

A PETITION WILL NOT HELP ANY OF THEM IN THE SLIGHTEST * SHAKY AND DE-
CREPIT WHERE HE SHOULD BE DEBONAIRE * HOW ABOUT IF I CONGRATULATE YOU
ON STAYING OUT OF THE AIR FORCE? * I'M NOT SURE THE WORLD IS READY FOR
THIS. I KNOW I'M NOT * TRY AN 18 M'N EXPEDITION TO BOTH MARS & VENUS

SPACEWARP 88

THE WILDEST ORGIES EVER BEHELD AT A FAAAAAN CONVENTION * SHE NEEDS
FLOUR POWER * THE WEBBERTS HAVE ARRIVED AND ARE BEING BLEACHED * PRO-
GRESS IS SOMETIMES TOO MUCH * I MAY HAVE SURPRISED HIM TONIGHT BY KISS-
ING HIM * IT WAS A FUNNY PLACE FOR A STREET LAMP * THE VICAR OF STOUR-
TON CANDLE * A SMALL INTIMATE MAILING IS A NICE THING TO HAVE HAPPEN
NOW AND THEN * THAT WILL TEACH WALLY NOT TO REST HIS FINGERS ON THE
EDGE OF THE TABLE * GIRL OE'S CAN BE VERY GOOD * ONE OF THE EASIEST
WAYS I CAN THINK OF TO MAKE MORAL ENEMIES * IT SEEMS ONLY FAIR TO ME
THAT WOMEN SHOULD SHARE THE LOAD * PUBLISHED PARTIALLY IN PENANCE * I
MADE SORROWFUL NOISES * CLOSE YOUR EYES AND GRIT YOUR TEETH * ANY BE-
LIEF IS BETTER THAN NONE * I ALMOST WROTE HER A LETTER, BUT FOUND OUT
SHE WAS MARRIED * NOT FOR IMPATIENT EARS * IT'S ALL A DOGGONE HOBBY*

SAPS Mailing 83

April 1968

WHY ARE WE ARGUING ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR IN A HAREM IF YOU AREN'T GOING
TO RUN ONE? * I AM THE SPIRIT NGOC HOLY. MY PROFESSION IS VAMPIRISM
* HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE TO BUY THINGS. HE JUST LIKES TO HAGGLE WITH
PEOPLE * DISSERTATION ON THE JOYS OF OWNING A TANDEM BICYCLE * AN O-
VERSUPPLY OF DIRECTORS AND AN UNDERSUPPLY OF CAMERAMEN * SOME OF THE
MEMBERS ARE PRETTY REVOLTING * SAPS IS A FAMILY APA * YOU MUST BE AN
EXCEPTIONALLY CLEAN-MOUTHED YOUNG FELLER * YOUR STATISTICS WOULD BE
MORE IMPRESSIVE IF YOU SHOWED SOME SIGNS OF KNOWING WHAT THE HELL YOU
WERE TALKING ABOUT * YOU ARE PERHAPS LABORING UNDER THE MISAPPREHENS-
ION THAT THE TEAM OF POHL AND KORNBLUTH WROTE SF? * HAS THIS BEEN AN-
OTHER EXAMPLE OF ANTIPODAL HUMOR MISFIRING? * I WANDERED DOWN TO THE
PANEL DISCUSSION AND WAS DRIVEN OUT BY BOREDOM * I WONDER IF SHE SMI-
LED BECAUSE SHE LIKED ME OR BECAUSE I WAS GONE? * SINCE THAT'S ME I'LL
BEAR IT * I DON'T WANT ALL THOSE DAMNED CALORIES AROUND THE HOUSE *IT
CAN BE DONE -- BUT HOW TIME-CONSUMING! * FATTENING THINGS ARE SO MUCH
MORE AVAILABLE THAN THINGS WHICH ARE MERELY IMMORAL OR ILLEGAL * ANY
WOMAN WHO PUTS UP WITH EQUALITY MUST BE SOME KIND OF NUT! * SHOULD I
DO SOMETHING VIRTUOUS AND SELF-RESPECTING, OR SHOULD I JUST GOOF OFF?
* HE SAID TONIGHT WHEN I TOOK HIS DINNER OVER TO HIM THAT HE WOULDN'T
BE A HOUSEWIFE FOR ANYTHING * AYN RAND'S WRITING REMINDS ME OF THE BI-
BLE-WAVERS THAT INFEST DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES * THE FIRST TEN YEARS IN
FANDOM ARE THE BEST? I'VE ONLY BEEN IN FOR 7-1/2, AND I ALREADY FEEL
OLD & TIRED * ANYONE OUT THERE NEED A TAX DODGE? * NEUTRALITY DOESN'T
MEAN PACIFISM * I WONDER IF YOU CAN PLAY POKER WITH A TAROT DECK... *
A CREW OF DRUNKEN DEAFMUTES * THROWING HIS POINT-TO-BE-RESOLVED, LIKE
A HOT COAL INTO THE READER'S LAP * WHEN ED CO GETS HIGH HE'LL DRINK
ANYTHING * HALT! OR I DENT YOUR PAINT * CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS TEND
(PROBABLY CORRECTLY) TO DISREGARD THE EXTREMES * IF YOU DO GO IN MUCH
FOR COOKING CHINESE FOOD, YOU'D BETTER GET INTO THE HABIT OF CUTTING
UP THE INGREDIENTS INTO EXTREMELY FINE PIECES -- CONFUCIUS, YOU'LL RE-
MEMBER, DIVORCED HIS WIFE FOR NOT DOING SO * OF ALL THE NIGHTS TO BE
UNCOMFORTABLY FULL * AS TO MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE, A GENEROUS OBSERVER
MIGHT CALL ME NONDESCRIPT * MILITARY TYPES TAKE PARTICULAR DELIGHT IN
MASHING ART STUDENTS * YARST ON RASTY OLD HIM * ALL QUOTES FROM MLG82

