

The SpeleoBem 5

October 1959

SAPS 49



DON FORD FOR
TAF 1960

PITTSBURGH ---1960

seattle ---1961

INDIANAPOLIS ---1962

WASHINGTON ---1963

? NEW YORK ---1964?

ARTHUR THOMPSON
FOR TAF 1961

LIKE, LOOK TO THE FUTURE

THE CRAWLWAY

YE EDITORIAL

OCTOBER 4, 1959

Well, here is the B**I**G Beat-FLABBER#11-In-Page-Count issue. And it does, too. The Total pagecount is 102, with 82 of it by me, and the rest by Dee. Frankly, it's been a tremendous bore, and I won't try it again. Anyone wanting to go over this issue is quite welcome to try, but I warn you, it's about the worst drag possible. Next time, SpeBem will be back to its usual 30-some pages. A nice sedate, easy-to-handle number.

The pink pages in the back are by Dee. I refuse to assume responsibility for anything therein except the few editorial insertions which I initialled. Anything else is to be blamed on Dee.

As for extra material this time, the Atrocious stories and Seemingly Pointless Story are incorporated in the mailing comments, and the conclusion to "77 SAPSet Strip" follows the MC's. "Dogs of War" is being discontinued, at least temporarily, as there isn't enough interest in it -- even from me. Next time, I want to start some other bit of fiction, more-or-less complete in one issue. Possibly more SAPS-fiction, I dunno.

Present plans call for me to migrate back to college in February, possibly in January, so I shall have to get a quick SAPSzine done this next time. If anyone is going to head my plea for photos for a SAPS-cover, please do it as soon as possible -- say by the middle of November, if you can. I still want to put out the cover, but can't do it unless you sent in the pix. I have a few of my own from the Detention, but they have another destination.

Speaking of which, I had intended to have a convention report, and a report of the tour I took following the Detention -- to California by way of Grennells, Calkins. But I just got back in Tampa the 29th, and time won't permit the detailed report I want to do. Therefore, I shall get to work on the report as soon as I can get this SAPSzine out of the way, and I shall make an illegal postmailing to the 49th mailing, thereby incurring the wrath of the OEdipus Rex. (His wrath will do no good, as I have quite enough in the way of page credits anyway, without the postmailing.) I could wait until the next (#50) mailing, but it will no longer be timely, and I want to get it around before then. I would appreciate it if you would include comments on the report in the next mailing -- unless you're afraid of the wrath of the OEdipus Rex, too. The zine will be THE SPELEOBEM #5 1/2, and will go with the 49th mailing, rather than with the 50th. It's primarily a SAPSzine, rather than a genzine -- it'll get no more general circulation than my other SAPSzines, except that fans along the way of my trip will get copies, too. It was a highly enjoyable trip, and in case I haven't written to people along the way by the time this arrives, I want to thank everyone and declare that I will write, and soon.

This is THE SPELEOBEM #5, October 1959
Published by Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St.
Tampa 9, Florida
Intended for the 49th mailing of
The Spectator Amateur Press Society
INCUMBULOUS PUBLICATION #13

The cover of this issue is explained by the conclusion of "77 SAPSet Strip." Other artwork in the issue -- in Dee's comments, that is -- is by Joe Lee Sanders (signed J.S.), and by Dee.

DEPARTMENT OF NEGATIVE HUXTERING: Fanzines wanted -----

SAPS MAILINGS 1-20, plus 24

SAPSzines: SPRING COMES TO BLANCHARD AND SOMERVILLE (Ballard & Alpaugh) Mlg 21
THE ZED #774 (KKAnderson) Mlg 26
ONCE IS ENOUGH (KKAnderson) Mlg 26

plus any of the interim zines published around mailing #30, except
EMER AC (Coslet)

Generalzines:	APORRHETA #1, #2, #3, #4	SPECTRE #1
	HYPHEN #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, #8	VERITAS #1
	DISJECTA MEMBRA #2	PLOY #1, #2, #8
	THE FANSCIENT #1, #2, #3	INNUEENDO #6
	EMER #1, #2, #3, #6, #7, #11, #12, #13, #14	FLJAGH #2
	THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF GULENTERATOLOGY	

And a lot of others. What you got?

Pfui. I hate to have a half stencil -- or rather a half master [Hmm, would be a kind of ship, perhaps?] left and nothing particularly interesting to put on it. I could, I suppose use the space to estimate the size of ~~the~~ this mailing, using all kinds of weird formulas, and explaining them as I go along, but frankly, I could probably do just as well with a crystal ball as with such formulas. Just as guesswork, I'd predict a slight falling-down in page count, but not too much -- hell, Toskey is reported to have almost 100 pages total in the mailing, and I have over 100, so there should be at least 537 pages. Pure guesswork, but let's see how close it comes. More fun to predict ~~the~~ the state of the roster and who will miss the mailing. Trouble is that wrong guesses might annoy the victims. Let's try, anyway. The only one I think might be dropped this time is Joan Cleveland. Karen will probably hit her third mailing in a row, but Es may miss this time. Oh, pfui. This isn't worth the effort.

Oh, back to the department of negative huxtering for a minute: Anybody got any old comics they want to get rid of? Particularly these: ALL STAR, MORE FUN, ADVENTURE, FLASH, ALL-FLASH, ALL AMERICAN, GREEN LANTERN, DETECTIVE, STAR-SPANGLED, and SENSATION. I'm still collecting mainly fanzines, but I'm also interested in old colics of the super-character type. I picked up quite a few of them in LA, courtesy of Bill Ellern (A Good Man Indeed.)

QUE LOS LOCOS SE LOS PASAN BIEN !

THE CABAL LADDER {mc's}

7-28

"Ich bin Herr Dr. Lochinkopf. You vas expecting me, Herr Peltz?"

"Yeah, c'mon over."

"Vere iss der stairs?"

"Use the ladder."

"oof. I ain't used to dot. Ghott im Hölle! Vat's dot in der corner?"

"Just Manyoya, He doesn't bite, just makes up terrible poetry. Let's use this rock ledge for a couch and get on with it."

"Hokay. Vot zeems to be der problem?"

"Well, I'm a fan, and I think I've got a persecution complex."

"So vot's unusual about dot?"

"Really, I don't think I should have a persecution complex, but it's just that everyone else seems to be against me. For instance, the SAPS mailing arrived yesterday, and it should have been a Joy ~~Forever~~ - - well, at least for a couple weeks. Almost 600 pages! And Toskey with an 81-page FLABBERGASTING! I should be fantisted by the scoop and power of the message (as long as Busbys and Toskey are going to beat that phrase to death, I might as well help out.) But instead, I get rather depressed; something is missing. Maybe I don't appreciate SAPS? Maybe vice versa? Hmm. We're back to Manyoya again. Even Toskey gets mean and challenges me to out-page an 81-page zine. This is grossly unfair - - I mean, I've only been in since last October, how can he expect me to belt out that much material? And to make it even harder, he did all the writing himself, so I shouldn't be able to count Dee's work - - or anybody else's except for Manyoya's (Toskey counts Garcone's artwork.) So I'm going to accept the challenge. Am I crazy, Doc?"

"Vell, I dunno, but dot's a goot start toward it, anyhoo. Ve vill haff to get to der bottom uff dis. So let's start at der top mit der first zine, and you tell me vat effer comes into vateffer passes for your mind. Hokay?"

"O.K. Less what the firstone is...Oh,

go to hell

"Vat? Giff insults, und I leave dis hole!"

"No, that's the title of the zine: GO TO HELL, edited by Lar' Stone. Well, first of all, that lousy paper didn't take very well to the trip from Seattle - - - particularly since it was on top of the pile. It's ripped in several places, and will play hob with binding this mailing since it's legal length. See what I mean about everybody being against me? If Lar' wasn't against me he'd use letter size paper, of better quality, and not try to foist off such monstrosities on SAPS.

He starts off talking about politicians, about which I couldn't care less. 'The banker, the broker, the Washington joker - - three prominent bastards are we' goes the song, and I agree with it. As for apathy in voting, what is a poor voter to do? The issues get confused beyond recognition during the months before the election, and it finally comes down to a case of which is the worst rascal running for office. I was all fired up in high school and college - - when I turned 21 I was going to vote in

the first election that came along, and in every one after that. As it happened, the first election was for congressman last November, and the registration records here in Tampa closed two days after I graduated from the University of Florida -- whoops, I mean two days before I graduated -- and I couldn't register in time. So this year we're having a mayoralty and city council election. I'm registered. And I don't know who I'm going to vote for though the election is only a little more than a month off. The present incumbent is a louse as much as Yngvi; but from what I can find out -- depending on whom I talk with or what I read -- his opponents are as bad or worse. I know one of them is a wholesaler with a loud mouth that gets in every mayor's race just for the hell of it. My parents will probably vote for the incumbent. I think I shall find out which of the candidates will guarantee us a new public library within five years (we've been needing one for about 20 years), and vote for him. Pfui.

Then ol' Lar' gets reminiscing about his best year. Me, I'm reasonably sure that I haven't had my best year. Looking back on the past half-dozen or so, I certainly hope I haven't had the best one. Much as I enjoyed the majority of the time I was at college, the first two years were greatly drags, and the last two involved two different flunkings-out and a graduation by the skin of the teeth, despite an overall 3.11 average and election to PHI KAPPA PHI (mostly thanks to the two years of drag.) If those were my best years, I'm gonna give up immediately.

Occasionally I get the feeling that I'd like to be able to take off on a train all over the country, but on reflection I realize I'd rather go by car, for the convenience of being able to go down side roads, explore woods, caves, little towns, and the like. Some day I'm going to drive all over the country hunting old book shops, caves, fans, and anything else I'm interested. (Please don't consider those three in any order of preference.)

A friend of mine at the university was a railroading fan. Though he didn't have models -- no room for them -- he had pictures, books, etc. all over the place, and any time we went near a railroad on a caving trip he'd have to stop and explore the area thoroughly. Also, he had an old chevvy with a wheelbase that fit the rails perfectly, so whenever we were around a little-used line we'd go rail-riding for a while. Usually, there was a highway nearby, and the passing cars (or at least their occupants) must have thought they were seeing things.

Guess that's about all. What's next, Doc?

"Dere iss something called

control /

"Oh, yes -- by Ted Pauls, who said he was going to have the largest SAPSzine ever, in this mailing. TWO PAGES?? See -- even he's against me, going back on promises like that. It's all a plot. Well, anyway, let's see what he has to say for himself -- and for us, too.

