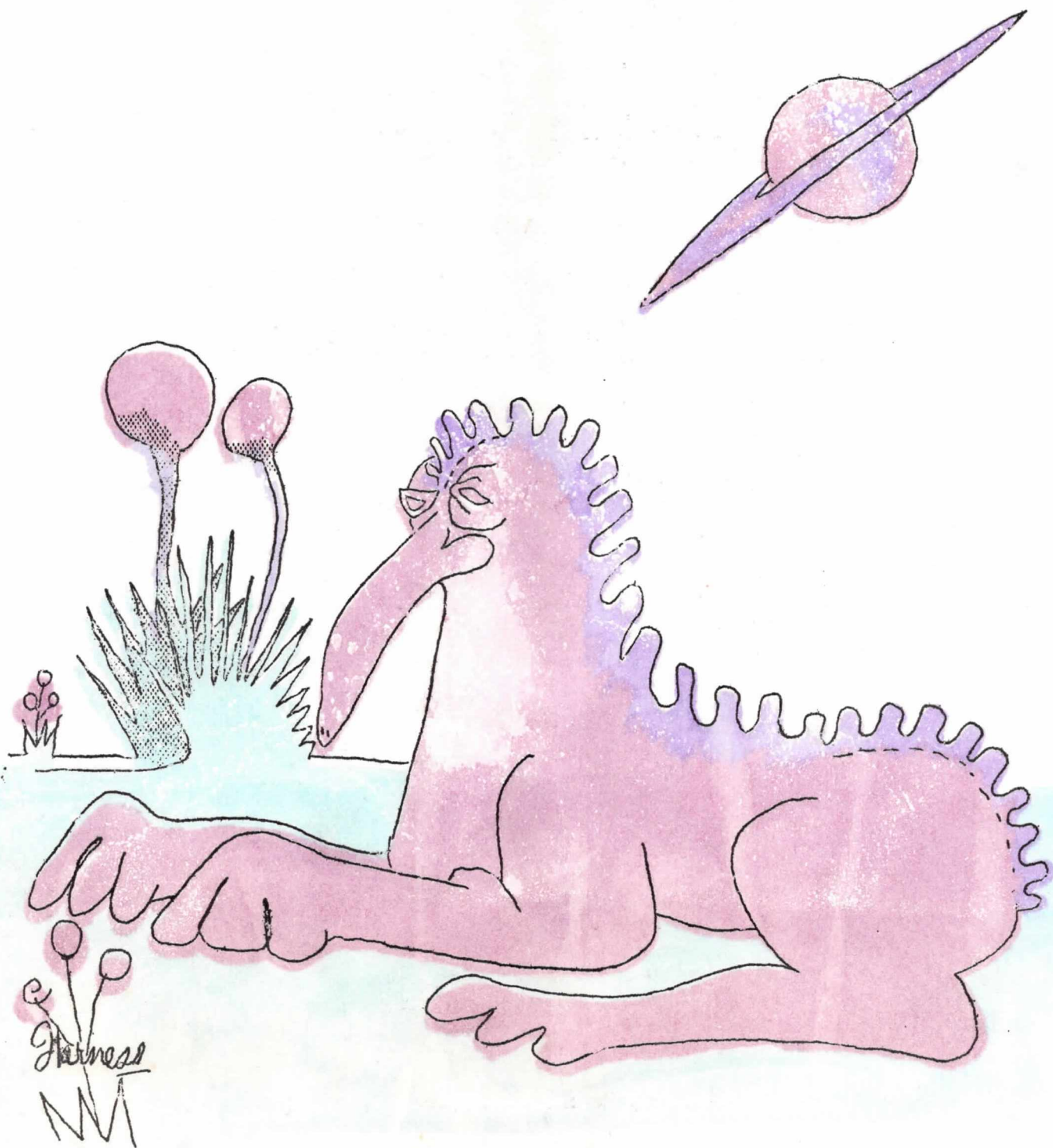


# SPACEWARRP

90



## Fanzines Are Forever

We've had fanzines named Sirius, Procyon, Arcturus, Polaris, Cygni, and a few other star-designations, but some of my favorite stars have (to my knowledge) remained unimmortalized by use on fanzines. Vega, for example. Canopus, Regulus, Spica, Capella. Nobody's ever titled their fanmag after them. Formalhaut would make a lovely title, too. So would Betelgeuse, for that matter, or Achenar, or Aldebaran, or Denebola. For exotic sound, Mizar, Alcor, Albireo, Algol, would be hard to match -- strange Arabic names, all of them. And if some fan editor really wanted to splurge, he might appropriate a whole damn constellation for his magazine title. Why be content with one little star? Aquila, Draco, Cassiopeia, Virgo, Sagittarius, Pavo, Lyra, Orion, and even Coma Berenices, are good eligible names. Do I have to issue magazines with these titles myself or will someone help me out? Naming fanzines after these neglected stars and constellations is such a worthy project I'm going to get the N3F to work on it.

--REDD BOGGS in HURKLE, Vol I #4, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51

My hair is gray, my eyes are dim,  
My blood has turned to plasma.  
Where once with passion I did pant  
I now just wheeze with asthma.

--DOROTHY FAULKNER in V.L. McCAIN's WASTEBASKET, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51

The Norwegian National Anthem, JA VE ELSKER DETTE LANDET, has a singable tune, if you learn its rather unusual (for Americans) style of music. It is a simple enough tune, but at first it seems a bit queer and as if it isn't quite right. Believe that the Norwegians are strongly nationalistic, too, have yet to meet one that wasn't extremely proud of being Norwegian. Call one a Swede, and you'll usually find out just how nationalistic they are.

--WRAI BALLARD in THE OUTSIDERS #2, SAPS Mlg 11, Spr 50

If you are a girl, living in a foreign country, and have a typewriter, Mr. Merwin will print almost any letter you send in, because of the way letters are selected for publication. All the letters received, about 150 every month, are shoved into a drawer until it is time to compile the letter column. Mr. Merwin then dumps the entire batch on his desk, and, since Startling and Thrilling Wonder are published on alternate months, the ones referring to the wrong magazine are returned to the drawer. Then the letters by women, girls, and foreign readers, the handwritten letters, and the obscene ones, are put in separate piles. Letters from the feminine readers have the best chance of being printed, since Standard hopes to attract more readers from the weaker sex. Only the best handwritten letters ever appear; Mr. Merwin must type them himself. The last group is disposed of in an appropriate manner.

--Interview with Sam Merwin Jr., in ETAOIN SHRDLU Vol I #5, SAPS Mlg 12, Jul 50

I note from the new membership roster and also the waiting list that SAPS is developing a more mature note. Leave us not kill the SAPS ribald, wacky spirit. SAPS is a place for corn and/or frivolity. If seriousness be the watchword, there's always FAPA.

--LEE JACOBS in ORGASM #1, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51



Anyone ever ask you if you "learned anything from those science mags?" And what did you answer? I know for years when I was asked why I read them, I'd hem and haw, and give out with some double-talk about educational value and hope they wouldn't ask me for an example. For the last several years -- or for about the length of time I've had the necessary fortitude to not only walk out of the store with a copy of some stf mag with "one of those covers" carried out in the open, but to actually lay it face up on the counter in full view of the sceptical crowd -- when anyone mentions learning from stf, I get a look of unbelief and say, "Maybe I learn from the stories, but if I do it is accidental." One reason for this is that it is the truth. The other reason is that it is more fun to say that -- for once, you put the other fellow on the defensive.

--WRAI BALLARD in OUTSIDERS #3, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51

The Babylonians had a mythical monster - Humbaba - who was the "Guardian of the Cedar Forests". Gilgamesh and Enkidu killed him, so the story goes, but heroes always killed monsters. He was "bearded with entrails" -- or tentacles... Certain Mayan wall-paintings were preserved by nature. One of those paintings showed an idol with the claws of a crab; a sea-god, by implication. He's bearded with tentacles, too... You can look it up in LIFE Magazine, if you care to.