the gripes of rapp

...THRU DARKEST MAILING 82 WITH HEAPING SCOOPS OF EGOBOO...

The Spectator 82 You almost had insurrection, not to mention confusion, in the ranks this time, Dave. When six weeks had passed since the deadline and still no sign of the 82d Mailing in these parts, I stencilled and ran off a manifesto wresting power from your grasp and calling upon all truSAPS to ratify the action. By the time I had the envelopes all addressed, stuffed, stamped and sealed, it was too late on a Sunday evening to make me very eager to brave the wintry blasts to cart them down to a mailbox, so I set them aside to mail on the way to work the next morning. Meanwhile, sez Nancy, why not give Tosk a call and see if he's heard anything about why the bundles might not have been sent out. So I did, and found Tosk had received his mailing a day or two before. (Chalker, of course, had not only not gotten the 82d Mailing, he'd never gotten the 81st.) In view of which I cancelled the coup, and our bundle finally did arrive on the 20th of February. I hope whatever postoffice the new OE uses gives faster service than the Canoga Park branch does.

Sardonicus 4 They may not have an ocean near Minnesota, Milt, but they do have a lake that is definitely Superior. It is indeed an exotic experience to stand on the trackless shore and listen to the eerie wails of the Minnesotans as they learn that once again Michigan has clobbered them on the football field. # Well, if you had a hole that went all the way through the Earth (from America) you could always drop a small atom bomb down it for the benefit of the Chinese. I would be a great gag (unless they thought of it first).

Deadwood Sep 13 Did you see the parody, "In the Out Exit" in MAD, Tosk? The movie couldn't possibly live up to THAT.
I wonder if Japanese men have evolved a version of the game called "Fairy Go"? (Upon reflection, it seems that a 3-D version would be practical -- well, at least possible -- by analogy with 3-D chess.
"...my current car has been in 47 states; all but Montana." Tsk, Tosk, I got news for you -- we've got more than 48 States in the Union these days...well, of course, some are more in the Confederacy at heart, but you know what I mean. # Did you know that the music to the "Marines' Hymn" was written by Offenbach? As Nancy said when I told her this, it sounds like it.

Spy Ray (OC329) Electric razors might bollix the TV picture when used on the same circuit, but they are far outclassed by electric sewing machines, which can stitch up the screens for blocks around. Along the same lines, I hate to see a VW pull up alongside me at a traffic light, because almost invariably I'll get audible evidence of how his ignition system is working over my car radio. I guess nobody ever told the Wolfsberg people about interference-suppressing capacitors. # At work, a few weeks back, we got a newest-model IBM Selectric, and at intermittent intervals the golfball fails to rotate quite far enough to print the entire letter, giving a somewhat messier effect than even this combat-fatigued Underwood which cost, new, probably less than 1/10th as much. Four visits by the installation mechanic so far have failed to correct the fault; if it was a private bus-

iness instead of the Government, I'm sure the machine would have been replaced long ago. At any rate it has lowered my opinion of the Selectric considerably (the older, moving-carriage type IBM electrics seem to work O.K.) Besides, I can't get used to not being able to grab the platen knobs and position the carriage. # Glad you're back, Rich: have you started work on FANCY III yet?

