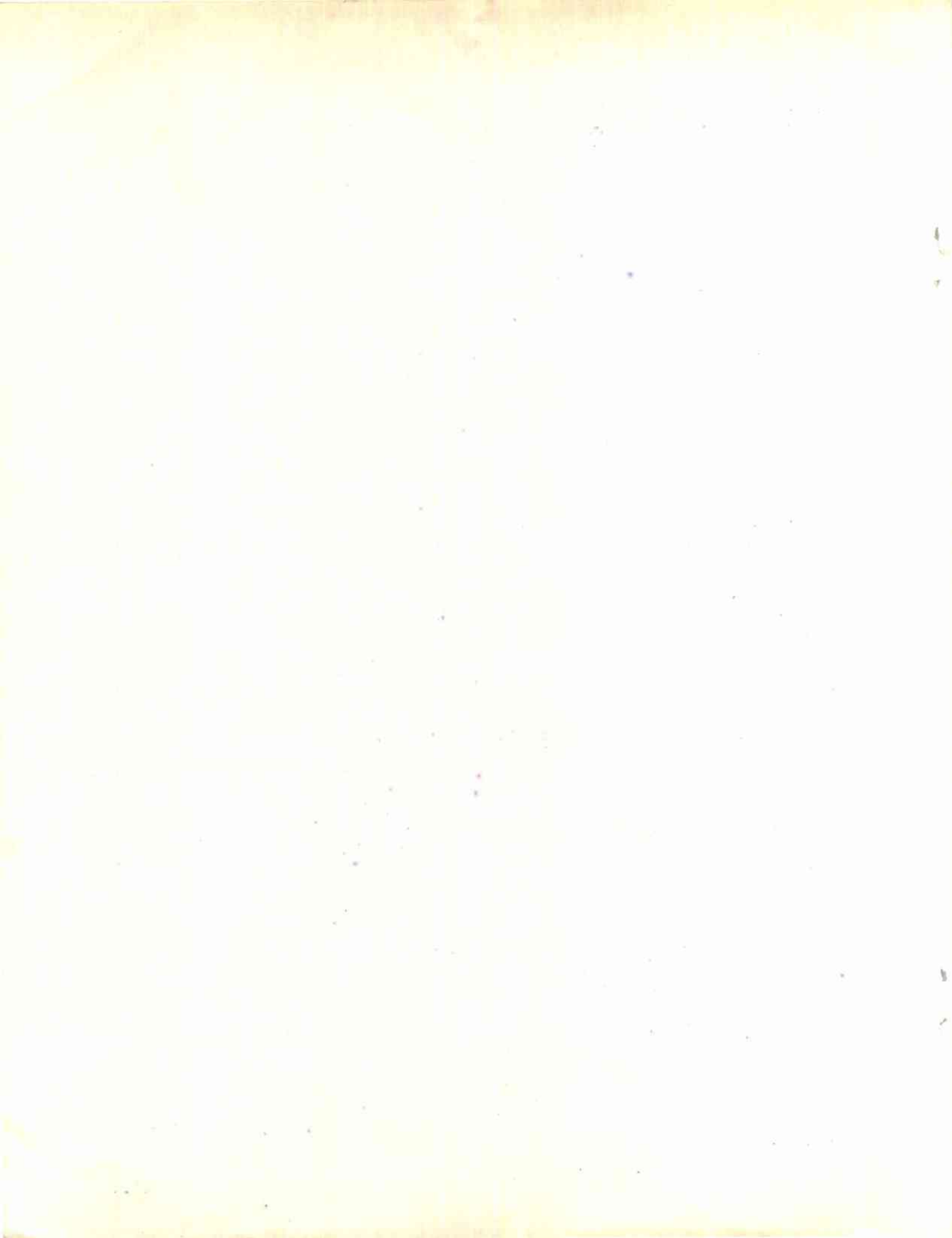


S---#4

O, HOW SQUARE!





is produced for SAPS by Miriam and Terry Carr, currently at 1906 Grove St., Berkeley 4, California. This issue is intended for inclusion in SAPS Mailing number 50, January 1960.

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SAPS is where old TAPF candidates go to die.  
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### Greetings!

Sort of a weak, gasped Greetings! this time, I'm afraid. We ran into all sorts of obstacles this time, not the least of which was a goddam little virus which hit Miriam and struck her down so thoroughly that she wasn't even able to do mailing comments this issue. She did make it a point to get her "Sapsurvey Report" written, though, and you'll find it over there on the other side of this sheet. (And if the showthrough is acting up, you'll already know that.)

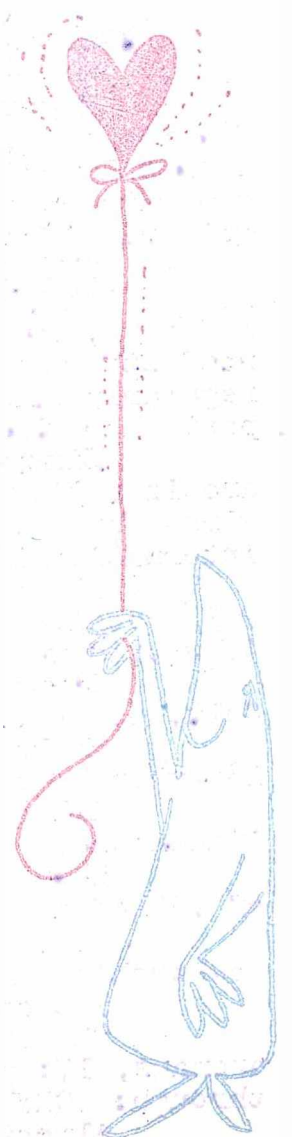
I dunno--seems to me that with a learned man like Dr. Toskey as our OE and supposedly-benevolent dictator we shouldn't have had all this trouble. I mean, couldn't you have passed a law, Tosk, against viruses interfering with fanac? Phooey, pass a new natural law, dammit. Viruses are small; don't be afraid to push 'em around.

Anyhow, we did get an issue ready anyhow. This makes four straight mailings we've hit, with a total of 105 pages during the year. Not much compared to Toskey or Pelz, I guess, but then what is?

We have an announcement to make which will no doubt gladden many SAPSish hearts: starting with next issue, the beginning of Volume 2 of this fine upstanding fanzine, the name will be changed. No longer will Toskey have to hide his eyes while reading the zine; no longer will he have to turn the cover inward to hide it when carrying the mag on the street. (A thought: we should have put a rupture-easer ad on one of the year's bacovers.) No longer will people hound us asking us how to pronounce the goddam title --a question we can't answer, because we avoid pronouncing it at all costs. Yessir, next issue there'll be a new title.

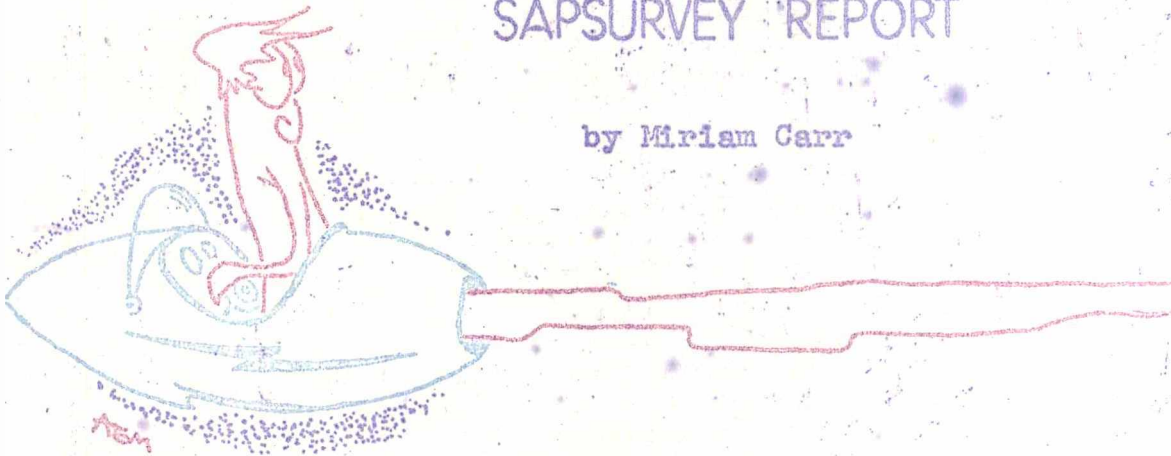
The new title will be RAGNAROK. We'll keep the issue numbering, though, so look for RAGNAROK #5 next time around. The zine will be about the same --dual mailing comments, articles and faanfiction and ?poetry? and such--though we have an idea for a new column which we may try out. What the hell, archie, the future looks good.

