

H*E*Y!! I just had a great idea! LET'S DO A ONE SHOT!said Nancy Rapp.

LET'S N*O*T ! said Art Rapp.

...Which is why you arwn't reading a gloriously drunken NewYear'sEve edition of a Sappish one shot. Instead you are holding in your hot little paws an almost-gloriously drunken edition of IGNATZ.

.....Good grief,we could have gotten credit for a one shot in saps AND fapa and now we have to do seperate zines for both. Cheech.

Owell..enough of this fiddling around. No-o-o-, (oops) come to think of it this is an evening to fiddle around and pardon the interruption but I've just been interrupted by a rather wild discussion about the little round tag that came with our bottle of cognac and after admitting I didn't know what BRAS meant in french I got a Big Opinion about how it must mean "strong" and somehow or other I am being informed that way back in the long ago there was this situation where the french conquered the english and all the nobility spoke french and the peasants were the english which is how &ome we have words these days like lamb-mutton;veal-calf etc and somehow a bar sinister is mixed in there. Frankly I dunno what the heck he's talking about! With two collins swishing around in me and 3/4s of a glass of lemon and orange slices floating in cognac and collins mix I don't wonder that I don't know what Art's talking about. And with beer,old fashioned,coke&cognac swishing around in HIM I'll bet HE doesn't know what he's talking about either. Haw.

Gawwwdddd..I just turned around and saw a horrible sight! He's standing behind me with a big glass of tomato juice in his hand and from the looks of it there's something in it besides the juice of tomato. Its called a bloody frog,he sez.

A bloody frog
0.163 liters tomato juice
1 double shot henneseey three star cognac

Pour over ice cube and mix well. Makes a good chaser .^FFor the beer.

All I can say is I hope he heads for the bedroom when he starts to lean. I'm not so sure I could drag him to bed when he keels over after the bells toll in 1964.

* good grief *

Not only that. He's got Italian rock and roll on the radio .And THERE's another story. The radio is a real weirdie since it picks up the eclectic signal from the wiring timer on the stairs outside our apartment. Over here,when you turn on the stair lights they go off in a few seconds(to save electricity I guess) and unless youre a race horse you get caught half way down(or up) the steps with the light out. Anyway,we can always tell when someone turns the light on because we get this horrible loud buzzing sound on the radio which drowns out anything youre listening to. There is nothing more horrible than listening to italian rock and roll that is suddenly replaced with a blast of loud buzzing. Its a good thing I've got half way decent nerves.

HA SHE LEFT THE TYPER, SONOW I CAN GET IN MY TWO LIRE WORTH: FOR ONE THING, HER NERVES AREN'T HALFWAY DECENT. SHE'S GOT THE MOST INDECENT NERVES I EVER SAW.

--The longsuffering husband

What a nasty thing to say.Especially when I was absent from this typer because I was out slaving over a hot oven making him tacos to go with those Things he's drinking.

Since it's only 10:30 pm, I think we'll see the new year in with your guys. Isn't that nice?? Here we sit in our living room in vicenza seeing in 1964 with 35 caps present in our vacant living room. That's nice.

Xmas was really different and so nice this year. Late in the afternoon of the 24th it began to snow (we had over 8 inches that evening) and xmas eve with the snow falling and our xmas tree ablaze by the french doors; with a snow scene painted on the glass panels of the french doors; madonna and child painted on the large front window; two large candles burning on the window sill; lumanarias outlining our front balcony..and suddenly we ~~was~~ heard a strange humming sound. Looking out the door we saw a group of men wearing false beards; long cloaks and dressed as shepherd seranading our apartment building. They were playing some odd horn-type instrument (shepherds pipe??) which looked like an oboe but wasn't. This is what made that pretty humming sound. As they seranaded everyone (who were out on their balconies or else leaning out their front windows), people began tossing lira down to them and the clink of coins on the pavement didn't even distract from the beauty-in-sight-and-mood of that moment. It was lovely. I sat by the opened front window watching them go off down the street in the swirling snow, still playing their instruments. It was indeed an exciting and unique experience.

Another custom (I guess) of Italy at xmas time is for kids to come around selling gaudy religious pictures (reproductions I guess) for 50 lira each. At the same time they ask for "pane" (bread). The sight of those poor little kids shiveringly cold asking for bread sort of got me, so I bought some of their gaudy pictures and gave them cookies and fruits etc. I'm probably donating several hundred lira to the church (ba h humbug!) but heck, it was such a nice xmas spirit I had I forgov all about such things and now I HOPE those lira are being used to feed some hungry little kid over here.