The War In Vietnam Yes, I can understand, Earl, why you would move to an unannounced address after THIS page of blithering. For example: Where do these "10,000 people...starve to death every day"? Red China, or conquered Tibet? # I suppose you could call it a war being fought at the wrong time and in the wrong place, but it sure as hell isn't the wrong war. Wherever Communism goes we have, to use your words, "the loss of life, the maimed, the suffering..." -- are you so content with your luxurious American Way of Life that you figure it's not worth risking it for the sake of a few thousand miserable Orientals' losing their lives every year for the crime of objecting to a Communist takeover of their country? Where do you draw the line at which you DO think it is worth fighting the Reds? At the Phillipines, Hawaii, or perhaps the Los Angeles beachfront? Were you expressing your concern about the little people of the world a few years back, when China was polluting the atmosphere with nuclear tests after both the US and Russia agreed not to set off any more nuclear explosions in the atmosphere? Have you noticed that the casualty figures of the South Vietnam Army run somewhere around 5 times those of U.S. troops in Vietnam? And I think Eney will confirm that RVN desertion figures are no greater (probably much less) than those of the North Vietnamese. Which proves that there are quite a few people in South Vietnam who figure their country and their government is worth fighting for. No, they're not safe from terror, and they face death every day, as you so quaintly put it. It's not American bombings they're afraid of, tho, but the possibility that the VC will arrive and institute the usual Communist agree-or-die program.

Speleobem 38 Wasn't the SFL incorporated? # What's this about a psychedelic-covered SPELEOBEM 36 being postmailed? I don't remember receiving any such publication. Did you send one to our old Four Seasons Court address? Alas, not much except first-class mail got forwarded to us -- and not all of that, I suspect. # To forestall a big argument 25 or 50 years from now, suppose you and Wright agree on what you mean by "remembered" as applied to rock music. Surely the 3-D telecaster of the future, doing a program on "That Wonderful Year: 1967" will be able to dig up authentic rock records to play for the nostalgia-filled memories of his elderly audience. By "remembered" I would mean a tune that has become so familiar that everyone automatically recognizes it, like "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" or "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-ay", to cite tunes from the 30's, 40's and 50's, respectively. # Hooboy, you remind me that at Cincy I got my picture published in the Cincinnati newspaper wearing a false beard and a beanie, as a typical science-fiction fan. Wonder where I've got THAT clipping filed away? (I borrowed the beanie from George H Young, the photographer having decided I was more photogenic because of the beard. Tsk, how times have changed!) (This was also the photo which prompted Bob Tucker to denounce wild young neofen "in beards and beanies" who cavorted in unseemly fashion at what should be dignified science-fiction conventions. Of course, in those days no one had yet imagined Herlan Ellison, much less rock music. Why, we used to think that Stan Kenton was Way Out There...)

Retro 47 I'm with you 100% on the no-exceptions-to-the-rules policy in SAPS -- if the OE determines that circumstances are extenuating enough to make exceptions, OK, but let's keep the rest of the membership out of the act. They can always express their opinion of the OE's actions via the next election ballot. (If the members can petition to have a dropped member reinstated, why shouldn't the W-L have an equal right to petition to have him dropped? Well, I guess they do have, except they probably wouldn't EXPECT the OE to heed their votes). # The recent installation of direct dialing capability to many military installations has introduced a few problems in the name of efficiency. True, you don't have to go thru a Post Operator to get your extension, but you have, on the other hand, to know what extension number you want, or else how to get hold of the Post Operator to find out from her. When I was transferred from one job that involved a lot of time chasing documents via telephone, one of the most valuable tools I left my replacement was a tattered notebook showing which numbers to call at various posts and who to ask for. (Sometimes, even when you call the proper number, most of his co-workers don't know that Mr Glutz is the employee who keeps track of the Veebelfetzers and it may take many minutes of talking to one person after another before you can get any sort of intelligent reply. So of course, the SECOND time I had to make a call to the same headquarters, I was always reminded by my faithful notebook to ask for Mr Glutz). Strangely enough, no one had thought to note down this sort of info before. # Congratulations on your election to OE, I hope, Buz.

✓ if XEr?

Sgt. Pepper Meets the Red Baron Well tsk, with a title like that and a group of fans as well-versed in SAPS history as y'all, I'm surprised that no one mentioned the Original Red Baron: Irene of Sloop. # The biggest drawback I find in electric typers is that you can't hold the backspace key partway down to squeeze an extra letter into the line when correcting typos. They either nospace or fullspace. Disgustingly Aristotilian.

Pot Pourri 51 One descriptive phrase has me puzzled: how could four lights "go into the shape of a cross" (p.5)? Five lights could make a cross, but four would make, at most, a square. A most interesting issue, John, and as informative as any such accumulation of unexplained fragments can be. Here's wishing that the next wave of little green men fly their craft across the Belfast skies when you are outdoors with your telescope.