And don't forget MIRIAM CARR FOR OE.



## SAPSURVEY REPORT

by Miriam Carr



I got 29 answers, out of a possible 36, which is better than 80% response. I'm pleased, I really am. But, as I got polls back from only 6 female members, I didn't feel that was enough to do a separate report on femmes. Sooo...you have all been lumped together. (Your statistics, I mean.)

The average SAP is 27 years old, five feet nine and a half inches tall, weighs 151 pounds, and reads stf regularly, both books and mags, but mostly books. (Eighteen out of the 29 that answered read stf regularly. Seven out of the eleven that don't read it regularly read it occasionally, and all have read it more in the past than they do now.)

Sixty-two percent are in local fanclubs. Twelve members are in national clubs: NFFF, 9 members; ISFS, 2; ISFCC, 3; JISFC, 1; First Fandom, 1. Or, the average SAP is in 55% of a national (or international) club.

The average SAP has been to two World Conventions, and 2 3/4 regional cons. He has .48 of a spouse and .61 of a child! (How this was accomplished I couldn't say!)

Sixteen are in other apas: N'APA, 10; FAPA, 9; OMPA, 6; Cult, 5. Or, the average SAP is in one other apa.

He has been in fandom 8.39 years. Therefore he was about 18 1/2 when he entered fandom.

All but one member are actifen outside SAPS--in every way imaginable.

There are 24 genzines edited by those who answered, an average of .83 of a genzine per member.

There are 15 tape recorders and one wire recorder in the membership that answered--or, .53 tapers per member.

The average member has 1.38 duper, and 1.55 typers.

The average SAP discovered fandom thru the promags, I guess: promags, 17; personal contact, 6; conventions, 2. And one each through: CRY (?), leaflets, NFFF (?), and E.C. fandom.

Almost everyone was introduced to SAPS thru correspondence or personal contact. (Coswal came in thru the FAN SPECTATOR and was in on the formation. Terry came in thru dual membership and Art Hayes signed at the Solacon. All the rest got interested thru other fans.) The Busbys brought in 5, Wally Weber 4, Art Rapp 4,

Bill Meyers 3; Howard DeVore, Martin Alger, John Berry, and G. M. Carr each influenced 2 members. Each of the following was the influence for one member to join: Jim Caughran (see, he's not such a bad egg), Rich Brown, Coswal, Ev Winne, Lee Jacobs, Bob Briggs, Bruce Pelz, Bob Lichtman, Lloyd Alpaugh, Joe Kennedy, WSPA, Al Toth, Karen Anderson, and Jack Harness.

The preferences of those in other apas comes out like this: seven prefer SAPS, mainly for its close-knitness. One prefers N'APA, for more interesting topics. Five have no preference or decline to state it. Three prefer FAPA, for higher quality material. One prefers OMPA, for no stated reason.

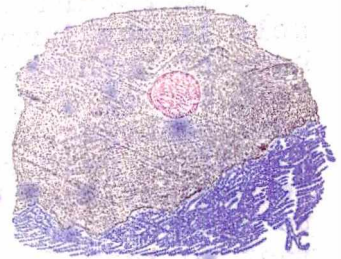
The average SAP goes to the movies about 1.7 times per month. His favourite music is classical; the voting went thusly: classical, 20; jazz, 15; folk, 13; operetta, 10; pops, 8; show tunes, 7; rock and roll, 5; and peace and quiet, 3. (I didn't include items that got only one vote--they were too outre.)

The average SAP is not built like a gorilla--in fact, only one says he is. However, we do have a member who is built like a chimp, another like a gibbon, and another like a shetland pony. Other bright answers included: "not any more," "got a belly like one!" "I like to think I have higher forehead and less hair on limbs," and "only in spirit".

On the "Fugg or Grunch?" question: Fugg beat Grunch 3 to 2. Yes beat no 8 to 4. Other answers included: "grotch," "grunching bothers my teeth," "flooze," "wonk," and "drink grape pop, eat science fiction".

Nobody had anything very significant to add except three people. Ted Johnstone said, "I did not set fire to my tent!" Es Adams said, "yes." (And that was all he said.) And Bruce Pelz said: "Miriam Carr For O.E.!"

--Miriam Carr



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SAPS is what SAPS would be if SAPS had the nerve.  
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LINES UPON AN ICONOCLASTIC BROW

The first stfmag I ever read would also 've been the last  
If I hadn't read the letters in the back.  
They raved about the classics written in the ish before,  
Tho to me the current issue seemed pure hack.  
Well, I haunted the used-mag stores till I found the previous ish,  
And I read it and I thought it even worse--  
But the writers in the lettercol said tantalizing things  
Of the ish before, an act I think perverse.

For I've kept on buying older mags, and older ones than those,  
And I've read them all, and wish that I were dead.  
But the aggravating boredom that I've suffered taught me this:  
The very best yarns are the ones you haven't read!

-- Terry Carr

5

## Facts In The Case Of Nathaniel Whately

by Terry Carr



On a dark October night during the Fandom I chanced to find myself in the immediate vicinity of the small township of \_\_\_\_\_, home of Nathaniel Whately, who was known to me as a member of a certain apa of which I too was a member. The deadline for the next mailing being then almost nigh, and my membership being in peril, I therefore resolved to pay a visit to this gentleman, my object being to request that he join me in a one-shot session or, failing that, to allow me to make use of his typewriter and duplicating equipment so that I might produce my minimum activity by myself.

A perusal of a map of the area, and a conversation with a gentleman of the township's police force, served to inform me that Whately's residence was considerably outside the small cluster of wood-and-brick buildings which comprised the community itself. Having left my means of transportation in the trustworthy hands of a local mechanic for repairs, I placed myself on the road leading to Whately's residence and mused to myself, as I walked, upon the strange expression which had crossed the countenance of the policeman of whom I had enquired directions, and the guarded manner in which he spoke of the good Mr. Whately. Concluding at length that his odd manner was natural for a nonfan speaking of one of our calling, I walked somewhat more briskly, and soon found myself nearing the Whately property.

As I approached I noticed with mounting curiosity that the trees which lined either side of the road were becoming more and more bent and twisted, the bark more and more aged and covered with dark mosses. It was almost as though I were entering an area accursed of Roscoe, damned by Ghu and all the dark gods. There was-- I do not know how to express it. It was almost a tangible night-shadow, a feeling in the air of intense nonfannishness--which is even more

loathsome to me than the smell or presence of sea-creatures. But at length I shrugged this off, reflecting that such ancient, dried and twisted timbers as here surrounded me would indeed be very poor fodder for a paper-mill and that this, coupled with a feeling of exhaustion from my day's travels, accounted for the weird feeling of nonfannishness which I seemed to sense.

Arriving at the gate of Whately's residence, I found it to be a spacious estate, with a gravel footpath leading from the gate to the door. I made note of Whately's name on the mailbox to be sure that this was indeed his estate, and noticed also the enormous size of the receptacle. It was fully six feet long, over two feet wide, and nearly two feet from top to bottom. Truly a mailbox worthy of a fan, I reflected, though I could not stifle the irrelevant thought that it was also adequately large for a funeral casket.

Unlatching the gate, I made my way slowly up the walkway to Whately's door and pounded the knocker thrice upon it. In a moment I heard from within the sound of footsteps approaching, and in due time the door opened and a dark man of amazing stature confronted me, peering silently down at my five-foot-nine height with eyes that seemed almost to burn in deep-set sockets beneath thin eyebrows which jutted out from his forehead.

