

spacewarp 99

SAPS Mlg 100



"Well, girls, we got Otto, Jim, Edco,
LeeJay and Art — but what are
we going to do about Wrai, here?"

Cover by Nancy Rapp
reprinted from
SPACEWARP 72
SAPS Mlg 57
October 1961

(as a warning to
carefree young
bachelor SAPS)

Alpaugh & JoKe Never Told Me There'd Be Mailings Like This

Certainly a 25th anniversary S*PS Mailing calls for tremendous amounts of reprint material, but reprinting from the S*PS file is beset with difficulties which might not be immediately apparent. For one thing, the sheer quantity of what we have published in the past quarter century is intimidating, if not appalling. Twenty-Nine Thousand, Seven Hundred Eighty-Six pages, by my count. And since no one has ever attempted to index so much as a single bundle by subject, one's only guide through this enormous mass of musty pulp is memory and random selection. Several years back I compiled an index of S*PSzines by title, and even this ran to about 20 pages and was only useful for the limited purpose of locating which back S*PS Mailing to seek a particular publication in.

In my garage repose about 85 or 90 of the S*PS mailings (I joined S*PS with Mailing 5, and have mislaid only an occasional bundle since then, which is as much as could be expected, seeing as they had to follow me to such places as Germany, Korea and Italy. I have in my memory a long list of items from those bundles which ought to be reprinted in this mailing, but I won't include most of them. The reason: with a number of S*PS presumably engaged in a similar task this time, there's too much chance of duplication. (Certainly, somewhere in this 100th Bundle, is a reprint of the Wrai Ballard 'Tiny Acorn' series, for instance). Of course, if I'm wrong and the historical stuff appearing around the 50th Mailing era doesn't appear this time -- well, then I'll have reprint material for future issues, won't I?

A great deal of S*PS writing dates rapidly; most of the references to mundane events, let alone fannish topics, in the essays of the '40's and '50's would be totally incomprehensible to a presentday S*P unless he were extremely well-informed on both macro- and microcosmic history. There's a great temptation to add parenthetical explanations or footnotes to such material, which I'll try to resist unless the explanation is interesting in itself. I'd suggest you read the stuff thru, ignoring the footnotes, first, and then look at the notes to see if they clear up any points that baffled you. If they don't, why then you've got readymade questions to fill up your mailing comment pages in Mlg 101, haven't you?

The growth of S*PS bundle sizes might be mentioned: from a 39-page Mlg 1 they grew (with great fluctuations obscuring the trend) to the Golden Era under OE's Toskey and Eney (Mlgs 48-54), reaching a high with Mlg 50's total of 817 pages. I've put a chart showing this into the zine somewhere. For a long while I tried to predict mailing sizes by fitting a parabolic curve to the data, but as you can see from the chart this is no longer anywhere near an approximation to the trend. In fact, I'm inclined to believe that S*PS' first cycle of growth and decline ran from Mlg 1 to Mlg 92, and that we are presently embarked upon a second cycle which will repeat the growth and decline on a larger scale.

S*PS Mlg Sizes: 1-39; 2-65; 3-99; 4-90; 5-89; 6-36; 7-45; 8-56; 9-74; 10-190;
11-177; 12-170; 13-133; 14-211; 15-171; 16-164; 17-147; 18-224; 19-151; 20-243;
21-200; 22-206; 23-214; 24-316; 25-225; 26-456; 27-370; 28-437; 29-400; 30-410;
31-357; 32-465; 33-256; 34-248; 35-201; 36-325; 37-231; 38-321; 39-364; 40-471;
41-532; 42-254; 43-230; 44-281; 45-365; 46-349; 47-461; 48-592; 49-704; 50-817;
51-749; 52-542; 53-636; 54-558; 55-441; 56-448; 57-368; 58-480; 59-516; 60-396;
61-374; 62-360; 63-385; 64-356; 65-329; 66-358; 67-329; 68-291; 69-293; 70-345;
71-440; 72-295; 73-281; 74-310; 75-299; 76-274; 77-483; 78-293; 79-300; 80-184;
81-231; 82-243; 83-236; 84-269; 85-242; 86-212; 87-242; 88-152; 89-272; 90-175;
91-136; 92-144; 93-266; 94-221; 95-214; 96-219; 97-347; 98-218; 99-348; 100-?

