

Re: SAPS

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THE GRIPES OF RAPP

SPECTator: Once again SAPS comes thru to triumphantly justify my prediction that even tho only 3 members had required activity for Mlg 23, we would "get a 200-page bundle nevertheless!" + Now that election time is upon us, I once again speculate upon whether the new OE will live up to his mandate, and, as well as editing the OO, edit the bundle? This beeth no criticism of you, soontobeXOE Black, for so far as I can tell, no one but me has ever done such a thing. Redd and Coswal (and probably most others) sought refuge in chronology, i.e., a bundle arranged in the order that they received the zines. Redd carried consistency in this respect so far, eventually, that he placed the FAPA OO at the bottom because it was the last to be published! + How does one edit a bundle, you ask? Simply by following the methods you would use to edit a fanzine. In other words, you have a certain amount of material available, and the problem is to arrange it in such a way that each item is displayed to best advantage and so that those who read become not bored by a concentration of similar zines all in a row. Mix the gaudier publications into those of plain black&white and the bundle immediately gains in apparent variety. Put an exceptionally choice morsel -- OUTSIDERS, say, or REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT -- at the bottom of the bundle so that instead of finishing his reading with a weary sigh, the SAP wishes there was more to come, and (presumably) is primed with eagerness for the next bundle and a resolve to become active in SAPS himself. + Naturally all this careful planning by the OE is wasted if the members are so unmethodical as not to read their mlg's in the order in which they arrive. + I note on the membership list that Hal's address is still the AAF; he's been saying for a year now that he'd be out shortly. Whassamatter, doesn't the Air Force tell ya how long you've enlisted for?

BIAPAN KAMikaze: A subversive plot to wipe out the a-j sector of fandom, I calls it. You should know better than to run info like this in a zine which gets into the hands of so many Michifen. Have you tested these homegrown contraptions yourself, or is all this cribbed from somewhere?

BARSoom BUGle: Please investigate the difference between reviewing & synopsizing a book. The Xterminators was excellent as fanfiction excellence goes. Accolades for keeping up the hecto tradition in SAPS -- even if you use a spirit duplicator instead of a hecto to achieve the effect!

MOON of ATLantis: A neatly-done booklet; wish you had thot to include your name as publisher somewhere in/on it; I had to check Spectator to find out who was responsible.

VACUum: First time I've ever heard of a Gov't-employed civilian not getting overtime pay for overtime work -- thot such things occurred only in the Army!

TRANTOR: Striking format and mimeography; contents, like all WSFAzines absorbing and mostly hilarious. Isn't that Roscoistic heading the same you showed me in D.C. almost two years ago? + SAPS needs an Official Revolving Door by which Redd Boggs can enter and leave our hectic midst. + Great Roscoe! The concept just dawned that there is no longer a SAP in Minneapolis, so perhaps Redd hasn't even seen the comments about him and his writings which appeared thruout Mlg 23. + Your analysis of the difference between FAPA & SAPS (in your commentary on BOFFIN) verbalizes excellently a feeling I've had subconsciously for a long time. Too many of the FAPA-only fen do nothing except sneer at what other FAPAns publish. It probably gives them a ghodlike feeling to do so, but the effect upon those who publish more than the required minimum in FAPA is often like a pail of icewater in the face. FAPA is a competition to see who can top all previous records for bluntness, indelicacy or sarcasm; but SAPS is more like a friendly conversation.
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= dept. of egoboo for
= **WRRAI** **BALLARD** =
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SAPIAN: Racy, Racy, how do you manage to keep it up?

CHU SAPLIMENT (#6, I guess): Why?

CHU SAPLIMENT #12: Dat your pitcher? Gad, how humanoid! I fail to follow your weird logic in subtracting -- oh, belatedly a light dawns -- those percentages are the percentage of your collection devoted to each title, not percentages of completion of yo' file of each, nicht wahr? Confusing, no end, as the glowworm said after backing into the electric fan. Your bloody typography has one extremely unfortunate result: after a close reading of your zine, examine yourself in a mirror. Even you, its editor, will look green around the gills!

THE CODE OF HONOR: Only serious fannish defect with this system is if a fan really goes in for feuding he has no friends to act as seconds. Just enemies with whom he is actually and actively fighting, and enemies with whom he currently maintains an uneasy truce.

THE GRIPES OF RAPP: Tsk, parodying one's own style is hard as hell to do convincingly. This is probably the only FAPA publication in history which appeared in SAPS but not in FAPA.

SPACEWARP: Wrai Ballard is a fake fan!