I was taken aback for a moment, but recovered my composure sufficiently to announce my name and request to be escorted into the presence of Mr. Whately. Imagine my surprise when this imposing individual informed me that he was Nathaniel Whately--and imagine my further surprise when he clapped me heavily on the back and said, "Come in, come in! I've some beer in the pantry--we'll sit and talk about fandom!"

It was only when he turned without further words and led me into the library that I noticed the small red beanie perched atop the closely-cropped black hair of his massive, prominently-boned head, and realized with something akin to a start that the peculiar odour which I had noticed subconsciously and had half imagined to be the smell of decaying corpses, was in reality produced by home-brewed beer fermenting.

Whately took my overcoat and ushered me to a seat, then went off to fetch beer for the two of us, leaving me to examine his collection, which rested neatly in bookshelves all along two walls of the room. On one wall was his books-and-magazines collection, consisting of complete runs of Weird Tales, Strange Tales, and publications of a similar nature, together with the usual hard-bound books from Arkham House and F.P.C.I. and Prime Press and the like. His files of Amazing, Astounding and such seemed to be in near-mint condition, much better than the fantasy items, and I wondered briefly if this was because he prized the science fiction more highly or if he simply had not read those items as thoroughly as the fantasy.

Along the other wall was his collection of fanzines, many sets bound or boxed. It was a collection which might well be prized by many a fanzine collector, numbering among its treasures complete sets of FANTASY MAGAZINE, THE TIME TRAVELLER, THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET and others. A complete boxed set of Pogo Comics was also there, and a bound file of the significant portions of Animal Comics.

I was interrupted in my perusal of these delights by the return of my host with two glasses of beer and a massive container which he placed in the center of the stand-table between our chairs and from which he informed me I might replenish my supply as I chose. The preliminaries accomplished, we settled back and began

to get acquainted.

I informed him first of my reason for calling to visit, of my immediate need of activity credit, and he agreed to join me in the production of a one-shot later in the evening. We then fell to talking of fandom and science fiction and fantasy, exchanging views and bits of news as is typical among followers of these fields. Whately seemed interested primarily in the field of fantasy, and specifically horror-fantasy of the H. P. Lovecraft school. His interest in this aspect of our genre was deep, and his knowledge of it amazing, but for my part I had to confess, albeit politely, rather a disinterest in such stories, for I find the style of writing so commonly employed therein to be exceedingly dull, lifeless, and unwieldy. But Whately and I nonetheless managed to conduct a lively conversation, and got on quite famously.

At length, by the time we had emptied the large container of home brew, I began to feel decidedly strange, almost as though I had been drugged. The room seemed to swim about me in an outre, kaleidoscopic way, with the only stationary object in it upon which I could focus being Whately's eyes, which seemed to bore into me with a white-hot penetrating force, as his voice droned on speaking of something or other--I was no longer sure exactly what. I have the impression that he was speaking of the contributions Lovecraft had had printed in early fan magazines. All I can remember clearly is the intensity of Whately's gaze, and the confusion in my mind as I fought the effects of whatever ingredients I had been drinking and stared fixedly back at Whately, trying to equate the burning eyes, the sharp, aquiline nose, the thin lips, sunken cheeks and prominent cheekbones with my conception of a sensitive fannish face.

It must have been shortly after midnight when Whately abruptly stood up and announced that the time had come for us to adjourn to his den and produce the one-shot of which we had been speaking earlier. I stood with him, fearfully, and followed him uncertainly into the hall and up an immense flight of steps while he spoke over his shoulder of his interest in the ancient, the forgotten arts. His voice came echoing back from the walls, sounding hollow and mocking, and I shuddered in spite of myself.

At the head of the stairs was a large oak-panelled door, strongly bolted, and as he mounted the last step Whately produced from the folds of his clothes a chain of keys, from which he selected one of curious design and workmanship and began to unlock the door. Over his shoulder, with a thin-lipped smile, he explained that it would never do for any of the children of the area, who sometimes crept into the house at night, to stumble into this room by accident, and he laughed shortly and, it seemed to me, conspiratorially at this remark.

By this time I was at the head of the stairs myself, standing weakly and supporting myself determinedly against the top of the bannister. My stomach suddenly was feeling decidedly queasy, and as I watched Whately fumble with the locks and bolts of that massive door and heard his laugh, somehow I knew instinctively that I would rather not view what was inside the room. I looked behind me and saw the staircase stretching out dizzily below me to the front door--and suddenly I longed to leave this house and this man who cackled as he unlocked the heavy door at the head of the stairs, beyond which door was--I couldn't think of it.

And abruptly, behind me, the last lock clicked, Whately let out a held breath, and the door to the room swung open, revealing to my horrified gaze all that I had feared, in the back of my mind, Drugged



as I was, I screamed and ran tumbling down the stairs, picked myself up at the bottom and, ignoring Whately's loud cries from above, bolted into the night. Nor did I halt my flight till I had covered almost the entire distance back to the cluster of houses that comprised the township of \_\_\_\_\_. I was still trembling and pale when I retrieved my automobile and drove off into the night.