THERE ARE PROBABLY A FEW EXTRA LITTLE ANGELS IN HEAVEN TONIGHT IF ANY OF THOSE KIDS VENTURED TO EAT THOSE HOME MADE CHRISTMAS COOKIES SHE FOISTED OFF ON THEM.

BOYYYYYYYYYYYY! What a mean nasty rotten thing to say about my cookies! And on xmas ...oops...xmas is over. Its new years eve. At this point I'm not even sure if it isn't easter. Anyway, what a masty thing to say about my cookies. Well, I DID take pity on some of them. I only gave my cookies to the kids who looked as tho they had good strong teeth. They'll need 'em.

Ooooh, I'm going to get a pome. A limerick, in fact.

An ambitious young yellow named Pelz
Said "elect me your OE or else"
I'll have every library
("where much weight I carry")
Remove all your zines from my shelves.

that doesn't sound right..it should be THEIR shelves and
Art, Not to mention "ood grief" because he discovered I didn't corflu out his boo-boo but typed this instead. Now he's running around tearing at his hair yelling YOU RUINT IT! And now he's so mad he won't tell me the ending to antoher one he just thot up which begins There was a young fellow named Eney
Whom ted white considered a re anie

And he refuses to tell me the rest of it. He just sits there, in his arm chair holding onto a beer bottle and sulking and muttering "humphs" at intervals. Some times I think Art Rapp DRINKS.

TRIPLE-BOLD TALES WHEN ONCE IS ENOUGH - BY ART ROPP

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess name of Spigelfoosh. She had a wicked old grandfather name of King Spigelfoosh. He used to throw terrible tantrums. "Princess Spigelfoosh", he would roar. "When the heck are you gonna get married and stop sittin' around home eatin' up all the vittals?"

"tee heeeeee" said Princess Spigelfoosh. Princess Spigelfoosh always giggled when anyone talked to her.

She wanted only one thing in life. A pet LION!

One fateful day the mean old king had been more than usually nasty to poor Princess Spigelfoosh. In fact, as was his habit, King What's his name had thrown a royal tantrum. Like a neofan defeated for election in his local fanclub. He threw his crown on the palace floor (it bounced). It was marble. The floor, that is. It got pretty badly battered (the crown that is. It was gold.)

Poooooor Princess Spigelfoosh ran sobbing out into the garden. She was mad at the world. Aren't we all? She too was in a temper. She relieved her feelings by throwing rocks kinto the royal gold fish pond. Unfortunately she was a lousey shot. Aren't we all? Most of her rocks not only missed the gold fish, they missed the pond.

Even more unfortunately the animals in the royal forest disturbed by this unwarrented intrusion upon the peace and quiet of their home had gathered upon the far side of the gold fish pond to see what the hell was going on. Among the noble stags, up doc seeking rabbits, and virgin seeking unicorns, was the most noble beast of all * an honest to gosh L*I*O*N ! And when Princess Spigelfoosh, madder than ever because she missed the fish pond three times in a row, pegged a particul- a rily vicious pebble, she had the misfortune to konk the kind of beasts squarely in his royal schnoot.

"Rowwwwwwwaaaaarrrrrr" said the lion, more in indignation than in pain. Envolentairuly he had struck his nose out of the thicket in which he had been camouflaged. Startled by his roar Princess Spigelfoosh brushed her long green hair back from her brow and peered nea rsightly into the shadows. (oh, haven't I mentioned before that Princess Spigelfoosh had long green hair?)

Seeing the lion, Princess Spigelfoosh only thought was that here at last was the pet lion she had been dreaming about. Ne rsightly fixing her gaze upon the lion, she dashed towards him. Unfortunately she had forgotten about the gold fish ponds. ortunately it was a shallow god fish pond. Princess Spigelfoosh sank in the mud. She sank in the mud up to her waist. This left just enough of Princess Spigelfoosh sticking out of the mud so that the top of her head was at the surface of the water. Her long green hair swirled about in the current, producing a remarkable imitation of a floating lily pad.

Among the fascinated spectators on the bank was a large green bullfrog. He was out of his element. He realized this. His primary ambition was to once again rejoin his element. Which by a strange coincidence was a floating lily pad. Brækkææææ he said. And with a single giant leap he landed upon the conviently placed lily pad.

"Brackcoaxcoax" said the frog triumphantly, sitting on the head of poor Princess Spigelfoosh.

"Tee hee hee" said princess Spigelfoosh, because the frogs toes tickled.

"Rooooowwwwwaaaarrrrr" said the lion, who's favorite diet (aside from wandering peace corps trainees) was bull frogs. And with a mighty spring he pounced upon the poor unfortunate bull frog. This, as you may well imagine, created quite a commotion.

