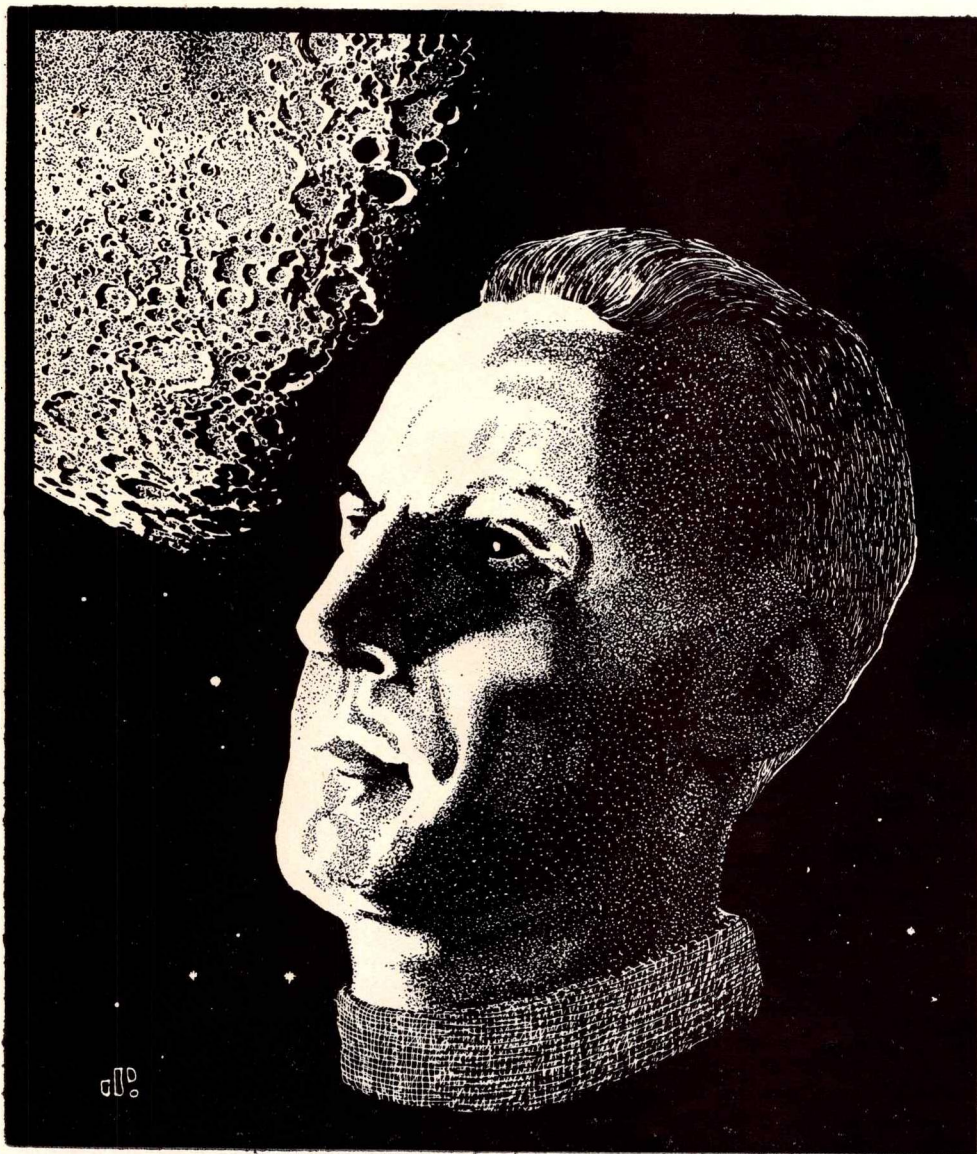


OUTSIDERS



NUMBER 19

OUTSIDERS

OUTSIDERS #19 A non profit zine published for an amateur press society. To be specific, this is OUTSIDERS a APazine appearing regularly each quarter, being the contribution of Wrai Ballard, Blanchard North Dakota, to the envelopes of the SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY. This particular issue is hopefully being sent to someone for the 31st mailing which has a deadline rumored to be March 12, 1955.

Page credit should be given to Miss Baron, PFC Eney and Mr. Remus if they need such page credits. The use of their material was merely for the purpose of improving the zine and adding interest to the mailing. The use of such material does not necessarily constitute editorial endorsement of their statements. Nevertheless, the editorial and publishing staff of OUTSIDERS wishes to thank them for their contributions and hopes they'll contribute to future issues.

The submission of material by Miss Baron, PFC Eney and Mr. Remus does not necessarily constitute indorsement of the editorial statements in OUTSIDERS.

The cover of this zine was done by Mr. John Pedersen. Lest you wonder how an impoverished SAPS member can afford printed covers, leave me explain. Johnny is not only talented, but generous. On these, his generosity was rewarded, sort of. You see he works as a commercial artist. He had intended to have the cover picture err..well my unintelligent version of what happened is he intended to have it photo-offset, and instead they made a plate for a line-cut, which is far more expensive. Since they had goofed, they gave him the plate for nothing. Then one night after work Johnny and Duane Hovland (another foine broth of a bho) went down to the shop and ran off the covers themselves on a proof-press. John then wrote a letter, telling me I'd be getting the covers in the same mail, and that due to this the cost for these covers was only the cost of the postage. But it happened that day was Washington's Birthday, and he couldn't mail the package. Oddly enough, that was the day we took Bill down to Fargo to get the cast taken off, and I dropped down to the shop..where Johnny happened to have the package, which he handed to me, saving postage, even. It is possible Johnny and Hovland will be out tomorrow, and you know, I ve a rather fiendish idea of getting them to help mimeo this zine. Only I'm too tender-hearted I guess. Hope the rest of you appreciate his work as much as I do.

This is my first attempt with a film top stencil, and the only one in this zine, unless it somehow gets more than 20 pages. Found some of the material stenciled earlier has chopped out letters. If so I appologise to the contributors. Typer still lists to port too. Gee I wish I had a standard.

At this time, Feb 26, I still have only vague notions as to whom is the OE. As it stands, I intend to send my zines to Karen. Karen if you are the OE, I wish you the best and appreciate your taking over in spite of what I said in favor of Coslet further on in the zine. I still mean what I said then, but I approve of any SAPS who'll actually work to keep it going. Think you'll do very well. Had a hard time finding out what to do on this, for I never got the Detroit proclamation. Nance Share mentioned it, and we sent me a copy of it the other day which cleared up some of the air. Now I'm merely confused and not totally in the dark. Hope the confusion is only temporary and SAPS gets steadied down again.

If anyone wants to do 2 or three pages for the Next OUT, get in touch with me. Don't particularly want fiction, prefer articles or columns. I'll give page credits, and barring the unforeseen can promise publication.

TRIVIA MAGNA QUANTA

by

Irene Baron

A small poll was taken recently to determine whether or not most men liked to have their backs scratched. The results are as follows: Of the eighteen interviewed, 13 said yes, 2 no, and 3 were undecided. It may be interesting to note that the two who said no did like to have their backs scratched, but not by anyone at any time. One said that the person doing the scratching had a great deal to do with the matter and the second claimed that a brisk rub up against a rough wall did the trick for him. The three who were undecided hemmed and hawed too long on the subject, but finally agreed that back-scratching was "all right." So it may be safely stated that the majority of males enjoy - nay, love - having their backs scratched, in one way or another. We personally find it an incomparable pleasure - both scratching and being scratched.