Outsiders 70 Oh, now I place that guy whose name you were trying to recall for Dave Hulon. You mean that Wop painter, Mike L. Angelo? # Mary Baker Eddy? Is she the one who wrote Science & Sanity? # May your house be safe from tigers, ole Wrai.

Stumping 22 (Would you believe that I now have TWO typers with balky "two" keys?) This one isn't quite as bad as the Royal Standard I've been using the past few years, thank roscow, or the SAPSazine Index would never have gotten published. Of course, I could use Nancy's Hermes portable, but that's a bit lightweight for stencil-cutting with my sledgehammer touch. # Didn't they call off the Camp Perry matches this year, because the Federal budget couldn't afford them, or was that just some gun-hater's denouncement I remember reading a few months back? # A pleasant-reading zine, Jim, and I hope one of these quarters you find time and ambition to sit down and turn out lengthly and detailed mailing comments.

Mest 23 You stencil a SAPSzine on Coke? For shame! This issue of SW is being fueled by Old Bohemian, a New Jersey beer I never heard of until I ran across it in the liquor store whilst buying a gallon of burgundy last week. \$4.00 a case in quart one-way bottles, which is 50¢ cheaper than the PX price for National Draft 3. and this stuff isn't nearly as bad as the price might indicate. # All I know of Marshall McLuhan is a one-hour TV survey, "The Medium is the Message" I tuned in by accident a week or so back. The gentleman seems to have articulated some obvious but previously unexpressed sentiments, it seems to me, such as "The world is now one big village, we demand to hear the latest scandal and gossip from everywhere," and "Time spent in the classroom interrupts a child's education [via TV]" I don't completely agree with the above, or most of the rest of his opinions, but they are at least a fresh way of looking at familiar subjects. # Hey, I discovered a quick&easy dish more or less by accident awhile back. You take a can of Armour's Beef Stew and put it in a casserole dish and a 400° oven for a couple of minutes until it starts to bubble, and while it's doing that you cut a couple slices of swiss cheese into small bits. Then you haul the stew out of the oven temporarily, dust it with paprika, seasoned salt, onion flakes, or whatever you have handy that might improve the flavor. Then you sprinkle the cheese over the surface, and cover with a tube of baking powder biscuits. Stick the whole furschlugginer mess back into the oven for ten or fifteen minutes until the biscuits are well-browned on top, haul out and eat. It isn't the best-looking dish in the world, since the cheese tends to dangle in strings as you ladle it from the dish, but it makes a mighty tasty meal.

Niflheim 22 I hope the repro on Nancy's and my zines this mailing is clear enough so you aren't wishing we would get a Gestetter; last week Harry Warner sent us the last few issues of Horizons and I was amused to note, in one of his articles on his Fanhistory, a mention of the Martin Alger home-made mimeo. You see, the mimeo I use is the one Alger watched in operation, back in '48 or so, and decided that such a simple device was well within the capabilities of a home-workshopper to duplicate. I don't know about Alger's, but this machine seems good for at least another twenty years before it needs any major overhauling (by then, I suspect, the rubber roller will need replacing). # As an old city-slicker type, I will enlighten you (most probably erroneously) on swine terminology: There are three types of swine, boars, sows and pigs. The pigs grow up to be boars and/or sows barring natural catastrophe or someone's desire to serve roast suckling pig with an apple in its mouth. "Pigs Is Pigs" and if you remember reading THAT story back in highschool you're senile by now. Swift & Co used to boast that their Chicago packing plants used every part of the hog except the squeal. This was before the era of TV r&r soundtracks. Hogs are clean animals, say the professors of porcine science, and it's not their fault they have to live in a muddy pignen. However, I have seen clean hogs only at County Fair hog-judging contests. What else would you like to know?

Finagle's Work 1 You fake Irishfen, it's Finagle's Constant; it's Finagal's Cave. And it's a serious offense against the moral code of SAPS to leave fanish serials uncompleted. Better finish this one, or the Secret Masters of Fandom may be compelled to Take Steps...

Resin 3^ You ought to write articles for Australian fanzines: they'd skyrocket the local circulation, as well as furnish the letterhacks something to screech about.

"Fantom Phantasies II" Some fan with a psychoanalytic turn of mind ought to analyze the convention syndrome in fandom. Even accounts of conventions by attendees who are enthusiastic about them make it sound more like an endurance contest than a pleasurable interlude. And of course all trufen come home from a con needing at least 12 hours of uninterrupted sleep just to regain some semblance of humanity again. So howcum fans enjoy cons so much? Is it the 363-day-a-year introvert getting his chance to be an extrovert for 3 glorious days, or what? # A fine conreport, Earl: it exhausted me just attending the NyCon vicariously thru your account.