GEM TONES: "Recrudescence" is certainly an apt word for SAPS publications; think of all the potential puns you can get from its syllables! I like your idea of having the OE staple together all ~~single-sheeters~~ sent him for the purpose (naturally, if an independent-minded SAP, as which isn't?, insists on his single-sheeter being put into the bundle as a singlesheeter, that's his privilege). But I suggest that a new SAPSzine be launched, consisting of all pages sent to the OE for inclusion therein, the OE to procure a cover therefor. And since every zine must have a title, I suggest, in the interests of printing a certain member's name in the big letters he adores, that our combozine be titled WRRAI BALLARD. Will you have some pages in WRRAI BALLARD next mlg? + Gawrsh, isn't the job of thinking up sprightly remarks about all the zines in FAPA & SAPS ~~amf~~ for you, that you have to tackle all the subzines you've rceived, besides? This issue of

GEM TONES makes a valuable guide to current non-apa publishing -- much more current than the months-late prozine review columns. I am amused to conclude from your comments on several zines which have been in existence for quite a while but which I haven't seen in the past couple of years, not one has changed in style, quality or maturity during the interval.

NANDU: Tremendous improvement over last time, and considering that last issue was excellent, you're doing swell! That cover must have taken hours of painstaking stencilling. + Oh, sad, if you've never seen a SPACEWARP, there is a possibility you're sane. WARP was a subzine, and I used all sorts of other titles for my SAPS & FAPA stuff while it was being published. But when I re-entered the Army in 1950, I naturally had to fold SPACEWARP and since it was the first and most famous of my titles, I decided to perpetuate it in the apas. The principal result of this is that I lost track of my volume-&-issue numbers and have never had a chance to check back and find just how many issues have been published. Will some kind biapan whose file is complete in both societies back to 1950, please check and tell me? + It is only fair to mention that, aside from title, there is no similarity to the subzine SPACEWARP in the apa version. + Somebody send NanGee a copy of FANSPEAK, which should solve many of her problems. As for the remainder: "Dramamine" is a wonder-drug of a couple of years back; it was supposed to be a sure cure for seasickness. It ain't. "Q.E.D." is the abbreviation of some Latin words which are used to conclude every proof of a geometry problem. It means, approximately, "Now do you see what I'm driving at, stupid?" + Llajr is/are the initials of Lloyd Alpaugh, Jr. Many fannish abbreviations are on the weird side. + Have not the slightest idea who "Duke" is -- I dnn't have Mlg 22 here so I can't check the context and learn what I wrote. + Hey, you solved the problem in ECTOPLASM too! Gad, fellow geniuses, we. + Your mailing comments (lucid, significant, coherent, complete) are tops in Mlg 23.

IGNATZ: Tho I spent several months in Harrisburg diligently surveying the Pennsylvania beer situation, I regret to state that I've never heard of PEALERS. Is it a new brand? I recall that there were an abundance of local brands of excellent quality, such as Duquesne, Rolling Rock, another with a long, thoroly Pennsy-Deutsch name that I cannot recall offhand, and one called Dutch Boy, or Old Dutch, or something like that. The reason I remember the last is that it sold in the NCO Club for 10¢ per can, as compared to 15¢ for other local brews and 20¢ for premium brands, so it was highly popular the week before payday. + Ignatz #2 was highly diverting and pleasantly humorous.

Z PRIME: But the reason SAPS dues fluctuate so wildly is that they are attuned exactly to the expenses of the organization. So there never is any pork-barrel surplus to tempt our highly ethical OF into absconding. It's quite a foolproof scheme, and almost fanproof. + Did you ever stop to think that perhaps there might be some connection between the fact that immediately after I became inactive in fan circles, the great expansion of stf popularity began? It will now be interesting to see how long it takes me to jinx the field back to its former dimensions.

GHU SAPLIMENT #13: Great Roscoe! The legibility of these things progressively declines! Can't follow your logic in the solution of the ECTOPLASM problem, but apparently it works. These mlg comments were highly amusing.

PROTOPLAST: What in hell do the Evil Ones want human souls for? + A single body containing the combined personalities of SAPS --what a revolting thot that is! Sounds like a candidate for the MSFS. + I still can't say anything appropriately witty and epigrammatical about your zine, as I feel I should after enjoying it so thoroly. Perhaps my lack of comment stems from the fact that I agree with practically all the opinions you express.

OUTSIDERS: Is that a pool of gore under the face on the cover, or did you censor something? + Well, I guess Wrai now takes Redd's place as Publisher-of-the-Sapzine-to-be-Grabbed-for-Display-to-NonSAPS as a lure. + What, the hero of The Wall of Fire didn't dash into his basement workshop and fling together a few pieces of copper wire wound into unorthodox asymmetrical helices, add a busbar (gotta have a busbar in every gadget!) and project a force-shield around his home? Naw, F&SF will never buy reprint rights to that story! Or is it Galaxy I'm thinking of? + I, too, encountered misfortune in connection with I GO POGO. I bought the book in the PX, brought it back to the barracks, fought off the maddened throngs who tridd to wrest it from me, hastily leafed thru it, and then was called down to the prison, where the evening headcount had failed to tally with the population figures on the turnkey's logbook. By the time I had traced down the error and made sure we had the number of inmates we were supposed to have, someone had borrowed I GO POGO from off my bunk and I haven't seen it since. This is a fine outfit, but there are too damn many stf readers in it. + Where did you get the elegant heading for Poetry Hater's Corner? + If calling someone "The Ray Cummings of the present generation" isn't the insult direct, I've never heard one. May I be permitted to apoly for the popcorn concession at the forthcoming duel?