Some verse inspired by S'PS:

Nearly all us fannish chaps have discovered that in S'PS
Practic-every-fannish-cally may be found;
Here we have the fiercest feuds, nottest poems and nudest nudes,
And our sagas in his tomb spin Kipling round.

And of course 'tis understood that the femsaps' pulchritude
Is the greatest, in a word the gals are stacked;
And the mensaps, so to state, have the build of Toto's mate (1)
Plus an Erroll Flynnish yearning to attack.

Now between each bundle's sheets (2) mind of S'P with S'PS' mind meets
With a steely ringing or a hollow thud;
We're religious, it's reported, with divinities assorted,
Tho our holy wars spill much more ink than blood.

Quantity is our ambition (tho there is a superstition
That should mailing size to half a thousand reach (3)
All of S'PS would instant vanish in explosions loud and fannish
Leaving only FAPA (ech!) to fill the breach!)

- (1) Toto was the female gorilla purchased by Barnum & Baily as a mate for Gargantua, in case you've forgotten.
- (2) Nan Gerding or someone had mentioned that it was amusing to play with the S'PSzine titles listed in Spectator, the old game of "Between the Sheets".
- (3) For several years before it was finally achieved with Mlg 41, the goal of every truS'P was to work up enough enthusiasm among the members so that we'd have a 500-page bundle.

Microcosm

A sceptre's weight is weary; harder yet
Is the confinement of a coronet;
So now rejoice, unhonored unsung sinner
That you endure a simple beanie (spinner).
Hands that were born an empire's reins to know
In quiet rooms adjust a mimeo
And voices which a nation might have swayed
At faneons talk of prozines there displayed.
The universe is skittering to chaos
But such mundane affairs fail to dismay us;
Let others strive to solve the world's muddles
Than us, big frogs in fandom's little puddles!

Precept

A femmefan's schemes should not in haste
Nor without caution be embraced.
Proceed, lad, in the following manner:
Ignore the plan; embrace the planner.

As it turns out, except for the two foregoing pages which I'd stencilled some time ago, the reprint stuff will have to wait for the upcoming Gala 100th Issue of SPACEWRP, due next mailing. The demands upon our time and resources around here the past six months or so have been unbelievable. What I had regarded as an adequate stockpile of mimeo supplies melted away in pursuit of a mundane project, about which Nancy will perchance enlighten you elsewhere in this mailing.

My best course in view of the limited time left before this has to get into the mail is to concentrate on

THE GRIPES OF RAPP

or, Thru Darkest Mailing 99 With Cowslip, Rue and Columbine

SPECTATOR 99: Jolly good show, Roger, Emergency Officering at its best. I wonder if I'm correct in my recollection that this is the first time an EO has ever had to do anything except bask in the glow of free egoboo.

DON'T GIMME THAT BULL, PASIPHAE!: There's another meaning of pot-hunting* which may be comparatively new: archaeologists use it to refer to amateurs who tear up a site looting it of items they can peddle to collectors, ruining the chances for serious archaeological analysis in the process. # A good classical graffiti is

MEA CULPA
MEA CULPA
TUA MAXIMUM CULPA

Around Baltimore they don't tell Polish jokes, they tell Dundalk jokes (ask Chalko). Like: In Dundalk a formal wedding is one where the bridesmaids wear matching bowling shirts. # On the other hand, we have a Polish family living just beyond our back fence, and every fourth of July weekend they put up their above-ground swimming pool. I keep resolving to get a movie camera and film it; Daugh-In would pay thousands for it. Of course, they don't put up the pool; they invite a bunch of friends in to erect it for them. This usually takes the entire weekend, after which the guests get to splash in the pool for an hour or so and are then never seen again -- at least not until Labor Day when they may be invited back to help take the thing down again. I wouldn't say they were inexpert, except that there are about a dozen people working on the project, each doing HIS idea of what comes next, and for example, this year they got the top rim all fitted into place before they realized the plastic liner goes underneath it.