A most excellent rebuttal to Nancy Share on the subject of The Beautiful Animal -- the cat. On that matter of cats killing for the joy of it: We have a large back yard, and a month or so ago there was a family of mockingbirds in one of the trees. The parent birds continually sat watching the cat, screeching their heads off, and diving at the cat to peck at it. The cat, however, completely ignored the birds -- though one swat of her paw would have put the feathered dive-bombers out of operation completely. Frankly, I wish she had done them in; that screeching got to be quite nerve-wracking at times. It got so we didn't dare let the cat out in the back. The mockingbirds took over the back yard.

Well, there's no sense in commenting on the Washington-Pittsburgh-Philly fight, since it will long be over when you read this. So I guess this would be the right place to start screaming PUCON IN '61 !!

I'm glad to see that you take such pride in your SAPSzines, Ted. Though it is of no use to give empty excuses for a zine, a Proper Pride is quite commendable.

Say, Doc, I just thought of something else I'll need to outpage Toskey: some sort of quotations to put with each zine, like he used Joyce. Any suggestions?

"Well, vat's der most quotable zource you know of? Besides Shakspere, dot is."
"Gilbert and Sullivan, of course."
"So use dem. Of course, you've already missed out on der first zine, but you can still get der second vun."
"Yeah, and I'll get Stone the second time around. Here's one for Ted Pauls:

"If you wish in the world to advance, your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it and stump it, and blow your own trumpet,
Or trust me you haven't a chance." - - - -RUDDIGORE

MONSTERHYME # 15

A young neo-SAP named Ted Pauls
Attacks both the shorts and the tall,
For he likes controversial,
Dammit & curse-you all
zines - - that send me up the walls! [Ed Manyoya]

"Dot ought to take care of him. Now ve got

bronc 13

"Her terrible tale you can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees:
Her taste exact for faultless fact
Amounts to a disease." - - - - THE MIKADO

"Oh yes, Eva Firestone, who seems to think I objected to stuff like Bailey's in BRONC 11 because it was from NFFF. This is an unfair twisting of words - - she's against me, too. What I meant was that I got tired of Bailey from seeing his stuff in NFFF, and don't particularly care to see it anyplace else. Heavens, I wouldn't accuse Eva of reprinting N3F material in BRONC - - - the only one I've complained to about that trick is Racy Higgs. And, Eva, you have a perfect right to print what you like in your zine. Appreciation of written material is generally a case of chacun à son goût, and in all probability someone will like it. On the other hand, I'm going to say so if I don't like something, as much as I'd say so if I did.

Sherlock Holmes had a policy of completely ignoring some facts' existence - - even though these facts were basic knowledge such as that the earth revolves around the sun. He maintained that the active mind could hold just so much information, and such facts as these were completely worthless to him; he didn't need them so he did his best to forget them and make room for other facts. Methinks this might apply to your lack of technical knowledge: do you need this information?

I dunno whether or not Otto is missing a lot of thrills by not reading UFO books, as I've never read any myself. But working at a library, every time I turn around someone is saying 'you ought to read thus-and-such.' And they give all sorts of reasons why I should read it. Obviously, it would be impossible to read all the books that are recommended to me. Quite probably I miss some good reading this way, but since the reference staff goes through each book before it goes into circulation (thus getting first chance to check it out and read it), I generally latch onto any that look particularly interesting to me. For the past several years - - oh, since 1957, I guess - - I've been keeping a list of what I read (title, author, pages). It is quite a respectable list now, over 250 books. In addition to magazines, texts, individual stories here and there. I begin to think I should also have recorded the date finished, but that's water over the dam, and such a list would certainly be a good indication of a person's reading tastes. I say 'tastes' because anyone who just looked at a particular small section of the list would get quite an erroneous idea of my reading likes - - there is a straight string of Nero Wolfe mysteries, ditto Shell Scott, for instance.

Hmm. I hadn't considered that you and Toskey might be talking about naturally purple hair. Thought the arty-fishy kind would do - - like my immediate boss has, for

instance. Gray-mit-purple. If you ever do find the real thing, be sure to take some colour snapshots.

Now, just look at this: you don't even speak to me, and yet I blather off a full page to you. Is this appreciation? Is this fair? Is this FAPA? NO?? Pfu!

Despite the usurpation of Texas's #1 spot by Alaska, there haven't been many jokes circulating about Alaskans - - - not that I've heard, anyway. But Texan jokes still abound, including the one about the Texan who checked into the Fontainebleau Hotel at Miami. He had the bellboys hauling in skis, ice-skates, and even a dog sled, when the manager of the hotel came up and told him "You can't use that equipment here, sir - - - there isn't any snow!" The Texan shrugged. "I'm having that brought in this afternoon."

MONSTERHYME #12

[Ed Manyoya - - - -]

One can tell Eva's SAPSzine, of course,
By the numerous drawings of horse,
And so, if inside you
Find jests that de-ride you,
I hope you'll consider the source!

"Hey, Doc, put down that phone book and pick up the next SAPSzine."
"Dis ain't no phone book - it IS the next SAPSzine. It's called

flabbergasting 11

7-29

*Talk about being unfair! Why, in order to continue a 1:6 ratio, I'd have to write over 13 pages on FLABBERGASTING alone. Well, maybe I can. Let's start with the G&S introductory quote:

"Behold the Lord High Executioner
A personage of noble rank and title --
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital!
Defer, defer,
To the Lord High Executioner!" - - - THE MIKADO

I quite agree that no one should complain about the lack of Sims and Wansborough to complain about. Certainly there are enough members left about whom we can complain in one way or another, so that we will not feel too badly the loss of the two most likely targets for complaints. I mean, after all, here's 81 pages worth of Toskey to complain about.

I cannot account for the 8 points you got in poetry, but I daresay the 12 in artwork were given because the voters could find no category of "Art-owrk" in which to vote for Garcone. Besides, it happened in your administration, didn't it? (Garcone's art-owrk, that is.)

In the matter of running for OE, I might try it if I were going to remain in Tampa for the next SAPS-year. But as of right now I'm planning to leave about February and go back to college - - probably Florida State University at Tallahassee - - for a MA in Library Science. Whether I actually get there in February is still a matter of conjecture, but I shall definitely be going sometime next year, which throws the idea of running for OE out completely. As much as it pains me to have to pay the ridiculously high parcel post rates to Seattle for my SAPSazines, I'd still like to keep the OEs there - - - unless one of the LA contingent, with access to the LASFS gestetner, volunteers for the job. I've become far too used to a highly legible and attractive OO to vote for a mimeographer when there is a gestetnerer running for the job. Multigraphed headings are nice to look at, but I'm not sure they're necessary for a good OO. (But should the next OE decide to take advantage of your offer, I would

7/30
applaud vociferously.)

Beg to differ that purely informative or creative writing intended to entertain has no communication. It may be one-way communication, but it is still communication, as a general rule. The only examples of non-communication that I can think of are such literary treasures as Joyce's Finnegan's Wake, that no one can make much sense of. On a personal level, non-communication can be achieved by any book that the reader cannot understand, or that he dislikes so intensely that he refuses to pay any attention to it. I myself get little or no communication from such writers as Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner, and even Dickens, on the latter ground, and from T.S. Eliot, Joyce, and Yeats on the former ground. Of the entire group mentioned, I get more from W. B. Yeats than from any other, in the way of communication - - - but I get far more from one of Berry's stories than from all I've read of Yeats.

Again in the same paragraph to TEW, gifts disagreement: "crud" can definitely be applied to SAPSazines, as well as to generalzines. In the case of SAPSazines, the crud is that turned in as forced, general ly rapid (and vapid) minimum-requirement comments by a member trying to beat the deadline with anything that will save his membership. Other SAPScrud is the blithering type, as rightly decried by Leman et cie. : "I can't find much to say about your zine, but I'm going to take half a page to tell you that I can't find much to say about your zine." And what do you think of that, I said? And the comparison of a SAPSazine to a "letter from a friend" is quite erroneous at times, seeing the various battling back and forth done in the zines. (I'm not complaining about the battling, but do you really get letters from friends that sound like that?)

I become just a little bit annoyed at your attitude toward SAPSazine material other than mailing comments. You sound very much like you consider extra material, above and beyond liberal mailing comments, as merely something that's included to pad out the zine and the mailing. I'd rather have JackH's comments on what's wrong with THE DOGS OF WAR than your blithe assurance that as a serial it's not to be considered of interest to The Toskey. A criticism or an appreciation is greatly preferred in these quarters to an apathetic disdain. A megalomaniac is one thing, but a megalomuttonhead is quite another.

Unless Wally gets started on some MCs and other Weber-written material, methinks you will be unable to use that "number one humorist of Saps" phrase next year. There is a lot of competition these days for the spot.

Every few weeks someone shows up at the library trying to find out about a particular painter, or perhaps a sculptor. They've just come across one of his works in their attic, and the great age of the work means one thing to them: maybe it's valuable! So here they come wanting information on J. Watzis Floogerton. They don't know the nationality, approximate dates, or anything else; the public library surely has an art expert that can help them out. Yeah. One moron wasn't even sure how to spell the artist's name. I hunted through every reference book I could lay hands on - - which means quite a few, encyclopedias, biographical dictionaries, Who's Who for a number of countries, dictionaries of artists of various countries and times - - and still couldn't find anything. So he trundled off, and came back a week or so later with the name written down (completely different from the way he'd tried to spell it at first) - - and I still couldn't find anything on the artist. How I wish these characters that think they've found Old Masters really had! But this is all that a Big Name in art really means to me: an easier item to look up. When it comes to paintings that I like and would hang on my walls, then it is a case of individual works rather than of a particular artist. More or less I like the very weird ones - - - particularly El Greco's "View of Toledo." I would very much like to get a copy of that when I eventually move into my own house. Right now my room's walls are adorned with three diplomas, an ATomcalendar, and a beautiful studio portrait of a persian cat belonging to one of my relatives. The cat died several years ago, at the age of 17 years, but I've never seen a more beautiful one - not even my own. And speaking of paintings and cats, has anyone seen the book Hiram and Other Cats? It's more or less

a children's book -- I got it about 12 years ago -- but it has some marvelous cat drawings by Gladys Emerson Cook, in colour (and sketches in black-and white). There is one of a red persian that is positively fabulous.

By the whiskers of Raloki, you ~~never~~ heard the word Ignatz before you joined SAPS? You've missed the delightful nuttiness of Krazy Kat and the rest of the inhabitants of Kokonino Kounty? T**S**K !! (Somebody up there please heave a brick at Toskey, to get him acquainted with things.)