1968 Pillar Poll and OElection The rules are a bit ambiguous. "You may vote for members only:" does that mean members now or people who were members at the time their work appeared? Pillar Poll rules need to be drawn with the nitpicking exactitude of a FAPA constitution.

Gosling 7 One of our traditional Christmas ornaments is a cardboard disc covered with a star design in glitter, which Nancy and I made for our first celebration back in El Paso. (I'm feeling sentimental today, it's our wedding anniversary.) (It's easy to remember: as all oletime SAPS members may recall, we ran afoul of the Easter season (the courthouse closed on Good Friday) getting our marriage license and so, unintentionally, wound up getting married on April Fool's Day: 7 years ago, that was. (further musings on this theme foregone for obvious reasons, such as that Nancy grabs these stencils to read as soon as they come out of the typer)... # When the Rambler got balky, just after New Year's, I walked to work and back for about a week: 3 miles each way. When the weather was clear and around 15° it was a fine bit of exercise, but when the temperature dropped to zero and the wind (always adverse, for some malign reason) nickered up, it got to be less than a pleasure. One thing walking in winter does for you is to instill an appreciation for people who shovel their walks before the snow gets trampled into ice. # Your lecture to Foyster caused me to remember an ancient joke that I hadn't thought about in years: the resident of South Carolina who replies to a query: "Who, me, boss? Why, I'se a Cherokee." I think the greatest step forward in gaining the respect of the nation was taken by the Lumbee Indians of North (?) Carolina when they broke up a Klan rally a few years ago. Even if that incident probably helped to inspire black nationalism among the Negroes, which is being exploited for ulterior purposes by people who may have black skins, but are much greater enemies of the black people of the US than any white man. # Having traveled thru both Washington and California, I'd opine that any Californian who misses up the chance to get out of his state for a few days and visit Washington must be out of his smogchoked mind. Before Nancy and I decided to settle down here, we considered most of the continental US as possible home sites, but I can't remember either of us even suggesting California as a last-ditch alternative. # You may have opened up a ~~fruitful~~ fruitful field for research in mentioning the reading habits of parents, Elinor. My father didn't read much besides the newspaper (tho he tackled a few pulpzines when I first started reading stf, probably to see if TWS and AMAZING were as horrible as their covers suggested, back there in 1941 or so.) My mother constantly borrowed books from the public library, but I don't remember ever seeing her reading them. Maybe she didn't have TIME to read until us kids were asleep. But a great-uncle lived with us for several years, who was a great reader and who had on his shelves (he'd been a book salesman at one time) such goodies as a ten-volume set of "The Classic and the Beautiful From the Literature

of "1,000 Years", six volumes of the complete works of Charles Dickens, and Parton's "Lives of Illustrious Men", all of which I plowed thru with huge enjoyment at an age when today's kids are expected to read "Run, John, run. See John run. See Mary run. See John and Mary run."

Porcuc? I think Steve's Magic Designer is more versatile than our Spirograph, since it makes angular loops rather than merely curved ones. But it has the disadvantage that it draws only on paper discs cut the size of the turntable and with notches at the proper places to fit the hold-down clips. These discs can either be purchased at inflated prices from the manufacturer, or cut out of old stencil-backs with much time and effort. But of course, for Art one must Soffur! # You think you've got bed problems? Our Italian bed, which we can't bear to part with, is king-size, except for the length, which is 6" shorter. As a result, we can't get an American mattress to fit it (aside from having one custom-made) and must endure the 3" thick non-innerspring Italian one. Either the lumps are adapting to us, or vice versa. # A side benefit from this Christmas season: I discovered that those 7-1/2 watt Christmas lights that sell for about 5¢ each are longer-lasting in a nightlight than the 7-1/2 watt nightlight bulbs that cost about 40¢ each. In fact, I put a Christmas bulb in the thing back in early January and it's still burning greenly. (watch it blow out tonight, now that I've mentioned it).

Mistily Meandering 3 Hey, you're getting right up there in issue numbers and consecutive mailings hit, ole Fred. # How will the majority of fandom be publishing its fanzines in another ten years, you wonder? Hurriedly at the last possible moment before deadline, just as now, I assure you.

Spoceword 86 I must've been afflicted with creeping senility or galloping bheerbottles that night, but I have seldom loused up a passage as thoroughly as the one in the Maine-iac mc where I tell about detecting the anagram in the title of Spiniato. In the first place, the zine was called Spianato, which made it a perfect anagram of "I not a SAP" instead of having one false letter as I recounted. But the felicity of this is destroyed by the fact that it was Arv Underman's SAPSzine, not Les Norris'. So much for Tales of the Mercifully Forgotten Past as related by forgetful r-trapp.