--RICH ENEY in SNAKE PIT, Vol I #3, SAPS Mlg 13, Oct 50

Panama is a dingy little republic which would fall apart if the U.S. ever pulled out of there. The natives are all either negros, Indians, or half-breeds. They run around -- in their bare feet -- having bloody revolutions and climbing coconut trees. You can buy bananas for a nickel a bunch -- and oranges for 40¢ the hundred. That's all it's got to recommend it. Now the Canal Zone is something different. I love the thought of having no income taxes to pay, buying ya cigarettes for 12¢ a pack and seeing movies that haven't hit New York yet for 20¢ a head.

PANAMA IS OLD HAT, or, ARGENTINA BEATS OUT MEXICO: Seems I hunted all over the place down there in search of a copy of LOS CUENTOS FANTASTICOS. Apparently magazines printed in Mexico don't find great favor there. I would stop at a magazine stand and mouth, "Habla usted Ingles?"

"No, Cthulhu r'yleh phtagn, yakkity yakkity yak."

"Uh, avez vous, or, una del LOS CUENTOS FANTASTICOS?"

...." (didn't catch it).

However, I was able to pick up several copies of NARRACIONES TERRORIFICAS, a Spanish version of the old TERRIFYING TALES, for 60 centavos the copy (20¢, American). These, I understand, are collector's items worth quite a bit here. So far, these are the only rare magazines I've been able to lay my grubby little paws on.

They're really quite something to leaf through. I can't read Spanish, but they make me wish I could. For instance, one story illustrated by a picture of a bunch of fiend-faced nurses running a torture chamber, in which luscious women are being hung up by their thumbs and stretched out on racks. 'Twould satisfy my sadistic sense.

Just leafing through the story titles...one sees things as "LA MUJER DEL MONSTRUO" per Hugh B. Cave /translation: THE MATE FOR A MONSTER/, or DONDE LOS MUERTOS BAILAN SIEMPRE, per Arthur J. Burks /translation: WHERE THE DEAD DANCE ALWAYS/. Really, quite a magazine!

--BILL VENABLE in GOSTAK, Vol I #1, SAPS Mlg 12, Jul 50

...My nomination for the Purplest Prozine Passage of 1950: /in  
AMAZING/

Situation: Femme is in bed with Joe, nude, footsteps approach.

Passage: "He caught Nancy's shoulder, discovered he didn't have her shoulder, and hastily moved his hand."

--RICH ENEY in NUDITY, SAPS Mlg 13, Oct 50

Stfreaders are used to aliens & BEMS in their stories without giving them a second thought -- but wotll happen when the movies try to picture aliens -- that will be one of the difficulties of stf movies. The audiences -- fen as well as nonfen -- will probably bust out laffing when on the screen flashes a scaley big eyed tentacled extra terran walking and talking like a man -- right there is shot any idea of a Lensmen series. Not to mention eliminating some wonderful stories that would have made wonderful movies: Merritts Moon Pool with the Frogmen, The Shining One & The Three Silent Ones; The Snake Mother; & Heinleins Universe with the two-headed & four-armed mutants, & his Methuselahs Children with the dog eared aliens -- not to mention men wearing kilts. A couple with aliens & mutants mite not have much trouble being accepted -- Campbells Who Goes There in which the alien is invisible; Slan -- tendrils wouldn't be too bad; & Merritts Ship of Ishtar & Dwellers in the Mirage (the little people wouldn't be too much of a problem). Wots the use of dreaming -- Hollywood in its inevitable way would louse them up anyway. But they could be made with intelligence if given the A-type picture treatment (not just futuristic sets).

--SL TOTH in FANOBREL, SAPS Mlg 11, Spr 50

#### Reflection

The termite stood on the chest of drawers  
In the light so incandescent,  
Observing that  
Instead of flat  
The quantum plane was crescent.  
He pondered upon this awhile,  
Was Newton full of vinegar?  
Is Einstein right --  
The photon's flight  
Is never rectilinear?  
He closed his mind and shook his head  
And said "They'll find out one day.  
Now wither o where  
In this goddam glare  
Is the hole I started Monday?"

--ART YOUNGDAHL in STAN SERXNER's SIRIUS, Vol I #2, SAPS Mlg 13,  
Oct 50

If you had a time machine that could make just one trip into the past, and possessed the necessary intestinal fortitude to do violence for the good of humanity -- if you had these two things, what historical figure would you travel into the past to choke in his cradle, before he brought his own particular brand of misery upon mankind? Hitler? Stalin? Lenin? Marx? Napoleon? Philip II? Catherine de Medici? Genghis Khan? Caesar? Machiavelli? St. Thomas Aquinas? Henry VIII? Alexander the Great? Who's your candidate? My own would be John Calvin.

--REDD BOGGS in HURKLE Vol I #2, SAPS Mlg 12, Jul 50

RKO's fantasy movie, "Mighty Joe Young" saw release in Australia as "Mr. Joseph Young of Africa."

--ROGER DARD in V.L.McCAIN's WASTEBASNET, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51



Primitive man may have seen more than we do, for fairly accurate drawings of the Pleiades show ten stars where most people now see six or seven.

--Encyclopedia of Popular Science, quoted by GORDON BLACK in THE INTERGALACTIC NEWS, SAPS Mlg 13, Oct 50

There has been no lack of erudite and skillfully appraised articles on Fantasy in Music in the classical and semi-classical field. I have dutifully purchased the records so listed (as many as I could afford) turned my record player to the LP speed, and raptly listened away for dear life. All the while feeling cultured as -- well, as cultured as the fellows who wrote the articles, anyway. But, after the orgy is over, I confess I most usually peer over my shoulder to make sure no one's peeking, then haul out my favorite 78 RPM albums. Lately I've decided "To heck with that. OK, so I'm a lowbrow. So I enjoy Spike Jones in large quantities. So what?" and I started to look around to see just what it is that makes me like the records I prefer. What did I find? Fantasy! Yessir! -- that weird, gooney chills-up-and-down-the-spine quality that makes the long-haired fan quiver like a plucked harp when Stokowski does it! I've found that the things about my favorites that made them my favorites were the strange sound effects, the odd tempos, the mood-provoking atmosphere that they evoked, and, also, the somewhat blood-curdling type of gruesome humor they contained.

For instance, to mention further my cymbal clanging, washboard-thumping favorite of them all, Spike Jones, his 'My Old Flame' takeoff on Peter Lorre is quite gruesome enough even for hardened Lovecraftian fans; his 'Hawaiian War Chant' must have been the inspiration for all the subsequent Ul! Ul!s that have plagued fandom (but not too irksomely, though) ever since it came out. His 'Our Hour' is the take-off to end all take-offs on anthropomorphic non-humans, and so on far into the night (well, far enough into it to play both my Jones albums anyway). But Spike Jones doesn't have any monopoly on fantastic music. I'm still trying to figure out which is the weirder, King Cole's 'Nature Boy' played straight, or the parody 'Serutan Yob' (R.Engles) that goes with it. Likewise, the gradations from Frankie Laine's old 'Mule Train' through 'Chinese Mule Train' (My Pal Spike, again) into Cactus Pryor's 'Jackass Caravan' is fantastic in several keys. Also there is Herb Jeffries recent recording 'Swamp Girl' with that female wailing in the background, that is enough to give a ghost the creeps! Vaughn Monroe didn't do too badly with his 'Ghost Riders in the Sky' either. It sounds like a true experience from FATE Magazine -- almost enough to make a fellow head for the nearest revival meeting and get down on his prayerbones right now! Which reminds me, have you heard the 'Ave Maria' put out by our hot-spot singer Jo Stafford? The only thing fantastic about it is how she can pack so much cream and honey into the same human voice that screeched out 'Tim-tay-shun' for Red Engles, but it's the record I put on the top of the pile so that when my automatic player starts to play the same one over and over again, that'll be the one. For sheer beauty and emotional depth I haven't found anything to equal it in other hit parade disks. It packs that same sock like I get from the Peer Gynt Suite on LP. But, back to the 78's, the haunting quality of Burl Ives' recording of 'Rodger Young' is like a wistfully sweet ghost story by Bradbury, so is his 'Streets of Laredo'; whereas Phil Harris' gravelly voice picks listeners up by the ears and plunks them down in the midst of horrifying situations - ie, 'The Preacher and the Bear', or his newest release, 'The Thing'. If that isn't enough fantasy for you, how fantastic can you get?