I don't particularly care for mice as pets, though I'm certainly not afraid of them (I get the creeping horrors at roaches, spiders, and snakes). One weekend the caving club was working on a gate for Warren's Cave near Gainesville, and we slept in the cave overnight. Several times we woke up to find some cave mice scampering over us. A couple of them were caught and taken to the club "zoo" --- a couple of married cavers' house, off-campus. They had mice, ~~sk~~ salamanders, a skunk, a couple baby rabbits, a flying squirrel, and the club mascot, a gray squirrel named Roberta. (It had been named Robert after the caver who found it by stepping on the large pile of Spanish moss it was lying in --- but then it was taken to the bio dept....)

"A squizrel named Roberta,
She sure made quite a hit.
But as you'd guess, she made a mess -
The house got full ofKleenex."

THE CAVING SONG
Verse 12

[BEP, Oct. 1957]

The above, incase you're interested, was sung to the tune of "The Ball of Ballinoor." (This information particularly for Brown and Johnstone.)

Lessee, I was commenting on FLABBERGASTING, wasn't I? Oyeah....

Bats, now one of the first half-dozen or so caves I went in was a bat cave - Sweet Gum, in Citrus County, Florida. At the time, entry to the bat room involved straddling a water passage for twenty feet or so (now it involves wading the passage - the water has risen), then kneeling or arsing your way along a narrow ledge (whichever way was the steadier for the individual). It's a small cave, but there were several thousand bats (myotis subflavus* in case anyone is interested) in the one room --- a huge seething mass on the ceiling, and stragglers flying all around the room. Myotis hang on one another rather than just on part of the rock ceiling or walls, and this causes the seething - some flying away from the cluster, other coming back, most of them just shifting around. [Warning to amateur cavers: in bat caves, always wear hardhats, and NEVER LOOK STRAIGHT UP!] And strange as it may sound, I found I enjoyed turning off the light and just sitting there, listening to the bats fluttering past, and feeling the breeze their wings make - a bat cave is always warmer than another cave. As long as you make no sudden movements, they won't bump into you. Talk about an eerie feeling! Probably, Tosk, when you saw bats in the country in the evening, they were looking for insects. We've gone into bat caves at early evening, and found that all of them were gone from the cave --- out to lunch, looking for insects.

Hey, Doc Lochinkopf! Ol' Toskey wants someone to tell him in what ways he seems warped. Take over the discussion, will you? You're the only Psycho we've got now that we've got rid of Seagle. (Shame we had to get rid of Meyers to do it, though)."

"Vell, Lemme zee, now. Herr Trotsky, you admit to zum kind uf megalomaniac, er, vateffer you said. Now vether or nod you're kiddink, you zertainly giff der impression dot you are der Utmost. (Mebbe dot should be der Nutmost.) Vrum mine eggzberienz in head-zhrinking, I would zay yours needed it. You bin liffink in ein smallisch world uf your own - a vun-fan fandom vithin a fandom (CRY-SAPS fandom) vithin Fandom. Und effryting dot disagrees mit der vun-fan fandom iss automatically for der birds; either you berate it, or you let it be known far und vide dot it's beneath consideration. Der Trotsky iss der Ghott! Pfui. Ein joke carried on diss long iss zlightly un-humorisch. Iss you kidding or nodt? If zo, how aboutt cuttink it oudt? If nodt, come zee me at der office, bhoj. Undt bring Garcone."

"Thanks, Doc. That'll teach Toskey to ask for opinions like that. Let's get back to

* correction: MYOTIS AUSTRORIPARUS.

comments on FLABBERGASTING AGAIN. Sorry, I mean on FLABBERGASTING, again.

I've heard your two stories about terns before, but you really should have mentioned that the second hunter - the one who left no tern unstoned - once made an error and let a bird get away because he didn't think it was a tern. He couldn't identify it from its colouring, as it was a poorly-marked tern.

I'm inclined to agree with you about Humpty Dumpty being a good egg, too, except that he later went to a psychiatrist for an examination, and it turned out that he was cracked. But Crackers and eggs go well together - - - or at least so they tell me in South Florida. All manner of Crackers there.

Hmm. Four bottles of whiskey in the Christmas Egg Nog? Sounds powerful, all right. You ought to try the cave club punch: several cans of Hawaiian Punch, and as much straight ethanol as can be obtained and/or swallowed without too much scorching of the throat. Better yet, try some home-brew mead - - - while not exactly powerful, the stuff is very sneaky, as any FSSers reading this will attest. Gawd, what a blast that was. Maybe I should reprint my carbonized write-up of that sometime.

I see that KarenA has more or less forced you to eat some words, since she has appeared in two mailings in a row now. Possibly I have some words to eat, too, as I seem to remember saying something about the every-other-mailing bit recently. At any rate, I don't think the Karen-Teddybear comparison is apt, because the mailings in which Karen appears she does quite well enough to make up for missing the others. Not so the Teddybear. Of course, skipping alternate mailings makes it harder for the other members to have any kind of flowing communication.

"Well, Karen, since you're not communicating with us at all, this ish," - - - speak for yourself, Tosk, not for "us all." I got quite a bit of communication from Karen's poem and story - - - though perhaps you've not read the original that the poem was parodied on - Chesterton's "Lepanto." Try it, and then compare the two - - - an excellent parody, say I. But then, I enjoy playing with words - puns, parodies, etc - and I enjoy reading others' plays on words and writings. Mebbe you don't, Tosk. Though Ghod knows you use enough words in FLABBERGASTING - - you ought to like to play around with them.

In referring to Coswal's cover for BEE'S BUZZ, where else would you expect to find a purple tail - or any other kind or colour of tail - but on the "S"? You have just lost all possible claim to the dirtiest mind in SAPS. Now if I can get rid of Lynn Hickman from the contest... .

Well, I suppose it had to happen - a break in the ranks of the cat-fanciers. (I sometimes fancy that I'm a cat.) And here 'tis: you like kittens, I prefer cats. Kittens are cute and playful, I will grant you, and if it were a question of someone else taking care of them, I'd be perfectly happy to have all sorts of kittens around the house. But kittens are a nuisance to take care of - - - much more so than cats. We've had two cats around here that we raised from kittens; the first ran away before we'd had her too long, but the other has grown into a large and beautiful cat. Compared to a kitten, it is no trouble at all; it sleeps most of the time, and adds greatly to the decór of the house. The complaints against kittens are that they are usually knocking things off tables, scratching the furniture (or your leg), and generally getting in the way. You are forever cleaning up after them. Then there was the girl who had six kittens and a cat in her place off-campus..... . Like I said, they are always getting in the way. Don't misunderstand me, though - - - if it is a choice between dogs and kittens, I'll take kittens; but I prefer grown-up cats.

I am thoroly sick of your distinction between Trufans and those who support Don Ford for TAFF. However, I think most of this has been straightened out via Ted Pauls' DISJECTA MEMBRA, so I won't go blithering off on the subject again. Suffice it to say that if TAFF is causing this ~~division~~ in Fandom, TAFF is a failure as a project and some other scheme should be introduced.

A quart of half/half costs 54 cents in Seattle?? Half and half WHAT? To be that expensive it ought to be half booze and half mix, or something. Of course, I haven't priced any form of milk except homogeonized (half gal. for \$.45) here in Tampa. But that still sounds awful expensive to me.

As much as I dislike motorcycles myself, and wouldn't own one, they are a reasonably inexpensive means of transportation for students. And with an experienced driver, the accidents really aren't as bad as you'd intimate. The maneuverability makes up in great part for the relative flimsiness. For instance, there was a FSS member who drove his old Zundapp all over the place, having an occasional small accident, but being able to avoid others that would have been much more serious if he'd been in a car. For example, one afternoon he was riding down the highway at about 40 mph, and came to a blind turn in the road. As he went to turn, some idiot was coming the other way, passing on the curve and taking up the entire road-space. There was no shoulder - it was on a slight hill, and had banked hills on either side of the road. He got out of the way by driving the motorcycle up the bank, at about a 60° incline - - - then stopped when he came to a shoulder and sat there to recover from the shakes. But the point is a car would have been smashed up entirely. For driving around town and very short trips, motorcycles are fine. But two drawbacks make them rotten for longer trips: lack of carrying room, and lack of protection from rain.

While we're speaking of motorcycles, and I've mentioned the Zundapp-ite, I might as well tell one more anecdote. A group of us were out on a field trip one Saturday, looking for new caves, and Duff was driving his Zundapp all over the field while we hiked around. The area was one of very small caves, sinkholes, etc - - nothing very spectacular, but we were surveying the area for whatever was there. Someone remarked that it would be funny if Duff fell into one of the holes; just then there was a cry of "Cave!" and the Zundapp went out of sight. Turned out to be a small cave, with a shallow part about four feet deep, and a hole about 8 to 10 feet. Had he hit the hole it might have been serious, as the bottom was covered with old metal, broken glass, thorns, etc. But he'd had a second to see what was coming, and steered for the shallow part.

THE CAVING SONG
Verse 4

"Duff and his lousy Zundapp,
They were both filled up with gin:
'The chimney's small, but damn you all,
I'm gonna drive it in!' "

[BEP, July, 1957]

The above was written before the occurrence, strangely enough. Duff had been threatening to drive the Zundapp into one of the larger caves for some time previous to the time we started making up the Caving Song.

In regard to your analysis of Al Andrews' "The Double Walker": you evidently miss the point that in spite of the fact that the plotter thought he had made up the doppelgänger, one actually existed - just as the legend would have it. Y'know, I'm beginning to see that the comments about "the taste of a man who thinks AMAZING STORIES of the 40's the best" may be valid after all. You don't seem to dig any degree of subtlety at all. Hmmm. No wonder you don't get anything out of "Dogs of War."

Doc L. says the paragraph on organized religion, addressed to Es Adams, bears him out in his diagnosis.

In the matter of jobs for fans, I'm generally in agreement with you. If I could manage it, I'd be a professional student. And there is yet that possibility, since, though I can't see myself teaching anything but The Art of Caving-Off, or maybe A Course in the Appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, I can still get a position in a university library and take a few hours a semester. But in any case, a librarian job won't be too far from the perfect fan's-necessary-evil occupation. In fact, if it paid a bit more this job at the Tampa Public Library would be fine; I have a great many doubts that I'll have access to a multilith and sundry other pieces of equipment in other libraries. Maybe I can heist this multilith when I leave. Have to rent a truck I guess.