"612": "23 skiddoo."

THE TRILOBITE: The mere thot of a 418-page anthology of serious fantastic poetry is conducive to regurgitation. Now, if it were only not-poetry... + Well, you are possibly the only SAP ever to publicly admit he doesn't read the whole bundle. But if you don't how do you know "many fen have asked me why I do not review mailings"?

ANTIPODES: Reminds me that some years back, Chan Davis presented in FAPA some mathematics which was supposed to prove the impossibility of firing a projectile in such a trajectory that it would strike at the antipodes.

FANTASY FOOLS: Chucklesome. Wonder how much time that policeman had spent studying that movie so as to be thoroly familiar with the appearance of its star, "just in case"?

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR VOLLSTÄNDIGEN UN SINN: "Journal for the understanding of the heart" -- how many eons am I from the correct translation? What is a FAPAZine doing in this bundle, anyhow? Quick, someone, call the UnSapian Activities Investigating Committee! + I read along in this pleasantly screwy publication, enjoying it, muttering to myself that it is one of the delights of being in SAPS to encounter unexpected treats like this -- & then I turned a page and found this Kruse woman spouting blasphemy & heresy. Revolted, shaken to the core, I am only impelling myself thru a sense of duty to point out to this benighted SAP some of the more obvious fallacies and inaccuracies in that abomination of Oscar, "The

First Book of Phthalo". To begin at the ending, surely every upright, right-thinking fan will instantly abjure with obscene gurgles any false ghod who recommends the drinking of Nuclear Fizzes. O heathenish Karen as Robert Glenn Briggs will confirm, Nuclear Fizzes are not to be drin-ken, drank or drunked--they are to be silped. Secondly, blueness and beer are utterly incompatible -- no matter how blue you are to begin with, a few steins of that Roscoistic beverage, beer, will banish the blueness, casting a rosy glow across the world. + I speculate on the etymology of your false ghod's name; it reminds me of a small Inca figurine displayed in a San Antonio museum. At first glance this appears to be a monkey shinnying up a telephone pole, but when I noted that the card beside it called it a "Falic God" my long SAPS training in spotting puns impelled me to take a second look at the thing. And, sure enough, it wasn't a monkey and telephone pole at all. But I can't decide whether the curator who wrote that card was innocently misspelling an unfamiliar word or if he was perpetrating a bit of scholarly hum or at the expense of the Texans who gaze at that thing year after year with not one in a thousand realizing what it represents. (Oh, ptsk, I suppose now the LASFS will migrate en masse to Texas!)

===== "SO HERE ENDETH THE MAILING REVIEWS" =====

FREUD BOOK

BANNED AS SEXY

Cleveland, March 6.--(AP) The major Cleveland distributor of pocket-sized books said today it has removed from its shelves Sigmund Freud's "General Inhroduction to Psychoanalysis."

Robert Klein of the G. R. Klein News Co., said the book was eliminated because it has a chapter on sex. Any book that might be considered too sexy by a policeman has been banned by the company. The police are campaigning against "indecent literature."

--San Antonio Light, Friday, 6 March 53

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"We can demonstrate with ease that what the world calls its code of morals demands more sacrifices than it is worth, and that its behaviour is neither dictated by honesty nor instituted with wisdom."

--Sigmund Freud, A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis

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I suppose there should be some witty quip here, but every time I re-read that newspaper clipping reprinted above I lose my sense of humor. It has some pretty grim implications. You see, it's not just a publisher who is so neurotic that he thinks even the mention of sex in print is obscene; more likely he is justified in thinking the police would object to the book. But if it were just a matter of police censorship, a few bucks as a political donation to the alder-

man or mayor, or whoever controls the Cleveland police would persuade the cops to go blind while inspecting his newsstands. The only reason this wouldn't work is that public opinion for censorship is too strong to be ignored by the police. Now, public prudery as expressed in censorship of this kind is a curious thing. It doesn't eliminate the eroticism it objects to; it just forces the publishers to abandon one form of pornography in favor of some other one which is not immediately recognizable as such. Thus, when the sexy pulpmags were discouraged, sexy comic books took their place. And when objections to the comics became serious, we got Mickey Spillane and his imitators. But while fiction is a flexible art, able to bow to pressure and then spring up in another form, fact is not so easily manipulated. Freud theorizes that sex is the basic motivating force of human life, and if he is not allowed to say so, then the science of psychoanalysis he built upon that theory becomes incomprehensible or absurd.