--G.M.CARR in GEM TONES, SAPS Mlg 14, Jan 51)

# THE GRIPES OF RAPP

Thru Darkest Mlg 84 to Cheer, Praise, Slaver and Deplore...

SPECTATOR 84 Last night, leafing thru some back SAPS mailings, I ran across a perfect quotation to lead off this comment, Buz. Some ten or fifteen years ago, you remarked in eternal SAPSish print that anyone should be able to stand one term as OE, but that becoming OE a second time was what probably drove Coswal to writing Bible commentary. In view of your recent election it was so appropriate that I carried the zine into the next room and read it to Nancy. Alas, the mailings have been refiled in their cartons, and today when I went to look for the quotation, do you think I could find it? Nancy and I checked every mailing from 37 to 50 in search of that damn sentence, but for all the luck we had, we might as well have been reading FAPA zines. Sometimes I think the universe of SAPS is only tangential to the normal dimension of fandom. # I presume your Rule 6 means an undesirable member may be thrown out of SAPS only with his consent? # It is interesting to note that ALL of the members you listed on the first 4 appearances of the Toilet Roll (Mlgs 44-47) are no longer in SAPS. Let this be a warning to the current membership. # By the way, I'm sure she will mention it herself, but you forgot to list N.Rapp's The Tattered Dragon Meets the Mortgage Payment in SPECTATOR tho it was included in the bundle, giving a total pagecount of 263. I'd recommend you get Tosh to help you count pages, but on second thought it seems to me he goofed the totals himself a time or two during his reign as OE.

DEADWOOD SAP 15 Another lost quotation: I just thumbed thru at least half a dozen popularized-math books in search of a definition of "googol" and "googolplex", without success, hindered much by the absence of an index in most of 'em. Thought sure it was in Gamow's One Two Three, Infinity... but apparently not. And even for sake of settling a SAPSish dispute, I refuse to go out to the garage and look up all those old Galaxy and MoF&SF articles, among which, somewhere, I am sure the information is concealed. You know, maybe we DO need computerized information-retrieval for everyman worse than I'd thought we did. # Have you noticed (oops, you don't have a TV set, do you?) that not all the nude scenes are being cut out of TV movies any longer? Of course, they're the relatively innocuous, longshot backview kind, but, for instance, they left the nudist-colony scenes in Peter Sellers' "I'm All Right Jack" and the other one, where he co-starred with Elke Sommers (neither I nor Nancy can recall the title, offhand). I don't imagine even the Late Late Show is ready for "Fanny Hill Meets Dr. Erotoco" yet, tho.

GRO 8 "Circle Game" was very competent fiction indeed: you should be trying to sell to the mundane mags if you have any writing ambitions -- and don't we all? # Isn't the game at which the Chinese really excell, ping-pong? And maybe that is a clue to their international policy: keep the ball bouncing back and forth so fast that observers laps into confusion trying to keep up with it.

MMM 1 The cover drawing and its many captions was a truly SAPSworthy ploy, wily Wally. # It was pretty fiendish to bury that notice of CRY revival down in the text of your zine. If I hadn't doggedly read every word of MMM, I might not even have known about it. For shame!



O woe & begorrah, here it is the 10th of September already, and tho I had more than one page of mc's previously stencilled, I can't find any but the first page, so I guess I'll have to do them over...and meanwhile the bundle has been scattered from hither to thither, so if your zine is not reviewed, it is confusion, not malice which causes the anub.

SINISTERRA (Win 56) Well yes, I'd hesitate 12 years at least, before deciding to place something like this in SAPS. In what forgotten corner of Seattle did this languish, and why? # While the fiction was not nearly as bad as I expected (if all fanfiction was this good, maybe it wouldn't be universally sneered at), undoubtedly the most interesting portion of the issue was the page of Clevention photos. Y'all planning to get the zine back on schedule soon?

SOMETHING FOR SAPS #5 Thank for the Index corrections, Ed; I promptly posted them to the master copy, which now seems to have been misplaced. Of course, so has the address of the fan who wrote for a copy, so it's sort of a standoff. I suspect meddling little four-year-old paws for the disappearance of so much fannishly essential materiel around here lately, but I'm damned if I know where he is squirreling the stuff away. # The kids are at the stage where they aren't sure where truth leaves off and imagination begins, which makes for interesting situations sometimes. After his second day of school, yesterday, Steve came home and announced that the teacher had told him he could stay home from school tomorrow. "Tsk," sez I to myself, "Already he's disillusioned with the educational system and is trying to con us into letting him stay home." "Oh no she didn't" I told him. "You can't pull that stuff on me -- if there wasn't any school tomorrow they'd send home a note with you, because we've got a list right here of all the scheduled days off during the school year, and the first break is for a teachers' conference in October." Nancy threatened to call the principal if Steve persisted in his story, but I told her she should not encourage Steve's imagination by even pretending to believe him. Of course, that evening I spotted an inconspicuous item on page 29 of the newspaper, listing the hours during which the polls would be open for today's primary election, and mentioning in passing that all city and county schools would be closed. I guess the schools have more faith in the ability of first-graders to schedule their affairs than we parents do. But what do I do the next time Steve announces that he has just fought off three tigers and a rhinoceros?

SPY RAY (OC 335) Didn't the Surgeon General's report and other similar studies conclude that, regardless of the source of the carcinogens, it was the cigarette-smoking process itself that made them dangerous? In other words, the same tobacco, used in a pipe or cigar, has much less chance of causing cancer. I guess the moral is that the pot crowd should burn their grass in a hookah. # Fine zine, Rich.

GOSLING 9 I've almost cured Nancy of smoking a couple of times: it is a simple method, really -- I just bring her home a carton of Luckies instead of her usual Camels. But she complains so loudly and longly about it that I always give in after a couple of days. So you see, the reason she can't stop smoking is my lack of willpower. # Most gardening experts I've heard/read say that one of the principal causes of trouble with house plants is excessive watering. As one of them put it on NET the other night: "The natural habitat of a plant is moist earth, not a suspension of dirt in water."

AIRMAIL SPECIAL #2 I don't see how people like you and John Berry manage to keep up with SAPS or any other US-based apa at all. It's difficult enough sometimes when one has 2-1/2 months between receipt of the mailing and time for the following one. In fact, I've always felt that the main reason IPSO failed was the overseas transit-time factor. At any rate, I hope you find things proceeding more on schedule nowadays.

JOURNAL OF THE HENRY JAMES APPRECIATION SOCIETY

Thank for the INDEX corrections, John:

now all I need to do is find my master copy to add them to its scribbled pages. Not only have I (temporarily, I hope) misplaced that, but along with it the address of Harold Palmer Piser, who wrote for a copy. Will any kind SAP who knows his address either tell me, or advise him that I'll fill his order as soon as I find out where to send it. (I am sure I've got Piser's address somewhere in some other fanzine around here, but locating it might take quite a while). # Your mention to Creath Thorne of his mention of SEVEN TYPES OF AMBIGUITY was much appreciated: it led me to reread the book for the first time in ten years or so, and I found it as fascinating as ever. I think Elinor would be wild over it, if she isn't already familiar with it. (Elinor Busby, that is: in SAPS the duplication of names gives us an Eighth Type of ambiguity that confuses everyone).

