

HE IS EVIL AND HIS SOUL IS BLACK * IT IS HIGHLY IMMORAL TO MISS
A MAILING * WHO IS VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF ACRIMONY? * RHY-
SLING WAS A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME * YOU'LL BE NO HELP AT
ALL TO THE JACOBS HAMSTER CENSUS * WHETHER YOU'D LIKE FAPA IS
SOMETHING NOT TO BE BASED ON OLD ISSUES OF GEMZINE * IT'S GOT A
GOOD FEEL TO IT, LIKE HEFTING A BRICK * WE ARE A POTENTIAL TAR-
GET, MAN! * I LOOK PRETTY SORDID IN SHORTS * I'VE GOT YOUR PIC-
TURE HIDDEN IN THE ECONOMICS VOLUME * WORK OUT A MATHEMATICAL
EQUATION FOR DETECTING FALSIES * I HAD TO GET RID OF 60 LETTERS

MAINE-IA C

20th Big Issue

SAPS Mlg. #50

January 1960

SO WE FIND THAT WALLY IS A SUCKER * SINCE CHILDHOOD NO NIGHTS
PASSED WITHOUT A PARADE OF DREAMS * MY GLASSES SLITHER UP OR
DOWN OR SIDEWISE * IT'LL BRIGHTEN UP THE MAILING, IF NOTHING
ELSE * DURWARD IS ON THE FLOOR WITH THE RAZOR BLADE * BOSOMY,
AREN'T THEY? * FINGER-FATIGUED MEMBERS OF THE SIXTH MAILING * I
AM TOTALLY LACKING IN ANY OF THE GENTLE SOCIAL GRACES * QUOTE
ME IN YOUR CASEBOOK, NANGEE * HE THINKS ABOUT GIRLS ALL THE
TIME * IT MIGHT NOT TURN YOU ON * MIRACLE IN THE GORBELS * FAN-
DOM AS HE KNEW IT THEN HAS LONG SINCE PASSED AWAY * JACOBS AND
I DID NOT INHABIT TENDRIL TOWERS * I MERELY CLANGED THE CYMBALS
* IT WAS ENJOYABLE TO SEE HER IN THIS STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT * IF
IT HAD BEEN A BUNCH OF NEOS I WOULDN'T'VE FELT SHOCKED * BOB
BLOCH TELECASTED FROM A STABLE * HE HAS A THING ABOUT PEOPLE
GETTING ONE-UP ON HIM * OH HELL, IT WAS YOUNG AS USUAL * I'VE
MADE A SOLEMN PROMISE TO MYSELF TO SLUG HIM * NOISILY RUBBING
THEIR HOT, RED FACES * I HALF EXPECTED SUPERSQUIRREL TO APPEAR
WITH EACH BOLT * I CANNOT AFFORD TO DIE * I SPENT A WHOLE WEEK
AT THE AGE OF TWELVE LEARNING HOW TO PRONOUNCE HIS NAME * THOSE
SPOTS OF LIGHT COULD BE LUMINESCENT FLY DROPPINGS * I SHALL
REACH OUT AND GIVE THEM A SLAP ON THE MOUTH * PERHAPS THE WHITE
SKINNED GIRLS OF EARTH ARE PLEASING TO HIM * WHERE DID HE LEAVE
HIS WINGS? * A DOUBLE-THICKNESS IGLOO * MAYBE I HAVE BUILT IN
RADAR * MY TASTES SEEM TO BE SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT THAN MOST PEOP-
LE'S * I AM NOT CROSSEYED * NANGEE AND NANSHARE ARE STILL A-
MONG US, SO I MUST REMAIN ALERT * SHE SO OBVIOUSLY WAS A GIRL
* COLLECTION OF FANTASTICALLY OLD BIBLES * ALL THESE THINGS WE
KNEW WOULD SWAY THE FAKE-FAN VOTE * I NEVER THOUGHT I'D REALLY
BE IMPOTENT * YOU'RE TRYING TO CONFUSE ME, AREN'T YOU? * BUT
I'M REALLY A CROOK AT HEART * I ENJOYED TURNING OFF THE LIGHT
AND JUST SITTING THERE, LISTENING TO THE BATS * THE CUSTOMER
IS 90% WRONG * KAREN, HOW YOU'VE CHANGED! * MATCH YOUR WITS
WITH THE GOON * HE CAN'T TALK PLAINLY WHEN HE'S DROOLING SO
HEAVILY * ALL BLOOD AND TWITCHINGS * I IRON THRU SAM LEVINSON
EVERY MORNING * AH, YOU'RE A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE * I HAVE NEVER
SLEPT EASY AROUND HERE * WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY NOT LISTING THAT
CAT'S PICTURE? * THE HELL WITH THE PLOT-LINE! * WHY ARE YOU
LAVENDER? * ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS HAS DECIDED I MUST BE A FALLEN
WOMAN * FAPA WILL HIDE ITS HEAD IN SHAME * I FOUND MYSELF LOAD-
ED WITH FANAC AND I WASN'T QUITE READY FOR IT * Mlg 49 QUOTES