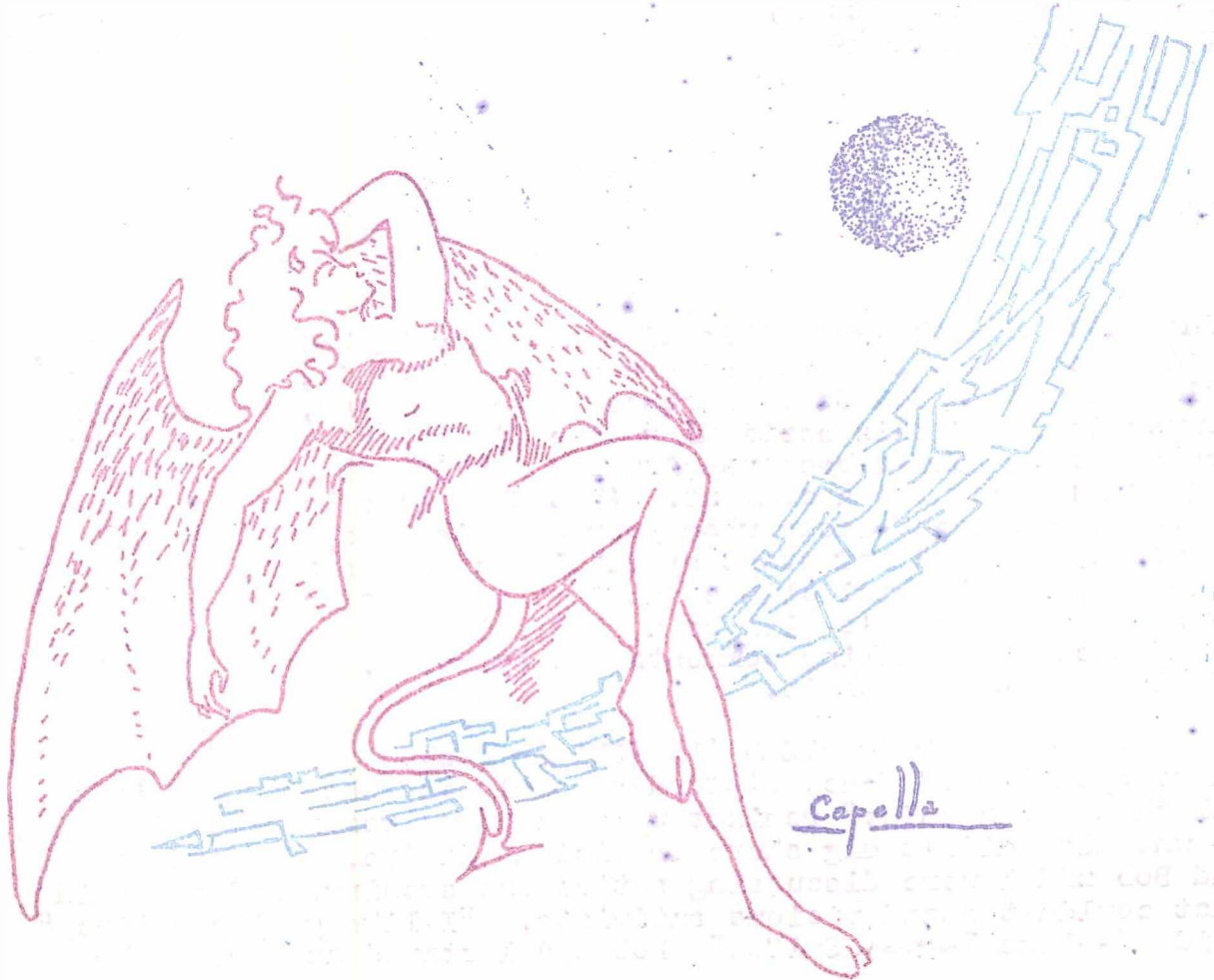
\* \* \* \* \*

I have often thought back to that horrible evening in \_\_\_\_\_ while reading further mailings of the amateur press group of which both Whately and I were members. I managed to save my membership by stopping off at another member's home two days later, and I am a member to this day. And so, for that matter, is Whately.

But his contributions to the mailings never fail to arouse a strong remembrance of the evening I spent with him, and of the blood-curdling sight I saw behind the door at the top of the stairs. I hold his magazines in my hands, and the very feel of them--cold and clammy, like some sea-thing--reminds me. For behind that door, in the room where Whately claimed he produced all his fanzines, I saw very clearly and distinctly, waiting for me, a flatbed hekto-graph.

-- Terry Carr

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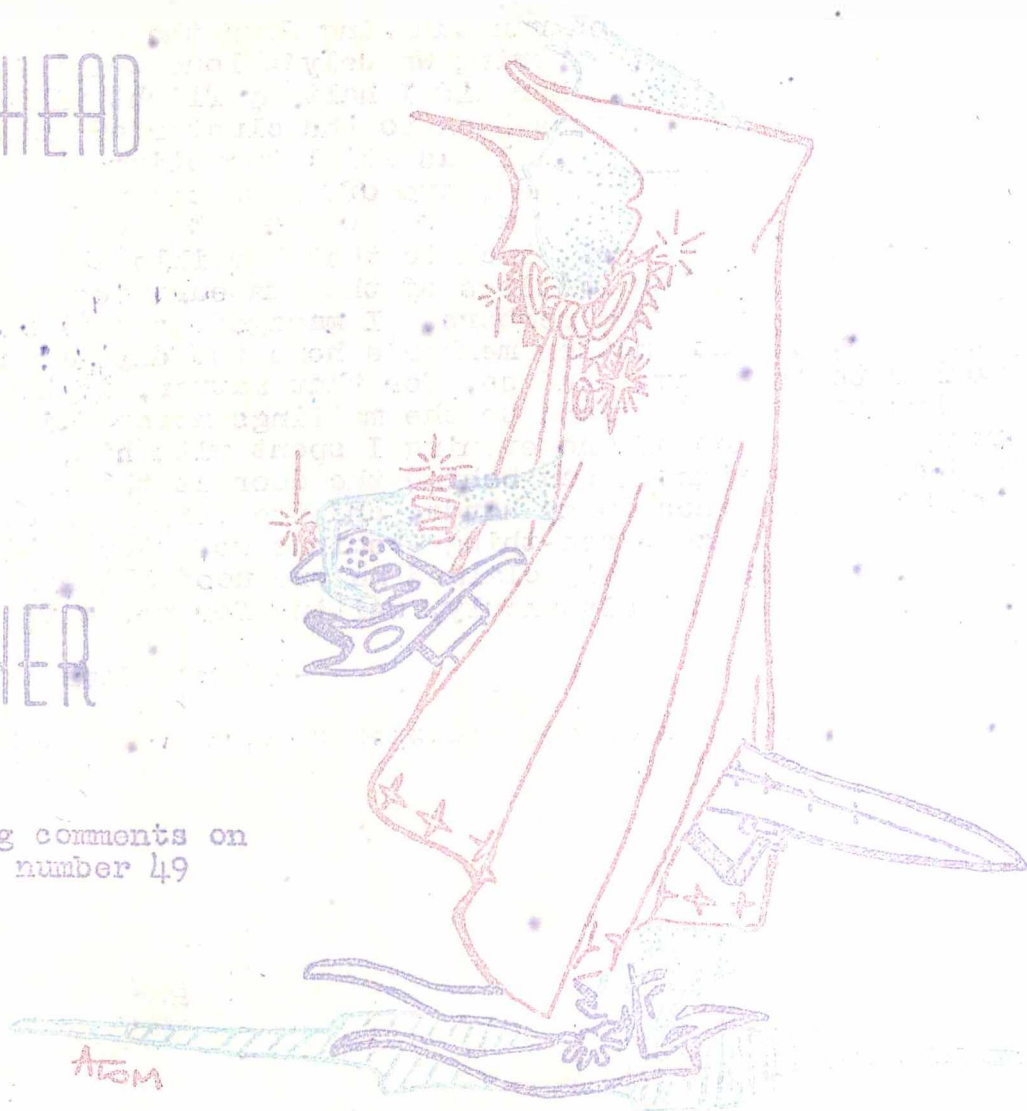
Capella

IN ONE HEAD

AND OUT

THE OTHER

being mailing comments on  
saps mailing number 49



The setup for the mc's this time around will be, of necessity, a bit different than is usual around here. Thing is, we always do this zine in just a few days of concentrated reading, chocimarking, and commenting, and this particular time finds Miriam in bed with a feverish cold. She's been reading the mailing, but complains that nothing turns her on to a comment. (Let that be a lesson to you-- never look for comment-hooks when your head is fuzzy and stuffed-up.) So I'm gonna go ahead and start my mailing comments right now (I being Terry), and if Miri climbs out of the depths medical gafia pretty soon, why her mc's will be a little further on. But until you get notice, all mailing comments are by Terry.

So let's get on with it.

#### FINDENIZEN #14 (Elinor Busby)

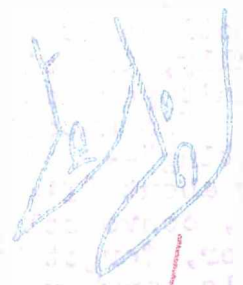
Your speaking of Nancy Mitford's novels as "the utmost limit of cynical that I can enjoy" reminds me of a young woman named Joan Dwyer, who also didn't dig sharp or vicious satire. She and her husband Bob and I were discussing satire one evening, and she said she just couldn't stand vicious satirists. "I like gentle satire," she said, "--like Jonathan Swift!" Bob and I stared at her, dumb-

struck. "Gentle satire? Swift?" Bob exclaimed. "What about 'A Modest Proposal'? There was some real gentle satire," I said. "No, I mean like 'Gulliver's Travels'," said Joan. "But that's one of the most vicious satires I've ever read," said Bob. "Well, I thought it was kind of gentle," Joan muttered.

Bob is one of the most cynical people I know, and that was one reason all this was striking me so funny. He said, "I'll bet you think 'Peanuts' is gentle satire." "Of course!" said Joan. Bob said, "The other day in 'Peanuts' Lucy came up to Charlie Brown and one of the others and wanted to play marbles with them. They let her play, and she lost. So she stood up and stomped all their marbles into the ground. That was a perfect satire on women. That's the way they are--if they can't have things going their way they want to stomp the marbles into the ground." Joan just glared at him and insisted that "Peanuts" was gentle satire.

And the absolutely funniest thing about it was that Joan is a hell of a lot smarter than Bob. I knew it, and I think Bob knew it too, as well as Joan. And I think that's why Bob is such a cynical person.

On poets: for a long time my favorite poem was Poe's "Eldorado". I had it memorized and all, and can still recite it, albeit a bit brokenly. (I speak broken Poetry.) I still like a lot of Poe's poems, like "The Bells" and such, but my tastes run more to blank verse these days--Whitman and Eliot are the only poets I have any real affection for the works of. (And after a sentence like that you'd be surprised I could dig anything halfway cultural anyhow, eh?) To tell the truth, I don't like poetry overmuch.