NIFLHEIM 24 If SAPS declined during your OEsip, Dave, it was rather a temporary decline, wasn't it? I think the deadline troubles may have shaken out a few members who were losing interest anyhow, but the newcomers more than make up for them.

IGNATZ 44 Why won't you use a lettering guide for your cover title? Those hand-lettered titles go OK with cartoon-type covers, but they detract from more artistic efforts such as this one. # That anti-guncontrol bumper sticker you were enthusiastic about: REGISTER COMMUNISTS NOT GUNS, isn't a very good solution when you think about it. After all, if they can register (whatever that means) the American communists, there's no reason why they couldn't also register the Republicans, Democrats, Wallaceites, and other such groups. Do you want to be registered in that way? (Of course, if you want to vote in any primary elections, you gotta register as a member of whatever party you want to vote for candidates in -- but that's a voluntary decision, nobody sez you GOTTA register). (In the recent Maryland primary, one character got his name on the Senatorial ballot as an independent by means of 80,000 signatures on petitions. About a week before the election someone realized that according to State law, anyone signing a petition to place an independent candidate on the ballot has resigned from the Democratic or Republican party, whichever he had previously been registered in, and was therefore ineligible to vote in the party primaries. But they also couldn't figure out any way to bar these ineligible, short of having the 80,000-name list at each polling place and checking voters against it, which they decided was impractical, so in the end they ignored the whole matter.

# Joe Pyne had a couple of what I imagine were "genuine" hippies on his show last week: 17 year old boys, clean, well-kept shoulder length bleached hair. They had both tripped with LSD in the past. One was about to get married. Pyne asked him if the possibility of genetic damage to his children didn't bother him. "Nope, not me," he said, "But it worries my girlfriend." What they wanted was for someone to give them \$200,000 so they could buy a hotel and turn it into a hippie commune. (Didn't some stodgy old fans crack down on a guy named



Degler for similar projects a few years back?) The repulsive part of all this isn't their plan for communal living, but the fact that they want to sit back and let someone else present everything to them as a gift. (S.I. Hayakawa theorizes this sort of attitude results from years spent in front of a TV set, having fantasy worlds presented free at the touch of a button). # Next time you need a page of jokes, let ME find them for you, ferSAPsakes!

POT POURRI 52 "Connery's Way" was an outstanding story, John. # How do you mean that description of the Bhutan space stamps as 3D? Are they embossed or something?

FANTOM PHANTASIES #2-7/8 Don't you anticipate a bit of difficulty in persuading Uncle Ho to give the South Vietnamese a voice in the government of North Vietnam? After all, their official line is that the war is a civil struggle in South Vietnam, with the VC being aided by Northern volunteers. That's why they're hollering "foul" about the bombing of North Vietnam.

STUMPING 24 A private concern in competition with the US Postoffice is doing quite well down in Oklahoma. (Delivering stuff that would mostly be called junk mail if it went thru regular postal channels). In fact, they're planning on opening branches in half a dozen additional cities. As I recall, their chief selling point is that they give the bulk mailer a guaranteed delivery date, and he gets a refund if the delivery service fails to meet it. Let's all hope this becomes nationwide; it would be ideal for fannish purposes (and as an additional bonus, there wouldn't be the eternal feuding with postal clerks about what qualifies as 3d Class, and so end.

HALF A COUGH 3 Well, you could, if you know the location of the center of gravity of your spaceship, arrange several of the marbles in a Saturn-like ring around it. The marbles below the plane of the C.G. (i.e., between it and the mass you are orbiting) would drift forward, while those above the orbital plane would drift backward. (Hmmm, you wouldn't know which was which, tho, come to think of it.) At any rate this would indicate you were in orbit. Of course, if you happened to set up the ring of marbles in the orbital plane, you wouldn't get this indication. Guess you better make the initial array three-dimensional instead of two. Timing the rate of drift would, I presume, give you data from which the difference in gravitational potential at known distances above and below the orbital plane could be determined. If you know the mass of the spaceship it might be possible to determine the orbital velocity, hence the size of the orbit, and thus the mass of the unknown body, tho I wouldn't have the slightest idea how to go about it. (I have a notion your solution involves pendulums, but I can't figure out how to rig a pendulum in orbit. Seems to me the gravitational differential is so slight that a stopwatch would be too coarse an instrument to time direct rates of fall, tho).

POR QUE? #38 "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" which I have on loan from the Baltimore Public Library is classified 133, which in your listing would fall under Fields of Psychology. What is the logic, if any, behind this? # Our latest project, delayed for a couple of months until we managed to find a bottle-capper (in a hardware store in Danville, folks in the Big City don't carry such contraptions anymore, it seems like) is making beer. (No, not bbeer. Root beer. At the rate these kids go thru a half-gallon bottle from the A&P it's worth the trouble (very slight trouble; the biggest part

of the job is washing out the bottles prior to bottling the stuff.) We figure it comes out to about 4¢ per 12-ounce bottle, by the way. And being trufen, we have already decided if we can make root beer successfully, we can invent our own other types of beverage. Results of fiendish experiments in this direction will be reported in future mailings, providing we survive. (None of our first batch blow up, tho we gave up using "one way" beer bottles after one of them shattered under the pressure of the capper, spreading root beer and broken glass all over the kitchen floor). Eventually we plan to escalate to home brew, of course.

RETRO 49 I imagine getting high by smoking parsley would be mostly a psychological effect. An article in last night's paper explored the poor quality of marihuana available to the local highschool crowd ("full of stems and seeds, adulterated with various materials including occasionally horse manure") concluded that its users would not get much except a psychological lift. (I think the article was a cleverly written anti-pot tract: it characterized the pot users as meek intellectual types as contrasted to the belligerent hotrodders who get their kicks from beer). # I'm not QUITE old enough to recall it personally, but I remember reading about how carnival sideshows used to feature emaciated jaundice victims with nicotine-stained fingers as examples of what happens to people foolish enough to smoke a pack of cigarettes a day. # CAPA is an apa you forgot to mention: Nancy and I just sent out the 86th Mailing last week. The remarkable thing about it is that the only membership changes it has ever had were thru marriage and/or divorce. If it keeps going for another 100 or so mailings we'll be able to turn it over to our descendants. # Aside to Bruce: Hey, if you have a comprehensive collection of obscene song lyrics, you should peddle them to Grove Press or some such outfit. A lot of the stuff appearing in paperback these days is the sort of thing we used to pass around in smudged mimeoprint or badly-typed onionskin, back when I was an adolescent.

COLLECTOR Wonder why some anti-religious group has never challenged the granting of special postage rates to churches? Probably just haven't thought of it -- come to think of it most mundane citizens spend all their lives without learning as much about postal regulations as a fan discovers with the first three issues of his subzine. (By the way, whatever happened to the campaign to deprive churches of their tax-exempt status? There was a lot of discussion of it last winter, but I haven't seen anything about it lately. # One small town near here has come up with a cute angle for its speedtrap cops. When they give someone a ticket and he replies with a few appropriate remarks, they charge him with blasphemy under an old State law. The first victim served a 30-day jail sentence before anyone heard about it; the conviction of another man is being appealed by the ACLU, and meanwhile a third man has been charged, according to last night's paper. He said "God damn" and some bur letter words while the cop was writing a traffic summons, it is alleged. The arrest warrant charges him with "uttering profane words, to wit, cursing God and Our Savior Jesus Christ all in a profane manner contrary to law."