COLLECTOR: Someday I'll get our fanzine collection organized and then I'll have some duplicates to sell. At one time I almost had the garage straightened out, but then the cottonpicken roof sprang a leak right over the SAPS mailings, and by the time I got through heaving boxes and trunks this way and that and spreading plastic tarps over stuff, it's in such a hopeless jumble that I haven't yet worked up ambition to tackle it. Especially since, this time of year, it's about 115°F out there. # One think I know is there somewhere is a batch of 50 or so SAPSZINES from about the Mlg 10-11-12 era. No complete bundles, and not enough copies of any one zine to put 'em in the mailings now. I guess this is some surplus stock left over from my term as OE. What do you SAPS suggest I do with them?

OUTSIDERS 67: A Multigraph? Gawd, and I can remember when you used to use a hokto, just like me. Better not try sticking your bare foot into the multigraph, tho.

BASINGSTONE 24: One of the many half-finished projects I have going is that of cataloging our books. Not being one to do things the hard way, I didn't try to master all the nuances of the Dewey Decimal System, but instead merely took a listing of our nonfiction down to the public library and looked 'em up in their catalog to get the classification numbers. Since a goodly amount of our books are paperbacks from 15 or 20 years ago, I was pleasantly surprised to see that at least 80% of them are of enough significance in the eyes of the public library to warrant listing in their catalog. I figure this project may have enough usefulness in the next few years to make the time spent on it worthwhile (when the kids, not to mention Nancy, get to the point where they have to do term papers backed up by research). In fact, the idea occurred to me first during last year's Political Science course when I was trying to round up useful information for Nancy and often couldn't remember the title of some book I knew would be helpful and was on our shelves someplace (The books are stacked two-deep on most of our shelves, making the locating of a particular item that happens to be in the rear row a chancy affair -- at least, up to now it has been).

THE 1972 PLEASANT POLL RESULTS: A competent summary, Ed. I am flabbergasted at ending up ahead of such staunch SAPS as Buz and Wrai, tho.

RETRO 64: Nancy is too busy to be SAPS OE again, Buz. She's decided to introduce SAPS-style anarchistic dictatorship into the operations of the U.S. Government, and so far she has one Republican President, One Democratic Congressman, Two Republican Senators, HUD, HEW, and the Democratic county administration involved in helping her. I suggested she tell SAPS the whole story (to date) under the title "You Can Take the Army Wife Away from the Military Installation but You Can't Take the Installation Away from the Wife." I mean, these politicians and bureaucrats aren't prepared to deal with SAPS-type maneuvering. For instance, when the Congressman and also the local newspaper editor were unable to find out for her what the Army intended to do about closing down Fort Holabird, she wrote to the Post Commander, and next day the Post public relations officer was on the phone giving her all the details she wanted. Which of course enabled Nancy to call the editor and plant an ob by giving HIM the information for a front page story in his next issue. # I think the Hilsch Tube was WW-II era (tho you may be right that Campbell didn't latch onto it until the 50's.) Seems to me the Germans were trying to figure out how to use it as a weapon, but got too busy with things like the V-2 to ever make much progress. # What ever happened to that Russian scientist's theory that one of the moons of Mars (or, hmmm, was it Jupiter?) was really a gigantic spaceship? # Speaking of Silverberg, I ran across a mention in one of Frank C. Hibben's books (you know him, the archaeologist who explored Sandia Cave), that there are only three indispensable books on the Plains Indian culture. Two of them were written in the 19th Century, and the third is by Robert Silverberg. (Drag, wish I'd copied down the exact quote instead of trusting to my memory for it.) # Dunno about the hnaus in APA-R, but the old MSFS Constitution used to read: "Membership is open to all humans, BEMs and intelligent entities.2 And that was even before the days of the anti-segregation laws, too! Hmmm, remember Alger's cartoon series, "Ethnic Hostility, Fan Style"? He'd have, say, one beanie-wearer asking another, "But would you want your sister to marry a pro?"