Re TAFF: I think the reason the hassles go on when the trip is to be to England is that over here we do have something approximating a split between convention- and fanzine-fans, whereas in England they don't. And so when the election is between fans of different areas of activity to any extent the old hassles get revived. It's not so much British gentlemanliness. Frankly, there were several supporters of Bennett (me included, a little bit) who were a bit upset about his supporting Berry. As one of them said, it was sort of a slap in the face of his own supporters.

HER HOLD HOOP  
TOOK HER INTO  
ORBIT

GOOD HEAVENS, I JUST NOTICED THAT I SLIPPED THIS MASTER IN UPSIDE-DOWN, AND THE CARTOON IS WRONGSIDE-UP! Oh well, so consider that they're Chinese. Grumble, grumble, kick...

Back to TAFF: do I faunch to see Ford or Bjo elected? Well, it's December 27 as I type this, and I'm firmly convinced that Ford will win. As for whether or not I faunch for either he or Bjo to win...well, no. But I wouldn't consider it a calamity or anything, no matter who won. I can think of good or bad points about the election of either of them. Or me, for that matter.

I like very much your statement, "I realize that Charles Dickens was a genius and Wilkie Collins a mere talent, but the latter is as much to my taste as the former, all the same." I'm all in favor of people enjoying the enjoyable, whether it's Deathless or not. Most of my favorites are far from Deathless, for that matter.

As for the Victorians--yeah, I dig Emily Bronte. As a matter of fact, "Wuthering Heights" is maybe my favorite novel of all time--ghod but that thing has an impact! Haven't read many of the others you mention. Read about half of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" in high school and liked it a lot. But I never finished it, and don't ask me why. I've done that with a lot of highly enjoyable novels, including "War and Peace". Not only in non-sbfsy, either: in several tries I've managed to read about half of Merritt's "Conquest of the Moon Pool," which reads real well, and I'm a big Merritt fan, too. And come to think of it, I've got Hamilton's "Valley of Creation" sitting in the other room next to the bed, half-read for months. That's a pretty good novel too. Sometimes I don't think I'm worthwhile.

Your comments to Nan Gerding display a remarkably stereotyped view of "the typical librarian". Gad, I've worked in libraries for years, and some of the most attractive young women I've ever met worked there too. And by attractive I include friendly, outgoing, talkative and interesting. The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met was the librarian at a branch library of the S. F. Public Library where I worked for 3½ years. I'll bet you get some rejoinders from Bruce and Dee, too.

"...the dirt is, as you say, in the mind of the reader, but sometimes it is in the mind or in the intent of the author." Actually, the dirt is usually in the end of most every chapter, or hadn't you noticed?

"An autobiographical novel requires an objective style of writing"--? I don't really think so. Like, how about Thomas Wolfe? How about "I'm Owen Harrison Harding"? And, conversely, how about "Heritage," by ...er, forget his name. The son of H. G. Wells, anyhow. "Heritage" is definitely autobiographical, written objectively, and deadly-dull despite an inherently fascinating background and situation.

One of my favorite novels is autobiographical and subjective--"Awake Monique," by Astrid Van Ruyen. A fine piece, which I recommend highly, since very few people I've talked to seem to have run into it. It's out in pb from (I believe) Lion Books.

Oh no, Elinor, I won't fall into your trap and tell you just exactly what I think is the crud in SAPS. These particular crud-producers look pretty hopeless to me, so my openly criticizing them wouldn't be likely to cause any improvement--so why bother naming them? Let's just skip it, especially since you obviously don't think that there's much crud in SAPS anyhow and so wouldn't agree with me. (And please don't get the idea that I think there's all that much crud in SAPS--hell, I'm pretty fond of and enthusiastic about SAPS myself, as should be obvious from the amount of activity I've had in the past mailings.)

No, I don't remember the Kuttner story based on "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago". I'll bet it appeared in Astounding, though, since I've read most all of Kuttner that's appeared elsewhere. (I wasn't reading Astounding much during the great days of



Kuttner.)

The trouble with Negroes of the South emigrating to the North is that they're so battered down societally there that by the time they've reached maturity they're also battered down intellectually and, apparently, in strength of personality, so that when they do move to the North they can't even compete with the Northern Negroes. It's a real complex problem; looks like we'll see space travel in our time, but not any workable solution to race problems.

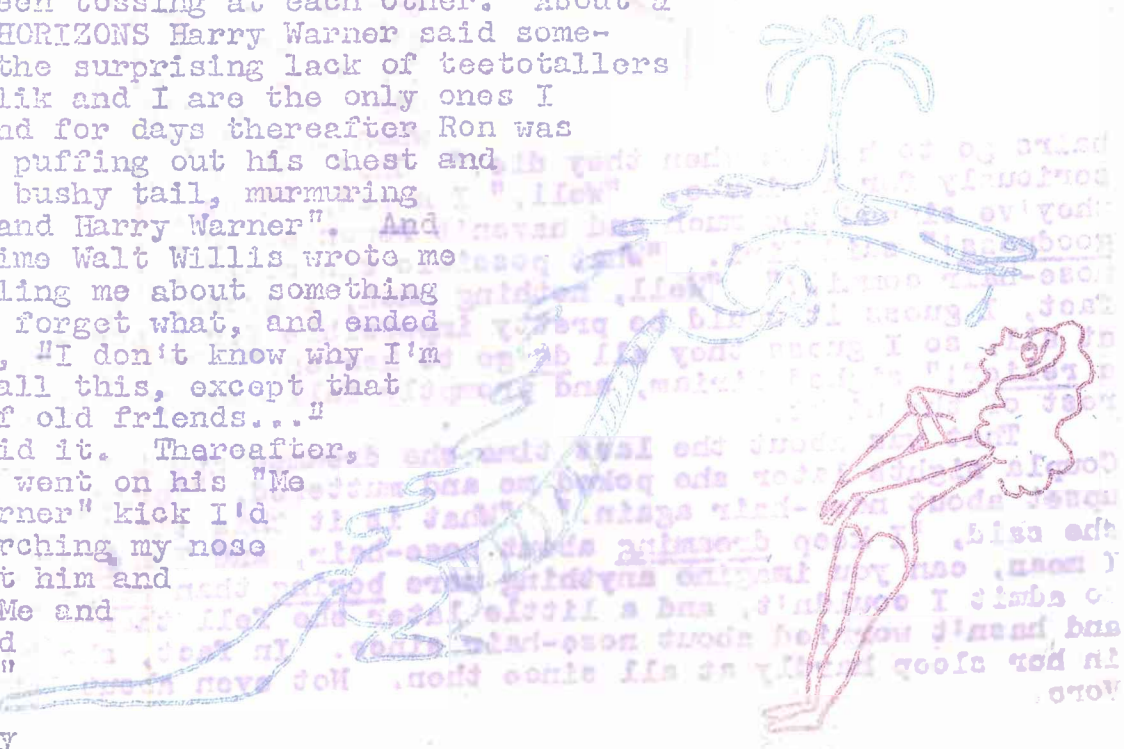
On FIJAGH--Ronel and I tried to figure it out, and couldn't. So when he went back to the Midwestcon in '58 I told him to be sure and collar somebody from New York and find out what it meant. When he came back I asked him if he'd found out. "Yeah," he said brightly--and then his face fell. "But I've forgotten." Fortunately, a couple of days later the answer came to me in a flash, and I rushed back to Barrington and told Ron. "Yeah, that's what it means," he said. "I just forgot." I think I called him a squirrel then.

Marty Fleischman: that ad for the BEST OF FANDOM SERIES that you saw in an old FAPAZine was a gag. But it was such a nice idea that it stuck in my head for years thereafter, so that I jumped at the chance to encourage Guy Terwilleger the moment he mentioned plans for such a thing.