Methinks, in regard to Willis-Carr, you again miss a salient point: GMC sends her FAPAZINE all over fandom; how would WAW get his arguments to the same audience? Hmmm. I have an afterthought, based mainly on the fact that I am somewhat in agreement with you, that WAW should have fought back more than he did. The afterthought is

that if WAW had published his side through FAPA, gotten an OMPA and a SAPS frank for the same material, and published it in HYPHEN for the non-APAns, he'd have hit so many that the rest wouldn't matter much at all. But I guess no two fans see a situation the same way - particular a participant and non-participant in a feud. So we might well forget the whole thing. With the success of the Berry Fund, the way is open for similar Funds, and in another couple years perhaps we can try again to bring WAW over.

I don't think you'll have 34 more enemies than you had before, just for your comment on GMC. (They were your enemies already.) Just one thing: it's very difficult to decide whether the callousness and lack of consideration that GMC does show is any better than the malice others accuse her of. It dos take a deal of nastiness to deliberately bait someone and then stick at it after the original reaction has been observed. "Well-meaningness as a person"???

Cos has already answered the question of what October 31, 1922 was: his birth-date. (At least that's the way I translate his acknowledgement that it was the "first light of day.")

I can see it now: The Toskey finally marries a congenital idiot, just because she is small and looks cute and sweet. Though maybe that figures after all. I remember the story of the guy who was looking for the perfect girl - - - when he found her at last, it turned out she was looking for the perfect man. Just make sure she knows how to turn a duper handle, Tosk.

With regard to the catin "Bell, Book, and Candle," it is indeed spelled "Pye-wacket." Source: the script of the play by John Van Druten, which I bought, after seeing it performed by the Tampa Little Theater about four years ago. I think the name is an excellent one for a witch's cat. I like odd names - alliterative ones, euphonic ones, generally - for cats (I had absolutely no say in naming our cat "Fluffy." If I'd done it she would probably be Syotu, since she is a silli-cat. [SiO₂, for you uninformed clods, is a silicate.]

Wattayamean, you're in favour of integration because you're a damYankee? I should think it would be because you were a mathematician! (By the way, it's spelled 'Damyankee.' by us Rebels.)

Since you find the word "retromingent" distasteful and seemingly obscene, I presume that, under your stringent dictatorship, you will refuse to allow the title in the mailing. Buz will have to think up a new title. After all, if you would have ripped off the covers from the Carrs' zine for an innocuous (to anyone without a dirty mind) and funny (to anyone with a sufficiently dirty mind) phrase, you should certainly eliminate this vulgar term from the ranks of SAPSzines. Or does the proximity of the editor make a difference. Like, he can strike back. You have a middle-class dirty mind, Tosk: dirty enough to catch a lot of references or low jokes, but not dirty enough to enjoy them. Pfaugh. A point to bear in mind: if the editor can get the material through the mail to you, why shouldn't you be able to get through the mail back again?

"After observing humanity for almost 30 years now," - - - I wonder if it has occurred to you that humanity has been observing you for that long - or maybe a little longer - too. Boy, would I like to see humanity's opinions.

I have the solution to the problem of why you never get fat, no matter how much fattening food you eat: it's all going to your head. Like a lot of other things.

"No one knows what evil lieth in the mind of Toskey." No one knoweth if anything lieth in the mind of Toskey - - or how much the mind of Toskey lieth. [This is fun; what other quotes can I twist around?]

Talk about pseudo-Campbellism! This jazz about proving something to you, in your presence, and under your conditions, sounds like John W. Psionics at his worst, proclaiming that thus-and-such has been proven, under these conditions, those standards, etc. Back to Missouri with you. You accept theories of all kinds in math - but theories in psi aren't enough.

Come, now, Tosk - don't let the fact that you "don't have a good enough picture of the situation to discuss it intelligently" keep you out of the Share-Schaffer argu-

I considered it very unfair of Bill Meyers to drop out of SAPS without giving anyone advance notice so they/we could try to argue him out of such an idea. Perhaps it's your fault, Toskey. After all, Bill tried this stunt when Buz and Elinor were OE, and we argued him out of it. A black mark on your administration, methinks. Anyway, I understand FLABBERGASTING is still going Chattanooga-wards, and so is Spe-Bem, so I might well go ahead and yak about your AGHAST comments. Mebbe ol' Bill will ride someone else's zine for comments. I think I could blackmail him into it - or even into rejoining, but 'twouldn't be good either for him or for SAPS. (I'm quite an experience blackmailer, I am.)

I refuse to believe that anyone can correctly assess their own ability to bear up under strain or cope with a catastrophe, in advance of such strain or catastrophe. And while I don't particularly care to have a conversation or discussion take a morbid turn or "sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of Kings," the continual happy-happy-happy, floating on air, blitherer is an Elf (M. Bishop type, not Tolkien type) to me.

MONSTERHYME #17

A perpetual sweetness and light
For some fans may be quite all right;
But in my estimation
IT's just aggravation:
Obnoxiously, sick'ningly trite! - - - Ed Manyoya

I'm with you in Cynic City, Bill Meyers!

This is the first time I've seen anyone claim that sexual passion wasn't an emotional relationship. Just how much psych have you had, Tosk? How about Ye Olde Oedipus complex? HEY, DOC LOCHINKOPF !! I'VE JUST FIGURED OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH TOSKEY !!! HE HAS AN O-E-dipus Complex !!!! Gonna havetb start calling him the OE-dipus Rex.

So now it's 'Doctor Toskey' !! All sorts of congratulations, Tosk. Maybe I'll be up in that rarified strata some day, though I understand there aren't more than a dozen or so PhD's among all the librarians in the country. And all of them are deans of library schools. So I guess I'll be satisfied with an MA for a while, anyway.

That bit about being examined on something about which you know more than your examiner really isn't too unusual, especially when you realize it has a corollary in the situation of doing a term paper, report, thesis, etc. about which you know more than your instructor. I found it very helpful to ring in science fiction whenever I got the chance in college. For instance, a course in Report Writing resulted in a 78pp term paper on Asimov's future history series (most of it synopsis and continuity), a course in the History of Books & Printing resulted in a term paper on fan-zines, a course in Ballads and Folksongs resulted in a term paper on the folksong in fantasy and SF and a program of bawdy songs for the class. This last was a riot. Everyone in the class was to give a program on some kind of folksong; it was a summer session, and there were only 6 students in the class: 3 undergraduates, a man in his 40's, a coed, and a late-30-ish school teacher. These programs could be given with the aid of records, or any audio-vis aid you might want to use. Various members took Children's Songs, Gamblers and Hard Cases, Sea Chanties, Cowboy Songs. Came my turn, and I hauled in a guitar-playing FSS member and we went through some of the more innocuous songs from the Oscar Brand records - cutting but not bowdlerizing. It was still enough to shock the two femmes (and the teacher had another teacher with her that day, as it was raining and the other couldn't get home.) The others enjoyed it tremendously, as did the other couple of FSSers that I hauled in for a bigger audience. So, "Handy Hint for Breezing through College" #1: If at all possible select a subject for a report or paper on which you know more than the instructor.

I haven't yet begun to tell my "Tales of the Scouts" - - but one of these days I'll start. After all, I was able to ~~miss~~ work my way up to Eagle! Brag. By same means I also acquired the Explorer Silver Award (Eagle equivalent). Actually, though

I may joke about chiseling part of the requirements for the ranks, there was still a lot of work to it - - - even a lot of work to the chiseling, I guess. But I consider the time I spent in the Scouts well invested, and perhaps if friend [Hmm. I see I've adopted ol' Merv's spelling.] if friend Meyers had been in the Scouts he might have learned to swim, at least. If there was one thing I earned, it was the group of aquatic merit badges. I got the Life Saving one at a camp, under one of the strictest instructors I've ever met. He hated "Red Cross victims," and if the victim you worked with didn't struggle convincingly enough you had to rescue the instructor. Mine wasn't convincing, and that instructor damn near drowned me when I rescued him. But I certainly learned the bit.

Further information from Bill on Seagle's Stokowski article, particularly on the "flopping" of Fantasia: Seagle was referring to the early release of the film and not to the later popular reaction, which (says Bill) was a result of publicity via TV. I'll buy that explanation, I think, as I don't remember hearing a lot about "Fantasia" when it first came out - - - though I did go to see it then, as well as the second release.

Much as I don't usually care for jazz - - - it took some in-person listening in New Orleans to get me to tolerate Dixieland, even - - - I must object rather violently to your equating it with Rocks-in-the-head 'N Roll. Jazz is a performer's music - - - the greatest appreciation is possible only when you play it for yourself. Rock and roll addicts may claim the same thing for it - I dunno. But I do know that jazz doesn't grate on the ears of the listener half as much as that horrible caterwauling they call R&R. The one-arm beanery across the street from the public library, where most of the staff goes for its afternoon break, includes a jukebox full of R&R records. And I think the waitress has found out that there is a very quick way to get me out of there if I've finished whatever I've ordered and am just sitting and talking: turn on the puke box. I leave immediately, fearing for my sanity.

7/31
When I read Bob Leman's story - or "~~Blumen~~ Reeves's" story - "The Last Fan" in NEMATODE 3, I had a horrible suspicion there was more to it than met the immediate eye, but I was rather leery of saying anything. Having read through this mailing, and finding no one else who agrees with me, I'd better put my slightly over-sized foot in my mouth right now: That story read like a deliberate burlesque of the usual "mood" or "nostalgic" faan fiction! Was it, Bob? Or should I go get my glasses changed?

Back to you again, Tosk. While you're revealing pseudos, why not list the ones you use? Sort of a Who's Who of Burnett R. Toskey.

As a Hindu, Larry Stone is just a fakir.

When it comes to the relative gentleness of large or small dogs, I disagree with you about the Boxer (though I agree about the German Shepherd and the St. Bernard.) There are a number of Boxers in our neighborhood, and they are far from being gentle. They like to jump up on people, run after cars and bicycles, etc. Another large dog that is a nuisance to cyclists and passersby is the Doberman Pinscher. It is rather disconcerting to ride down the street and have a dog come running out and be able to bite you somewhere around the knee. I used to carry deterrents for such beasts, in the form of small torpedos. The first mutt that ran after my bike got a torpedo exploded under his feet; most surprised dog you've ever seen - he couldn't figure out what had happened. Cured him, anyway. This is another thing about cats - they don't go chasing after cars and bicycles. And they purrrr.

In view of your favorite pastime in school, it's no wonder that you now find the most interesting prozine to be A-MAZE-ing Stories.