(Still with Buz): Both Nancy and I have been quietly croggled all along that the college faculty views her as a great writer (I mean, they want her to write public-relations pieces, etc.) Of course, now that the first issue of the college literary magazine has come out, and we see the level of student writing ability they're comparing her with, their enthusiasm is less surprising. Of course, come to think of it any writing style that leads SAPS to put up with all the typos in those early IGNATZs must have SOMETHING going for it.

THE PIRSI 11. Oh come now, "The Transparent Ghost" can't begin to compare with "Tumithak of the Corridors" as the greatest sf story of all time. # I think that growers of vegetable seed have to agree to separate plots of any one variety by a certain distance (half a mile?) from anything that might cross-pollinate with them. A few species (mostly flowers, tho, not vegetables) have to be hand-pollinated, which at least gives summer jobs to some California kids.

LIBEL 3: Say, that picture of a typical Michigan landscape on your cover made me go all nostalgic. # Your lettercolumn is the best department in your zine, and I hope you will expand it as far as possible (translated, that means I hope you get lots of good printable letters.)

RAVE REVILW: Isn't it strange how frantic the extreme fringe of the peace movement is getting, now that the war in Vietnam is winding down? Of course, a good many of them would rather have it winding down with the North Vietnamese on the winning side.

SMILES AND GRINS 3: On your electrical outlet problem: Put a double-outlet plug in one socket and hook up your TV and stereo to it -- hmmm, I was thinking of double wall outlets; I guess you mean single ones, tho. Well, use a three-way plug, and hook up your TV, stereo, and lamp to one, and the air-conditioner and typer to the other. The point is, you won't be using the TV and stereo at the same time, so you're not overloading the circuit by having them both on the same outlet. # Once, at work, after several days of typing on a 15" carriage (manual) typer, I switched over to a Royal portable. After finishing the first line I effortlessly picked up the whole machine by the carriage-return handle and threw it off the desk.

99 BOTTLES OF SAPS ON THE WALL: Reminds me of the one-track railroad on which two locomotives were approaching one another, the first being piloted by a drunken engineer and the second by a Norwegian immigrant who had never been on a train before. Everyone expected a horrible collision, but it never took place. Know why? 'Cause Norse is Norse and souse is souse and never the twains shall meet.

IN MEMORY OF GREGOR SAPSA 4: Is that high school you were teaching in an experimental one, or typical of what high schools are like (in Vermont, at least) now? Things sure have changed since my highschool days.

MOON BANE 4: Long-distance courting: When Nancy and I got engaged, she was in Danville, Pa., and I was in Oro Grande, N.Mex. But since we were both SAPS members, there was no communications problem at all. Incidentally, don't worry about catching a girl; if she wants you to catch her you won't be able to avoid it. Bachelor males are helpless in the face of feminine wiles. Ask any femmeSAP.

How about some more ~~poetry~~ not-poetry? Here's one that dates back to the time Wrai Ballard was incautious enough to discuss cattle breeding to the immense fascination of the femmeSAPS:

Pastoral

I think that I shall never see
A cow without virginity
As she complains, with lowing breath
Of her dishonor, (worse than death.

Now Ballard claims (just hear him laugh)
That it's the stork that brings the calf;
Over SAPS' eyes he's pulling wool:
We KNOW it's just a lot of bull!