We have been unable to determine, however, whether most men prefer chubby or slim women. Being on the slender side ourselves, only men possessed of the most outspoken of characters would venture an opinion. If there is an ambitious male fan in the audience, we should appreciate his taking a poll and publishing his findings in SAPS.

Armadillos invariably have quadruplets of the same sex.

Harlan Ellison has not, repeat not, disappeared from the face of the earth. We received a letter from him not long ago telling us of the new issue of DIMENSIONS which has just been published. We assume that as long as DIMENSIONS continues to roll off the presses, Harlan will continue to roll along with it, and fandom will be that much richer because of both.

It has come to our attention that the best Santa Claus beards are made of Tibetan yak tails. With the present controversy ensuing in the Red China area, the rest of the world may soon see a shortage of this most vital of commodities. An authority on the subject states, "It is not fitting that a fictional character should have to wear a synthetic beard." This is our opinion precisely and we sincerely hope that the matter is rectified before next Christmas.

Anonymous poem.

FUTILITY

That which is past
was never won.
That which is present
is never done.
That which is future
with past is one.

Fan poetics has always been of minor interest to us, but we couldn't help but take a stern attitude towards one Walter Goslet and his attempt to make a junior-sized (ugh!) FAPA out of our intimate organization. Many letters were received by Mrs. Karen Anderson, most of them casting votes for Sgt. Arthur H. Rapp for E.O. Unfortunately, Sgt. Rapp cannot accept the honored post of E. O. due to government mailing restrictions at the Army Post where he is stationed. At this writing, no one knows where, when, or how the next SAPS mailing is going to get out. Is there no one in our organization possessed of mimeo and typer who will take on the task of seeing that SAPS flourishes as in days of yore? We sigh for the Gordon Black and Wrai Ballard eras when O.E.s were made of kingly stuff, and SAPS knew no equal in the fan world. We also sigh for the lack of financial backing which would enable us to purchase a mimeo, typer, and space and thus carry on a great SAPish tradition - that of being a just O.E.

* * *

Beauty in prose department (Excerpt from a letter received from the magnificent Nyclef - dateline, Detroit):

"Weather 9° above - correction, radio says 6°. I had forgotten the cold, lonesome, insecure feeling that extremely cold weather can and does encourage. While waiting for the bus the other night, I managed to keep only one part of my body warm - the brain. It is relatively simple to conjure weird effects under the circumstances. No matter how much noise is being made by traffic, etc., there is nonetheless (to me) a tangible silence upon which any clamor is superimposed. I suppose that effect is heightened by the sharp clarity of each individual sound.

(Wonder what the scientific explanation is?) You might say it is to the ear as a starkly bare tree silhouetted against the sky is to the eye; as in the latter case, there is that omniscient emptiness in spite/because of the presence of the tree."

* * *

(page 2 "The Elements of Mathematical Logic" by Paul Rosenbloom*

"T18. $(a \cup B)' = a' \cap B'$;

T19. $(a \cap B)' = a' \cup B'$;

T20. $a \cup (a \cap B) = a \cap (a \cup B) = a$.

These propositions are for the most part obvious."

* * *

Happy Girl Scout Thinking Day (February 22nd):

Unworldshakingly yours,

Irene of Sloop

THE CHECKUP

This is the 8165th US Army Hospital. My name's Eney, I'm a medic. I work in the bacteriology lab. Some low-minded disease germ has been giving the GIs the GIs. My job: find it.

0800, 23 September 1954. SFC Nakamura brings in the suspected samples of milk and ice cream. I melt and cool the agar and get out three tubes of BGB, six 10-ml bottles of sterile water. This looks like a case for serial dilution.

I pipette five cc's of one specimen into the BGB, put one cc in a sterile petri dish, mix another cc with 10 cc sterile water. Pipette one cc of 1:10 dilution into a sterile petri dish and mix a second cc with another 10 parts of sterile water, pipette one cc of this 1:100 mix into a third petri dish. I pour the nutrient agar into the petri dishes and mix it well with the specimens. It's an extra-stiff jello made with beef broth; I let it set for a few minutes while I perform an organolytic test on some of the ice cream. A bold volunteer has decided to test its effect on a living creature. Me.

After all, it's strawberry ice cream...

0930. The agar has solidified. I mark the dishes, put them in the incubator. Mark the BGB tubes, put them in.

I wait. The secret of bacteriological testing is the ability to wait long enough.

0930, 24 September 1954. The BGB may be ready. I take it out and look at it. The small test tubes inverted in each specimen are floating well out of the pale green sludge that's collecting in the first two tubes, the ones with the white and chocolate milk.

In the tubes: gas.

I get out my EMB and SS plates and call VFI. Nakamura answers. I give him the news. He checks with the dairy, has them hold up all that lot of milk.

It looks bad.

I dip a sterile swab in the broth, streak it over EMB and SS plates. It's the incubator for them.

And I wait.

0930, 25 September 1954. I take the serial dilution plates out to read them. The straight specimen plates are swarming with colonies of bacteria, too many to count. I count the plates with 1:10 and 1:100 dilutions, average the results. Too high.

Now the EMB and SS plates. This will tell the story.

The colonies are clear.

I break into a cold sweat. (It's the other kind of draft that can't bother me.) It's rough work now, but I need to get the facts. Just the facts. I go get my KIA and RDS, the SM and citrate agar, the Tryptone broth. I inoculate them from the clear colonies. It's the incubator again

I wait. A fan gets used to that when he belongs to an APA, anyway.

0940 (got delayed by another job), 26 September 1954. I take out the selective media and match their reactions against the standard records.

I've got the germ cornered. Salmonella pullorum, a bad actor. He's in that tube.

Trapped.

(On 27 September 1954 the KIA tube of S. pullorum was sent to the 406th Medical General Laboratory where identification was confirmed and serological tests performed. Salmonella infections react to Chloromycetin, Streptomycin, Terramycin, and Penicillin. The dairy destroyed the tainted milk and was put on probation for an indefinite period.)

My name's Eney. I'm a medic. I like my job.

Sometimes, though, I have to ham it up like this to keep the routine from getting me.

* * * * *

For all the corn-fed mellerdrummer above, the matter of the tainted milk specimens could have been serious; I recall it because it was the first time I'd been in on one of these "while the city sleeps" affairs. Like the advertisements say, milk is nature's most nearly perfect food; the only catch is that the microbes find it so too. That's the reason why bacteriological examinations of it are run constantly; if only a few harmful bacteria get in a bottle, all that's needed is to let the milk warm to room temperature and they'll breed like grulzaks; a couple of hours will convert a harmless trace of taint into a broth that'll lay you out for a week. It was the best of luck that the milk was kept refrigerated by the PX that sold it--though, of course, it's just this thing that the refrigeration's meant to guard against--and the soldiers who drank it were able to connect their sudden attack of "intestinal flue" with the milk.

