so I'll be watching to see if you put in a bid. '68 or '71 would be Very Fine.

NEST #20 -Ted

The UNCLE outline looks interesting. I'm sure I'll buy the book when it comes out, but it isn't the sort of thing that prompts much comment.

I heard your name was really Ezra Zimmerman, and that you chose Dave McDaniel in honor of Billy Sol Estes.

Yes, you certainly have a lot to be grateful for, Ted. Terry Carr never asked me to submit a novel. Neither has Ted White.

van arnan's zine-Dave

I couldn't really skip Saprise #6, Dave, but I thought I'd throw a little scare into you.

First thing I meant to remark upon was that I don't think blank inside front covers or any other blank page counts when numbering a fanzine.

It's funny you shouldn't mention The Fugs, for I am right now listening to "The Swinbourne Stomp". I'd say that hearing the Fugs do any song would be a rewarding and unusual experience, though "Nothing" is one of their finest compositions.

I don't know how the Animals were the time you saw them, but they are usually excellent--third best British group behind the Stones and the Beatles, though The Kinks have developed very nicely. And we certainly must do something about you never having heard the Stones. Since you like Dylan, The Beatles, and the Fugs, you ought to be gassed by the Stones. That's only if you stand too close. Otherwise you'd enjoy them.

But Lacrosse is tame compared to the original rules. They used to carry the ball in their mouths. (Somehow I don't think that sentence is as art Rapp would have it). Now, with refinements caused by our mellow society, it is a game any fearless maniac can play and enjoy.

As a matter of strict fact, Harold Piser seems to have a very low opinion of fans. He also has a talent, I understand, for writing threatening letters, or so I am informed by a NY Spy S. Piser is rather a two faced exploiter more than he is an elderly Harry Warner. He's admitted that he's only interested in fans for the money that he fancies he can make out of us, though he despises us personally. I'll admit this doesn't seem like my impression of Harold Piser at all, but that is what My Spy tells me. We shall see.

Butternut, dear David, is that paper which we, the more...earthy... segment of fandom have affectionately named "shit brown". At least that is what you are always calling it. I used to call it "chocolate". Which shows that I am not as earthy as I would like to believe.

It turns out, does it not Dave, that the Fanoclasts are going to be skipping the DSC after all. Dave Hulan can jolly well go to the Fricon if he wants to drink our beer.

I don't see any confusion in that aside to "Dave" two Celsy's ago. What makes you think I'd bother writing an aside to you?

Yes, I knew I had mentioned you 31 or so times in my conrep last

year. Why, I may exceed that mark in the next conrep, if I can get you to run off Q4 like a good buddy.

I guess no one in all of SAPS got the Ploy in my mention of "Jew-ing someone down". All of you better go back and read that section of my mcs again. You'll love doing it anyway, and you might find something interesting.

MAINE*IAC #31-Edco

Imagine running out of ditto masters, he says, wondering if he has enough mimeo paper

And because of the paper shortage and lack of Cox Comments, I think I will bid adieu to Maine-IAC. "Adieu Maine -iac!"

STAMP #4- Staton and Mann

I don't know who these kids are, but I'm sure glad I never heard of them before in my life. I wouldn't want to have my mail seized and inspected. They might get a letter sent to me by Dave Hulan, and then we'd all be in the soup.

NIFLHEIM #15-Dave

It's a funny thing Dave. Ever since you began to boast about how you could write real long mcs to me, you haven't written real long mcs to me.

This is ridiculous. I can't stop at two measley paragraphs to my old friend Dave Hulan. I will though. Serve you right not to have mailing comments.

THE CHARLOTTAN #8-Ler

I'd like to point out again for neosaps like Dave Van Arnam that I was here First.

Your comments about correspondence are croggling. First off, you say that every time you write a letter you feel you could have said the same thing in a fanzine. I feel that if you can say everything you want to people in fanzines that you really don't have anything more than acquaintances outside LA. In fact, even acquaintances merit more than the essential cold comments one gets in an apa.