Wardrobe

There's a time and a place (she instinctively knows)
For a woman to wear or to not wear her clothes,
And however she dresses: in silks or a barrel
Her fortunes depend upon proper apparel;
And here let me pause to sincerely advise
Any woman who's planning attracting my eyes,
In the midst of the city or down by the sea
Leopard-striped leotards fascinate me!

I'm forced to deplore, whether wrongly or rightly,
Women in shorts which are fitted too tightly;
Amusement must follow wherever they go
(Excepting, of course, those built a la Monroe)
But no girl need fear being classed as inferior
In choosing a drapery for her pert posterior
If she but remembers: Inevitably
Leopard-striped leotards fascinate me!

Shirrtails and bluejeans are cornball these days
And bustles, I hope, are an obsolete craze
(For it is a base and despicable thought
To obscure the fine curves Mother Nature has wrought)
So morning or evening, in Jaguar or Chevvy
Wear comfortable garments, not fancy nor heavy
And mind, if you wish most attractive to be:
Leopard-striped leotards fascinate me!

IN MEMORY OF GREGOR SALSZA 3: This made fine reading, Wally.

PAPAYA 4: Surely you have heard of that great amateur movie: WRAI BALLARD, THE MUSQUITE KID, based upon the Ballard Chronicles which appeared in SAPS a few mailings back (well...maybe it was quite a few). And in fact, about Mlg 5 or 6, Lloyd Alpaugh and Joe Kennedy and a bunch of the other New Jersey fans made a film called BLOOD OF A SPECTATOR. # You asked for an Intelligent Girl Report, which gives me excuse to reprint yet another from my vast store of long-ago-appeared-in-SAPS verse: (next page)

Cherchez la Femme

Cease chasing, my boy, and believe what you're told:
Intelligent women are rarer than gold.
You'll find women with talent and women with beauty
But a woman with brains is a rare bit of booty.

If the one you have found is deficient in brain
Enjoy what she has, then go searching again,
But say no farewells, just pack up and get started
For hell hath no fury like women discarded!

And if in pursuit you're persistent, my son,
You may search till you're eighty without finding one,
But when you're successful you'll know by this omen:
She'll make you forget that you want to go roaming!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I DID THE WHOLE THING!: Beautiful!

SPIRITUAL CABLE #5: SAPS being a turtle has everything to do with
witching; haven't you ever heard of the ancient
concept of the world as being precariously balanced on the back of a
turtle swimming in an infinite ocean? Incidentally, I think it was ag-
reed some years ago in the SAPS mailings (which of course makes it a
verity) that the Lights In The Sky are not Stars, but Peepholes, thru
which our owners are watching their property.

GREEN ROSES 4: Am I fairly paraphrasing your comments to Toskey when
I say you have this strange delusion that you are a
Ditto Master?

POOJA 6: Lots of information in a small space. Good luck with the
job and the college.

SOUTH OF THE MOON 4: Your list of apas was fascinating. Sounds like
a few of the moribund ones might profitably merge.
(Once when SAPS and FAPA were in the slumps, I proposed that they merge.
Very few members of either organization agreed with me). You omitted
CAPA (Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance) an invitational group of
old fans (You have to have been a member of Fifth Fandom to qualify).
5x5, its monthly rotating combozine, is up around issue 121 or so by
now.

BOB DORSEN!!!: But Don, howcum if you published this on 30 January it
didn't get into the mailing until April, when the OE
election was already over? You revolutionaries will have to get more
efficiency, or your cause is lost.

FREDRIC BROTH: What mad universe...

THE REDDYBEAR'S SAPSZINE: Nancy and her fellow-students got training
in nutrition-, debt-, and Medicare-Medicaid
counseling. So now that they are available to the public, what do all
the people who come in for help want? Mostly employment counseling.

TRAVELS WITH CIL LIER: A lively account.