Oh, hell, Toskey, as much as you proclaim yourself to be neither a prude nor a church-goer, you certainly can find strange excuses to be against both sacriligious humour and subtle, possibly borderline pornography. "...smart-alecks who are just trying to get away with pranks rather than making any honest attempt to express themselves" - - pfui. If it's funny, that's a good enough raison d'être for the joke or prank (providing of course it doesn't hurt anyone.) Really, I'm surprised you let SpeBam 4 go through, seeing as it had both sacriligious humour and some bor-

derline pornography. And not all college publications board are so strict about such things. The University of Florida's humour magazine THE ORANGE PEEL, has been banned several times, but that was for worse-than-borderline pornography. Sacriligious humour still abounds in the thing; in fact, they had an article by one of the student ministers decrying the trend to sacriligious jokes - - - and on the same page as the article was a cartoon showing a sign "Please do not walk on the water." That issue had almost no trouble passing the board.

Further addition to "Storm at Sea" music: parts of "Oberon" (Weber), including the aria "Ozean."

You realize, of course, that Wrai didn't say what he proposed to a girl when he got turned down.

As to your ruling that 35 shall be the maximum number of SAPS members, you'll find that, even with the husband-wife counting only one, we have about 37 members this time, as both Rich Brown and I are carrying free-loader members. And I ain't afraid of your Chief of Secret Police, either. I'm in favour of more members from the same number of zines.

I've had only one crank letter, as far as I can remember:

Dear Mr. Pelz:

The cost of a new crank for your duplicator will be \$15.36.

Sincerely,

Abie Richard

Whether you think so or not, Tosk, there is a great deal of difference between the statements "I consider G&S to be trivial" and "I do not like G&S." The latter is merely a statement of individual taste, with no qualification. The former is a value judgement which presupposes a reasonable study of G&S resulting in the conclusion. The dictionary defines 'trivial' as 'unimportant, insignificant.' In order to make a valid use of the word, the statement would have to be something on the order of "G&S seems trivial to me, in comparison with the music that I prefer to listen to." Of course, you may have considered most of that was understood already, but I don't take such things for granted. Also, I disagree that the G&S operas would survive merely as great literature. As has been pointed out many times by critics and biographers, both Gilbert and Sullivan, by themselves, are almost completely forgotten - but the collaborations still live on. Gilbert wrote other librettos, and a large number of humorous poems ("The Bab Ballads"), as well as a number of plays; today the only surviving works, other than the Sullivan operas, are occasional performances of "Engaged" and "Cox and Box." The same thing does for Sullivan, who even wrote a Grand Opera, "Ivanhoe": the only other things that are remembered are "The Lost Chord" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." I've found, in writing G&S parodies, that a strict parody of the words - rhyme and rhythm - is still not complete; it has to fit the tune, and that takes more than scansion. "Great Literature"? No. "Great opera" and "cultural heritage"? Yes. Together.

I rather agree with Wrai's "Foey on the great outdoors," but if it's really just the cold weather that's bugging you, Wrai, you can do better than Seattle: come down to Florida, where the ground doesn't freeze at all.

I generally read through a mailing twice; once for information and pleasure, and once for comments. The typing desk is up against a wall, so for commenting I just crease the zine and stand it up, reading along until I find a hook for some comments, then pound away at the typer. I guess I average about 45 minutes to an hour and a half per page for SpeBem. I don't usually checkmark the zines, though they do get checked when Dee reads them, as she is usually more rushed for comment time than I am ["Aren't you done with that stack of zines I gave you yesterday?"]... "Hurray up with those comments, I want to send the mailing off to be bound!"

I'm glad to see you won't be attempting another huge zine for a while; this will give me time to recuperate from this one.

I agree whole-heartedly with the sentiment that mail should be delivered every day, no matter whether it's a holiday, or a Sunday, or what. No-mail days are

black ones around here. The whole family cowers in the corner because I get in very bad moods when there's no mail. And when a day goes by that there should be mail, and there isn't . . . this place is very dangerous to live in.

No, no, Toskey, it's not "The right to grow beards is the right to be free," but "The right to buy women is the right to be free." You're lousing up tradition again.

Toskey, if FAPA had a dictator-OE, he'd probably drop you from the wl for your remarks about why you might join - and how you 'd keep up your membership. Of all fans to pull a stunt like that, you with your continuous blathering about members who do only minimum activity, etc. etc. should be shot for the idea. Hell, the way you rant on, you'd think that FAPA was controlled by communists or something. Pfui.

Just why should a Garcone-illo of Buz be placed above the review of BRONG? I know Garcone doesn't make much sense, but this is ridiculous!

Well, now, I suppose that buying or not buying insurance is one's own decision, but if you ever intend to buy insurance, the younger you get it the cheaper it will be. And I for one would really be in a hell of a mess if I were in an auto accident and hospitalized without any accident insurance. Maybe you can afford to pay such possible bills out of savings, but not me.

As I said before, you have no claim at all to being the SAP with the dirtiest mind. Or else you would believe that Lynn would call people liars and dirty names to their faces. I believe he would, if he would do so any other time. I have faith in you, ol' Lynn.

Not only have you given John Berry more "Finnegan's Wake" quotes than he needs, you've given everybody more "Finnegan's Wake" quotes than they need. Who needs any of them?

I'm about 7 pages behind in the running, here, but at last I come to the comments on SpeBem, so perhaps I can make up for lost space. Yes.

You're wrong about the origin of the vembletroon, Tosk. I don't know where Leman picked up his reference, but there is such a verse-form listed in Kilpathrick's A Dictionary of Literary Obscurities, published by Seligman (London, 1872). It gives the same metrical scheme that Leman cited, along with a couple examples. According to the history of the form, it was originated in England sometime during the War of the Roses. Or at least, that's the approximate dating of the earliest forms available today. It dropped out of prominence in less than a hundred years, though, and has only been used since by extreme obscurists.

OK, your challenge to outpage you has been duly accepted.

I know too little about strict humour in music, so I shall be unable to argue the subject with you. But I would like to point out the many, many symphonies that contain a movement labeled 'Scherzo' -- 'joke.'

I have a complete set of the comic MADs, and a minus-1 set of the magazines. And in spite of the large amount of crud in the magazines, I can almost always find one or two items that I like, which makes buying the magazine worthwhile (outside of the fact that I'd have to buy it for completism anyway.) For instance, in the latest issue (49) the book club ads and the family magazine bit were quite good.

The fact that the Garcone illo on NANDU had a smile on its face was not the only factor that led me to designate it as 'cute'; the main consideration was that it was almost a normal-looking beastie. Only the odd-shaped antlers [Ah, there, Sigmund!] distinguished it from a regular deer-type. Most of Garcone's monsters are completely twisted forms of animals - usually two or more animals combined, emphasizing the more grotesque elements. ATom's BEMs - I presume that bit about "hairs growing in its belly button" was aimed at ATomillos - are so completely divorced from any terrestrial animal that the comparison is not available to enable the reader to label them grotesque. I'll not deny, however, that a pleasant facial expression on a BEM has quite a bit to do with whether or not it is 'cute.' An ATom BEM, hairy belly button and all, would not be cute if it were frowning, scowling, leering, etc.

In the foreign language field, all I know is English and German to enough of an extent to be worth much. I have a smattering of French and Spanish - and about two

or three phrases in Polish plus a couple in Swahili. I've never had any instruction in any but the English and German; most of the others were picked up in self defense when others at Gainesville would start cussing me in a foreign language. Joe Pylka is responsible for the Polish phrases - including the "Czy pan moze..." that I interlined in SpeBem 3. It means "Will you please get your elephant out of my bathroom?" . The caving menagerie had all sorts of fun translating that phrase into a number of languages, including Swahili: Tafadhali, toa ndovu nyako nya kuchukiza katika choo changu. It's amazing what idiotic things one will remember, though he forget most all he learned that might be important.

The bit addressed to Marty in SpeBem 3 was in Spanish, and was a quote from "Ballad of a Sad Cafe," (I think.) Hemingway? "Nada y nada y pues nada": "Nothing and nothing, and more nothing." Which is what I thought of CHARLAR 1. The only reason the quote sticks in my mind is that we had to read that story in Freshman English. It's a handy quote, denoting utter boredom and hopelessness - - and it's the only thing I remember of the story outside of the general feeling of hopelessness that pervaded it.

As a general rule, I use foreign phrases when they slip into the comments more or less automatically; I don't go hunting for the dictionary, or for a place in the comments where I can insert such a phrase. But there are places where another language has a phrase much more fitting than an English equivalent. You may find it a surprise that any foreign insertion is not necessarily 'raunchy.' For future reference, anything raunchy in SpeBem will probably be in either English or German. Frankly, I can't spell the French and most of the Spanish phrases, and don't consider it worth the effort to look them up.

I take as a compliment the statement that my mc's are getting to be similar in style to Buz's. Indeed so. But I would appreciate elucidation on the matter of my being more down-to-earth and adhering more to a common-sense level of communication. I haven't found any lack of these attributes in RETRO. Explain, please.

I will trade you a copy of the Gainesville "12 days of Xmas" parody for a copy of your "Drinking Song." I dunno which is worse, but the FSS has been known to be quite crude at times in their parodies. "The Caving Song" is rather mild, actually, although there a couple verses that slam a couple members right down the chimney. I think I'm the only one with a complete 16-verse collection of the thing, though several others know most the verses. There's even one on me, but you don't think I'll print that, do you? (Now I suppose Pylka, who gets a copy of this, will send the verse to someone else in SAPS, and it will be as bad or worse than if I had printed it in the first place. But the opening verse will give you an idea of the general tone of the others:

THE CAVING SONG

Verse 1

"Oh, the mud,
The mud and bat manure -
When your feet and my feet went slogging it through the sewer,

Singing:

[CHO:] Where the hell's my hard-hat?
And where the hell's my light?
My butt's stuck in a crevice
And there's no one else in sight !"

[Blair Jarrett, Duff
Brown, Werner Fisher,
July, 1957]

I've come to the conclusion that no one objected to my publishing my votes for the Pillar Poll - - - in fact, you're the only one who mentioned it at all. So, unless there is further commentary - adverse commentary this time - I shall continue the practice. As I said, I live too far from any other member for them to get even except by publishing their votes.

Pooch. Your common-law relationships membership law is highly unimaginative. FAPA outdid you completely. No originality, Tosk. T*S*K.

Gainesville is quite dead around 2-3 A.M. Like, Alachua County, in which the fine city of Gainesville is located, is DRY. No taverns to close during the wee smalls,

just an occasional beer joint, which stop serving beer at midnight, and close soon afterwards. And they are closed all day Sunday, the day the story took place.

You mean you still haven't read more of Paula's stuff than "Snows of Ganymede"? You're still basing your knowledge of his writing ability ---yes, I know you met him and like him, but what about his writing? - - - on one story? Pfui.