With allowances for my more sketchy treatment-- after all, I was also doing all the other bacteriological work for the US forces on Hokkaido--this is about what would have happened if the stuff you drink (between beers/ sherrys/ Nuclear Fizzes) turned up with something wrong.

But I won't pull a Friday on you and run off without explaining the cryptic initials I was spraying up above.

BGB is Brilliant Green Bile broth. It happens that almost all the dangerous bacteria in milk are of the family Enterobacteriaceae, and these are almost always associated with some only unpleasant ones called coliforms, which latter ferment the sugar lactose, producing acid and gas. Problem: find a way to keep other lactose-fermenters from confusing the picture. Problem solved: most other lactose-fermenters are gram-positive bacteria, a sensitive class easily killed by various dyes--Brilliant Green, in this case--which bother virile, hairy-chested gram negatives not at all. So all we do is look for gas formation in the BGB...

If we find it, of course, that means a rare confusion, with the Veterinary Food Inspection people pushing Panic Buttons right and left, and--for the bacteriologist--smearing the broth on plates of EMB (Eosin and Methylene Blue, two dyes) and SS (Salmonella and Shigella, the two breeds of really dangerous Enterics) agar. This is a somewhat different application of the inhibiting effect of the dyes which

I mentioned. The enteric pathogens, which are the ones we're worried about, are gram negative and will grow with glee on these media with all the dyes, but they won't ferment the sugar in them, while the harmless necessary coliforms will ferment it, making the media opaque. Thus the concern over the clear colonies.

The presence of an enteric pathogens is by itself enough to cause the milk to be taken out of circulation, but for medical records and such it's needful to identify the exact organism involved. Therefore the selective media; Tryptone broth to test for the formation of the chemical, indole; Citrate Agar to see whether the bug will grow when the only carbon present is in the form of citrates; Kligler's Iron Agar, which turns black if the germ produces hydrogen sulfide; Russell's Double Sugar and Sacharose-Mannitol agars, which change color according to which of four sugars is fermented. There are dozens of different kinds of sugars, you know (That stuff you put into your coffee is sucrose), and bacteria are considerate enough to prefer some to others. The clues from this last series of tests, then, gave me the exact culprit in this matter.

Infection does not pay, except in lab technicians.

BALLARD'S, SONGS AND SNATCHES

In my many years on the fannish scenes, there have been innumerable requests from various publishers that I do a column for their zine. Innumerable because I can't recall all such requests, being rather short of memory, but off hand I'd swear there have been at least three requests and maybe four. In every case, except one I rather appologetically expressed sorrow at being unable to do such a column and gave a variety of excuses, most of them calculated to hide the truth that not only did I have doubts as to my ability to do a column, but actually that I wasn't sure just what a column was.

The one time I promised, faithfully, to do a column was slightly different. In this, as in the other requests, friendship was perhaps the main reason for his suggesting I do a column, but further than that, he is a man for whom I have an overwhelming respect, and just having him ask that I do a column was enough to convince me he thought I could actually write one. It was only a lack of time and ideas that stopped me, and for at least six months it has been a settled thing... to me at least, that it will be just a matter of days until a column is written for him.

Then in the last issue of his zine he explained that it will either die or become very irregular. Either possibility would make me sorry. While he hasn't mentioned my column again, it is possible he might accept the column when I get around to writing it any day now. In the meantime, having an aging SAPSzine to support, it behooves me (that's a word I've been wanting to use for lo these 19 issues) to make a trial run as columnist. Part of this descision was influenced by Messire Grennell's MURKY WAY. My original idea was a parody of both the title and column itself. Splendid ideas, mentalwise, but after several readings of THE MURKY WAY preparatory to the actual writing one shining truth became evident. When attempting a parody, chose well your victims. Leave the Grennell's for those who are without caution

This sudden desire to become a columnist is understandable. I needed another column in OUTSIDERS this time. It was either an article, and episode of THE TINY ACORN or a column the way I saw it. And almost every article I've ever done was really a one idea column and besides article ideas are few and far between. This left THE TINY ACORN which is perhaps the reason why OUT is another thin issue. Of all the things I felt like not doing, which consisted of practically everything, writing a chapter of the Acorn rated pretty high. Particularly since the 16th mailing, the one currently slated for attack, was a hard one to review. It was a smilish mailing in the first place and most the better zines were published by people no longer members, and thereby, under my own ground rules, not eligible fodder for report. To write a comment on the zines of "still among these present" would be a shamefull evasion of the duties of a historian. To report properly on the whole mailing would be work. So in fashion made into a habit, I woke every morning telling myself how eager I was to get through with chores and enthusiastically engage in recording from the past. It got to be a habit and after a couple weeks I'd be saying it automatically and at the same time desperately thinking up excuses why I couldn't do it; "The mood was wrong, it was too late to start." Besides, I kept telling myself, there was some talk about Eney doing it for OUT, and anyway if one mailing was skipped that would put the chapters exactly four years later. So there will be no TINY ACORN in this mailing, unless Coslet sends in one of the early mailings which he said he'd done, or would do.

& . & &

The rush to defend the sacred portals of SAPS is heartwarming, I say with absolutely no sarcasm, but I fear that in the rush a nice guy has been needlessly hurt. No, I've heard nothing from him, but it seems while Coslet may have unwisely decided on too much change, the reaction and manning of the ramparts has been a bit predipitant. According to the rules of SAPS, both written and implied, a SAPS OE can make some changes, and I may have given him the idea when in return to his bribe offer of doing THE TINY ACORN in return for my help in an attempt at enlarging the membership I told him if he really wanted to put over the increase he should take over the OEship and be in a position of power. In spite of years of defending the present size of SAPS, I, in view of the size of the waiting list, was and am not against a slight increase, meaning at the time to 40 or 42. You of course know Cos' reaction, which was a bit overdoing it.

Protesting such a change is understandable, as is some indignation, but few seem to have given Coslet any credit for resonableness. According to his letter, what Nan had to say in both the bit he reprinted and in her letter to me, it seemed evident the appointment was for just the one mailing. Coslet himself said his rules were in effect only till changed, that he hoped he'd only hold office temporarily, and that because the requirements had already been published, they'd take effect in the mailing after this. Instead of letting the one mailing go through him in the emergency and organizing to stop changes it seems many have given him no chance to conform to public opinion. I honestly doubt that Coslet expected his rules to be accepted or followed, but he was given no real chance to compromise or conform. Don't know if this will damage SAPS, and doubt that SAPS is so shaky it will be staggered for more than this one mailing, but I hope some of you will soften up on Coslet. He's a nice guy and been a fine member ever since the beginning of SAPS. If he did get too frisky for majority taste this time, remember he's always been ready to take over in an emergency. If his ideas were mistaken, don't automatically condemn his motives, or him as a person. He deserves much better than that.

& & &

My brother Bill came home on January 31. Not permanently, just for a leg operation and recuperation period. According to the report he sent to his insurance company the operation consists of "Repair of ruptured quadriceps right, and transplant of fascialata". This had his leg in a cast for most of February, will leave a 9 inch scar and have him on crutches most of March, I believe. So far he's recovering ahead of schedule.