DOWN THE RYELIN 4: Tsk, we used to run the outputs of a couple of audio
frequency generators into an oscilloscope and cre-

ate weird patterns on the screen (especially if the scope had a Z terminal and we could find a suitable a-c source for THAT. This was in old SCR-58 radar vans sitting out in the German boondocks. Who needs IBM 2250 computers? # There a product sold for correction of Ditto masters which is like white paper gummed tape, you just cut off a length of it and paste it over the error, then retype.

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY: Around here the reclamation centers are pretty choosy: They'll take newspaper, but not magazine (coated) paper, aluminum cans if flattened, and glass if all labels, etc are washed off and the glass is sorted by color. Naturally enough, few people bother to recycle anything. (That reminds me, I've got about a six-month accumulation of newspapers out in the garage; it is time to load up the station wagon and make a trip to the reclamation point). Of course, we conserve resources by recycling our beer bottles (bottled Batch 75 this morning). I figure that is 4,767 beer cans we did not put into the trash so far. # Did you know that the Earth Relay Station for the Venus Equilateral system in the George O Smith stories was supposed to be at the corner of Woodward and 7 Mile in Detroit?

THE YELLOW RADIANCE: Tosk, you expect comment on something as thick as this at this time of night? And likewise for SILLY STORIES.

FNOOBING JOURNAL TOO: Well, if whazzis name's (Ardey, I think I mean) views are correct, and the apes turned into humans millions of years ago when they discovered that a rock or club could be used as a weapon, I guess humans would have an instinctive attraction to weapons.

POR QUE 54: Very fine cover. I LIKE that pensive-looking animal with the long segmented tail. (Steve & Mike got their pictures in the local paper at the Dundalk Art Show this year, mainly because they had the most elaborate displays among the elementary-school exhibitors. They also managed to sell enough of their work at 5 or 10¢ each to keep themselves in cotton candy and Coke all afternoon.) # Show & Tell: Mike once took a rock-crystal dnck from the ceramics cabinet. Luckily his mother didn't know about it until it was returned undamaged. Steve took in a couple of fossils and some Indian pottery fragments, and seashells and some rocksalt samples I got when I toured a salt mine in Berchtesgaden in 1945, and lots of stuffed toys. I guess stuffed toys are the standard material for Show & Tell. # The Coke emblems were fabulous.

I'V GOT THAT OIL VERSINE (HOOK NOF DOCTOR: In answer to the question propounded in your second paragraph: Yes. # I wait anxiously to find out what happened next in your running battle with School 'authorities. I think maybe I'm on your side.

~~STUFFING~~ STUFFING 37: Don't run down hekto, Jim, that's what I used for that SP'CEW'RP 98 cover. Maybe this one too (I don't decide on covers until I've finished the rest of the zine).

IGNATZ: Goyyyy!

OWL 5: What you do with those tube biscuits, you run out to the garden and cut some chives, and flatten the biscuits out and put a bit of ~~butter~~ oleo and a pinch of chives in them, and fold them up, then bake. And stuff like that. That's Nancy's trick. Mine is frying a

couple strips of bacon (diced) in with the hamburger when you start to make spaghetti sauce. By the way, unfortunate experiments in baking usually are gratefully accepted in the bird feeder. (Tho we had some pfeffernusse last January (left over from Christmas) like rocks that even the mockingbird couldn't dent until a thaw soaked them with water and softened them a bit. You haven't lived until you see a bluejay take a biscuit up to a tree limb and hood it down with one claw while pounding away at it. A bird feeder is lots of fun in wintertime. The bluejays scatter everything before them as they swoop in, but at least they just grab a mouthful and retire to a treelimb to eat it. The damn grackles and starlings perch on the shelf and stuff themselves. But nothing interferes with a mockingbird when he decides to eat. Even when we scatter food over a square yard of ground, one little mockingbird can hold off a whole flock of starlings (tho it doesn't give him much leisure to eat anything himself). Last winter one mockingbird spent most of his time perching on the rim of a neighbor's chimney (we kept expecting him to get too much carbon monoxide along with his warmth and fall in, but he never did). The cherries on the cherrytree we canned 126 pints off of (before pitting, that is) last year, this year a miserable crop that didn't grow much bigger than raisins, to the delight of all sorts of birds, mostly robins, who were able to swallow the whole (with a lot of effort). # Why not try the solution to the stray cog (or cat) problem that Howard or Buz or someone suggested in S'PS long ago? You merely act friendly toward the animal until you can get close enough to paint him with mimeo ink, and then let him go home and show his owners what happened. Maybe block-printing ink would be even better; it's slower-drying.