SOLECISM 1 Violence in films is a lot more realistic nowadays, with blood and everything. If you'll notice, in the old Westerns the actors didn't even point their six-shooters at each other when they gunned each other down (presumably so no one would get plugged with the wad from the blank cartridge). Of course, it was Hitchcock, using the work of Bob Bloch, who gave the realistic-grue trend its initial impetus in recent years.



OUTSIDERS 72 Tsk, if fandom wants to limit its banquet speakers, the task should be done with imagination. Simply have a platform at the opposite end of the room upon which stands a shapely femmefan. Every 60 seconds during the speech she removes one article of clothing. After five minutes or so even the hardiest speaker will realize that he might as well sit down because no one is paying any attention to him anymore. # Confucius say: Better to lend wife checkmarks than check book. # I notice most of the local slot-racer emporiums which opened with a flourish a couple years back are now vacant. Hmmm, come to think of it, what ever happened to all those neighborhood trampoline centers? As for me, I'm such an oldtimer I can recall when Duncan Yo-Yos used to import Filipino experts to demonstrate their wares in neighborhood stores.

SPACEWARP 89 We're still using the initial filling of jelly on the hektograph, in case anyone wonders (just the other day I got around to opening the transparent plastic envelope of what I had assumed was purple hekto carbons that came with the set, and found only the top sheet was purple, the rest are red, green, blue and black.

BASINGSTOKE 9 I've got a bedtime story on tape somewhere as related to Steve over in Italy shortly after we got the taper back in '64 or so. I'd transcribe it for this issue except that at the moment the taper is laid up with a busted drive belt. (Well, what happened was that the old belt stretched until it wouldn't drive any more, so I surgically removed a 6" section and spliced the ends with fishline. It worked for 20 hours or so until the fishline broke, with the disadvantage of a muted "flub-a-bub-bub" as the splice encountered the various pulleys in its circuit. Gotta remember to try to get a new drive belt next time I go near the electronics-parts store.

SARDONICUS 6 I guess for you we could revise the bumper sticker to read REGISTER PUBLICATIONS OFFICERS, NOT GUNNER'S MATES.

SPACEWARP 88 Anyone for more Little Willie verses?

THE TATTERED DRAGON MEETS THE MORTGAGE PAYMENT You think we're kidding about the perils of life in suburbia?

MISFELY MEANDERING 25 Has anyone connected with the Art Show ever tried to get a legitimate (mundane, nonfannish, I mean, implying insult to nobody) art museum interested in exhibiting fantasy artwork in connection with a Worldcon in the city? Art museums always seem to be holding special exhibitions of childrens' drawings or Congolese handicrafts and the like, so I don't see why they should necessarily regard fannish artwork as beyond the pale.

SOMETHING FOR SAPS #5 Thank you for the Index corrections, Ed: I was hoping that many of the current members would either correct or verify the data pertaining to their past efforts. # Offhand, in addition to the 3 Tattered Dragons you mention, I can recall "Tails of the Tattered Dragon", and "The Tattered Dragon In A Strange Land" which was included in an issue of Bergeron's WARHOON. I think there were some others which were not separate publications, but sections of other zines, but no other titles spring to mind at the moment.

And that winds up Mlg 84, a very fine mailing indeed. Hasta la SAPS!



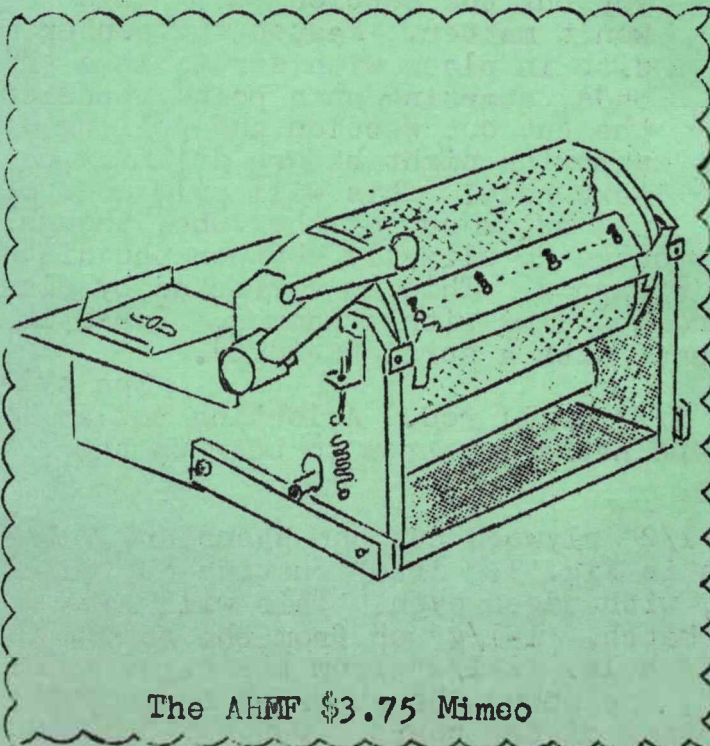
# BUILDING THE AHMF \$3.75 MIMEO

(Stencilled from the Nan Gerding/GM Carr reprint of Alger's original publication. This legendary fanish achievement dates back to the early '50's but at the moment I cannot pinpoint it any closer than that)

BY MARTIN ALGER

Since I've been publishing REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT on the AHMF \$3.75 mimeo, I've received a number of letters from SAPS and FAPS asking for information on the construction of the AHMF. This seems odd as you all must have some means of publication to be in a way and any means you may have must be at least about as good as my homemade outfit. However, I don't care to write a dozen letters of instructions, so here goes with a construction article. I'm just going to tell you how I made mine, many details may be varied to suit the tools and materials you may happen to have.

Anyone who can not do all the work or get it done free, might just as well forget the whole thing. When you consider that useable mimeographs are floating around fandom for \$10 and \$20 you can see that one can't buy material and then pay \$4 and \$5 per hour for lathe or other machine work!



Frankly, I made the thing for two reasons: 1. I have a lathe and other tools and I like to make useful things. 2. I did it mainly as a sly form of needling of certain fans who for years had been cranking out semi-legible smears on \$75 and \$100 "store boughten" duplicators. I deliberately made the thing as crude looking as I could, left it unpainted, the rough sawed edges unsanded, etc., thinking it would needle some here who were putting out zines on brand new \$89.95 wonders and an A.B. Dick office size mimeo. I don't know if I deserve any of the credit but the average legibility of both SAP and FAPA improved quite a bit in the last few years.

(Fig.1, next page)

The AHMF \$3.75 Mimeo

Obtain a piece of aluminum tubing 5 inches outside diameter, with walls at least 1/16" thick and long enough to give you a piece 9-1/4" after the ends are trued up. Be sure you get a piece free from dents and defects, the outer surface must be smooth and even. This is the basis of the cylinder. With a lathe face off the ends so the tube is exactly 9-1/4" long. On the outside of the tube, scribe two lines