The uproar in the gold fish pond attracted the attention of old kind Spigelfoosh, who was in his counting house counting out his money (just received from the United States) as a loan to help develop his undeveloped country. The king dashed into the garden, screaming (What's going on in my gold fish pond?)

One horrified look and he knew only TOO well what was going on in his gold fish pond; Princess Spigelfoosh, he cried, what are you doing in the gold fish pond? You'll scare the intestinal flora out of my carp

"Tee hee hee" said princess Spigelfoosh. This was a remarkable response considering that her head was under water ((HAPPY NEW YEAR!))

"Brackcoaxcoax" said the bull frog.*

"Rooooowwwwwaaaarrrrr" said the lion.

"None of your lip!" said king spigelfoosh. "Come up out of that fish pond before I turn loose the royal alligators" and he threw his royal crown upon the ground and stamped his foot in a royal state of temper.

With as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances, Princess Spigelfoosh climbed out of the fish pond and combed the bull frog out of her long green hair. The lion in the process was tumbled unceremoniously head over heels into a briar patch, and returned to the jungle to relate to his fellow lions a tale which none of them for an instant believed.

The bull frog caught the eye of the terrible tempered old king, who even more than the lion considered frog legs a delicacy supreme. "Sic Semper Bufus!"

As for princess spigelfoosh, never afterward did she wish for a lion as a pet.

Moral: Don't be too eager, Cat, or you'll louse up the deal.

(Explanation: This is a story that was told extemporaneously to young Steven Rapp on the early eve of Dec 31st 1963. Steven Rapp slept thru the new year...but his parents sat here typing this story for you-all and right in the midst of telling it the new year came in with a bang and a lot of fireworks.....)

* I goofed. I shouldn't have typed those words all together. Kindly reread the story and instead of "Brackcoaxcoax" substitute, instead, "Brack co ax co ax"

Thankee kindly

Janua ry tooth, 1964....6,30 PM, or thereabouts.

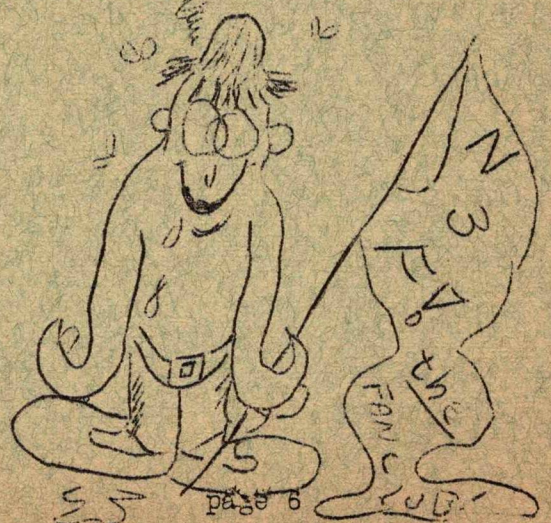
This issue is being pieced together in a somewhat diary-type form, so be patient! One of these days I'll even stick in mlg comments & THEN you'll all be sorry!

Hmmmm, just reread those pages typed during our new year's eve celebration & good grief! It IS a drunken oneshot at that!

How strange to think that a whole year has passed (well..in 18 more days it'll be a year) since we first landed in Italy. That whole year of 1963 was indeed a unique one. We came to Italy; experienced all the headaches and joys of living among the Italians; lost two babies (yes, we just lost our second one. Susan Rapp was born at 1²:15 am Dec 14th; started breathing 15 minutes later, and finally died at 5:05 Am same day. She has been cremated and we are presently negoating and WAITING for all the red tape to be cleared up, so that her ashes can be placed in a special niche in one of the cemetary walls used for such purposes, and sealed with a marble plaque bearing her name. Susan only weighed around two pounds since she was about two weeks short of being a 7 month baby & I suppose it might seem ridiculous to some people for me to make such a fuss about her burial etc...but even tho she was alive only a little over 4 hours, she assumed a personality to me since I had gone thru the pains of bearing her & spent the 15 minutes watching the doctor and nurse frantically trying to make her breathe; seeing her little bottom and feet and using all my will-power to will her to life during those frantically fearful 15 minutes; and then seeing her and touching her a few minutes after she had passed away. That was a strange experience too...I had NEVER seen a dead human being before..and here was my little daughter laying in the nurse's arm, snuggled into a blanket and feeling so warm when I touched her face and head ((it was due to the heat from the Isolette))...all these events make me feel as tho we lost a definite part of our family & so I (and Art, too) want her buried here where she was born.) Anyway, it was a unique year..and a life-filled one, holding so many new, different & old experiences. In a way, 1963 was a rich year; a sad year, a most joyful year. I was sorry, vaguely, to see it pass away. But gee, maybe 1964 will be even more eventful and happier! And NOW we can say that NEXT year we'll be home & maybe get to see some of you-all!

