

DEPARTMENT OF INTRODUCTIONS: This is the 6th issue of SPACE-HOUND'S GAZETTE, December '48 being the date. This is published by Kennedy, 84 Baker Ave., Dover NJ for the quarterly mailings of the Spectator Amateur Press Society.

DEPARTMENT OF APOLOGIES: It is astounding what contortions the fannish mind can endure in order to avoid buying some short-sized mimeo paper. We had originally planned this issue to be printed on letter-size paper, but ran short of funds and--- well, as Rap says every time his printers go on strike, we hope you will bear with certain minor technical irregularities.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: We have discovered that India ink may be used in stead of correction fluid. But make sure you remove the stencil from the typer before applying the ink -- the stuff is runny until its dry.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMENTS ON THE LAST MAILING:

Art Rapp's TIMEWARP: A neat and competent item, which I hope will be a regular. Cover looks like the hektograph was having convulsions! If I wuz editor of a prozine that accepted verse (ah, dreams!) I think I'd buy "Spacemen" with a gurgle of delight. It may not be poetry, but it's deft verse.

Hal Cheney's KEYNOTER: Glad to hear you made art school. The account of your trip to the Torcon was enjoyed, and I think I'd have enjoyed it still more if you'd devoted as much wordage to the convention as to the details of the motorbike journey! The remarks anent Negroes and Paul Cox are a wee bit smug-seeming, but I agree with just about everything you say, HWC. The Raving Reporter -- hilarious.

Con Pederson's SNARL: Were it not for the size and excellence of the current issue of SUN SHINE, this mag would've rated best in the mailing. A tastefully-executed cover is a pleasant prelude to an exceptionally neat mag. I wish this issue of SG were half as good-looking! The story (?) "Fear?" is happily neurotic. "Long Tom and the Mutant Wheatie" I've already praised -- it is utterly delicious humor, a minor classic. Think Sherwin Cody is full of beans when he says, "Fill the mind with richness, and error will inevitably be crowded out." Wotin'ell is richness??

Coslet's PLOOR: What? No cover illustration? (Heh! I should talk!) You inquire about what I was trying to say in the poem, "Interlude", which everybody's no doubt forgotten by now. Anyway, the poem was intended to express my hatred for cities. Yes, I loathe the damthings. While walking thru the hustle and rush of Manhattan on a scorching summer day, seeing the people scurry home from dull jobs to duller meals, seeing a thousand cars rushing madly noplac, I became utterly disgusted with it all. I wished fervently that the filth and clatter of the streets might pause for only a moment, and that all these damfools killing themselves by trying to live at a machine-age pace might stop completely -- and discover what a hell of a lot of fun it is to hear a thrush sing! Apologies if all this sounds assinine. I continue to admire PLOOR's neat dittoing, to appreciate the detailed comments, and to suspect that "fantasy diary" is much more fun to write than to read.

Ed Cox's MAINE-IAC: Memorable title! Ed's slightly disconnected style of writing is a bit difficult to follow, but worth the effort. Hope to see this mag around some more -- oftener the better. Honest, Ed, the early copies of SG aren't worth getting! (Not that this is, either...!) Fairly good cover sketch.

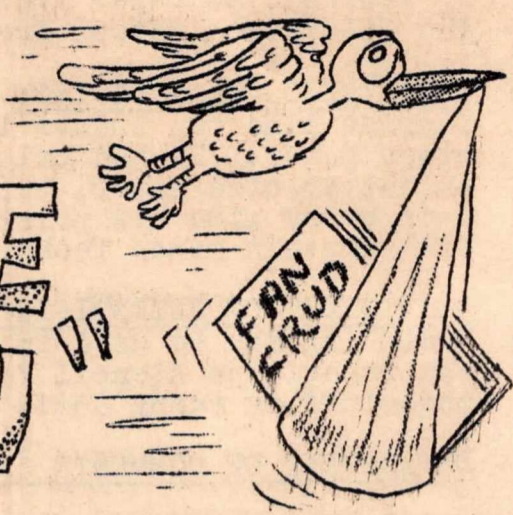
Ray Higgs' SAPIAN: Best thing in the issue, I thot, was the pic of the babe and the robot doing setting-up exercises. Otherwise Rotsler's artwork cuts yours to a bloody frazzle. More of both!

Paul Cox's RESONANCE: I enjoy this thing immensely, partially because of the conspicuous vein of Rabelaisian humor. Laffed muchly over the tongue-in-cheek reviews of PLANET COMICS and the British juvenile crud. "Norm Storer vs. Bigotry": goody-goody, a nice, juicy feud. C'mon, Storer, now sock him back.