* MAINE-IAC the 20th (also know this time as the Appearance issue) dated Janu- *
* ary 1960 for the 50th mailing of saps. This is known as the Appearance issue *
* because I wanted to make at least an appearance in the mailing so that the un- *
* broken consecutive appearance won't be broken since I'm trying to better the *
* previous mark of 7. Otherwise this will no delight those who worship quantity *
* and comments above all else. In fact, there will be no comment and little quan- *
* tity. Oh, let's finish this*****

r a m b l i n g s

This issue was supposed to have been graced by an untirely unsolicited but very welcome quote-cover from Art Rapp. At the last minute (i.e., as I type this Jan. 3rd), I find that the stencil although manufactured by the Gestetner people, will not fit onto a Gestetner duplicator...or at least the holes don't match up with those on this stencil (a tried and proven veteran of Gestetnering). So maybe next time.

Strangely enough, quite awhile before the 49th mailing, in fact, over a year ago, I'd sort of gotten onto the idea that I ought to have a 50-page MAINE-IAC for the 50th mailing and even manipulated things so that the 20th issue of MAINE-IAC would come up for the 50th mailing. However, to not quote an old saw, the plans didn't materialize. I do have some thirty-pages worth of stuff all set aside in the file for the purpose of stenciling and figured there'd be twenty pages of mailing comments. However, several things went toward making these plans fall through. For one thing the last mailing was so rediculously big that it discouraged my attempts to read it with any system toward jotting down comments. Not to mention not having time due to other things. No money to spend due to Christmas season and car repair, etc., ad nauseum. So we have a two or four page MAINE-IAC this time. Besides, when somebody last mailing up and suggested that everybody contribute * 50 pages to the 50th mailing, I wanted no part of such a fuggheaded plan. It is my considered opinion that everybody in SAPS can't reel off 50 pages of readable stuff at one swell foop. (What? What about the 50 pages of stuff I was going to publish? I saved it up!)

So this is the way we stand right now. I'm going to try to get as much written as I can. - There'll be lots left over and if there is anybody in SAPS who publishes "outside" material who would be interested in such things, similar things, as the items to follow, Gala this or that reviews, etc., let me know....like I like to spread myself around, man.

Since typing some of the above, I've had the pleasure of talking to Bjo and she informed me that there is this real crazy Inquisition device for plunging holes into things (she didn't say anything about people) so that they will, after all, fit onto Gestetner machines. So it looks like we'll have one worthwhile item in this MAINE-IAC after all....the quote-cover by Art Rapp.

So now turn the page to read all about my thrilling adventures from last summer when I was a Teen-Age Job Hunter for the Calif. Dept. of Employment and How I Was Glad I never Wanted to be A Fireman Anyhow.

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and it was all top rate. A sign said, "Office of the President". This, it so happened was the top-executive area. So I went to the "Information Desk" and we went through the Looking Through the Book bit and all that. So she asked another desk. The girls, I noted, in this rarified atmosphere weren't so young or so pretty, most of them. They were the old pros, obviously, although there were some real decorative ones around. So she said to me, she said, "Oh, I'll bet it's the Escrow Department in the main office at 5th and Spring!"

Little did she know with what materful restraint and self-control it was with which I said, "Thank you" and smiled, before I went back to the elevators.

This time I went down on the larger elevators, the inside job. It was on the way down that somebody got in on the fourth floor. As I looked out, it still looked like the underground caisson of an under-the-river tunnel bit what with vast expanses of darkness, and cement and girders and wheelbarrows and sand-hogs and hoses and noise.

Well, I thought, once more out in the increasingly warm morning sunshine, 5th and Spring is only a block up thataway and one over thisaway. So thinking, and unbuttoning my coat, I struck on up the street, noticing two blondes also going up the street, only across from me. They were young, late teens or early twenties and looked yummy. They were wearing light colored shorts and they were well-tanned. It was at about the end of the block that I looked to where I was going and noticed that I was at 7th Street! I'd gone north instead of south. So I crossed the street and got a brief look at the blondes head-on before going back from whence I'd come.