Geewhiz but your zine was commentable, Elinor! I think I'll vote for you on the Egoboo Poll. There will be a section for Most Kind To Mailing Commenters Looking For Hooks, won't there? I'll vote for you whether there is or not!

BUMP #1 (Durward)

This wasn't half bad as an entry-piece, Don, so don't feel so poorly about it. Your writeup of the trip was interesting. Especially liked the line where you were describing your visit with Bloch: "We discussed my writing and his." Wow, like; what a fun concept. Sort of reminds me of the gags that Ronel and I have been tossing at each other. About a year ago in HORIZONS Harry Warner said something about the surprising lack of teetotallers in FAPA--"Ellik and I are the only ones I know of." And for days thereafter Ron was going around puffing out his chest and preening his bushy tail, murmuring archly, "Me and Harry Warner". And about that time Walt Willis wrote me a letter telling me about something halfway DNO, forget what, and ended up by saying, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, except that we're sort of old friends..." Well, that did it. Thereafter, whenever Ron went on his "Me and Harry Warner" kick I'd counter by arching my nose right back at him and murmuring, "Me and my old friend Walt Willis." Believe me, it was pretty



insufferable around here for awhile.

The reason you didn't find Miri or me home when you came through San Francisco was the same one as the reason Buz wasn't there. My father died within 24 hours of Buz's father, I think.

### GIM TREE #3 (Bjo)

There is a good history of TAPF in print already, and I thought you'd read it. It came out last year sometime in an issue (#3, I think) of Ken Bulmer's OMPazine STEAM. Highly recommended, if you (or anybody) haven't read it yet. And of course Willis' article in A BAS this year (1959, at this writing) is a must, too.

The thing with Miriam is that she dreams in serieses. Like, several months ago she went on a nose-hair series. For some reason she started thinking subconsciously about nose-hair--you know, the

hair inside people's noses. It fascinated her. She talked about it in her sleep all the time. One night she rolled over and elbowed me out of my half-asleep state (she only talks in her sleep for the first 15 minutes or so) and said, "Terry, do nose-hairs have souls?" I wasn't much interested, so I muttered, "Sure. Sure they do. Now go back to sleep." "But I am asleep!" she said with relentless logic and to my crestfallenment (?!). "And I'm very worried about nose-hair!" "Well, why do you want to know if they have souls?" I asked. I really should know better than to try to conduct a sensible conversation with someone's subconscious, I'm afraid. She said, "Because I want to know if they go to heaven when they die! Do you think nose-

hairs go to heaven when they die?" Ghod help me, I thought it over seriously for a minute. "Well," I mused, "I suppose they do, unless they've sinned too much and haven't repented or something." "Oh my goodness!" said Miri. "What possible sin could a poor little old nose-hair commit?" "Well, nothing much, I guess," I said. "In fact, I guess it would be pretty impossible for a nose-hair to sin at all, so I guess they all do go to heaven." "Oh goodness, what a relief!" sighed Miriam, and promptly fell deeply asleep for the rest of the night.

That was about the last time she dreamed about nose-hair, too. Coupla nights later she poked me and muttered, "Terry, I'm very upset about nose-hair again." "What is it this time?" I said. "Well," she said, "I keep dreaming about nose-hair, and I'm bored with it! I mean, can you imagine anything more boring than nose-hair?" I had to admit I couldn't, and a little later she fell thoroughly asleep and hasn't worried about nose-hair since. In fact, she hasn't talked in her sleep hardly at all since then. Not even about Howard De Vore.



"Trufan's Blood" was sort of a half-Brandon thing, starting off as a brandonization of "John Henry" and then getting a bit more Serious there towards the end. Wonder if anybody noticed the relation to "John Henry". Karen Anderson pointed out to me that "TB" really isn't too close to the original, since in the original John Henry dies trying to outspeed a steam-drill, and Eric Lee doesn't exactly have the same relationship to that electric mimeo. Ah well... Come to think of it, how many SAPS realized that "The Chaser" in S--- #1 was based on the John Collier story of the same name?

RETROMINGENT #14 (FM Busby)

Include me in on having taken a little time to adequately dig fantasy and never really making it to a thorough appreciation of weird-horror. Bradbury was my first favorite sf writer, but I didn't like his Weird Tales stuff for a year or two. And I never could take much of good old HPL. But less Gothic weird fantasy, like Matheson and so forth, hits me right. As long as he's not writing about spiders and sickening little affairs with midget women, which merely turn my stomach.



Liked your comment that one Universe isn't big enough for both Kimball Kinnison and Gilbert Gosseyn. Walkdowns at twenty parsecs, anyone?

Yeah, I've always been lousy at boxing too. But the funny thing was that there was this kid on my block who fancied himself a Tough Guy who was scared to death of me. One time we were horsing around with the gloves on in a friend's garage, with a proviso that all head-punches be pulled or slapped at the most, and he made the mistake of poking me a good one in the mouth, which made me mad so that I went after him and was furiously pummelling him in a corner when I was pulled off. He really could have taken me any day if he hadn't been afraid of me to begin with.

Reminds me of another instance, earlier in childhood, when I got into a tussle with the second toughest guy in grammar school. We started in around four in the afternoon and I got him in a headlock, which I cheerfully held for half an hour or more while he turned blue in the face. But I wasn't about to let go, because I was scared of him. Finally I let him out and he came at me again with such murderous intent in his eyes that I promptly slapped a headlock on him again. I mean, he was a sucker for a headlock, and I couldn't think of anything better to do. I think it finally ended around six with him going home muttering to himself and me completely unmarked and feeling extremely lucky.

We agree pret ty well re FAPA vs. SAPS, and I'd just as soon drop the subject at this point, ok? It's getting a bit tiresome.

Naw, I don't feel like writing about Keith Joseph--his fugg-headed days were years ago and he's changed considerably since. Smattering of fact, about a month ago he turned up again. I answered the phone one day, said "Hello?" and this voice said right back at me, "Hello." Like that, with the period and nothing but silence thereafter. So memory relays clicked into place from years ago and I said, "Is this Keith?" "Yeah," he said. He'd been in the Air Force in Germany for a coupla years.

On fiction that tends to disorient one: Miri was complaining awhile back while reading Alfred Bester's "The Pi Man" that it was completely disorienting her. And she often complains that Trina Castillo's company does the same thing to her. I guess you'd have to know Trina a bit better than you probably do to understand that, but Trina is sort of disconnected, sometimes, personality-wise. One time when Trina was over here Miriam said to her, "Good grief, you and Alfred Bester drive someone crazy!" Which was suitably out-of-context to bust up the assemblage.

I don't have Glenn Miller's "Volga Boatmen" myself, but it's in the record collection over at my mother's; my father was a big Glenn Miller fan. I'll tape it for you sometime.

Dammit, Buz (and you too, Eliner), why don't you leave more margin in your sines, so a person could pencil notations decently? You really do drive someone crazy!

What makes you think you dig some items that I consider "syrupy"? If you're talking about some of the sweeter wax of Glenn Miller's (and there's nothing more syrupy than sweet wax, I always say), then you're wrong. I dig sweet music. Hell, I even dig Lawrence Welk, if I have to! (Though that "Lawrence Welk Plays Dixieland" lp that Bjo was kidding me about is nothing to apologize about--it features Pote Fountain on clarinet throughout, and he is a Fine traditional-cum-swing clarinetist.)

Yeah, I dig Mulligan, too, as does Miri. She's slowly coming round to digging the more modern sounds, beginning with Mulligan--we now have two Mulligan lp's. Myself, I got started on modern sort of accidental-like. Used to buy many jazz lp's at this 2nd-hand store in Berkeley, and one day they had nothing in the traditional line but they did have a warped 10" lp of Shelly Manne's for 50¢, so I bought it. And bighod, I found myself Digging it. So I started investing in more stuff by Manne, Lighthouse AllStars, Conti Candoli, et al, and eventually branching out to some of the others. I've been working on Miri's modern-jazz appreciation, and hope to make Mulligan the same sort of break in the dyke. Like, my first love is still traditional jazz and moldy fig stuff, but I can get tired of playing nothing but George Lewis and Doc Evans and Turk Murphy all day too. Shorty Rogers or Stan Getz or somebody like that makes for a fine change-of-pace, as long as you're determined to stay with jazz for the day. (We can also go into opera, symphonies, folkmusic and pops if the mood strikes, of course.)