Like most of us, Bill the determined non-fan has a hobby. Just what the proper definition or title of it is, I don't know, but the equipment consists of records record player, tape recorder and such. The record collection is just in its babyhood, some 16 LP platters, all classics or semi-classical. Nearly all are music I like very much. Even more to my tastes are the tapes. Before Bill left Billings he got all the Gilbert and Sullivan albums he could from the library and put them on tape. Lack of time, and the absence of some albums from the library cut down his choices, but he brought home tapes containing the Doyle Carte versions of: HMS PINAFORE, TRIAL BY JURY, IOLANTHE, and RUDDIGORE. On a 33 rpm LP he has the Al Goodman digest of THE MIKADO. Another he had taken out while in Billings, but before he got his tape recorder was THE SORCERER. From this, you might gather that Bill, like myself, is a G&S fan. You are right.

This should make us all the more sorry for what we did to those Noble Nights, Gilbert and Sullivan, but I can merely promise it won't happen again. For years I've prided myself, well not prided exactly, but not been very ashamed of my singing voice. It was good at one time, but that was back before it changed in '37. Back then people told me I had a good voice, music teachers even and they proved they meant it by selecting me as the other boy in a grade school mixed quartet which sang at a number of public functions, until it and my voice folded at the same time. Since then no one had told me my voice was good and I didn't pay much attention to those who told me it was lousy. But now Bill has a tape recorder and I learned for myself. It came about naturally. Bill was recording his voice and singing various songs. I got into the act too, and after several days or weeks of Gilbert and Sullivan, the only songs I could remember were from Gilbert & Sullivan. This was, to be conservative, a mistake. The available standards for comparison were too great. Also too deflating. It seems rather odd, but after years of slavishly listening to their works, it seems I know neither the words or music, and even with a libretto, the words are so different from what I expect, I can't read them fast enough. Bill described my singing as all monotone mumbling and one good note to each line. That is a graphic description. It isn't so much that I can't carry a tune, as that when I get through with it there is no tune.

Wansborough, would you see that both Gilbert and Sullivan are dug up and turned back over?

& & &

The APA Ean

-by Fred Remus

A most crapulous effendi with a Cacothos Scribendi
Was one Murgatroyd Montmorency Munce
He wrote stories wide and reckless in a manner wild and feckless
And he never had one published even once.

While his sad mis-metered verses were returned with vile curses
Which discouraged him and roused his bilious ire
So he yelled with a manner frantic that these editors pedantic
Should be splashed with tar and cast into a fire.

Even vanity type pressmen soon returned by expressmen
All the manuscripts which were his pride and joy
Then this lad discovered fandom and his ravings wild and random
Went, "Gee Whiz! By Golly! Goshwowboyohboy!

I can be a N N F'er if while milking yon heifer
I can concentrate upon my fannish goal."
Thus he joined SAPS and FAPA and while sitting on the crappa
Bared the innermost workings of his soul.

Now his zine was quite successful for he published such a mess full
Of Odd mailing comments, articles and tales
That the other APA members burned the cruddy mess to embers
And instead of sending skywards all their wales

Said, "Your zine is quite impressive with its volume so excessive
That a comment is impossible to make,
But I know one thing for certain, when your body stops its hurtin'
I will be the gladiest person at your wake."

But our hero only chortled for his crud had been immortalized
By the method of the master, Dittograph.
Thus he died of joy and heaven claimed his soul at 27
And he now looks down on fandom with a laugh

For our hero is fast turning out the stuff for which he's yearning
To get thunderous ovations and applaus
And he'll get them from the demons who make up the evil dreamin's
Of the souls confined beneath the devil's claws.

For both God, who has all wisdom, and the devil, sir who is dumb
Have a use for Montmorency's verse and prose
Having that upon your brainpan is a much more awful pain than
The slow oven roasting of your tender toes.

DEPARTMENT OF BACKSCRATCHING

Had a rough time reading this mailing. Unlike others I couldn't dig right in and read right through, and the first as-a-whole reading was given after I got home. Did try to read it all in Denver, did read all of it in snatches, but only short ones, for every time I got started someone would say, "You got a book in there? Get out and give some one else a chance." No cooperation at all, and that was the only quiet place in which a man could read. But the mailing was a honey anyway, one of the better ones undoubtedly.

SPECTATOR #30 This is the best job of editing an OO I've seen and I think Nan was very likely the best OE we've had. The most ambitious at least, evidense would not only be this OO, but there was also the work she did on the poll. After keeping up a running account of the battles, covering page after page, she tore up the whole thing because she'd detected a mistake. Like all the various additions of Nan's...the zone numbers, cleared up system of page credits, and the financial statement. Far as I'm concerned, something like FROM THOSE WHO WAIT is worthy of being a SAPS standard, and a half or full page autobiography of each waiting lister would be worth while. I'm not equipped to handle it for a while, but if things work out, may do it later on. If not I'm not at all averse to seeing it stay in the OO and published at SAPS expense. Nice job Nan, sorry to see you drop the OEsip and hope it is only temporarily. (Quit cheering Cos, I know you agree)

TALES #5 Fred, you aren't alone in finding beer doesn't agree with you. It hits me wrong everytime. Take the night Bill Hampton and I gave ourselves a Nuclear fizz party. We didn't make those sissy fizz's you read about in the zines of people who have lived in or near Washington DC, but our own recipe Super nuclear fizz. The recipe was, as I remember: 2 oz Gin, 1½ Oz. Rye, 1½ Oz. Bourbon, about 3 oz. Colling mix and a dash of bitters. These went good for several drinks, only unfortunately then we ran out of collins mix and used beer instead. This was my undoing, for after several of these abortions, we decided to mail a letter and didn't get home till 2AM and 5 or 6 Cuba Libre's later. The next day neither of us were well. This is an understatement. I went to the store for Vee, and had to give the list to the clerk and shut my eyes, for the sight of food was painfull. And I blame it all on the beer (Bill blamed the bitters) for I never could drink beer. I could give another example when an OE of SAPS did alright when she stuck to gin, but not quite so well when she started drinking beer. This time I merely drank gin until we ran out, and then burbon, and it didn't bother me at all in any way. This I feel a telling arguement.

. Knight's tour. Wonder if Bill will bring the old chess-board home with him (He didn't) Played a lot of chess, but nearly all of it with Bill, so my skill is limited and nearly non-existent. But I never captured one of my own bishops.

Norm I'm pleased to see you in SAPS, and I'm not going to reread your poetry now and change my mind before I get this on stencil. How come you nearly became an orphan by request when you got that humorous envelope? My translation of that would read they wanted you to kill them. Sounds aglay.

STF TRENDS #17 Like the con reports and appreciate them all the more since my own efforts at reporting on fan meetings. Can see why drinking sprees are so prominently written up, for it is far easier to write up such a party telling how much was consumed and who got plastered than it is to tell of several days of quiet conversation, not to mention some hilarious conversation. Really is a good zine Lynn. Sorry I haven't more to say about it.

OF LICE AND FEN

Oddly enough now that I've wreaked havoc with my already broken down zine collection, I find myself wishing I could start collecting again. Not that I'm in the market for any zines for quite some time, but there are many I'd like to have, some of them STF even. Wasn't joking about reading magazines causing me to lose interest in collecting. At first there was the thrill of collecting, but behind was always the idea of "Oh boy just wait until I get to read these." I read them, but to me STF is best when I don't have quite enough to read, and have to read all I get. Wouldn't mind a complete collection if I had the room. Trouble now is I kept those I knew worth rereading, and I judged that by keeping those I had reread. Unfortunately it may be years before I want to read them again. Sad, isn't it.