Gro 6 (Sounds like a fertilizer) I see you're using the two-letter abbreviation for California. The Army revised its correspondence regulation a few months back (eliminating indented paragraphs: habit-entrenched oltime company clerks like yhos still haven't fully adapted to the newfangled procedures), and also allowing these two-letter state abbreviations in place of the old familiar ones like Calif and Penna. But they just don't look right to me, most of 'em, so I refuse to use 'em until they are made mandatory, and since at the moment I have only twenty days to retirement, I don't guess I ever will. Dodburn newfangled whippersnappers anyhow, by gum. # Well, you have to admit that as a hobby, barbed-wire fandom has its points...

From Sunday to Saturday It seems to me that there could be much more variety in typewriter typefaces than is actually the case. Yes, you can get IBM golfballs in several weird styles, but most of them aren't suitable for routine text (difficult to read). I suppose this standard typer style of lettering became universal for some reason or other (maximum wear-resistance, or maximum delay in clogging up with carbon, or something). Twenty years

ago we stencilled several MSFS meeting notices and other minor f-ncrud on Edith Furcsik's billing-machine, which had large and small caps instead of caps and lowercase. The effect was both pleasing and legible, moreso than IBM's "Orator" which spoils the effect with serifs. I wonder how one would go about getting a custom-made typeface out on a typewriter? I mean, I know in early days new styles of type were hand-carved by the designer, but surely there's some more efficient process now, isn't there? # With a sneer toward climates in which lilacs do not bloom, I can report that from all indications we're going to get blossoms this spring on the ones we transplanted from Nancy's folks' place late last fall. After a cold snap, the late fall weather was so warm the transplants put out new sets of leaves last November, so they were apparently fooled into thinking this is their second summer in Maryland. We shall see. The peach trees are loaded with blooms, too.

Something For SAPS #4 Thank, Ed; now I don't feel so guilty about all the Real Soon Now projects I haven't time for at the moment (but I gotta dig out those lime icks RSN!)

Dinky Bird #5 I don't appreciate Spenser. Milton leaves me mostly indifferent (tho of course I have only a fleeting acquaintance with his work beyond "On His Blindness"): on the other hand I greatly admire Donne, Dickenson and Kipling. I can't stand Whitman. What does this melange of poetic tastes indicate, if anything? (Oh, yes, I enjoy Shakespeare's sonnets more than his plays, for the most part.) (Upon reflection, I suspect it indicates I admire poetry for its technical competence more than for its imagery or content, yes?)

Elbegast #2 If you ever get drafted, it might interest you to know that artists (or even illustrators) fare goodly in the military system, usually ending up in large headquarters where there is continuous need for charts, lantern slides, and other forms of graphics. And if you're really good at your trade, you can get TDY to far-off battlefields to produce historical paintings for the walls of military museums and suchlike. It beats toting a rifle thru the rice paddies.

Mantrap #8 This was a pleasant interlude of reading. You are obviously some kind of a nut, so you have a great future before you in SAPS.

Toadsticker #4 But Jim, all novels are supposed to contain Messages. Ann Rand's just don't do a very good job of concealing the message behind a facade of story, is all.

SAPSfield #9 The best way to shut up teen dj's is to firmly grasp the "off" button on your radio and give it a counter-clockwise turn. Or better yet, switch to FM, which has its bad spots but not nearly as many as AM radio.

The Ballard Chronicles #5: I'm glad Lee got this into the mailing, and if by some chance he is aware of how much I enjoyed reading it...well, then I guess I won't have to try to put into words how much we regret that it's the last of the series. LeeJay was a trufen and a Ghoud SAP; it'll be a long time before we find anyone who can fill the gap he left.

ANAGRAMMATICALLY SPEAKING...

Back there in the mc's I mentioned anagrams. With the aid of a Scrabble set, Nancy and I pieced together a fine list of the things, which we invite you to decipher:

- SANE PATH OMITTS FAN
- TS, IT CROAKED
- I DUST SORE
- PINT MUGS
- PREPARED GHOST BENT MERE PEST
- DRY KIN BID
- FAMOUS RANDY ROTA STUDY
- ADD A SOW, DOPE
- A SCRAP PEW
- TO ERR
- SLEET BAG
- FAILED SAPS
- CUSS DRANO
- STEM
- ROLE A BELCH IN CARDS
- GROK FINE LAWS
- NEVER WITHIN A MAT
- GIANT Z
- BEE POEMS
- YIELD IN STAMMERING
- PER QUO
- PART MAN
- SINER
- LOGS GIN
- SHAME STRIPS NO FOG
- I UP TORPOR
- PRAY, SY
- LIFEN HIM
- BLOT ILL PALLOR, PAL

...AND I have a feeling that we may have unleashed a monster upon SAPS as evil as Little Willie or even Feghoot.