Lloyd Alpaugh's SUNSHINE: That title should've been two words. Tremendously readable from start to finish. Blue-ribbons to the Jogros artwork and the fillers. "The Last Fan" was worth reprinting, but regardless of whatever I opined before, it's a bad precedent to allow people to fulfill activity requirements with reprints. And now, SaM, how about some material from the pinnacle of your 28 years?No more space: did I slight anybody?

SPACEHOUND'S GAZETTE #6 for SAPS

"UNTO US A FANZINE IS BORN"



By LLOYD ALPAUGH Jr.

Chapter I

Ronald P. Kennedy, direct descendant of that Joe Kennedy who had migrated from New Jersey to Ethiopia when the United States Congress passed the Universal Military Training act of 1948, had at last earned himself a soft place in life.

As Vice Director of the East Africa Science Fiction Association, and member of the World Fantasy Fan Federation and the Weird Tales Club, he was entitled to a high level of government maintenance.

This included all the beer he could drink.

He had earned the position by his writings, which included a complete history of fandom and prodom, as well as reviews of all fantasy books ever written. These histories and reviews were unique in the fan field, since they were almost readable and at least 30% accurate.

Altho Kennedy had written his histories and reviews with no thought in mind other than to get his name in print, he was quite agreeably surprised when the Grand High Council of Fandomania informed him that he was now worthy to be admitted to that sacred precinct of Fandom -- the Inner Circle.

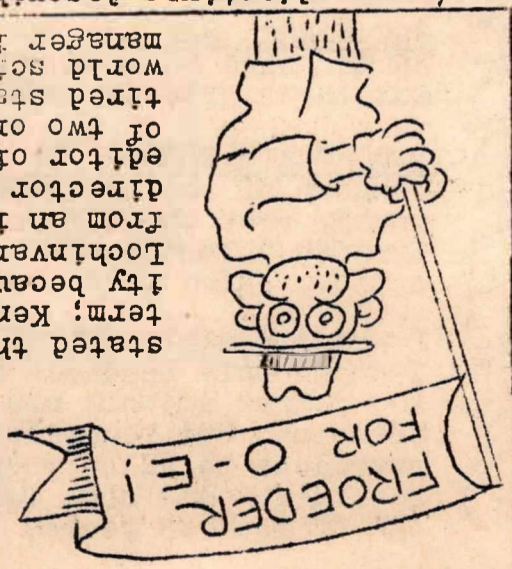
Membership in the Inner Circle had its advantages. He would, for one thing, no longer be required to read any of the numerous pro mags that appeared. Indeed, Inner Circle fans who read the pros were officially frowned on. He would no longer need to attend any of the meetings of the various fan organizations that dotted the world. Furthermore, an Inner Circle fan did not need to carry on correspondence, for an Inner Circlite never had anything to do with other fans. Each lived in his own personal Ivory Tower and wrote reams and reams of material.

But most important of all, membership in the Inner Circle gave one the right to operate a mimeograf. If a suitable companion could be found (it had long ago been discovered that to publish

(NM00) (CONT. NEXT PAGE)

(more adjectives describing Froeder on upside-bottom of next page)

THE FOLLOWING IS AN UNPAID POLITICAL AD,
SPONSORED BY THE PHIL-FROEDER-FOR-OFFICIAL
EDITOR COMMITTEE:
We are hereby announcing that we are
100% in favor of Phil Froeder for SABS
official editor in '49. Alpaugh has
stated that he definitely will not accept a third
term; Kennedy can't take on any further fan activ-
ity because of school commitments; and no young
Lochner has come out of the west to rescue SABS
from an interregnum. But Phil Froeder, founder &
director of the Closter Science Fantasy Society;
editor of that sterling SABSmag, Frozine; actitan
of two or three or so years' standing (when he gets
tired standing he sits down); attendee at 2 major
world science-fiction conventions; business
manager for Ron Maddox; master of bon repartee---



worthwhile fanzine the talents of two persons -- a man and a woman -- were needed) one might even be permitted to publish a fanzine of one's own!

Kennedy had no real hope that a mate would be found for him. She would have to be his mental equal and he knew that none of the Inner Circlite women approached his mentality.

Then one day it happened.

He was summoned to the office of the Fan Mating Bureau.

Chapter II

"We have examined your records and your writings," the Head of the Bureau explained to him, "and it has been decided that you are worthy of all the privileges of Inner Circle Fandom."

Kennedy quivered with anticipation.

"You mean that if a suitable mate can be found, I will be permitted to publish a fanzine of my very own?"

"Indeed," replied the Head. "We'll begin at once the examination of various fannes who are eligible to be your mate. And by the way, a Super De Luxe model L Speed-o-Print mimeograf will be waiting for you when you get home."

"One question," said Kennedy. "Do I have to marry the woman you pick out?"