GASP #3

Denver has a system of stop lights I really got to like. First cars go like mad from north and south. The lights change and cars go like mad from east and west. The lights change again and all cars stop and people explode from all four corners like a bunch of partridges, crossing the intersections straight or going kitty-corner. The city was made for a pedestrian, even though Vee worried that I'd get myself run down. Heck Fargo is far worse, for in Denver a car will stop for a pedestrian and I lost count of the times some car would stop and the driver smile and motion for me to cross ahead of them. And hardly any tried to run me down when I did start across. As for advice on the hecto, don't use one. I also remember Hal Shapiro using a steno-fax picture or two back when he was in the Air Force. Far as I know the first in fandom to use it although GM had a steno-fax pic in one of her zines just after the Chicon. Heh, if you didn't approve of some of my rulings for SAPS, I'M waiting to see what you think of those of the honorable Mr. W. Coslet.

CREEP #4

Nice convention coverage. Hope it is continued this mailing.

IMPACT #3

Pleased you made it carol. Nope I didn't get any correction fluid for Christmas and in fact when I did some mimeoing for the local VA Office I had to cut stencil without any corfluid on hand. Knowing my typing, can you guess how it turned out? Yep, absolutely correct, the best job of mimeoing I've done. Should do all my cutting that way..go slow and take pains. Nope I'm not enjoying Denver now, but I enjoyed it while I was there. In fact can safely say I enjoyed Denver more than Denver enjoyed me. Has a lousy library though. A lot of books but I'd have to hunt for hours to find 8 or 10 to take home with me.

In the Billings Depot I started into the Ladies room by mistake, but I didn't blush even though some soldiers sitting in front of it tried to tease me. Being blase and sophisticated(after all I'd spent nearly two months in the big city)I merely said "What I saw was worth it", and went into the right door before they could think up an answer. Too bad I haven't been saving interlinations.

PIRATE STORIES

Been trying to watch Flash Gordon on TV lately, but it comes on just when I'm doing evening chores. On the whole and fragment, it seems much like that comic book, only they could use a narrator such as the man who wrote that article. Several fen, including me offered to do Vernon's mag, but he just wanted out of SAPS. I'm sorry as anyone for he really can liven up any club.

Aggie, you gyped me. Was eagerly anticipating your zine and you went and didn't hardly a thing do. Unfair! If you don't watch out I'll have Stewart give me to you as a prize and then you'll be sorry.

Blast, my bending lines and slipping stencils. This typer needs something..what I don't know but one of us will have to give..only I can't afford it now.

BRONC #5 Bronc and assorted items that is. Eva, howcome you are flooding the mailings like this? Not that I object, I most certainly don't, but gads gal you could have been bulky put into one. Was interested in the list of Charter members of the ISFCC. Just imagine, we still have six active SAPS who were fen in that long off day, and of the members listed, 10 were in SAPS at one time or another. Too bad Eva, that I destroyed my correspondence before my short lived escape from the bucolic for it had the basis of an article about the beginning and early days of the ISFCC I'd like to write if I was sure it could be done without Calvin Thomas Beck threatening to sue me again. Again threatening to sue me I mean. Had a lot of fun with it in those early days, and still might if I could round up more time and general fandom enthusiasm.

Made two trips through Wyoming in the last couple months and was sorry each time my route was so far from Upton. On a train Wyoming isn't much, but on a bus I liked it. Would like it better from a car and would like to see the north-east corner. Very faintly possible too. Hope you have mailing comments next time Eva. Always enjoy what you write, but I like to see you do commenting too.

MAUND There comes a time in the life of every fan when he must put out a one-shot. In fact it comes several times for I can think of at least four distinct times when some-one said, "we should do a one-shot", and this is the only one I've actually seen done. That one-shot article Vee and I did doesn't count. Sober is the only way to put out a one-shot, although it would be nice to be able to blame the results on being drunk. This MAUND was run off on a portable spirit duplicator...I handed Larry the paper and he put it into this infernal machine on the floor and gave the besmirched sheets to Bill. Was a rough job for Larry for the blood kept going to his head, either that or he was blushing at the thought of actually sending it out. Should have included Bill's explanation of why a salt-roller is called a salt-roller, and why it is necessary on a Wolber spirit duplicator. Would have helped to if I'd been able to remember and write down half the ideas I had and stuff I started on and got side tracked from. Would have increased the size of the mailing liberal like.

I You should sue the XOE for she got the title of your zine wrong. Shamefully careless of her. Walt, Gads, even with permission I feel daring calling you Walt, Cos, your GNAUB contest is getting me down for I give all your zines ver close attention and still haven't the slightest idea what it is all about. If it is some devise to make sure your zines are read until the eye-tracks start wearing away the print, you're doing OK, but I still feel a bit frustrated by the whole thing. Mainly because I suspect the solution to be every bit as simple as you claim it to be, and when we do find out it will be easy to wonder how I can be so dense.

FUR I'm an OUTSIDER because once Laney or Burbee or someone said all non-FAPANS were basically outsiders, and I've also began to suspect I'm a hoax. Still the rumor I've never been out of North Dakota is not correct. I used to live in Illinois you know. Spent some of the happiest years of my life there. It isn't so much that I've never been off the farm as the fact I act as if I've never been off the farm.

Our reading speed seems to be about the same, and it may be I read just a trifle faster, but lack of time isn't so much what bars me from reading all the STF mags. The trouble is lack of interest. Think I'm in the middle of one of my anti-reading spells, which doesn't mean that I don't read, but only that I don't particularly care for what I do read. These spells can last for months. Fred it isn't an attempt at swanking when I say that to me few of the STF zines now published are worth buying. Some I like very much, but most the others are

never read, although I might be nearly desperate for something to read. I've been left behind, and long for the days of 1938-42 when stf was really stf. This is a point I've pondered on many a time, but that period also was the time when Stf advanced from a type of reading I liked to my favorite type, and though I'd read it for years, that is when it became a passion. Still that period in Argosy and Bluebook is my favorite too. Evidently my mind just stopped growing then.

Speaking of you asking if Eva was really arrested, in Denver I jaywalked once and a cop looked at me reflectively. He didn't say anything, but I wonder if it couldn't be said I was mentally arrested?

PISTOL POINT #2 Once again my memory recalls all of these except the fellow exalted by the spear and the whatsit in the rocket plane on the last page. Nice try, if the Masked Marvel needs a little help, my files are pretty complete.

BOP #6 Man you mean to say Johnny went west with your SAPS mailing? Ever hear from him? The boy is too bright to write to me for last time he did get him reinvolved in fandom. Yea verily, in SAPS even. Should get him going for it is about time for him to reincarnate. That fellow was rough on Kipling, but strange as it may seem (although why it should seem strange I dunno) while looking for Charles Adam's cartoons in bound volumes of THE NEW YORKER (courtesy Denver Pub. Library) I read an article that was much the same. This fellow when writing of Kipling sounded like Laney writing about the LASFS. Liked every bit of Bop, Al, and hope you whip the stenciling problem. There are few in SAPS who merit clear reproduction than you.