Tsk, another wild experience of 1963 was running for the directorate of N3F and LOSING! Gee, just imagine...I lost to Clay Hamlin! Gad, what a weird feeling THAT gives me! Haw, I can hardly wait to see all the marvelous things this 103% group (well, the aren't ALL 103%ers..just three of 'em & brother, that's all it takes!) is going to do to n3f. Already, they're going to turn it back (or hamlin thinks they can) into the darlin little closely knit group it used to be before those nasty genfen took over a few years ago. This ought to be a real interesting year ahead at that! I wouldn't give up my n3f membership for nothing right now! Hoohaw...

...And just think! 1963 was a unique year because Wrai left the farm. Can you even imagine it??? Wrai..where are you??????
W al, yeah..I know what your answer to that will be...but really I've been unable to do much letter writing for months and have just about managed to get caught up on the correspondence to our relatives & cheech you'd think you'd be bigger than ME (not to mention more noble and sweeter and decenter) and write to me anyhow even if you don't get letters from me quicker than a year or 2. Heavens, surly a gorilla can be more thotful. Youre just surly, is all. A surly gorilla with citified ways. What you need, sir, is a good...



...a mild interruption & now I forget what it was I was thinking of suggesting Wrai needed a good one of. Aren't you lucky!

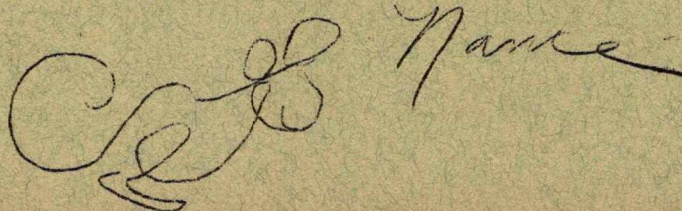
Oops, almost forgot to mention another oddity of 1963. We had company from the states!! Remember the Greenfields who used to live across the court from us in El Paso? We mentioned how fannish they were & how we talked them into going to the Chicon and how delighted they were when they did go? Wal, in november they came to Europe for a two week vacation between jobs (they're now in phoenix) and they spent three days with us. How nice to see old faces from the states! I also discovered that they hadn't been fannishly isolated while in milwaukee either since they said they knew bev and gene DeWeese and had been to their home a few times. It are a small world, eh?

But still no sign of ole Lee Jacobs. Where are YOU kiddo?

Oooooohhh, did you notice? I've only mentioned Stevie once in all these pages??? I must be improving! Haw..you aren't going to get off free tho, because I WILL give him some egoboo this mlg and mention that he now speaks & can put two or 3 words together (along with a lot of gobbledegook) to make a sensible sentence. He also climbs radiators and dangles from them like a little monkey (gawd..I just that, is he practicing to keep up the gorilla tradition in saps in the future?? Wot a horribbble thot...) ; can reach door knobs & NOTHING is safe behind closed doors now. He also has this habit of sticking things into things. Like paper matches into key holes; across eyed clock into my cupboard of canned goods & you dunno what a wild thrill it is to open a cupboard door, reach for a can and be confronted with a cross eyed clock. He is also growing like a weed (as us pennsy dutchmen say every chance we get) because all the size 3 clothes we bought him about two months ago & which were so long I had to take up all the straps 4-5 inches are now too short for him and I have to get out the needle and thread and undo all the sewing I just sewed a mere month or two ago. Cheech. He is also at that parroting-stage where it isn't safe for a mother to swear because he repeats everything he hears. I'd been letting off steam with a few damns (he never has learned to say that) and a few "Oh HOLY CRIPES!" and he has been mocking me. Whenever things don't go his way (like when he tries to put one of his square blocks into a round hole in his pounding toy bench) he takes the offensive block; throws it with all his might and lets out a loud TRIPDS. Tsk, I don't know where this kid gets his temper and impatience. Mast take after Art. I'm too gentle and patient, I know.

Shucks..it's kinda lonely here in this apartment tonight. Art is out on Courtesy Patrol until around 1 am. Stevie is in bed (protesting, but sleepy, so there he stays) and since I have the kerosene stove light I'm rather afraid to drink any beer or yummiier drinks for fear I'll get really lit-up when I bend over to blow the stove out prior to retiring for the night. So here I sit, stone cold sober trying to type a saps zine. And there isn't any horribbler fate than that, friends. I know what I'll do! I'll blow it out NOW! First, I'll finish this page. Then go to bed with a good book and a drink.

In fact, it sounds like such a good idea I think I'll do it right now. 'Night.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Lee Jacobs". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.