Garcone has failed. I have seen much worse photos of Dee than his illo - in fact, I've taken a worse photo.

I don't see that it makes any difference if the dirt in "dirty books" is in the mind of the writer. Unless it's outright crudity - which the P.O. usually gets rid of - it's necessary for the reader to have a dirty mind in order to pass the dirt on. I cite the Carr's first cover - the P.O. and such members as Eva didn't see anything wrong with it, but you did! (Other members saw what you say was wrong with it, of course, but they could more-or-less appreciate it.) The dirt must be in the mind of the reader.

Dee will back-talk later in the zine.

Toskey, I think I shall congratulate one Terry Carr - and Miriam - for their choice of title. It's an excellent one, as it fits a low four letter word, and also any number of other words. Therefore, the moment you attempt to call them down for it, it is quite easy for them to say it stands for SAPS, even. And I wish to state quite plainly, if you do rip off another cover on the order of S--- #1, it giffs war from this quarter. I doubt that there are enough members who feel as I do to enable a formal protest to get anywhere, but it would be worth one master and 34 pieces of paper mit stamps to find out whether this motley membership will actually object to an OE's overstepping his bounds. Much as I may dislike TCarr's attitude sometimes, he's entitled to a freedom of humour. And this particular paragraph, friend Tosk, is not kidding at all.

So you too are off on the "This is RIGHT !!!" kick. Pfui. I ignore the §.

When it comes to the point where you have to point out the subtle kicker to a very good piece of fiction - "The Chaser" - I throw in the sponge on all manner of subtlety. From this point, anything aimed at The Toskey will be as subtle as a bulldozer or Sherman Tank. I am Groggled.

I'd like to meet your black-sheep grandfather. Perhaps we've located the origin of Lorence Garcone. At least he and I could get together over such nostalgic and beautiful bits of music as "Die Fahne Hoch" and "Die Jugend Marschiert."

Dammit, reading so much argumentive-Toskey-type material has put me in almost as argumentive mood, and I'm about ready to dispute anything you say. As much as I enjoyed Leman's RUR takeoff, your defense of him has raised hackles. For one thing, the argument is NOT Democracy versus Communism, as you indicate. Even the title of such a discussion is so semantically loaded as to make it an impossible topic. Oh, crap. Let's see what you've got on the last few pages, and maybe I'll get in this other argument via comments on someone else's zine. Frankly, 81 pages of Toskey are quite enough to warp the mind. And what you're going to do with all these pages of Pelz, I haven't the slightest idea. Enough - onward.

Well, as I figured, you don't have much on the last couple pages. I'm no more interested in ss ratings than you are in my Atrocious Stories. § Welcome to the N3F.

A final summary here, methinks: I enjoy most of your ramblings and commentaries, Tosk. I find two main complaints: a complete lack of ability to appreciate subtlety, and a rather overbearing, sneering, slightly fuggheaded view of off-colour humour. I think I may have been a little nastier in places than I'd intended, but please take all but about a half-dozen paragraphs to be banter - most of the half dozen being in these last few pages. And congratulations on such a monster~~s~~ zine.

MONSTERHYME #18

Yeah, Tosk has a great gift of gab,
But with eighty-one pages of FLAB
He had better expect
That he's going to collect
Many'a blast, nasty comment, and stab.Ed Manyoya

"OK, Doc, you can wake up, now."

"Unmf? Himmel, I vent to schleep. Dot must haff been ein long vun."

"Yeah, and it was probably boring, too - but that's over, and let's see what's next on the list.....Aghast? No, this time the green paper is from Bob Leman, and his illustrious

8-3

nematode 4

Indeed, Sir, SAPS is the thinking man's APA - - - for the joking man's tastes.

"I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous. " - - - THE PIRATES
OF PENZANCE

I quote from Castle's Dictionary of Illegitimate German:

"Dump-kopf, s. - - - literally 'crud-head,' derived from a combination of the terms for refuse heap and cranial cavity. Generally used only by ignorant in too much of a hurry to look up the proper spelling of another term."

I muchly appreciate your compliments, sirrah, but I fear I must decline the task of giving a lecture on the technicalities of poetry, as I feel sure there are others in the crowd better qualified. How about it, ol' Art H. Rapp?

I think Wrai was talking about typing in a moving car, rather than one that was standing still. This is something I have not yet attempted, though next month may change all that. I intend to have my mc's done before leaving for Detroit on the 30th of August. This will leave conrep and possibly the serials yet to do, so I may wind up writing them - portable Remington and Duplimats - all over the country. This is providing I do go traipsing all over after the con, as I now intend.

Methinks you're cutting the letter of Buz's original note a little thin, asking about the results of the proposed SAPS donation to the Berry Fund, but you're safe inasmuch as he asked only that no one mention the idea in the 47th mailing. And besides, the fund is a success I hear, so I'd like to know what happened also. Two or three queries in correspondence with the ex-OgrE have as yet brought no answer. I too would have bet that no one would have objected; if someone did, he is entitled to the Grand and Ghlorious First-Class CLOD Award.

I am inclined to agree with The Toskey on Finnegan's Wake: so many pages of lines. I've tried several times to get into the thing, and failed within a page or two. But I'll admit the overabundance of word-plays is interesting. In the example which you cite ["...to tauftauf thuartpeatrick..."] there is another play I detect - the Biblical "Thou art Peter" being the subject. Maybe if I had the book by Campbell and Robinson, I might try again. Perhaps I can convince the order dept. of the public library that they should order the thing. They're quite gullible.

When it comes to preparations for atomic attack, the only thing I've done is to select several good caves - - - dry for the most part, but with water and fish, and having several entrances. Of course, the nearest is well over fifty miles from here, which rather invalidates the whole idea. I'll have to get back to college before any attack - there are quite a few caves near both the University of Florida and Florida State University.

I've seen several of those adverts of the "Bizarre Footwear" type - they included ads for pictures of flagellation scenes, too. I wonder how much of a sado-masochist audience those things reach?

I like your - or Blovita Mae Gnarr's - cartoon. I'd like to get a comparison of the earnings of Viceroy Cigaretts before they started that blasted 'thinking man's

filter' ad, three months after they started it, and now. If their sales are still increasing, I shall go ahead with my plans to nerve-gas all of Madison Avenue. Snob appeal just shouldn't last that long.

You're quite right about the tremendous amount of folly in the world, and I deduce from that that there is also a tremendous number of fools. However, in your listing you left some out: Dianetics believers, Fort followers in general, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh-Day Adventists, Confucians, Taoists, Islamites, Jews, Christians - - - any of those characters who have stupid 'beliefs' that they can't possibly prove to me. Some of them can get good stories as a result, I must admit, but that's about all. Me for the good old, down-to-earth things like faster-than-sound aircraft and atomic energy. I don't understand why these ridiculously simple - universally accepted - perfectly commonplace, matter-of-fact things weren't discovered hundreds of years before they were. What? Someone wants me to explain the workings of the neutrino? Well, ~~er~~ uh,

You know quite well that John Berry probably won't explain Joan's abbreviation to her in its lower meaning. Nor shall I - I shall suggest a trip to the library and a check into Partridge's A Dictionary of Unconventional English (usual Dewey Number: 427; filed with other books on slang.)

Concerning elves, I draw a distinction between the Tolkien-type and the Morris Bishop type. As a result of your early efforts, it is still possible to ask one of the librarians at Tampa Public - any under 30, that is - "What do you think of that?" and get the next couple lines in reply. Tolkien, though is another case: his elves I very definitely like.

Much as Toskey's pro-story reviews bore me and make me disagree with his ideas, I find I also disagree with yours. At least as far as Doc Smith's novels are concerned. I recently purchased two of the Lensman series, and just got around to reading them today - both of them. I find I still enjoy them, and they hold my interest enough that I find it almost impossible to stop reading. There are, of course, defects - a bit more obvious now than when I read the other two of the series which I have (#1 and #7, strangely enough). The main defect is his continuous preaching and good-versus-evil bit. A little of this goes a long way with me, and there is far too much of it in Second Stage Lensmen. Strangely, in the other book, Galactic Patrol, it wasn't half as bad. I wonder, did he get worse as the series progressed? Maybe I should go back and read Children of the Lens again.

I agree with you on Merritt and Coblenz - and I think I'd add Mundy to the list of dull writers; at least he's as dull as Merritt. Who reads Kathleen Winsor?

I haven't any comments to Ellis Mills, but I can at least give him a G&S quote more or less appropriate:

"When I first put this uniform on,
I said as I looked in the glass,
'It's one to a million that any civilian
My figure and form will surpass.'PATIENCE

I'm not quite sure I like an all-mc NEMATODE. Mainly, I found it hard to find hooks for comments. I could close by just saying that I enjoyed it anyway, which is quite true. But it brings up the question of whether or not I would say anything if I didn't enjoy reading it. I rather doubt that I would - probably just tear into the material, and let it go at that.

MONSTERHYME #19

With NEMATODE 4, Pelz affirms,
We've done better, on Bob Leman's terms,
(Tho he may be abthruther)
Than e'er Martin Luther
Made out with a Diet of Worms !

[Pleath pardon the lithp.....Ed Manyoya]

"The next item on the list, *Dee*, looks like my own monströcity,

the speleobem 4

"My catalog is long, through every passion ranging,
And to your humors changing, I tune my supple song."
- - - - THE MIKADO

I'm still not satisfied with the repro of some of the pages, and doubtless there will be comments to that same effect, in this mailing. But I shall ignore them as being unoriginal; I KNOW when the repro is bad, and I'm doing what I can to correct it. But if anyone thinks I'm going to throw out 60-some sheets of paper because the repro of the second side isn't so hot, they're loose in the flue. If it's legible I'll use it. Legible at all. Hmm. Who is it that uses the Eyestrain Mimeo? Perhaps we should form an alliance between it and The Beast I'm using.