QWERTYU #3 A Meri Dmas and Ha;;y Nwe Yaer to you two. You struck a chord with your talk of the yound superman in your house. Vee's kids are superman fiends too, and have taken to running around with towels over their shouldiers doing their best to fly. Odd thing, the psychological effect it has on them. When I first got there, the younger was the boss and the older was a bit afraid of him. So one day the older decided he wanted to be Superman, and got a cape. He then proceeded to fly past the younger, knocking him down. Usually the younger would react in such a situation by beating the bojassus out of the elder, but in this case he knew darn well no one had a chance against Superman and he was afraid to try, completely overawed. The older one on the other hand wasn't a bit afraid anymore and really got rough. Was a total reversion of character on the part of both. It lasted too, although the younger got so he'd fight back at times, particularly when he was also a Superman. Still the older one was never afraid of him again.

Not much chance of it Ed, but I'd like to see you at a convention sometime. I'd be one of the relatively sober ones, I think.

SPACEWOOF #3 Would have recognized you anywhere Dean. Looks like a composite of every picture of you I've ever seen. Pleased you stayed in SAPS. Makes it far more worth staying in for the rest of us. Not that I need that bonus to convince me to stay, but someone might you know.

Dean, I don't know if it would apply to a woman made sterile, but how about "Freemartin" as the name for a neuter of the female gender. It can be used I beleive and perhaps this will solve your problem. Err, you did have a problem, didn't you?

Around here buying mimeo paper is plumb fraught, and the best way is to inheirit a fortune and send to Masters for a 10 ream pack. Next best is to drive 70 miles to

Grand Forks and pay about \$1.60 a ream. Buy it in Fargo at one of the office supply stores and you walk out with a \$2170 hble for every blessed ream. There may be some way to beat that rap, but so far I've not discovered it. At least no legal way, and in fact I can't think of even an illegal method. At the moment I'm close to having to hunt for wasp nests.

It should be easy to write more on a zine I liked as much as SPACEWOOF, but I just saw the latest episode of Rin Tin Tin and my mind is so filled with excitement and reaction I can't think of any thing else. Gosh it was exciting, Rusty bought this Indian gal as a wife for his friend Rip and it only cost four horses. Gee she was cute, and made me regret we only have two horses. A two horse wife must not be much, huh?

CLAUDIUS #2 Yep I know who John Wesley Hardin was, and I can add to it for some of your information doesn't agree with mine. He was born in Bonham, Fannin County, Texas. Killed his first man when 15 and made it a half dozen before his 16th birthday. After this he settled down long enough to teach school, but this was too tame and he became interested in cattle, gambling and women too, I guess. In 1877 at the age of 25 he was sent to the pen for a 15 year stay and got out in 1894. While in prison he was superintendent of the Sunday School and studied law, which he practiced after his release. Don't know if Jane Bowen was a dance-hall girl either. Various versions I've read say they were married and at any rate Hardin was friendly with her brothers and other relatives. Hardin was shot in the back in August 1895 By John Selman at the Acme Saloon in El Paso. Yep Hardin was ready to kill, and in fact in the book he wrote, LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN, gave names of 35 victims, complete with dates and what details he could recall. This is a record that can be checked, unlike that of Billy the Kid, which Cunningham and others claim was mostly brag and publicity. They had some thing about Hardin on TV not so long ago that was purported to be authentic. But since they had Selman kill him from in front after beating him to the draw, how authentic the rest was is a matter of opinion. Inquest records and papers tell of the bullet entering the back of Hardin's head and coming out over one eye. Between movies, old timers who know it all, and some writers, who knows what any of those old birds were like?

ZED 778 This cleaning a mimeo drum is fun, particularly a closed affair like mine, which I admit to be simplicity itself compared to cleaning a fountain inked AB Dick, one of which I watched in action at the Air Filter Center in Billings. But I digress. Cleaned mine a couple times and a messy job it was. When you mentioned you and the drum both taking soapy baths it gave me an idea. Next time I clean my mimeo drum, both of us (me and my mimeo drum I mean) are going to get into the tub together. That should solve some problems and maybe not create too many new ones. Got some idea how well that will work, but I'm naturally optimistic.

Liked THE WAR OF THE GOLDEN BEER BOTTLE very much, and particularly liked the illos that went with it. Very good, gal, and in spite of our religious differences, I agree the golden beer bottle was worth fighting for. It was empty you know, and you can get a deposit back on empty beer bottles.

You didn't finish it. Harald invaded England in 1066...and got killed. Was quite a character, I agree, only as I heard it he was Olaf's uncle, wasn't he? Not that I was there. Nope I haven't heard the joke about the traveling Saleswoman and the Farmer's son, but I do wish you'd tell it to me in a letter, for I doubt if I'll be in San Francisco very soon. Karon I honestly do boloiye de garron has dot gut, and am surprised you don't yourself. It at least helps.

What was the theme of BULL SHOT? I must have had a theme, or is that a FAPA type comment. I notice you took the same cowardly way out that Larry Anderson tried...Double spacing. Hmph!

GHU SAPLEMENT #24 Not all those concoctions in the NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE will turn your stomach, and it is my opinion that a sissy nuclear fizz is one of the most sneaky, uncontrollable drinks I've ever drunk till drunk. I mean it is one of the few you slip so gradually downhill on you can't tell when the change from sobriety to soddenness comes. It isn't sudden, it isn't slow, it is just inexorable. Of the others though I wouldn't say anything in favor of.

Liked your convention report and I'm more than sorry I didn't go there. Wish you could have told more of the SAPS you met, but I don't see how anyone could do even a halfway good job of writing up a convention for the things you'd enjoy the most were perhaps things that would make dull reading. Meeting people you've wanted to meet is wonderful, but it isn't easy to tell it in a way that will make others feel the same way. Nice poetry John. Gee to be young and romantic again. Or even rich. Don't ask how that got in there.

SPY RAY OF SAPS Odd how a person's style of mimeographing can become so familiar. Not that of everyone of course, but generally that of the more active and individualistic publisher is at least vaguely familiar. NanShare has a distinctive style and when first going through the mailing and not paying too much attention to the names of the zines, I found myself wondering vaguely (I'm very expert at wondering vaguely) how come Nance sounded so much like Eney. Rich I don't know if the allusion in Briggs carrying a sword to make him polite got through to you, but suspect you do or will remember the origin of that. Was way back in the dim ages, during fifth fandom days, when Rick Sneary put forth the theory that if everyone went armed and there was a code duello, it would naturally follow that everyone would be courteous and polite. So in some zine, WILD HAIR I suspect, some insurgent mentioned he heard Sneary comming. He could recognize him by the clanking noise made by the sword Sneary carried to make himself polite. I'd look up the exact quote, were I not lazy and knew I where to look. Liked your interlination.

Spacewar #57 Man, not too long to wait for your anniversary issue. How you going to top the ones you've done lately, and do you think you'll survive such an annish? Hard telling for already you've demonstrated super-fan stamina, but it will be a case of being able to back-track a little. Wonderful cover on this. Your figures slipped a little for several reasons, among which was my rushed out OUTSIDERS #18. If I'd stayed home that was to have been my biggest issue, 40 pages at a minimum. Oh well, so I loused things up proper. At that a 406 page mailing wasn't bad. Would be fun to see 500 pages all in one SAPS envelope, but hardly feel it can be expected very soon.