A MUSING ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF MUSING

Cognizant Neanderthal, cerebrate like hell
(Inimical environment implies for you not-well)
Manipulate an artifact conceptualize fire
(Intemperate the climate; the lurking wolves all dire)

Metabolize efficiently; assimilate with greed
(If you don't gobble first you'll be the subject of the feed)
Procreate promiscuously, fecundly and repeatedly
(Eventually outnumber 'em: the method works unbeatably)

In your unvisioned future, when your world is pressed in stone
(Excavated expeditiously by descendents of your own)
Dim notions which within your skull began to fume and bubble
Culminate in thoughts like these -- was it worth all your trouble?

Little Willie, charming feller,
Led his playmates to the cellar,
Walled them up in stone and brick:
Sometimes that boy acts sick, sick sick...

Little Willie's going thru
A phase of interest in gruc,
And I am puzzled, on reflection --
Where DID he get that blood collection?

Willie, cheerful little man,
Is an avid hockey fan
But he, I fear, considers dull
Each game without a fractured skull.

Willie, with exultant cries,
Often pulls the wings off flies,
Explaining to protesting chaps
He's practicing for joining SAPS.

Last week, Willie read with glee
A bloody murder mystery;
And ever since, he sits and merely
Looks at me, and smiles queerly...

Little Willie finds a charm
In turning in a fire alarm;
A false alarm, you say? Not so!
--He sets the fires first, you know.

Little Willie up is growing,
Interest in girls is showing,
As you'll agree upon inspection
Of his photo-nude collection!

Little Willie's feeling blue:
He seems to have misplaced the glue.
I sit and stare in wild surmise,
Now knowing why I cannot rise.

Little Willie oft enjoys
Shocking proper girls and boys:
He really shakes the little scamps
With ten kv at fifteen amps!

Willie's room holds many pets:
Frogs and mice and marmosets,
But I'd sleep better if I knew
WHAT he feeds all that horsemeat to!

Willie went a little far
Helping light Grandpa's cigar:
It made a tender, touching scene
--He'd soaked it first in gasoline...

Willie's hobby seems to be
Now bacteriology,
In view of which it's not surprising
The local typhoid rate is rising.

FROM OUTSIDERS #5, SAPS Mailing 37, October 1956 comes this article which may help a new generation of SAPS with their fanfictionwriting as much as it did their elders. I resisted the temptation to update the...

SQUINK BLOG HANDY PLOTTER

No longer need you enervate your neurons trying to conceive fantastic plots for SAPS, or even (if you're really ambitious) for prozines. Just shuffle up a deck of cards and deal them off one by one to fill the blanks in the all-purpose synopsis below.

Of course, to make your stories really successful you must comply with the rules of good writing, which require that all the plot elements must be logically woven into the fabric of the tale, with no loose ends or improbable coincidences to annoy your readers. But I'm sure this is a minor problem to one as brilliant and imaginative as you.

The Squink Blog Handy Plotter supplies you everything except the names of your hero and heroine. If you can't get these any other way, you can always pick them at random from the city directory, or, as in the illustrative example below, invent preposterous pseudonyms which are obviously fictitious.

All-Purpose Synopsis

John Davis, (1), is (2), (3), and (4). However, his secret ambition is to become (5). But at the moment his great problem in life is (6).

Complicating the situation is Karen Anderson, his (7), who is (8), (9), and (10), and whose only interest seems to be (11).

When John suddenly acquires (12) from (13), his troubles come to a crisis, caused, he suspects, by (14). He attempts to solve the problem by using (15).

John's action forces Karen to reveal her hidden secret: that she is (16). Using this information combined with his own abilities, John solves the problem and resolves that from now on he will be (17).

TABLE (1)

<u>Red</u>		<u>Black</u>
An undertaker	Ace	A big wheel
A fake fan	"	A pretzel bender
A Martian	3	A censor
A real creep	4	An oriental torture expert
A Shaverite	5	A Peeping Tom
A mad scientist	6	A shyster lawyer
A cool cat	7	A murderer
A religious fanatic	8	A werewolf
A private eye	9	An infant genius
A spacerat	10	An immortal
A SAPS member	J	A satyr
An imbecile	Q	A politician
An FBI Agent	K	Guest of honor at a convention

TABLE (2)

<u>Heart</u>	<u>Diamond</u>		<u>Club</u>	<u>Spade</u>
Lazy	Green-Skinned	Ace	Notorious	Carved from Teak
Drunk	Obnoxious	"	Wanted for Murder	Seasiok
Hysterical	Absentminded	3	Paranoid	Amoral
Unconscious	A Math Wizard	4	Impulsive	Shy
Talkative	Cockeyed	5	Indecisive	Dying
Despondent	Larcenous	6	Haggard	Enchanted
Brilliant	A WCTU Member	7	Goosey	A BNF
Cynical	Filthy Rich	8	Telepathic	A Texas
Ambitious	Chicken	9	Fragrant	A Fairy
Ribald	Lucky	10	Clairvoyant	Allergic
Fat	Invisible	J	Cursed	An Android
Egotistical	A Zombie	Q	A Hophead	X-ray Visioned
Sadistic	Winged	K	A Siamese Twin	Greedy