This seems the proper place for some research. A lot of grotching has been done about zines with mc's only. Some of course, prefer SAPSazines that way, and I shall ignore them as they usually comment on whatever is in a zine - mc's or extra material. But you others - what is the use of putting non-mc material in a SAPSazine if everyone is going to ignore it? I had, in SPELEOBEM #3, 2 serials, Pylka's story, letters, and a couple bits of nonsense, other than the mc's. There were 34 people represented in mailing 48, counting dual memberships as 2 people, and including Ted Johnstone. Discounting myself leaves 33. Further research:

number represented in mailing, other than in SpeBem:	33
number having mailing comments on mailing 47	28
number commenting on SpeBem 3	16
number commenting on Pylka story	5
" " " SAPSet Strip	6
" " " Dogs of War	3
" " " letters	1 (Tosk)
" " " Porque !	7
" " " Atrocious or Seemingly-Pointless Stories	7

8-5 These numbers are those that even mentioned the respective material; if they were weeded to those making cogent comments, the number would be smaller yet. The immediate question is: Is it worth continuing these extra items? I'll not stop them as long as there are two or three members who enjoy them - possibly even one, as long as the fact that they're enjoyed is made known. But if nobody likes them, I see no reason to bother with them. I'm not really worried about comments on Dee's Porque !, as the first bit was only two pages; as her comments increase, so will the return comments. (And by the way, that '7' number of commenters on Porque ! includes Terwilleger, who evidently didn't believe that I wasn't doing those comments, as he continues to address himself to me, instead of to Dee.)

The items in question of being dropped are the serials and the outside material. "Dogs of War," is evidently being written for the entertainment of three members and a hanger-on; the SAPS-fiction, which is a lot harder to write for me, got a little more notice. "77 SAPSet Strip" finishes up this time, but I daresay that the Detention will provide an idea for another serial in this vein - providing anybody's interested. If they're not, I'm quite willing to drop it, sit back and read some of the SAPS fiction that others write. There are about a half-dozen or so members who are quite good at that sort of thing, and I don't particularly need my own. Rapp, Buz, Otto, Berry, and Tosk have turned out some good stuff this past year or so; and

perhaps Lee Jacobs will get back in the groove again. I enjoyed "The Ballard Chronicles." - - - And this is as good a place as any to thank Eva Firestone for sending me the copies of BRONC 3 and SIX-GUN SERENADE. Muchly appreciated, indeed, Eva.

"Wait chust a minute. I haff been reading your comments on dot VLAPPERGAZDINK, und I find you got ein mistook: Der story mit der line 'Nada y nada y pues nada' iss by Hemingway all right, but it's not the title you gafe it. It's called "A Clean Well-Lighted Place." Perhaps you remember now?"

"Yeah. My mistake, Doc. But I've finished gabbing about my own zine, anyway, and I'm ready to go on to the next one. And that happens to be

the bullfrog bugle 5

"Tell a tale of cock and bull,
Of convincing detail full,
Tale tremendous,
Heaven defend us !
What a tale of cock and bull !" - - - YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

OL' Lynn Hickman, as usual your repro is excellent, but as a matter of curiosity, what caused the ghost lines on the illos? Offhand I'd say they were sketch lines, done with a non-repro pencil that wasn't completely non-repro. Yes?

The cover is fabulous - the look on that mutt's face ! But don't you think that cop is in a rather dangerous position, considering the mutt's past actions?

Look here, Lynn, I went to the nearest pool-room - - - there's one right across from the library which includes a beanery. We often go over there on breaks. And I've asked several times for you mag with the joke about the young school teacher and the gym instructor. Not only haven't they got the mag - they haven't even heard of you or the joke. I'm particularly annoyed that they don't know the joke. I guess something will have to be done about this here Toskey and his CLEAN reign of terror - - - throw in items that are double entendres, or something.

G.I.s like to drink their milk from wax containers.....BVJ.....

"...the older I get the farther away middle age seems." Excellent point of view, say I. I keep telling my parents I couldn't possibly get old enough to have a second childhood - - - I've no intentions of leaving the first one. And the longer I can hang on to a high degree of empathy with good books, films, etc., the better I'll like it and the longer until middle age hits. If ever.

Where the WACs go, the whole army goes.....BEP.....

The library has a varityper that I've tried to use several times, with varying degrees of success. Most of the time the carriage sticks, or the ribbon gets all fouled up, or something of that sort to ruin whatever I'm typing. Haven't tried it on a master yet, as the Boss says it plays hell with the masters to roll it up on that stick. But maybe I'll venture it one of these days, just for kicks. The three cases don't bother me too much, except when I forget about some of the stuff on the top row, like trying to use the 'l' instead of the one-figure.

.....Yeah, they're crack troops.....RW.....

Methinks you cheated to get six pages of credit for this thing, Lynn, so it

seems that the Reign of Terror can be circumvented after all. Or maybe he didn't know about the reprint page - or care about half-pages. Let's everybody get together to circumvent the Reign of Terror!

MONSTERHYME #20

The multilithed Hickman, I see,
Is trying to gyp the OE
But since I like his zine -
Whether dirty or clean -
To hell with it - and pass the JD. ...Ed Manyoya

8-7

the bible collector

"So go to him and say to him, with compliment ironical --
Sing 'Hey to you --
Good day to you' --
And that's what I shall say!
'Your style is much too sanctified - your cut is too
canonical' --
Sing 'Bah to you --
Ha !Ha ! to you' --
And that's what I shall say !"PATIENCE

If it weren't that I am fanstisted by the scoop and power of getting a 16-page Coswalzine, I would complain mightily about the sideways-layout, and even more about the necessity of flipping the thing to read the last half. Cos, you must hate both me and the bindery. But anyway, congrats on getting out of the 6-page rut, and lessee what's inside this 'un.

Was interested in your Laney particle, and would also be interested in reading the letters you said you might publish. I thought all collectors kept their mags orderly and accessible, too - though I've an admittedly small number of collectors with whom I'm acquainted enough to have seen their collections. Almost all of my own collection - which is admittedly not too large - is stacked in three bookcases in my bedroom, though one of the larger cases is double-row out of necessity. Books in the back and mags in front, as I usually have more occasion to hunt for a mag than to hunt for a book. If I get much more I'll have to get another room built on the house. The fanzines are bursting a four-drawer file-cabinet, even with most of the APA mailings taken out. Ghod knows what I'll do if I buy a lot of stuff at DETENTION.

I think I've already mentioned my own method of time-travel: strong empathy with a book or film. Which is as good a place as any to mention that I went to see Walt Disney's "Darbie O'Gill and the Little People" on the 5th, and found it most excellent indeed. It gets the Pelz Zeal of Approval. There's no doubt that Disney is the master when it comes to mixing animation with real-life photography. As I recall, his first attempt at this was "Song of the South," which had distinct separation between the animated parts and the real-life parts, up until the final scene. Then he did the id-monster for "Forbidden Planet," which was one of the top selling-points of the picture, to my mind. And now, with "Darbie O'Gill and the Little People," he's definitely reached a higher level of work. The minor magics of the leprechauns are good, but the Pooka, Banshee, and particularly the Costa Bower were fabulous ! Anybody know a projector-operator who might be induced - or perhaps insulted like Pooch-Bah (cash) - to find a break in the "Darbie O'Gill" film at the place that the driver of the Costa Bower speaks to Darbie? I'd give a goodly amount for a clip of three or four frames from that scene. And almost that much for a clip of the Banshee. A most excellent movie indeed - - - like, go see it !

Back to comments on THE BIBLE COLLECTOR #1.

Much as I happen to like the show "77 Sunset Strip," I can't stand the music. Even a jazz-hater can make differentiations between something monotonous like "77" and something that moves a bit more, and thus holds interest longer, like that from "Peter Gunn."

Well, Cos, Twig says Bride of the Cyclops exists, you say it doesn't. Serves me right for trying to get such information out of SAPS, I guess. Actually, I'm more inclined to agree with you, as Twig says it was paperbound, and all paperbound books would be listed in the cumulative book index, which I checked before asking. Unless it was out of print by 1928, which I doubt - ~~xxxx~~ were there paper-bound books before then that might still be in existence?

The Times' editor wasn't trying to list all the twists of the story, just the main suspended animation bit, and the resultant disappointment, and as far as I know there hasn't been any 'novel' on that theme since 1950, at least. I'd almost be positive that I've read anything he'd have the chance to get hold of.

Please elaborate on the Mundane APAs - - at least to the extent of the full names and perhaps the requirements. And if you're in a talkative mood, maybe you could include something of the general type of material found therein.

Good Raloki! So that's what Leman meant talking about Kathleen Winsor in regard to Toskey's stf ratings? THE LOVERS, in stefnic sense, was written by Philip José Farmer, and published in STARTLING [August 1952]. It had a sequel, "Moth and Rust" also published in STARTLING [June 1953]. They were excellent stories, and I'd like very much to see them hardbound. It took me several months to locate a copy of the issue of STARTLING with "The Lovers," as it is out of stock with most of the mag dealers. (Finally found it in St. Petersburg, after trying out-of-state dealers such as de la Ree and Brad Day. Pfu.)

As a result of your comment on 'Brandon's' "The Chaser," I class you with Toskey when it comes to subtlety. Pfu.

Hmm. You get the book section of the Seattle Times? HEY, TOSKEY!! Sent me the educational [i.e. comics] section next time! (I promise NOT to review them.)

Biblical babblings not particularly interesting. I can see that a versammlung of all those different Bibles would serve to clarify the meaning of the writings by virtue of agreement, disagreement, and compromise, more or less, but I'm just not interested enough to bother.

I can find no rational meter in your poem "The Carnival Spaceship" at all. Some of them are metrically correct in each stanza, but the erratic meter among stanzas is offensive to the ear - or mind. Your first stanza is in trochaic meter ['x 'x 'x '] the second is in iambic [x' x' x' x'], and the third in dactylic ['xx 'xx 'xx '], the fourth in iambic, the fifth in iambic, the sixth in trochaic, etc. In addition some of the interior meter is off: in the third stanza, by merely changing the second line to read "...I soon lost my hat" instead of "...soon I lost my hat" the accent would be put in the right place. In stanza 12, the meter throws the rhyme scheme awry in the third and fourth lines:

[' x ' x ' x ' x]
"Sharp, its course then to the spacefield
[' x ' x ' x ' x]

Landing neatly on its ground shield."

With the accents on "space" and "ground" the rhyme is askew. The solution would have been to omit both "space" and "ground" - - they're not necessary, and the accents would be correctly on the rhyme. Stanza ten changes meter so much, it would probably have to be rewritten to fix it. And I don't think anyone would care enough to take the time for re-writing it. This has been another session of "The Gimlet-Eye Snobs Versus Fanzines (sub-section: scansion.)"

Hmm. Wetzel's been around longer than I'd thought.

Well, seeing as that reply-prepaid postcard was mine, and you never did answer it, I shall have to take your listing of SAPSazines for sale as the only answer I'll get. I may use the list to try to fill in missing SAPSazines when I buy incomplete bundles, but not otherwise. Your prices are too damn high. That goes particularly for the copy of the 18th mailing, which I would like to have, but not at \$2.50 plus postage! Even post-paid the price is robbery compared to other prices, which are usually based on

the FAPA surplus stock rate at the most: a half cent a page. Pfui. Oh, well, if I get desperate for a particular SAPS zine that you have listed I'll probably let you know, and go ahead and pay through the nose for it.