Art, in spite of the future of spate of Canadian language zines it won't be as bad as it might seem. There are quite a number in SAPS who can understand enough Canadian to get along, and in fact I think all of us living in states bordering Canada listen enough to Canadian radio stations to give us a command of Basic Canadian. Take a look at the membership roster and you'll see at least 17 of the present members and 4 out of 14 of the waiting listers should have a smattering of Canadian. It is also possible the three from England might get by too. So things may not be as bad as they seem.

On the record player now is THE ROSENKAVALIER. Gads have I been surrounded by music since Bill came home. May use that for an article though.

Yes the expensive rehabilitation of my trusty typer did result in better stencil cutting than the page on which I announced such rehabilitation. But it was still rather poor since the type face had been worn down, and its greatest result in improving my stencil cutting was that I had to get a new typer. This though is driving my frantic mildly for the stencil feeds slightly agley and windershins. I have no idea how to correct it myself but I'd like to do it with a 9½ combat boot.

Art, as I recall, the hyfenated use of your mother's name in England at least, denoted illegitimacy, and all such names mean a blotted escutcheon at some time in the past. Of course Spanish style is different, and I find myself in a quandry were I to try such a thing. Should I, in such a case, use the Anglicized version of my mother's name and become Wrai Webster Anderson-Ballard, or go back to the original Norse and become Wrai Webster Aasletten-Ballard. Nope, neither has the proper rythm.

Agree with you on women Art, even to preferring them to cars. Gad, I have a line I want to write here but I better not. (Now playing the Peer Gynt Suite) Liked the stories Art...whole dawggone zine in fact. But I always do.

SAPS RILLER #2 MIDSUMMERS NIGHT'S DREAM now blasting out on a system I learned from Bill. Use two speakers, one tuned for the low notes and the other for the high register. Sounds good although a bit loud at times. Bill just left for Fargo with instructions to get me a bottle of correction fluid and a shading plate. The mail came, bringing as usual no mail and as usual no FAPA mailing. Parn me for so unpatriotically bemoaning the lack of a FAPA mailing, but the deadline for the next mailing is only 11 days away and I think I owe a page to keep my membership. OK Jack, this pay you back for that "noted"? Sure you had to send perfume. In fact I find myself rather taken aback you didn't, for the way I saw it there was nothing else for you to do. You wouldn't want to continue talking in ignorance would you? And don't come back asking why you should be any different from the rest of us. By the way, Mr. Harness, did you know the Montgomery Ward Farm Catalogue has dropped their harness line from the listing? Not enough demand for Harness'. I did not do P-STOL POINT, but unlike most I know who did, although that is an entirely different Masked Marvel, not the one I had listed in the OO. Somehow with those measurments it strikes me as incongruous that Vampira should appear on "Place the Face." Oh well. Like your comments Jack.

SAPSSYCHE #1 Pleased to have you in SAPS Bob. After that long waiting period, imagine you were so used to not doing SAPSazines it was almost an unbreakable habit. Hope you can get in the habit of starting zines early...this is one of my latest starts and still close to six weeks to the deadline. Still that desperate feeling can be fun. Heck Bob you should have asked the fan the meaning of Ajay or any fan-slanguage. Not only would you learn, but fen get a boost from expounding our little crumbs of knowledge. Know I got a kick out of leading a few deeper into the morass of fandom, but I always did have a mean streak.

Fargo is 40 miles from here by road. That two tractor hitch isn't common (Mendelsohn's Wedding March on now) (Next comes Debussy's AFTERNOON OF A FAAN) but the ground was pretty hard so we tried using two tractors and one plow. It will work at times, but not this time for the ground was too dry and hard for the plow to dig in. Very simple hitch. Plow hooked to one tractor and the second tractor hooked to the first (which came second) by a log chain. Just one of the fool things you try on a farm. Liked your comments too Bob, and hope you'll be a regular.

DODO #5 Don't really know how to write about this since I first read it in Vee's presence and commented verbally. Cover pic isn't especially flattering to her, but suspect most guessed that without being told. The nose is, perhaps I better explain, detachable and not the one she generally wears. I mean this nose is detachable, the one she wears when not wearing this is a permanently attached one. The bathrobe is Bill's, and he got to wear it when he bought her one for Christmas. Hair is hers and red too, especially in the sunlight. Nice. I should mention the time Vee and I took apart and electric shaver. Don't know why I should mention it, I m not really in a mean mood today. So I won't.

MAINE-IAC #11 Should put on some background music while typing this, but the last few days I've gotten enough music to give me the shudders when contemplating more. Phoo, I can use music. Put Listz Hungarian Rapsodies and the Offenbach Gaité Parisienne on the changer and they should last till chore time. Between them mayhaps I can get a page of mailing comment done. Have been doing only a page or twp a day, but try to get some done every day. My name isn't Murgatroyd, but I do try to get my evil deed done each day. ah here is the part I like, the monkey is trying to climb the ladder with a hod full of bricks.

Bill Hampton collects Beer bottles too, hundreds of them. Forget the brand names, but there must have been at least two for I helped carry the second trip load back and we lined them up in two bunches for one batch was worth more than the other. Hm I see you mention saving caps, no he didn't do that. Collecting neon signs...now that would be a hobby.

This mixing articles and stories in amongst the mailing comments is confusing to me in my mailing comment facet. In veiw of Coslet's 'open' letter on his most recent rise to power and all that, I wonder if you still feel Coslet for OE after Nangee should be the motto for SAPS. I've heard of a few who are in violent disagreement, and a couple more who are mildly wondering. Suspect I'll try to make my position on it later, when I've figured out my position.

Find your featurette on the LASFS very fine and in perfect tradition..all the details on how you got to the meeting and nothing else. I applaud such goings on. Ed, I know who Dr. Thomas S Gardner is. Also David H Keller (got a Christmas card from him once), HP Lovecraft and Abe Merritt. Merritt especially was always getting a big play, not only when you got into Fandom, but also back in 1939 when he and FFM were jointly responsible for my long lasting interest in stf, which started gaining violence when FFM published things like THE SNAKE MOTHER, DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE, etc. TRITON I remeber well, and Russ Woodman wrote me a letter that I consider the most witty of any I've gotten while a fan, praise indeed when you consider the fen I've gotten letters from. Dmagine there are still copies of TRITON and its letterzine supplement somplace in among the tents I folded when "leaving the farm" Both were high class jobs, but I like hte present MAINE_IAC better.

This "Gimic" deal on cutting comments...well I used to find some program of classical or semi-classical music on the radio, but more often I'll have it quiet and walk around a bit while thinking up comments. Spend about half the time in front of the typer and the rest in my rocker by the bed. Rarely have more than one zine on my desk, except when doing several zines under one heading (Like Eva's this time) Try to get into the mood before writing, but do it more by continually kidding myself I'm in the mood all the time while doing chores. You know, when I wake in the morning I tell myself, "I'm really in the mood to write on OUTSIDERS today". Then I balance this idea like a feather on my nose until I get time. Is a very slippery idea though, and an empty mailbox can ruin it, and also a lot of mail can ruin it. The best mood is when I get mail from one or more enthusiastic members telling how they are doing on their zines, and how they hope I'm doing well on mine. I find myself very susceptible to the moods of others most of the time, and Eva, Art, Larry Anderson, and Al both are responsible for this much of the zine. If I thought I was going to say that maybe I should have insulted a few people.