Yes, Lee Jacobs, do let's have a reprint of "The Little World of Don Carlos Burbee". And while we're at it, how about a reprint of "The Mathematics of Fandom"? I've wanted to read that ever since I read Willis' "Harp in England" back in '52 or so, wherein he men-





tions meeting you and immediately exclaiming, "Lee Jacobs! 'The Mathematics of Fandom'--yes! Glad to meet you!" That struck me as such a fine greeting that I've always wanted to read what occasioned it.

And incidentally, I'd always wanted to say the same thing to you when I first met you, but when the time came I forgot it. And now my chance is past--shucks.

Another reason more cats than dogs get killed by cars, Buz, is that cats love to sleep under parked cars and so forth. They'll also run and hide under the wheels of a parked car if frightened by anything. It ups the mortality-rate when the owner comes along and drives off, all unsuspectinglike.

Yeah, "Chicon" was strictly a bootleg name for the '52 worldcon. The official name was "Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention," and even that got shortened to Tasfic. There was a helluva hassle about that and related things in the pages of QUANDRY at the time, starting off with Leeh asking, "But did they ask us if we wanted a respectable convention?" That was the year the attendance-record of nearly a thousand was set, remember? The Chicon Committee was aiming at a Big Business con right from the start.



GAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR (Durward & Lichtman)

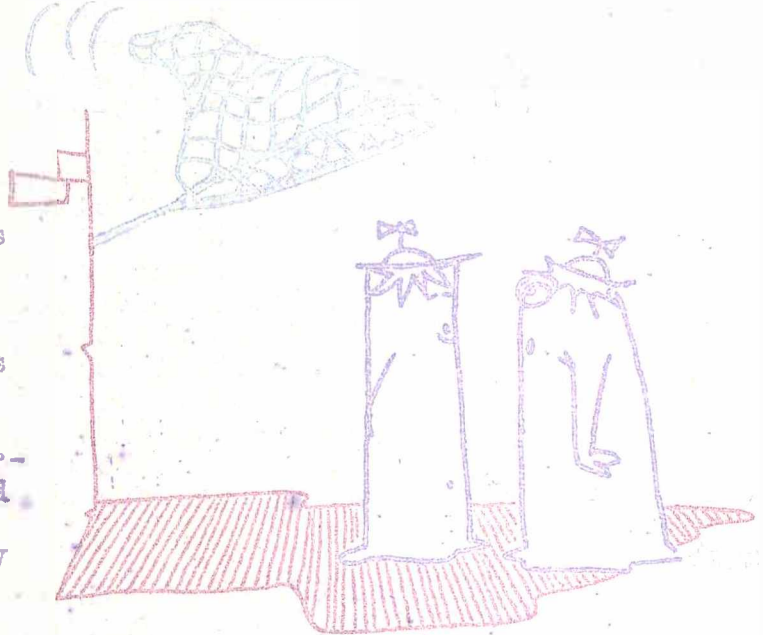
A much-fun idea, guys. In case you're wondering, the original story of that title was by James H. Schmitz, in Planet Stories for May 1951. It had this very terrible cover which looked remarkably like the cover on the Dec. '59 CRY OF THE NAMELESS--though that wasn't the cover on which Franson based his CRY cover; it's just that Alan Anderson, the Planet cover-artist of the time, seemed to like that format.

Bob, your comments on your approaching senior year in high school, with Senior Prom and all, reminds me of the wild time we had at our Senior Picnic. This was strictly a supervised affair, of course, and though we were to bring our own lunches there was to be no liquor at the picnic grounds, nossir. Well, of course, that didn't stop any of us who were dedicated. A friend of mine named Bill Berry brought loaves of French bread and cheese and such for his lunch--except that one of the loaves was hollowed out and there was a pint of bourbon stashed therein. We went off into the wilds early in the proceedings and chugalugged it, and Bill promptly fell into the swimming-pool three times upon our return. Myself, I didn't fall in, but I almost drowned when I went in for a swim. I never could swim very well because I never could master the art of breathing while swimming...so I just took off from one side of the pool and swam to the other, which I could do, holding my breath. But this time I just kept going, dizzily, and finally ran out of breath, so I came up, expecting to be in five-foot water, and was quite surprise I assure you to find myself in seven-foot water. I went down and was just about ready to bounce back up and get a breath of air and find out where the side of the pool was when the class lifeguard, all 200 pounds of him, hit the water feet-first next to me and the resulting splash sent me flailing halfway across the pool before he got me out. Foo!

I must say that it's not very polite to plug Bjo for TAFF in a fanzine dedicated to me, fellas.

## OUTSIDERS #37 (Ballard)

I too have had dreams of finding fabulous troves of collectors' items, Wrai. In fact, I still occasionally have such dreams, even though my stfmag-collecting days are years in the past now. Just a coupla weeks ago I dreamed of finding a complete set of Unknown, each issue at 5¢. Actually, I've been thinking about collecting quite a bit lately, due to several things. One of them was a club meeting held at Ben Stark's house. Ben is a collector and back-issue huckster, sort of like Big Hearted Howard I guess. I went into his basement and browsed through his back issues for sale, and couldn't resist buying an old Planet for a quarter. It had a novelet by Leigh Brackett, and I've always been inordinately fond of her things. Read the story and enjoyed it immensely, which surprised me as much as it pleased me, because I've been having pretty bad luck trying to enjoy rereading space opera that I liked when in my early teens. But this Brackett piece ("The Jewel of Ba") had all the magic and adventure that I remember of her writings, so I count the 25¢ well-spent.



"I hear N3F is starting a big membership recruitment campaign..."

Miri and I have been talking idly of getting in touch with Ben Stark or BHHoward or somebody and subscribing to Unknown. I mean, having one issue sent to us every month, just like it was a current prozine. The idea is tremendously appealing, and we may yet decide to actually do it. Howard, do you have a complete set of Unknown for sale, and at what exorbitant price? Go ahead, discourage us.

I'll say the same thing to you, Wrai, that I said a few pages back to Buz: let's drop the subject of SAPS vs. FAPA. I've had a few criticisms to make of SAPS and in trying to make my opinions clear have devoted far too much space to those criticisms, resulting in people getting the impression that I'm far more critical of SAPS than I actually am. So okay, so your generalizations are accepted and we agree that both SAPS and FAPA are fine groups for rather different reasons.

Yes, rereading books you liked when younger can be disappointing, as I mentioned above. But once, bighod, I started rereading some Oz books, and I got so hung up in that world that I almost quit reading stf for a couple of months. Boy, the land of Oz is certainly a never-neverland that's mighty easy to get yourself lost in! And, the I haven't read the Tolkien books, I got the impression that the Tolkien world has much the same sort of fascination about it.

"...the SAPS secret police (who are so secret they don't know who they are)." .Gad, maybe I'm a member of the SAPS secret police and don't know it! Am I, Wrai? If so, who am I assigned to

investigate? Honestly, Wrai, I don't like to criticize your methods, but it's really hard spying on somebody when you don't even know you're doing it. And I wonder when I write my reports to you--of course, come to think of it, I have been feeling tired and sleepy a lot lately...I'll bet I write my reports to you in my sleep, and go out and mail them, then come back and go to sleep again. Yes, and I've had trouble finding enough paper, envelopes and postage around here at times, too.

But who am I investigating? Surely I'm not investigating Miriam? What a dastardly thing to do, setting a man to spy on his wife! (Horrible thought: is she spying on me for you?) Or maybe I'm spying on Karen Anderson! Good grief, the possibilities are frightening!

Maybe I'm even a secret saps spy on Ron Ellik, Sec-Treasurer of fapa! Now there's a job that might be fun--I can see myself following Ron around with a notebook, writing down his every move, checking his records for FAPA rosters ("We just want the Faps, man, just the Faps") and like that, with him hollering "Cut it out!" every few minutes. Yeah, that might be fun.