Just to take an example, Jean Perman and I have, since our correspondence began the first week of February, written a total of 272 typed pages of letters to each other, plus three tapes. I'll admit that this is an extreme case, but there are hundred and hun-

dreds of things to talk about that would be out of place with an audience looking on.

Likewise, + correspond with such people as Dave Hulan quite apart from contact with him in apas.

Your trade doesn't grab me at all. Though I suppose if I had Cindy around to console me, I could get used to it in time. Besides, I know how much Kaiser means to all you LA fans, and I just wouldn't feel right about taking your hero away. Tell you what, though. We'll keep Fred Phillips if you keep Jayn Ellern.

MISTILY MEANDERING #16-Fred

I think the idea of running on a definite platform, when there are concrete issues to decide, is a pretty good one. It may not be as much fun as a laugh-a-minute campaign in the old tradition, but it does eliminate the possibility of later confusion.

Supergirl and Superhorse!! Mighod, what are you saying Fred? Is this the same Fred Patten who skips sex and love scenes in science fiction stories? I think someone has been showing Interesting Films around LA recently.

Speaking of Supergirl reminds me that NYFandom anticipated poor Supergirl's problem with S.A.P.S., which I believe has been written about enough. I might point out that the Revisionist Wing of S.A.P.S. never did get out their O-O, THE KRYPTONITE BANANA, leaving yhos in control of the organization which I founded. The fugs have even written an anthem for S.A.P.S.; "Supergirl".

I'm not too worried about The Arnie Katz Revenge Squad. Sounds like a bunch of dirty commie perverts to me.

I think the idea of a theme worldcon for '69 is a Wonderful Idea. However, I can't think of a duller theme than Fantasy, unless it's Space Opera. Whatever drove you to suggest something like Fantasy as a theme, Fred? And to think, you used to be my hero before I knew any better.

PLEASURE UNITS #14-Gordy

After war and anti-War songs: Not only have the C&W outlets been playing pro-War songs but also some really beautiful anti-war things, all the title of which escape me at this, the moment of my need of them. Country Music, which is going to be the next big trend in popular music, sometimes seems surprisingly hyp. I mean, you don't expect a bunch of rubes with southern accents to be where it's at. There's one song, "Don'torry 'bout Your Enemies, You Better Watch Your Friends", which is a thing of beauty.

No, the rap in the mouth doesn't come with Buffy St. Marie records. Actually, you can pick them up under the counter in some of the little bookstores that cluster around Times Square. It does not have the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval at this time, but the local fuzz and Pat Lupoff are both very interested. Pat Lupoff is interested mainly because she wants an excuse to get into one of those funny little book shops, and the proprietors never let her get past the door.

I was going to disbelieve all over the place about a Rock and Roll group being called the Quicksilver Messenger Service. However, there is a group in Liverpool called The New York Public Library. The lead singer says he never reads much, but he thought the name sounded nice. There are also groups called The Salvation Army and The Velvet Underground operating. Possibly the most outre of the names is an aggregation called "Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. I didn't see Norm Clarke there at all.

BIANCA-Dian

I wish I could say I dug this, but in truth I thought it was only so-so. Perhaps this is because I never have liked the way you draw humans when you aren't cartooning.

YEZIDEE #15-Dian

Say, but you're in a foul and bitchy mood this zine, aren't you? Glad to see you getting back to normal.

No actually, it comes from having poor genes for vision, poor eyes that is. Not, you understand, that having my head smashed in with a baseball didn't help. I owe it all to clean living. Actually, if the truth be known, I wasn't exactly going out the door, just standing in the way. Ed came up on my blind side. If I were a mean bitchy person, I would tell about the moments I considered funny in the same way as Ed and I colliding, but they both involve you and it would sound like I was merely hitting back, when actually I think Ed and I bumping heads was really kind of humorous.

Wrong!! There is something like fraternity==Sorority.

SPELEOBEM #31-Bruce

I noted one mistake in your Poll. I finished 32nd in 1965. I'm not all that proud of it, but we might as well have things accurate.

YOMG*8-Rich

I was here before you, too. And, because of the paper shortage, I'm going to have to defer a real comment until next mailing. See all of you then, and at the Worldcon, too-----A the K

Excelsior...



JTS →