Sorry Ed, but doubt if there will be much about Wrai Ballard, City Dweller, at least not in some time, although I do have hopes. Vague unformed thoughts, but still plans can grow into something. Not sure if I'll leave the farm again soon, or what city I'd go to, but it is a good possibility and I've an open and empty mind on the subject. Find many aspects of city life enjoyable, and contrary to some expressed opinions, it did not make me appreciate the farm all the more. Oh well.

Fine issue of MAINE-IAC ed. Your best I think and that means a lot. Think the poll will give you a very good idea how well it rates.

AFROPOS ADDENDA Find it extremely natural that the zine Nan thought of as an extra to her regular zine tied for size with the other two largest, one of which was her regular zine and the other one of those she mimeced. The amount of publishing she does always amazes me. Overawes me a bit too, I must admit.

INTERVIEW ON A HIGHER PLANE makes more sense than many a serious attempt at explaining. I saw an explanation of the SONGS OF SOLOMON once that was far less understandable and impossible to accept. Liked the Briggs Deal on the McCarthy/Murrow squabble. Nice, clean and prejudiced the same way I am, what else could be wanted? Fiction was uniformly good and I'd have a hard time picking between the two. Who is this neo-fan Lucious McSnorple? And honestly, is Rog Sims like a Teddy Bear? Come to think of it I've seen pictures of him.

Dean, I hope you do have a regular publisher for THE MURKY WAY. Its well worth using, reading and doing. You are the neo-fan though, aren't you? Nan's graphology fits very well, very very well, in most places and is almost laughably incorrect in others, but on the whole it impresses me more than most of those graphologies.

Yah I went west, and later went east. Now I don't know what additions or revisions could be made on that one-shot column Vee and I did. Oh well it covered things pretty well as they were then and I did enjoy meeting fen very much. SAGA was excellent as I expected it to be, but too short by far. This was a good zine Nan, only it is hard to comment on it more fully without going hog wild, page after page and stencil after stencil, and me with a stencil shortage.

IGNATZ #8 Yes I suspect missing a mailing could give one a rather odd feeling unless he or she was used to it, but having a mailing miss you is just as bad. As is the case of the FAPA mailing #69 which I'm still waiting for, with the deadline exactly a week away. What's the use of ambition under such circumstances? SAGS personalities is(are?) a very good feature and hope you and Plato continue them. They are very apt in their satiric but unmalicious way. Some might carry a small bite, but only a sore-head would be angered by them I think. Plato is a man of discernment I suspect.

Excellent am-so poems, and it may be that am-so poetry has outlived not-poetry. Rapp of course keeps on doing superior type not-poetry, but aside from scattered items, it seems the phase has passed. Fortunately there has been no widespread acceptance and rise of am-so poets. Must admit I've developed a err....tolerance for the "am-so" form.

Mal Ashworth is a waiting lister is he not? Good, he'll be a nice addition. Good article or story which ever it was. What though, is a push bike? For some reason or other that gave me a mental picture of a kid on a scooter. No, it can't be for "he peddled away". Explain please..anyone. And further on, Nance, what are the questions you'd like to ask in a poll?

I don't beleive in a life after death, and of course not in reincarnation either. Both seem to me to be extentions of the "how can anything wonderful as I pass totally from existance". No Nance I'm not accusing you of being that egotistical, it is just that I can't see how anyone can feel there isn't an end to a person when he or she dies, and why they should worry about there being such an end. My theory of life is like a road which you go down until you get as far as you are going. And to me this isn't a discomforting beleaf either.

Did a fellow named Vachell Lindsay write CONGO DRUMS? In fact is there such a fellow? I don't know a thing about it, for I merely saw, CONGO DRUMS, and thought "Vachell Lindsay". So it wouldn't surprise me to learn he was the poet writing it for my memory works like that reasonably often. Evidently, if I'm correct, I read that somewhere once, and my mental filing cabinet just popped up with the answer. Too bad my memory circuits are not always as efficient. At times it takes me days of unconscious(subconscious?) effort to remeber a thing.

Had it all planned to write maybe a couplet rhyming with Ed's middle name. Only unfortunately I can't remember for sure what it is and destroyed nearly all my correspondence, including the letter in which he accidentally told me what it was. Doubt though that it would be any easier to rhyme than "Murgatroyd" which isn't the easiest name to use in poetry.

Silence is a pure avoid,
but better than a "Murgatroyd".
We must admit he's quite a fox,
The canny Edmund M _____ Cox.

Ed, is my an-so poetry OK if you use your complete and correct middle name? I think I did remember it now, but not too sure. By the way "Murgatroyd is not a name to be ashamed of. It belonged to a fine old family which once had to do at least one evil deed every day. It was a duty, and they performed it well and rather tuncfully.

Find it odd, quite odd, that you'd say, "Foo, I'd rather worship Oscar than that Ratty old Roscoe anyday." First Oscar, being a muskrat is far more ratty than the beaver type Roscoe, and also it seems that IGNATZ, being a mouse, missed being a rat only by an inactive thyroid. Mamm you is unconsistant all over the place. "The right to horsewhip women". Heh! A very good issue Nancy.

NANDU #9 As always one of the best looking jobs in the mailing, or have I said that before? I had an advantage in this, for the publisher pointed out favorite lines, phrases and explained yours I may have otherwise missed. A nice way to read it. Wonder if Dean will explain the Kincannon Cure? Was ingenious, and practical too. Sorry so few of us know what the joke was, but at least three members could enjoy the joke.

Nan, that Brunner graphology..well it was a bit out of place because so few of us know the fellow. In fact some of us even refuse to believe in his existance outside of some exotic imagination. When you publed the graphology of some SAPS members, the rest of us could check it with what we had found as an opinion of him..whoops what a sentence...But on those graphologies there was some basis of comparison that would make it interesting to us. Brunner on the other hand would make a fine member, but until he does, using such a graphology is just padding and more or less wasted.

Evidently we talked this issue out pretty well for I find nothing to mention that hasn't been already covered. Liked the whole thing, I always do, but wonder how many parenthetical paused you've changed your mind about. Think I could pick out a few at least. Still they are all interesting to say the least. Gee cliché's all over my zine today, should stick to the text of what I've written. Your mailing comments still rate around the top, and I hope you don't stop doing them.

There were several other postmailing things that I could mention and maybe will, but not here. Should mention a comparison of the recent SAPS and FAPA mailings. But can hardly compare them, except to say if SAPS members in FAPA stopped publing it would be a sickly organization..based on who published in the last FAPA mailing. Hm looked it up and see spoke from ignorance and prejudice. Just happened the zines I remebered were by SAPS for the mostpart.

OUTSIDERS #18 Since there is some scencil space left I might as well mention this. So it is mentioned. Now what do I do?

stop