MHO+DJEE #2 (Hayes)

Art, I really wish you'd get off this crusade or whatever it is to inform fandom that they aren't being told of TAFF developments. The fact is that anyone who isn't informed on TAFF news just isn't looking for it--and your own information on Bjo and me supposedly not knowing of the TAFF deadline is totally erroneous in one case (mine--I knew all about the TAFF deadline at the Solacon, Sept. of '58, when I was nominated) and mistaken in the other (Bjo's).



I know that there was some grotching in Shaggy to the effect that Bjo and her nominators didn't know of the TAFF nominating-deadline, but if this is true then it's their own fault. They were receiving FANAC, which printed four or five announcements of the deadline prominently (giving a headline to one announcement, for instance), beginning in September, four months before the deadline. Ron and I made it a point to plug for TAFF nominations, with full info on rules, deadline, and procedures. For ghod's sake, anybody wanting fan news should look in the fanzine devoted to printing just that.

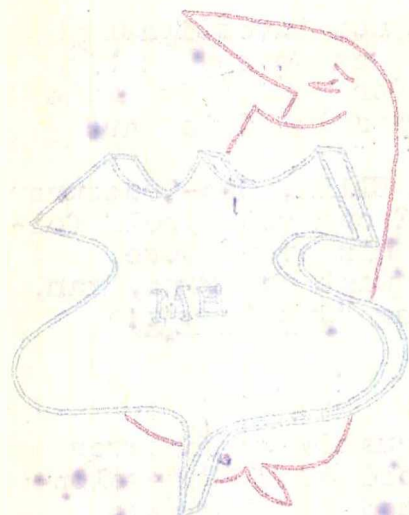
If you weren't informed of TAFF news then you must not be getting FANAC--and since you're not, then you've no right to gripe about not being informed of such fan news. In addition to FANAC news on TAFF nominations and the deadline were published in APORREETA and VOID or GAMBET, as well as elsewhere--CRY, maybe, and JD-ARGASSY, I think. At any rate, there were announcements all over fandom. Madle sent an announcement out to as many fans as he could.

So please check your facts before griping in the future, Art.

Aside from that, your other suggestions for how TAFF should be changed aren't bad. I strongly doubt that Ford, who won TAFF this year (it's now Jan. 6), will make any changes in the setup, but maybe in a year or two we'll get some administrators who will.

## SPELEOBEM #5 (Pelz)

The limbo "SAPS is just a lot of middle-aged types trying to act fanhish" was from Greg Benford, and it was not especially intended as a joke. It struck me funny, though, so I printed it in INNUENDO. And then we joined SAPS just in time to catch the repercussions (who not for that reason).



No, the Keith Joseph Award hasn't been presented since the second year, when Corey got it. As I recall, Dave and I were discussing awarding it to Wetzel the next year, but felt that his antics far transcended mere fuggheadedness, so we didn't. And, once the string of presentations had been broken that year, we never came back to it. Anyhow, there's now the "Fugghead of the Year" category in the FANAC Poll, and that's a much more democratic way of insulting people.

The presentation of the first KJ Award was kind of amusing. The idea was originally brainstormed by Boob Stewart and me, and mentioned in a letter to Pete Vorzimer. Then shortly after that Pete Graham, Keith, and I all went down to visit Vorz--but we introduced Keith to Vorz as Dave Rike, and Vorz, never having met either of them, believed us. There was much plying of Vorz going on that weekend and we steered the subject round to the subject of KJ as often as possible. Finally Vorz got a stupendous idea--we would hoax all the other local fans who were coming that Sunday for a fan-club meeting of some club or other! "Dave Rike" would be introduced as Keith Joseph, and the Keith Joseph Award would be presented to him in a formal ceremony during the meeting! Pete, Keith and I near bust a gut at this idea, because of the double-hoax involved, and agreed to go along with it. And the ceremony duly took place, after which Keith calmly took his wallet out of his pocket and handed it to Vorz, identification papers showing. The look on Vorz's face was classic, I swear.

Of course, due to the double-hoaxing and all, several of the fans were still unsure as to whether Keith was himself, Rike, or Shelby Vick (obscure reference--recognize it?). The priceless moment came a little later on during the meeting when Burton Satz, after spending ten solid minutes staring fixedly at Keith, chin in hand, got the floor and said, "I make a motion that that guy over there stand up and tell us who he is!"

I think there has been a partial listing of stfsy by subject, as you suggest. Check the book "Pilgrims Through Space and Time" by J. O. Bailey, which purports to be a history of stf. It's a lousy history of stf, really (something like 350 pages, only 20 or so of them devoted to stf in magazines--and this book was pubbed in the late '40's!), but the books covered were arranged by subject, I'm almost certain.

On those dates that Miri mentioned, asking which was the most ridiculous: January 31 is our wedding date, Feb. 19 my birthday, and April 31 her birthday. (You chose April 31 as the most ridiculous date, in case you've forgotten.)

Oh, you were working at a theater when "Land of the Pharaohs" was playing? Gee, I wanted to see that movie, but I missed it--I imagine you could quote almost every scene to me verbatim, though. You must do so sometime.

Yes, that dodge on long-distance calls of calling for a phony name, person-to-person, to get a message through is well-known. We worked a variation on it when San Francisco was bidding for the '54 worldcon. When the voting was over a localite was to call us person-to-person, asking for a well-known fan in whatever city won the bid. Don't recall if the plan was actually carried through, tho. (P.S.--San Francisco won the bid, in case you're in suspense.)

SAPLING #2 (Terwilleger)

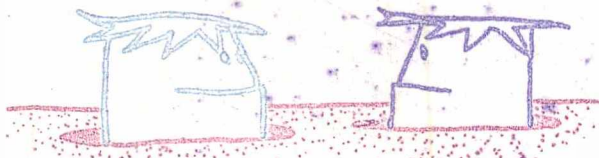
Sometimes I have very vivid sensations when asleep or just falling asleep. A few years ago I took a summer job running an elevator, and every night while falling asleep I continually felt like I was going up or down. The sensations were extremely vivid.

But Guy, there are no discordant tones in traditional jazz! Dissonance came in with modern jazz, beginning in the early '40's. Come to think of it, the beginnings of bop, "cool jazz" et al were caused by just such sweet swing as the Glenn Miller stuff you prefer. (Please note that I like Miller's "sweet" stuff too, tho.)

I agree fully with you when you say that people shouldn't interfere with anybody else's religious views (unless, of course, they might be of some crackpot cult which advocates human sacrifice or mass slaughter of infidels or something), but the thing that bothered me about that B.C. university case was that by expelling the guys who ran an iconoclastic cartoon pressure was strongly brought to bear against atheism and agnosticism. The trouble is that it's quite all right for churches to erect billboards saying "The family that prays together stays together," but let an atheist put a sign on his door saying something like "Religion is mindrot" and immediately pressure is brought to bear against him. This is not what I call religious freedom. (No, I'm not an atheist, just a rather disgusted agnostic.)

MAINE-IAC #19 (Cox)

No, I dunno what ever happened to Lee Riddle. We were corresponding for years and years, but a few years ago PEON stopped coming out and I stopped hearing from him, tho I heard that he was in OMPA. But then he dropped out of OMPA and disappeared completely, far as I know.



*ATOM*

Funny thing, too--Lee always said that he would never gaffiate until his children were old enough to take over his fanzine PEON and continue it. And I mean he sounded serious about that, too. Oh well.

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Looks like that'll be all the mailing comments I'll have time for this time, dammit. It's now over a week since I began these comments. Miri and I took a trip to L.A. over New Year's, and she still had that miserable cold while down there, consequently missing the New Year's Eve party at Burbee's. In fact, she didn't really get much better till a couple of days after we got back from the trip--and she's still not feeling perfect. So that's why she has no mailing comments this issue, but I'm sure she'll be back at it next issue, so don't forget her in the poll, eh?

-- Terry



trina