"Not at all. We will give you a list of the unmarried eligibles of your type. Any one of these that you select will be satisfactory."

Kennedy pondered for a moment. "You know, it must have been horrible in the old days when anyone could publish a fanzine. The idiotic and pathetic magazines that must have appeared---"

The Head looked stern.

"That is how it used to be. That kind of fanzine publishing produced the illegible, the unreadable, the stupid, the odd-format, and -- rarely -- the marvelous. Under the modern method, the birth and maturity of an abnormal fanzine is not possible. You want your fanzine to conform strictly to standards, do you not?"

"Of course! What publisher would want anything else?"

The examination of the fannes who were eligible to become Kennedy's mate and co-editor went on apace. Fanne after fanne was examined and discarded. At last, the awful truth had to be faced. There were no Inner Circle fannes worthy of him.

Chapter III

Kennedy was called to the Bureau and the situation was explained to him.

ADJECTIVES DESCRIBING PHIL FROEDER (continued): stalwart, demonic, intrepid, obstreperous, trustworthy, dependable, intelligent, literate, worldly-wise, benevolent -- Froeder! A vote for Froeder is a vote for good government in SAPS. Froeder will positively not buy your vote (if you ask more than a dollar for it). He will gain office solely on the basis of his own merits (also lovecrafts). Mussolini made the trains run on time; Froeder will make the mailmen run on time, delivering thick, luscious bundles full of scintillating SAPSines to your door every three months. Froeder will capture the election with the ease of a Truman. Doctor Gallup predicts that Froeder will carry New Jersey. When it gets too heavy, he will set it down. Turn the rascals out -- vote for Phil Froeder and good government in SAPS. Froeder is pledged to carry on the democratic liberalism instituted by Albaugh, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Stalin. Froeder is pledged to high tariffs and low neck-lines. A chicken in every pot -- a mimeograf in every fan household; Forget the Maine, forget Pearl Harbor, forget the Alamo -- remember to mark a big X beside the name of PHILLIP C. FROEDER on your ballot this election; And if you have any babies to be kissed, bring them around (Mr. Froeder insists that they be at least 17 years of age).

The message said:

YOUR FANZINE, AMPERE, HAS FULFILLED IN EVERY WAY OUR EXPECTATIONS. THE GRAND HIGH COUNCIL OF FANDOM HAS ADVISED US THAT THEY NEED SEVERAL MORE FANZINES OF THIS TYPE. THIS IS YOUR OFFICIAL PERMIT TO PUBLISH ANOTHER FANZINE IN ADDITION TO AMPERE. REPLY AT ONCE DESIRE OF YOUR WIFE AND SELF CONCERNING THIS.

He read it several times. Still holding the telegram in his hand he went over to the wall wireless and tapped out a letter in reply. One sentence was the answer. The message read:

WE WILL NOT PUBLISH ANY MORE FANZINES.

RONALD P. KENNEDY.

He walked quietly to his wife's bedroom door.

The room was dark, and he could hear her sobbing in the darkness.

He went in and touched her hair.

Wanting to make her feel better, he knew what to do.

He did it.

FINIS

WONDERFUL EXERCISE IN BREATH-HOLDING CORNER

"Most people pay as little regard to the language they speak as to the air they breathe. They just take both for granted. If the atmospheric envelope of the earth were suddenly removed by a comet that went bungling by, it would no doubt cause enough inconvenience to make everybody more conscious of the air." -- from a review of R.A.Wilson's The Miraculous Birth of Language in the Newark Evening News.

From the same review: "None of the important business of society could be carried on without the facilities of verbal communication. Civilization rests on the human tongue."

Jeepers cripes, man, don't swallow that!

Lips that taste wine jelly
Shall never touch mine, Nelly.

---Old Music Hall Song

"...Another notable story last year was 'The Hog' by W. H. Hodgson, whose ability as a writer is unimpaired by having been dead for thirty years." -- from The Sydney Futurian #12.

No, but a thing like that could cramp his style.

This article that comes to me over the post occasions
There is no better than it and now.

---Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself".

↑
WE TAKE BACK
WHAT WE SAID
ABOUT INDIA
INK. IT IS A
STINKING SUB-
STITUTE FOR
CORRECTION
FLUID. WE
TRIED IT HERE.

The time has come to speak plainly. For years serious minded science-fiction lovers have been plagued by the erraticisms of "nuts", who desiring self importance and an aura of "intellectualism" have not merely plugged any and every new movement that came along, but actually tried to cram it down the throat of all stiff fandom.

---from Fantasy Reporter, in
5th SAPS mailing.

Yes, even edges are nice, if you can get them.