TABLE (3)

Ace	Woman
"	Money
3	The Draft
4	Anonymous Letters
5	Voices
6	A Criminal Past
7	Alcohol
8	Radiation
9	Poltergeists
10	His Other Head
J	Tone Deafness
Q	Leprosy
K	Irresistability to Women

TABLE (4)

Ace	Daughter
"	Robot
3	Secretary
4	Pet BEM
5	Mistress
6	Owner
7	Maid
8	Landlady
9	Nurse
10	Mother-in-Law
J	Blackmailer
Q	Wife
K	Manicourist

TABLE (5)

Ace	Cooking
"	Sex
3	PsiPhenomena
4	Athletics
5	Elvis Presley
6	Corpses
7	Gin
8	The Past
9	Jewels
10	Psychiatry
J	Arson
Q	Nudism
K	Man-eating Plants

TABLE (6)

Red

A Robot	Ace
A Million Dollars	"
A Copy of Fencyclopedia	3
A Mimeograph	4
A syphilis Infection	5
A Draft Notice	6
A Cadillac	7
A Dismembered Corpse	8
Three Wishes	9
A Deed to Mars	10
A Clock with 3 Hands	J
A Top Secret Document	Q
A Spaceship	K

Black

A Black Eye
A Geiger Counter
Two Grulzaks
A Pornographic Painting
A Baby
A Bloody Axe
A Locked Chest
A Bottled Genie
Tomorrow's Newspaper
A Time Machine
A Zapgun
A Formula for blowing up Earth
The Certainty that He Is Being Watched

<u>TABLE (7)</u>		<u>TABLE (8)</u>		<u>TABLE (9)</u>	
Ace	Assassins	Ace	Atom Bombs	Ace	A Martian
2	A Hex	2	Oneshots	2	Pregnant
3	Deroces	3	Poison Gas	3	His Intellectual
4	Fen	4	Squink Blog	4	Superior
5	The FBI	5	Fetishes	4	Poisoning Him
6	Russians	6	Mental Power	5	50 Years Old
7	Zombies	7	Defeatism	6	A Vampire
8	Atomic Radiation	8	Loaded Dice	7	A Policewoman
9	Women	9	Feigned Illness	8	Jealous
10	A time-traveler	10	Suicide	9	Growing a moustache
J	Smoking too much	J	Blackmail	10	Male
Q	Fishfood	Q	Dianetics	J	From the Future
K	Curiasity	K	The Difference between Men & Women	Q	In Contact With Galaxy II
				K	Wise to His Plans

So there you are. Only one difficulty remains to be solved, in order to get you started on a career as an author, and that is to give you an eye-catching opening for your story. And here it is:

"Stop it!" cried John Davis, blushing furiously."

END

((REPRINTER'S NOTE: John Davis and Karen Anderson were prominent SAPS members at the time this article appeared. However, the man's name used in my manuscript was not John Davis, but Wrai Ballard. Fannishly challenged by Wrai's alteration in the OUTSIDERS version, I revenged myself by writing at least 10 or 15 stories during the next decade, each of which opened with the immortal line; "Stop it!" cried Wrai Ballard, blushing furiously.))

THE STAR-BEGOTTEN ONES

(This was written many years ago; I'm not sure whether or not it was ever used in some longforgotten edition of HODGE-PODGE or IG-NATZ. Nancy turned up the manuscript among a batch of old fan-stuff from her Nanshare days)

I wonder if the British fen are like the fen I know?
Do they put spinnerbeanies on, wherever they may go?
Do busy bobbies frown at them, and mutter at first sight
That tho they've not yet broke the law, they look as if they might?

Are British fanclub sessions held by parliamentary rules?
--Or do the chairmen talk unheard, and feel like utter fools
Since no one pays attention to the holder of the floor
And ignores the treasury figures, since they like the girl-type more!

Do British fen brag loud and long of how they love to drink
Most anything with alcohol, until you'd never think
To listen to their boastful words, it takes the merest whiff
Of scotch to turn them glassy-eyed, and two to make them stiff?

Do plans for club activity receive their eager cheers?
But when the hour for working comes, each member disappears?
Do they faunch to fill YOUR fanzine with THEIR nauseating tripe?
They do? Hell, British fandom seems just like the U.S. type!