By now I was pretty warm. The sun boiled down and bounced around in the cement canyons of downtown LA. Finally, though, I approached what looked like an Egyptian tomb what with the monolithic columns in massive serried rows half-way down the block. The building looked like it would plunge through the surface of the city from its sheer weight. I went in and another sun-toting guard, one of many there, directed me to the Escrow Department. I wended my way in and out of a complex of teller-cage and counter-service areas much like those lunch-counters in big drugstore or bus terminals (a part of which is always "closed").

So I got to the Escrow area. The offices, however, were behind the massive counter and to get to them, I'd have to go behind it...of course. Well, I thought, here's where I find out if I'm bullet-proof. But no guards fired on me as I went in behind it. I went to a pleasant looking woman and told her my now-old bit. Like, where's Jack, lady? She went through the booklet bit. Then phoned the switchboard!

With results. This guy is in Personnel, not Escrow. Mentally I made a note to inform the agency of this jazz, but realized my info was what they got from the bank! My destination was back to the rebuilding area with the sand-hogs, only on the 11th floor, not the sixth!

So it was that I went into a lobby on the 11th floor, ^{having} ^{patted} /daintily patting perspiration from my forehead in the elevator. Sure enough, this was it!

So I filled out a small form. I had a seat. Then I actually talked to Jack Wells. Then I went out and filled out a long form. There was this other form next to me, a young woman, dark hair, large dark eyes, slender figure, real

stylish clothes. Short-sleeved summer suit with moderate v-neck, and one of those bowl-shaped hats. Or whatever. Having filled out the form, I handed it to the receptionist and turned to take a seat. Wow, behind my back, the joint had filled up with gurls! Toskey would've flipped.

They were mostly young kids just out of high school by the looks of them. I sat down next to a couple of them not, haha, having much choice elsewhere. Unless I sat over by the door away from all of them. Opposite me, now, was the aforementioned girl (dark hair, notice) and a blonde! Yah, and a red-hair. One of these sharp looking, real Irish-looking ones. But the blonde (pay attention Wrai and Buz, this is for you!). Wow, like. She and the red-head were after jobs together. They also knew the two girls sitting next to me (who were just waiting for them). This blonde was about five feet six or seven inches. Short haired, real firm athletic type without bulging muscles, you know. And endowed! She wore a loose blouse ...untucked. She was slim waisted though as one time she came over to confer with her friends and I got a look. So many of them are sort of heavy waisted when so well endowed futher up. And she was...I could tell by the way she wore her blouse. If she'd had it tucked in, it would've really demoralized the construction guys who made a lot of commotion outside the lobby while getting in and out of the elevator! She must've been 38 at the least and I don't mean years old. She also had a habit of sitting with her feet tucked in under the chair which caused her already tight skirt to climb a little higher, giving me a beastly go of it trying to keep my eyes elsewhere as a gentleman should....part of the time. So I alternated looking at her (in the best Blonde-watching tradition) and at the dark-haired girl who sat a seat away from her. I caught this latter watching me but never did get a look at the third finger on her left hand (a Prime Bit of Information in my categorization of females).

But more interesting, in a way, was the way these girls watched other girls. Yes. Whenever one of the bank girls walked by, they'd give her the once-over. The especially endowed woman came out to confer briefly with the receptionist and I watched the blonde watch her critically as she undulated along. As if giving the competish the evaluation, like. The dark-haired girl was a real nervous type. Looked like she wasn't really used to this jazz. Eyes kept flickering to one place or another, looked real fidgety, uncomfortable and out of place. And at me. Damn, I wonder if she was single. But after my interview, I breezed out of there completely forgetting to investigate the possibilities. Then again, maybe I should have investigated the blonde instead. Endowed, like, wow! Thinking on this, I promptly went out and fell down the elevator shaft.

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Not only is this the end of the item, but it is also the end of the whole issue. I, after all, do have pity on the mailmen of our nation and will contribute only a small size issue so as not to add to the burden. Next issue ought to be better, folks, like I'll start on the mailing and read one out of every five pages. That way I ought to get the thing read before the next mailing is due. Gestenciling, this issue, thanks to Ernie Heatley on the LASFS Gestatnor.

Let's wrap it all up in one big ball of wax, eh?

Watch for the next Big issue!