"Then my right to publish a fanzine of my own is nothing but a hollow mockery?" Disappointment spread like mustard over his face.

"Thus far -- yes. But don't despair. Perhaps a worthy fanne will be found among the next batch to be admitted to Inner Circle-dom."

"How many will be in the next bunch?"

"Two are coming up for examination by the Grand High Council. Their names are Rikki Blister and Gilda Slaver. Ever hear of 'em?"

"Slightly," Kennedy leered. "Corresponded with 'em when I was an Outer Circle fan. They are both quite intelligent women... members of the East Africa Science Fiction Association."

"Well, if either of them proves suitable, we will let you know at once."

The interview was over.

Thirteen days later, Ronald P. Kennedy received orders to report at once to the Mating Bureau.

Chapter IV

The Head of the Bureau trembled with excitement.

"Most extraordinary!" he gasped. "We typed the two fannes I told you about -- and both of them are completely and utterly suitable for you. You have your choice of co-editors."

"Would it be unethical for me to take 'em both?"

"Quite."

"O, very well -- I have already made my decision. I will marry Gilda Slaver. If she will have me, that is."

The Head smiled indulgently. "We have them both here, in separate rooms. Go through that door and you will find Gilda waiting for you."

Kennedy went into the room and broached the matter to Gilda in his subtle way. "An examination has revealed that you are a suitable mate for me, and an acceptable co-editor for my fanzine. Shall we---?"

Chapter V

"Yes."

Chapter VI

They told the Head they were willing to marry and publish a fanzine. They received the proper papers, the general treatment ((?--ed.)) and started life in a two-person-and-mimeograf apartment.

---A. E. HOUSMAN
(In More Poems)

Stars, I have seen them fall,
But when they drop and die
Not any star is lost
From all the star-sown sky.
The toll of all that be
Helps not the primal fault:
It rains into the sea
And still the sea is salt.

---Walt Whitman
(From "Song of Myself")

This minute that comes to me
over the past decisions,
There is no better than
It and now.

POY TREE NOOK

They began work on their fanzine at once. They decided to call it Ampere -- The Electronic Ghoul's Gazette. It would appear every week (as all fanzines did) and each issue would contain 475 pages. Kennedy composed a 300,000-word critical article entitled "How Did John Carter Get to Mars in the First Place?"; Mrs. Kennedy wrote a review of the latest television space operas.

Several buckets of blood, sweat, and tears later, the magazine was all stenciled and was run off. The mimeograf functioned perfectly, such was the progress that science had made over the years,

One night the happy couple assembled their brainchild. They licked stamps. They scribbled addresses. In the morning Kennedy carted the 5,000 copies to the post office. Then they sat back and waited for the readers' comments to come in.

Two weeks later four comments had been received. The text of each was almost identical: "Your fanzine stinks. If you want to read a good fanzine why don't you subscribe to mine?"

A week later a fifth comment was received. It was from no less a personage than The Great Fan, He Whose Name Must Not Be Spoken Aloud. He was number one fan. Chief luminary of the Inner Circle. Ghod. He hadn't read a sf or fantasy story in twelve years.

The message ran as follows:

"Received your fanzine. Great. Marvelous. Almost as good as the stuff I do. Do you need any mags or books for your collection? I have copies of all mags and books ever published, for sale. Send your want list. SPECIAL: June 1934 Amazing Stories. Front and back covers missing and all pages torn out. Staples in mint condition. Only \$3.50. PS -- Have you read my latest mystery novel, The Chinese Englishman? Sincerely, /Woods J Ackwoman/."

Chapter VII

Ronald and Gilda went out on the balcony. They stood looking out over the sprawling metropolis. He put his arm around her and squeezed her close.

((Squeezed her what? -- Ed.))

"That was a very good first issue," he quavered. "Sure is great to be an editor-publisher."

She shivered in his arms.

"I am cold," she said. "If you will pardon me, I will go to bed."

For a long time Ronald stood and stared into nothingness.

He went back into the apartment and once again read the telegram that he had received that day. It was from the Fanzine Permit Department.

((Of the above, we consider the "flabada" most intriguing...))

What is there in the make-up of ten which makes them want to
found hell out of any typewriter within reaching distance? The fol-
lowing amazing manuscript was found in my typer after a gabfest which
was attended by Christensen, Alpaugh, Gross, and Froeder. We repro-
duce it as exactly as possible:
Egads and smelling herrings the new Yorker stinks by damn.
A Merritt. flabada. Ghop.
typer & n on cn xne xm thix ix the forext priméval
When that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote
And bathed everytveine in swich licour,
Of which virtu engender'd is the flour.
Christensen is a liar.
slowly the sun scribbled thru the clouds hip
p l s m i r e
on oh on hohohkthdurnh