Tsk, here we are at the end of the mailing comments. Nancy says she is just going to contribute to my zine this time, instead of having a separate publication. So go ahead yet...

Nancy here: Well, yes, I did want to...but not NOW!- Tonight isn't really my night to sit here doing a sapszine. Tho, come to think of it, I guess I better make it such a night. Especially after ghod called the other week and issued all sorts of hidden (and open, too) threats about what happens to people who play around with mlg deadlines and stuff like that there.

How dare you make such threats to a Big Important Person like me???? Doreen? Watch out....I'm taking biology next semester and I get to cut up frogs, kiddo. Watch for an exciting new feature to appear in future issues of Ignatz come next October! Wh fool around with bits of sand and seeds.....

This has been a baaaa-ddd week..don't nobody bug me! I wonder..is it cricket to stencil one's S'PS zine while in such a foul mood as I find myself in this evening? Well, yeah, I guess it is not only cricket but extreme prudence and necessity that one does so (I even talk to myself) I see I forgot to put a period there, so I will put it here, which means I will have to put two of them here because now THIS explanatory sentence also needs one.. Done!

How would you all like to be regaled with some of the antics I've been observing during the preceding 4 months covering the research project I'm involved in. This particular project is one the college is conducting and has nothing to do with the proposed research project for our Holabird deal (more on that later, if I don't misremember).

It seems I am now a bonafide Paraprofessional Counselor...or will be in 2 weeks as soon as I've completed my practicum. Anyway, I have all kinds of notes (mostly mental) I intend using for a Master's thesis in psychology later on. Watching a research project being developed has been like watching a glass barrel full of stoned monkeys. Being a person who tries not to waste anything, I've been quietly analysing and absorbing everything going on...and gawd, I pledge never to make THOSE boobos when we get our funds for our research project! Egad.

Like, this whole project is being headed by all sorts of phd psychologists. At least they claim they are phd and psychologists, tho at this point I wouldn't make any bets on the validity of their claims. Anyway, being an amateur and budding psychologist myself I can point to one glaring problem they have created amongst their research staff. It seems everyone connected with this particular project has been duly satisfied (that means, they all got their share of the loot) EXCEPT for the paraprofessional counselors who are the basis of their whole research project. Their future funding etc depend solely upon the performances of their recently trained counselors. The one problem is that the only disgruntled element in this whole deal is the group of counselors who are to do the actual research this Fall. Well no, sir! I would assume that the basic law of such a set-up would be the morale and spirits of this vital group. The group's morale has consistently sunk lower and lower and has reached the point where the head of the project has been worried enough to call a gripe session set for this coming wednesday. That ought to be funsville.

Watching the birth of a new college can be a fascinating experience, I tell you!!

What makes it even more fascinating is the fact that the big dummy heading this college research project has informed me that he would be extremely eager to head our Holabird research project. It is to shudder. Like, No thanks, Doc..I'd rather goof up my own. (Besides, why should I give him 20 or 30 thousand to goof it up when I'm perfectly capable of doing it myself for less money???)

Enuff cynicism...I've been eating a cold fishburger while typing this page, and cold fishburgers aren't exactly geared to lift one's spirit.

Besides, my son Steven gave me poison ivy a couple days ago and have you ever considered the delights of stenciling while trying to control the impulse to scratch. While eating a cold fishburger. And drinking coffee? The recent batch of beer was goofed up and tastes rotten and I refuse to lower my standards and drink the awful stuff. Art isn't as choosy. I think he needs a new tongue or something...