Incidentally, the book, a simplified version of his teachings, is the transcript of a series of lectures delivered to a mixed audience in 1915. O Tempora, O Mores! There is nothing in it which should shock anyone who is aware of the basic facts of biology; none of the physically abnormal perversions are explicitly described. Indeed, there is so little objective grounds for calling the book "sexy" that, as I say, one is forced to the conclusion that the man who banned it must be actuated by a personality quirk which is neurotic.

OK, rush out and buy it, beanie brigade, but I really think you would get more satisfaction out of the latest Spillane novel.

Crystal Garden

Six tablespoons of salt, six of liquid bluing, half a cup of water, one tablespoon of household ammonia. Mix this thoroly. In a shallow dish, place a piece of brick or coke, then pour the solution over it. Replenish the water and the ammonia as they evaporate.

The liquid creeps up the porous stone or coke, gradually depositing a miniature fairyland of crystals. Tints can be added to them by applying a drop of mercurochrome, colored ink, or vegetable dye.

TAMALE PIE

First, you take a cup of boiling water, a cup of corn meal, one egg, two tablespoons of butter or oleo, and salt to taste. Make mush of water and meal. Add butter and mix well. When cool, add beaten egg. Beat well, then line baking dish with mixture. + For the second step you need a pound of fresh ground pork, 1-1/2 cups cold water, 1 small can tomatoes (mashed) & 3 tablespoons chili powder. + Cook meat in water 10 min. after it begins to boil, then add tomatoes & chili powder. Cook 5 min. longer, then pour into meal-lined dish. Bake in 350° oven for 20 min. Take out & stir meal into meat mixture, leaving a little lining on sides & bottom of dish. Put back in oven until brown. (This takes approx. 1 hr.) Serves four.

STRAY RADIATION: Or in other words I need to fill a stencil to avoid a blank page when Martin runs this off. + I notice, in re-reading the already-cut stencils, a couple of pessimistic outbursts this time. Don't get a false impression; I don't habitually snarl, but when I am browned off I'm apt to take it out on my typer rather than in less trivial forms of unsemantic behaviour. This may be a bit rough on SAPS, but at least SW is one fanzine with a useful function! + Apologies if the source of this was one of last mailing's SAPSazines, but I can't resist repeating the most apt description of TV wrestling I've yet heard. Someone said it is burleaque for ~~women~~ women. + As the ragged right margin indicates, not to mention the typos and syntax, this is being batted onstencil. + A unique sight hereabouts, just after sunset when the weather is clear, is the emergence of bats from their caves. You may have seen pix recently in LIFE. Sometimes they are so numerous that the flights darken the sky. They fly rather close together, but do not keep formation, resulting in a smoke-like swirling of the cloud of wings as it moves overhead. Looks a lot like the locust swarms in the movie "The Good Earth" if any of you can remember that far back. + Have not yet seen "House of Wax" which has been at a local theater for the past couple of weeks; would have before this except that I am revolted by the wasting of technical miracles on a subliterate plot (it is obviously based upon the years-ago horror film, "Doctor X" which was later re-filmed as "Mystery of the Wax Museum" both of which impressed me, but I was only about eight years old at the time, so that's no criterion.) + Redd Boggs writes me that Burbee once printed a formula for mimeo ink, but warned that it was tricky stuff to mix, since a single error in procedure or proportions would ruin it. Guess we'll have to leave it to the dirty old pros. + Some newspaper columnist mentioned that if the proposed Federal obscenity bill is passed, it will prohibit interstate transportation of that Marilyn Monroe calendar. This is a clue as to where Congress draws the line between art and pornography. Are you prepared to have your filthy little mind purified by Federal law? + Easily the outstanding value of the year in the fantasy field is the pb edition of John Collier's Fancies and Goodnights. I don't even have to review it; if you have ever read "Green Thoughts" or "Thus I Refute Beezley" and still have not gotten this book, you know you've got to get it!

TRAPP, ARTHUR. P.

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Only an authentic r-trapp zine bears this seal of approval. Even the authentic ones won't, if the untested idea I have for imprinting said seal doesn't happen to work.

Any surplus prozines cluttering up your shelves should be sent to this address: Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Rd., Windermere, West., England. Pete is librarian of a British club which maintains a circulating library for its scattered members. Judging from their last list, almost anything in the way of American prozines would be non-duplicative and profoundly appreciated. Look, here's a deal whereby you exchange your zines for absolutely nothing except the satisfaction of knowing that they will be read and enjoyed by a couple of dozen British fen.

Coming next time: SAPS' QUADRICENTENNIAL MAILING !