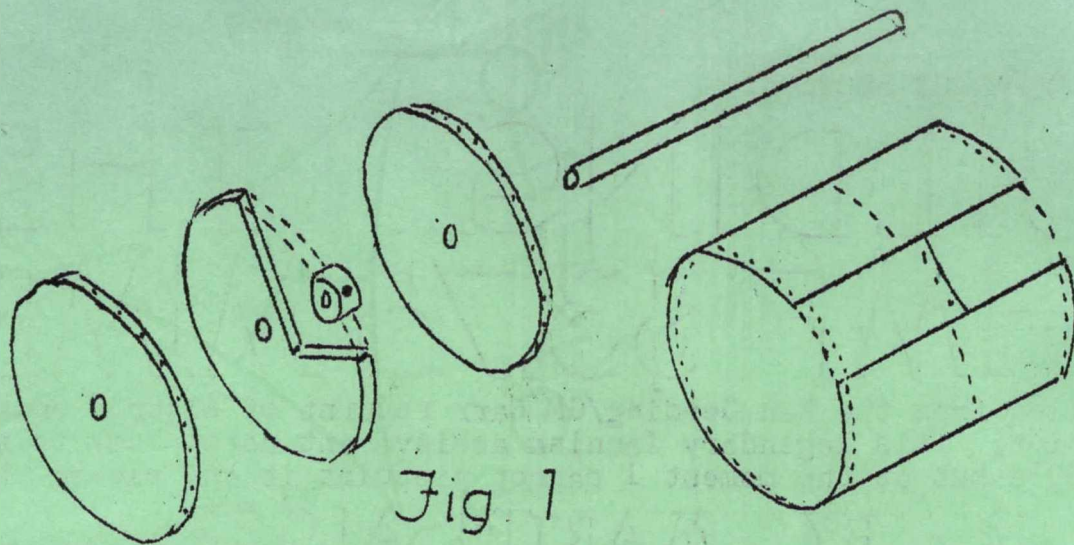
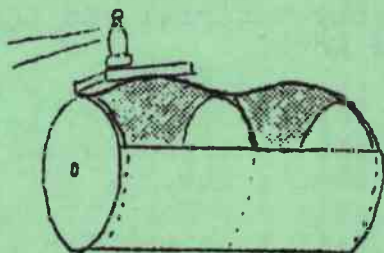


Fig 1

4-1/8" apart, parallel with the axis of the tube. From 3/16" or 1/4" aluminum plate, make three discs which are a snug fit inside the tube. These must be turned on the lathe and have a 1/2" hole bored in the exact center.

Press one disc in each end, flush with the tube ends and fasten in place with small flat head machinescrews (I used 2-56) set flush with the surface. Space them about 1-1/2" apart all the way around except between the scribed lines. This section will now be cut out. Don't cut it out before you put the ends in! Cut a section out of the third disc as shown, the exact size doesn't matter as long as the width matches the section cut out of the cylinder (4-1/8"). Insert this in the center of the tube.

Fig.  
2



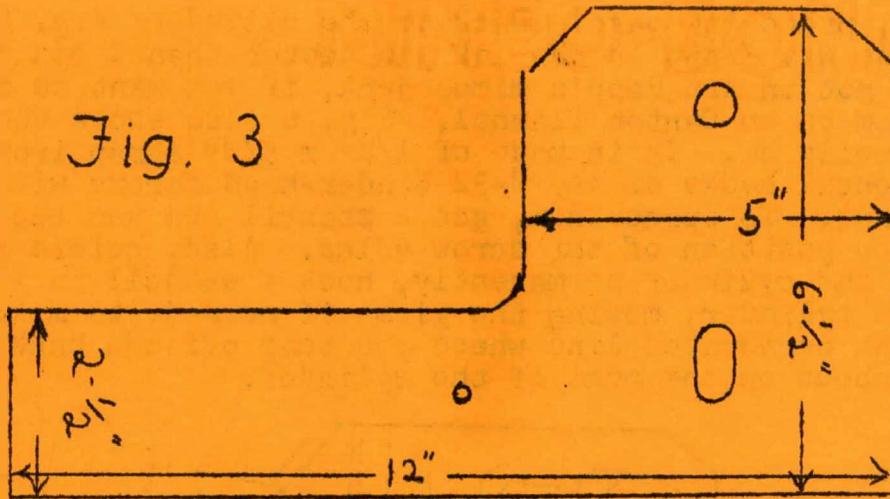
(Fig. 2) You probably will find the tube sprung open somewhat when you cut the section out. This won't matter. Fasten the center disc in place with screws like the ends, starting at a point opposite the cut out section and pulling each screw up tight before drilling the next hole. This will pull most of the bulge out of the tube, though

the edges of the cut will probably bulge up slightly between the discs as shown, greatly exaggerated, in Figure 2. This is corrected by placing a block on top of the bulge and pounding with a hammer. Pound it down so the edges are straight (check with a straight-edge).

The cylinder shaft is a 12-1/2" piece of 1/2" drill rod. A locking collar is fastened inside one cylinder end and has a setscrew to bear on the shaft.

(Fig. 3, next page) From 1/2" plywood cut one baseboard 9-1/2" by 12" and two sideboards as shown in Fig. 3. After cutting out the sides, nail them lightly together, with edges even. This will make sure the holes bored in them will match. 1-1/4" up from the bottom and 6" from the right side, bore a 1/4" hole. 2-1/2" from the right side bore two 1/2" holes close together, one above the other so the bottom of the lower is 1-1/4" from the bottom of the board. Cut out between them so you have an oblong hole 1/2" wide and 1" high. 2-1/2" from the right side and 1-1/4" from the top (to center of hole) bore a hole. Into this you will press bronze bearings for the cylinder shaft. I bored 5/8" holes and made bushings to fit, with 1/8" flanges which serve as spacers to keep the cylinder from binding on the sideboards. If you use readymade bushings bore the hole to make a press fit.

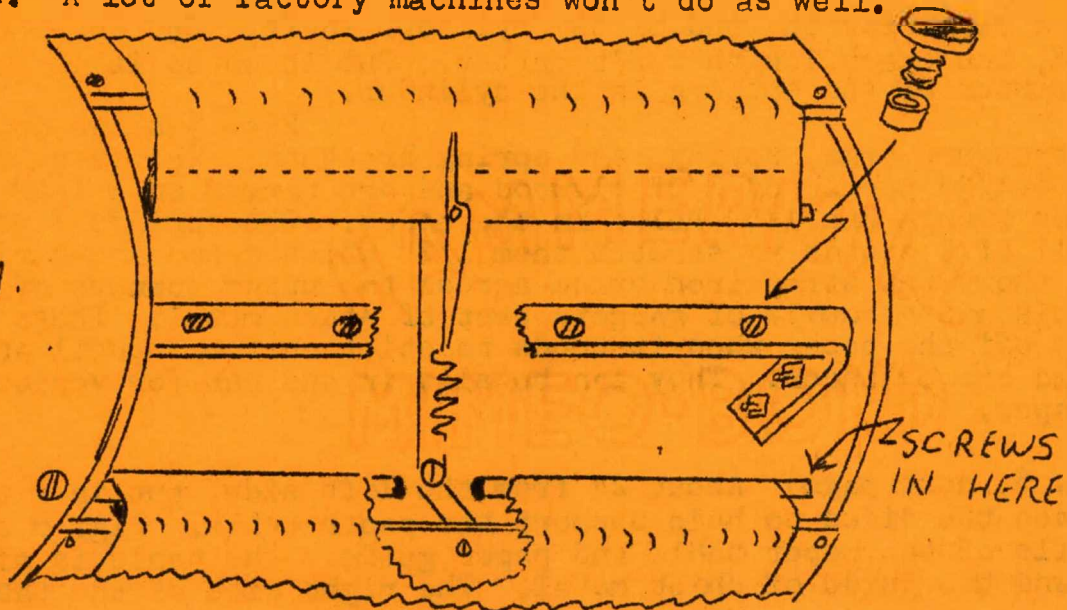
Fig. 3



Now you'll need a rubber roller. Get an old washer wringer from the junk yard. Try to get one with the rubber fairly solid. It won't matter if the surface is rough and cracked as it will be turned off. Set up one of the rollers in the lathe and turn the rubber to a cylinder about 1-3/8" in diameter and 8-3/4" long. To turn rubber use a sharply pointed tool and start in from the end, peeling off a layer 1/16" to 1/8" thick. You'll probably have to cut off the flap every inch or so to keep it from tearing and tangling around the tool. At best, you'll get a rough surface. Work it down by spinning it in the lathe against sandpaper backed by something flat. Work down from coarse to fine paper and cover the lathe bed to keep the rubber dust out of the works. Turn the metal core to a stub 1/2" in diameter and about 1-3/8" long at each end of the roller.