And I need a glass of cold, burbly beer and a HOT fishburger, dammit!

msldm3

I think maybe I'm just overworked. The College has opened two counseling centers...one in the bluecollar Dundalk YMC and one in the colored section of town. I've been working every day of the week, 6 days a week, at both. Sometimes 5 to 6 hours a day listening to other people's problems can wear you down. I need a vacation. Or a salary or something. Naw, what I guess is wrong with me this week is having the typical reaction new counselors experience when they run across a few clients whose problems can't be solved with less than in-depth counseling. That, plus the work load of writing theme papers and setting up liaison with other agencies and working on the publicity PLUS trying to set up two programs for the college, plus trying to write up three articles PLUS working full time on our Holabird project, PLUS the family etc ...egads, I feel tired just writing it down! Anyway, something has got to give and I've been in the process of examining it all and deciding just which has to be thrown aside. So, I've decided I have to cut down on some of the extra projects. Good.

It is now almost 1 P.M., 4th of July 1972, and I think it is time to stop. Tomorrow I will continue. I think...

July 4th...on second thought I won't. I'll, instead, let Michael have the rest of this stencil. For instance, an essay he wrote in first grade. I think $\frac{1}{2}$ son's spelling is obviously a strong indication that some factors MUST be hereditary:

WHAT MY GRANDFATHER MEANS TO ME

I LIKE MY GRANDFATHER BECUS SHY GIV ME TOYS. AND SHY IS NICE. I LOVE MY GRANDFATHER. SEH IS NISE.

by Michael Rapp, age 6

Well, Mike may not be able to spell, but he sure can draw up a storm. He, along with his 10yr old brother Steve, managed to sell about 3/4s of the artwork they exhibited at the local Art Show this spring. They also managed to get their picture in the paper, for the same reason.

This 4th of July has turned out to be a beautifully sunny COOL day.. makes one almost wish they were going somewhere. Which we would IF the car was dependable and didn't sound funny, and if we had the extra money. Poop!-- I wish I was rich instead of young and beautiful...

Some day real soon I will start a sapszine 2 months before deadline and have more than 1 or 2 or 6 crummy pages. Do you think I am becoming a tired ~~of~~ fanne?

Emblem

Pity poor Peter, sole fan in the nation
Possessed of a beanie with no decoration;
No dollarsign, dipole, not even a prop:
Just a mundane-type beanie with nothing on top!

When Pete wore his beanie the people he met
Judged him to be of the collegiate set,
For, who else, they reasoned, would on his dome pop
A mundane-type beanie with nothing on top?

Peter endured it as long as he could
And felt proud and lonely, tho misunderstood
(Since scorn is the wearer's unswervable crop
Who dares wear a beanie with nothing on top).

To distract from his misery and help him forget
Peter acquired a fannish-type pet,
A green-and-blue budgie, which he hoped would stop
His thoughts of his beanie with nothing on top.

In a half-hearted way, Pete attempted to train
The bird on his beanie to perch and remain,
But though often he tried it, the budgie would hop
From the mundane-type beanie with nothing on top.

Then one fateful day an event did ensue
Which restored Pete to fandom with laurels anew
For a casual comment his budgie let drop
On the mundane-type beanie with nothing on top.

Now Peter is proud as he strolls down the streets
For he's marked as a fan to the people he meets;
For who could deny? Pete all honors must cop
For his cap with the badge of trufandom on top!

And on that note let us wind up the first hundred bundles of SAPS; no
doubt by Ilg 200 there'll be a better selection of stuff to reprint.
Next October will see S'PS' 101st bundle, but it should also see the
100th issue of SPACEWARP. Maybe I'll do some more reprinting.

May all of you still be active and
enthusiastic SAPS when the 200th
Mailing deadline arrives!

ART RAPP

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this should be credited to Nancy, o mighty OEditress...