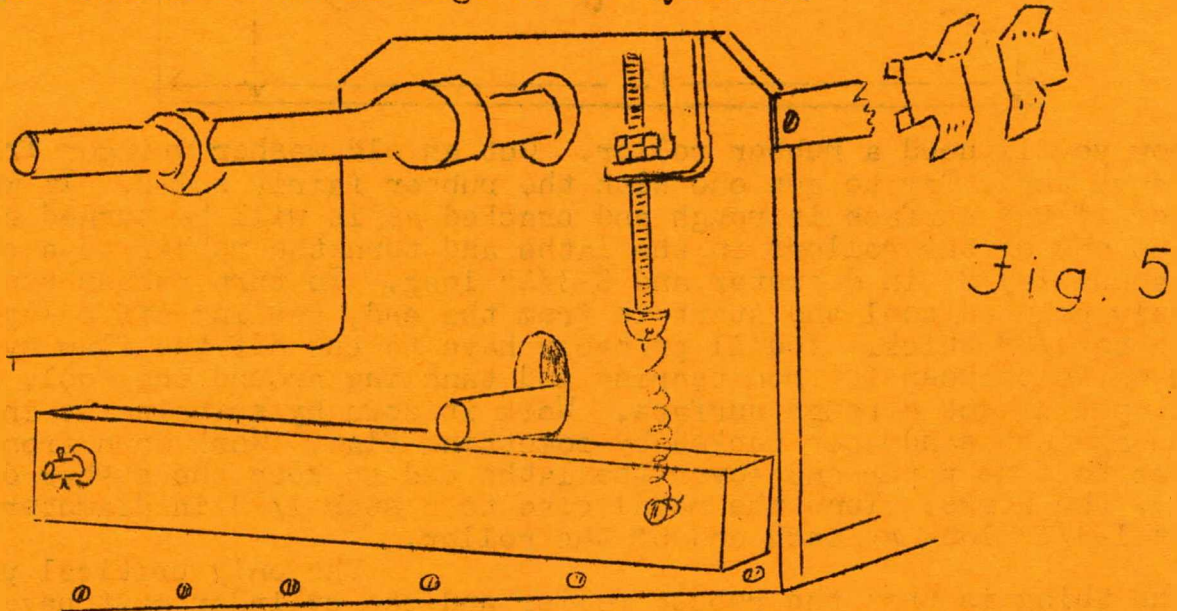
The only critical part of the thing is that the rubber roller and the cylinder must have true cylindrical surfaces. If they have any humps or hollows there will be uneven pressure and light and dark patches. If either has a taper the paper will tend to feed crooked. And the roller must turn freely, so there will be no great amount of slippage. If there is, you can't get register on multi-color runs. When everything is working OK, I have been able to run a single sheet through 3 or 4 times without a trace of double lines! The copy just gets a little darker each time. That is exceptional, but I can count on register to 1/32" or 1/16" all over the sheet. A lot of factory machines won't do as well.

Fig. 4  
4





(Fig. 4, preceding page) Back to the cylinder; Fig. 4 shows the details of the way I put on the ink pad better than I can describe it. I use pads I got in Art Rapp's mimeo junk, if you want to make your own, they seem to be Canton flannel. Fig. 4 also shows the gizmo you hook the stencils on. It is made of  $1/8"$  x  $5/8"$  strap iron. The studs the stencil hooks on are 8-32 binder-head screws with spacers under the heads. To space them, get a stencil and use the holes in it to mark the position of the screw holes. Also, before you fasten the gizmo in the cylinder permanently, hook a stencil on it and wrap it around the cylinder, moving the gizmo if needed, to make it go on straight. The perforated line where you tear off the backing sheet should come about on the edge of the cylinder.



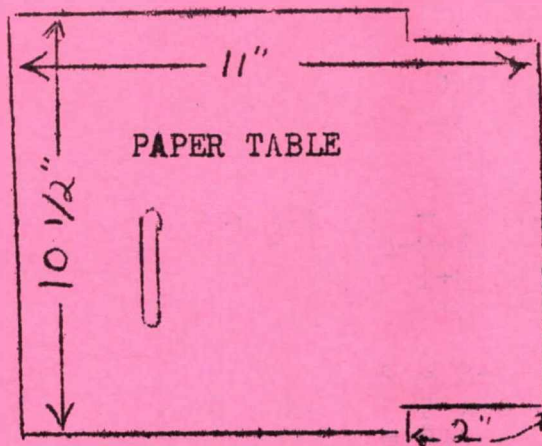
(Fig. 5) Guess we're ready to put the thing together!

If you have the cylinder bearings pressed in the sideboards, slip one over each end of the shaft. Slip the stubs of the roller into the slots in the sides. You'll need washers or spacers on the stubs to take up end play, but the roller must turn free. Set the whole works down over the baseboard and fasten the sides to the base with wood screws.

You'll need a crank for the end of the cylinder shaft. One about 6" long will be OK, the exact length won't matter. Put it on so it is in line with the center of the opening in the cylinder.

Fig. 5 shows the details of the pressure arms, springs and spring brackets. The pressure arms are  $1" \times 6-1/2"$  pieces of  $1/2"$  plywood and are hinged on a  $1/4"$  rod which passes through the  $1/4"$  holes in the sides. The springs I used require a pull of 3 pounds to stretch them  $1/2"$  which seems about right. Fig. 5 also shows the strap iron brace across the upper corners of the sides. On this are a couple of gadgets bent of sheet metal. These gadgets strip off the paper when it tends to stick on the stencil and wrap around the cylinder. They can be slid in and out for various widths of paper.

(Fig. 6, next page) About 2" from the left side, put in a crosspiece between the sides to help support the paper table. Fig. 6 shows the details of the paper table and paper guide. The table is of  $1/8"$  Masonite and the guide of sheet metal. The right side of the table should



PAPER GUIDE

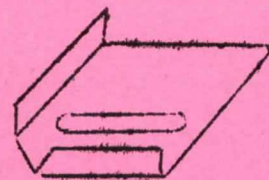


Fig. 6

clear the cylinder by about  $1/4$ " or slightly more. You may want to cut some extra slots in the table so the guide may be positioned for smaller than standard paper. To finish the job, it's a good idea to put some sort of rubber feet on the base as this will keep the machine from sliding around in use.

#### ADJUSTMENT AND OPERATION:

Adjust the bolts holding the springs (Fig. 5) so that the springs have to be stretched about  $1/2$ " to hook on the pressure arms. Be sure the tension is the same on each spring and then lock the two nuts tightly. Put a few drops of oil on the cylinder shaft bearings and on the roller stubs.

As for inking, it's hard to give exact directions because the amount of ink required will vary with the type of ink, the ink's thickness, type of stencil and roller pressure. As a rough guide, the pad should be thoroughly saturated but there should be no liquid ink on the surface. You must brush the ink out in an even coat, which is easier if you use a brush at least  $1-1/2$ " or 2" wide.

If you wish to increase the roller pressure during a run, pull up the spring hanger bolts and snap a spring clothespin on the bolt between the nuts and bracket (Fig. 5); this will double the pressure.

I find I get from 75 to 150 good copies with one inking, it varies with the type of ink. Good black will give a longer run than cheap black or light colors. Many fans are forever kicking about poor stencils. I've used 5 or 6 brands and all seem to work OK for me. However, I find the type of ink makes a big difference. Cheap black inks show through much more and give fuzzy, blotchy outlines. The best I've found so far is A.B. Dick's #175X, Emulsion Black. It costs \$2.50 per pound but when you consider that a pound of ink gives thousands of copies, it isn't very expensive to use.

Oh yes! You can't get good results with a pad that is all gummed up with old ink. When you start getting spotty copies from this, you should either put on a new pad or wash the old pad in gasoline or such (if you use oil base ink) or water (if you use water base ink).

There you are, folks, the inner details of the AHMF \$3.75.

[Note by Rapp: Uneven inking can sometimes be cured by placing a sheet of blotting paper (cut from a desk-blotter) between pad and drum. A sheet of aluminum foil between pad and drum eliminates a messy cleaning job when you switch inkpads for color work. Another cure for splotchy inking is to add a couple tablespoons of turpentine to your can of ink & shake well. (Or water, of course, if it's water-base ink).]



# Presidential Election Forecast

## THE DATA:

Election year 1924	$1+9+2+4 = 16$ ; $1+6 = 7$	(Rule I)
Winner: Coolidge	$3+6+6+3+9+4+7+5 = 43$ ; $4+3 = 7$	
Losers: Davis	$4+1+4+9+1 = 19 = 1$	
Lafollette	$3+1+6+6+3+3+5+2+2+5 = 36 = 9$	
Election year 1928	$1+9+2+8 = 20 = 2$	(Rule I)
Winner: Hoover	$8+6+6+4+5+9 = 38 = 2$	
Losers: Smith	$1+4+9+2+8 = 24 = 6$	
Thomas	$2+8+6+4+1+1 = 22 = 4$	
Election year 1932	$1+9+3+2 = 15 = 6$	(Rule III)
Winner: Roosevelt	$9+6+6+1+5+4+5+3+2 = 41 = 5$	
Losers: Hoover	2	
Thomas	4	
Election year 1936	$1+9+3+6 = 19 = 1$	(Rule III)
Winner: Roosevelt	5	
Loser: Landon	$3+1+5+4+6+5 = 24 = 6$	
Election year 1940	$1+9+4+0 = 14 = 5$	(Rule I)
Winner: Roosevelt	5	
Loser: Willkie	$5+9+3+3+2+9+5 = 36 = 9$	
Election year 1944	$1+9+4+4 = 18 = 9$	(Rule III)
Winner: Roosevelt	5	
Loser: Dewey	$4+5+5+5+7 = 26 = 8$	
Election year 1948	$1+9+4+8 = 22 = 4$	(Rule II)
Winner: Truman	$2+9+3+4+1+5 = 24 = 6$	
Losers: Dewey	8	
Thurmond	$2+8+3+9+4+6+5+4 = 41 = 5$	
Wallace	$5+1+3+3+1+3+5 = 21 = 3$	
Election year 1952	$1+9+5+2 = 17 = 8$	(Rule III)
Winner: Eisenhower	$5+9+1+5+5+8+6+5+5+9 = 58 = 4$	
Losers: Stevenson	$1+2+5+4+5+5+1+6+5 = 34 = 7$	
Election year 1956	$1+9+5+6 = 21 = 3$	(Rule III)
Winner: Eisenhower	4	
Losers: Stevenson	7	
Jones	$1+6+5+5+1 = 18 = 9$	
Election year 1960	$1+9+6+0 = 16 = 7$	(Rule III)
Winner: Kennedy	$2+5+5+5+5+4+7 = 33 = 6$	
Losers: Nixon	$5+9+6+6+5 = 31 = 4$	
Byrd	$2+7+9+4 = 22 = 4$	
Election year 1964	$1+9+6+4 = 20 = 2$	(Rule II)
Winner: Johnson	$1+6+8+5+1+6+5 = 32 = 5$	
Loser: Goldwater	$7+6+3+4+5+1+2+5+9 = 42 = 6$	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

The RULES:

- I The candidate whose number matches the year will win.
- II If Rule I does not apply, an incumbent not previously elected to the office will win.
- III If neither Rule I nor Rule II applies, the candidate with the longest name will win.

THE CURRENT SITUATION:

Election year 1968	$1+9+6+8 = 24 = 6$
Nixon	4
Humphrey	$8+3+4+7+8+9+5+7 = 51 = 6$

CONCLUSION: Hubert Humphrey will become our 37th President.

And if that isn't conclusive enough for you, Nostradamus wrote (Century III, Quatrain 41):

Bossu sera esleu par le conseil,  
 Plus hydeux monstre en terre n'aperceu;  
 Le coup volant prelat crevera l'oeil,  
 Le traistre au Roy pour fidelle receu.

Hump shall be chosen by council,  
 A more hideous monster I never saw upon earth,  
 The flying blow shall put out one of his eyes,  
 The traitor to the King shall be admitted as faithful.

(Apparently Nostradamus was a Republican, huh?) I take the above to mean that the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives, with the added warning that sometime during his term as President we're going to get involved in WW III, or at least some sort of fairly hot war, in the course of which he'll be wounded during an air attack. Then again, it might merely mean that a Communist missile will successfully destroy one of our spy satellites. It's awfully hard to figure out what Nostradamus is talking about until after the prophecies have been fulfilled.

By the way: Romney = 9; Wallace = 3; McGovern = 7; McCarthy = 1 so if the Rules are correct, you can reason out your own Might-Have-Beens.

The above numerical calculations were worked out in August, and this is being stencilled in September 1968. This will appear in the October 1968 SAPS Mailing, so that in the January 1969 bundle you can all murmur in awe or sneer in superiority as the November elections may indicate.



GOOFIA NOT-POETRY LEAFLET CORNER

This first one was scribbled in the dayroom of the 2102 Army Service Unit, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Penna, back in the summer of 1951. I'm sure it will strike the chords of memory for any ex-GI who wandered into a company dayroom back before TV was common.

We've got a splendid dayroom in the Twenty-One-Oh-Deuce:  
Cushioned couches, chairs and writing desks, all built for  
rugged use;  
We've a pingpong net and paddles and at least one pingpong ball.  
And a set of darts for tossing at a target on the wall.

We have several jigsaw puzzles, if you hanker for that sport  
(Though I have a premonition you might find some pieces short)  
But for sheerest relaxation of a literary kind  
Peruse the periodicals (a goodly stack you'll find).

No comic books disgrace this room, and never a lurid pulp  
No! Literature reigns supreme, while vulgar readers gulp;  
Here are National Geographics ("Cruising England's Quiet Coast")  
And The Woman's Home Companion ("Cheese Adds Glamour To Your  
Roast")

Here is Fortune, here is Forbes'; here's a Dun & Bradstreet  
session;

Here's an old Atlantic Monthly ("What's Behind The Great  
Depression?")

Here are Omnibook and Digest and The Lions' Magazine  
And Redbook and a Vogue or two to lim the fashion scene.

No Time, no Life, no Look, no Pic,  
No Gals, no Laff, no True, no Click

...well, I never DID finish that one, but here's a ballad from several years later, around 1964 or so, and unearthed just in time for the approaching holiday season...

Have you made decorations yet to brighten your home scenes?  
You haven't! Then you've missed the womens' magazines;  
For as each summer season ebbs and thoughts of Yule are thunk  
The Thing To Do is ornament your house with clever junk:

Take a chlorox bottle; in it cut a gothic arch;  
Insert three clothespin angels on a cloud of spraycan starch;  
Decorate with tinsel balls and hang upon the wall  
And watch amazement cross the face of friends who come to call.

Pin a lifesize Santa on the outside of your door  
To show your neighbors you can match their Christmas tricks  
and more;  
Have a spotlight shining on a star above your home,  
You can fashion one yourself from plastic styrofoam.

Buy your gifts on credit ("many many months to pay")  
So you won't look a cheapskate when they count the loot that day,  
And rush to shop in frenzy, for the race is to the swift  
(At least, if you can hold the pace until the 25th)!

ART RAPP, 1700 Park Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21222 =====