MONSTERHYME: #21 "For the first time in many a mlg.
There can be absolutely no wlg.
That Cos is a shirker --
He's now gone berserker,
And I hope this mood keeps prevlg. Ed Manyoya

report from the forgotten past

"Painted emblems of a race,
All accurst in days of yore,
Each from his accustomed place
Steps into the world once more."RUDDIGORE

Methinks that Toskey should have given Lee credit for his one page of this thing. Is anybody keeping individual page-scores on SAPS zines? Other than his own, I mean?

If my memory of English grammar serves me, the sentence should be "DC Fandom were all..." -- the noun 'DC Fandom' is collective in this case, thus taking a plural verb. Yes?

Boy are you lucky -- you're going to wind up with four G&S quotes, and in all probability, four monsterhymes, too. Starting with:

MONSTERHYME #22 "To account for this mailing's big boom,
I would say 'Sappish talent's in bloom'
But there's more to be said:
There's been help from the dead !
For Eney's been robbing a tomb !Ed Manyoya

And onward to the next item that happens to be Eney's fault:

the saps index 13-34

"As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list - I've got a little list
Of society offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed - who never would be missed !"
- - - - THE MIKADO

I think I mentioned some of this in a letter, but perhaps someone else will be able to help answer it. Somewhere around mailings 22-24 there was a copy of Redd Boggs' HURKLE 11 - the last issues of HURKLE. It's dated Mailing 22, was included in the bundle that I got from EdCo for mailing 23, and isn't listed in the OO for either mailing. A query to Boggs brought the information that the zine was post-mailed sometime around then; he wasn't sure. Also, there was supposed to be an accompanying half-sheet, possibly called SO LONG, telling of Redd's resignation from SAPS. Does anybody have the gen on this situation? It's driving me batty trying to figure out where to bind HURKLE - and if I have to wait until I get the half-pager

before doing so. H**E**L**P !!!

Also, the 00 for mailing 25 lists a 4-page YDMOS, instead of the two 2-page ones you have listed in the index, though they weren't stapled together.

At least you cleared up one point: where that blasted "Isle of Shastika" thing went (mailing 30). That really qualifies for a nuisancezine.

Actually, such indexing is probably a rather thankless job - - - so I shall thank you for it. As a result of it I shall be screaming for more SAPSzines in the editorial Negative Huxtering column - mostly the postmailed zines that I didn't know even existed. Thanks, like.

MONSTERHYME #23 "To accomplish a job of this sort
I would need, rather often, a snort -
I'd prefer it be wine,
So like ships of the line
I soon would be listing to port." - - - Ed Manyoya

spy ray of saps

"Our lordly style you shall not quench
With base canaille! (That word is French.)
Distinction ebbs before a herd
Of vulgar plebs! (A Latin word.)
'Twould fill with joy and madness stark
The hoi polloi! (A Greek remark.)"IOLANTHE

Shall we start something on the order of a Society for the Care of Frustrated, Sex-Starved Tyrants of Fiction? Sounds like a worthy idea; why should the heroes get all the ...uh, grandeur? Send in your donations at once for this great Cause. (We plan to amalgamate with the Friends of Boskone and the Mordor Relief Association.)

'Corflu' sounds better than 'obliterate' - - - the latter sounds like it might be one of the super-tranquilizers.

So when did Ziff-Davis publish either C.S. Lewis's Perelandra trilogy or the Tolkein books, that Toskey might have read them? Shaver vs. Tolkein - - - aaaargh.

It isn't even necessary to go out of one's own cultural area to find that a particular type of dirty joke isn't appreciated, while another type is - - - a lot depends on the individual listening. In dealing with the Leinster story, the best idea would seem to be a belief in the possibility of locating an alien with whom one's own type of dirty joke hits home. There is a guy here at the library - he drives the bookmobile - who is continually telling dirty jokes - - - most of them are terribly old ones, and I've picked up the nasty habit of beating him to the punchline. A practice of which he is unappreciative. But if he'd only get some new jokes...

The FSS has had a number of wild plans that have never come off (the ones that do some off are bad enough); one of them involved carting a large load of bat manure from a nearby cave and spreading it on the ROTC drill field to spell out a short and insulting remark involving the coprophagous habits of the ROTC. The grass would then grow up frantically in that pattern, and keep them very busy cutting it down. And unless they figured out what fertilizer had been used, it would do them no good to try to fertilize the rest of the field to catch up with the first part. As I say, it hasn't been pulled off yet, but one of these days the FSS may get ambitious - - perhaps when a period of hyper-activity comes concurrent with a period of hate-the-ROTC-Department. I hope they at least take a picture of the result, for future reference.

Much enjoyed your impartial answer to the question of "Who is this Ghu?" Now why not answer the other part of the question: "...and what does he want?" Of course, the main Ghuist is now an ex-SAP, and I doubt that anyone other than Davis would be

silly enough to give you an argument. Hmmm. Is there any member left to take up the purple banner of Ghu? JackH? Can't have a completely Ghu-less SAPS; maybe I'll have to stop and support this minor deity myself.

The word is spelled "fude."

8-9

MONSTERHYME # 24

I should offer some recriminations
For the shortness of egobee rations,
But no sense getting sore -
For ~~next~~ time there'll be more
He says - so I guess I'll have patience. --Ed Manyoya

bronclette

"Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady - it is shady;
I don't see ~~sk~~ what you're driving,
Mystic lady - mystic lady.
Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing."H.M.S. PINAFORE

This is the best place to thank you for the SAPSazines you sent, Eva. They're muchly appreciated.

I don't know how the professor would go about retaliating - - - providing I read you right and you mean the Toskey-NFFF business. After all, you're already in the NFFF, and like it. And to put you into any other organization would be rather difficult, as they usually insist on more than payment of dues. He might put you on the FAPA wl, but that's easy to get out of by doing absolutely nothing. Just one question, Eva: do you think the joke is worth the nuisance to the organization? I should think that they'd be tired of getting hostile members as pranks - - - unless the attitude of "Get all the members we can no matter how" is actually the official one. I'd thought it was merely the attitude of a couple rather fanatic members.

GALAC-TICKS has been circulating through fandom, somehow or other. The original supposition was that it was a hoax-zine, but when it continued for another couple of issues that idea was more or less rejected. I've not seen a copy of it myself, just various reviews. Question - is a fan doing the editing/publishing, and if not how did all the fans get on the mailing list?

Algis Budrys is real, to the best of my knowledge and information. He's been around the prozines for about six or seven years. The earliest listings I have on him are "The High Purpose" in Astounding, November 1952, and "Walk to the World" in Space Stories, November 1952. From my file, he seems to have hit his stride about 1955-56, but this could be an incorrect interpretation, as my filing system has gone to pot because of fanac. There are about 5000 index cards that should be typed from the listings in three notebooks. Oh, well...maybe someday.

Joe Pylka's ivory sphere puzzle is the same one Art Rapp put in his zine a couple mailings ago. I shall inform Herr Pylka of this fact when I next go to Gainesville.

This isn't much comment on a six-page zine, so I'll treat you to the first of my new series of nonsensicalities: Fannish Advertising Slogans:

"It's what's up front that counts" - - - W. Rotsler

Hmm. No room for a Monsterhyme on this page. Perhaps I should quote a bit from a newspaper clipping Alan Dodd sent me: "Please solve my problem. My pal believes he is a piece of metal 1/4 in. square with a small hole threaded through his middle. Do

you think he is a nut or am I going screwy?"

MONSTERHYME #25

The existence of UFOs I doubt,
Yet I really do try not to flout
Or to make Danny Deevers
Of all True Believers
In what I know nothing about. ...Ed Manyoya

the bem and i l.

"Oh, Sergeant Meryll, is it true - the welcome news we read
in orders?
Thy son, whose deeds of derring-do are ehoed all the country
through,
Has come to join the Tower Warders?
If so, we come to meet him, that we may fitly greet him,
And welcome his arrival here with shout on shout and cheer
on cheer.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !" - - THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

Like, greetings, Bob ~~Meryll~~ Lichtman. Welcome to the menagerie. I'm rather curious as to how you were going to put THE BEM AND I into the mailing if you weren't a member. While it could probably be done - - - like getting a member's frank for it, you didn't mention any such plans.

Dinna worry about your mailing comments; for first comments - - - and also in comparison with a lot of second, third, or fourth comments - - - they're quite sufficient.

From your explanation of how you came to join SAPS, I deduce that you keep carbons of letters - and sometimes pre- or post-date letters. Yes? Both of these are practices I use, too - - - particularly carbon-keeping. In fact, I've gotten so I hate to use postcards because I can't easily keep a carbon of whatever I said.

Putting out fifty-so copies of a ten-page zine would only take a little over a quarter ream of paper, rather than a little more than a half-ream - - - unless you meant a ten-sheet zine (20 pages.) But whatever the case, I agree that anyone interested in SAPS should be able to more than minimum requirements without crying ppormouth. Of course, with this monstrosity I've undertaken here, plus the Detention, I'll probably be in hock to the creditors with a month or so, and have to stay at the damn library another year paying off debts instead of getting an MA. Tsk. Sic Transit Academia.

"THE Car for '59" - - - - - Don Ford

Beg to differ that binding fanzine collections isn't worth the bother. As of right now I have nine bound SAPS mailings, with eight more ready to be bound - along with two FAPA mailings. Plus three volumes of genzines. These volumes cost me \$3.60 each, plus whatever part of the postage on the batch of bindings was due them. And I assure you that they're worth every penny - 'scuse me, John, 'every cent' - of it. To be able to pick out a volume of zines, look at the index in the back (SAPSzines have an index in each SPECTATOR, the genzines have my own indexing - like for instance the index to CRY OF THE NAMELESS for 1957-58, and the index for YANDRO of the same two years). This is a lot better than having to paw through a huge - well, relatively so, at least - collections to find maybe half a dozen that you want. Particularly if you are hunting APAzines, for which the only other solution to binding seems to be keeping them in the original mailing envelope. (Meyers says he takes his out and arranges them

alphabetically with his genzines - a very inefficient system, say I.) Besides the practical reasons, though, I'm afraid I also have the bibliomaniac's habit of liking to sit back and admire row upon row of well-arranged books. Can't you just picture a row of 48 volumes of SAPS mailings - - -80-some FAPA mailings, etc? You can't? Pfu. Oh, well, I can.

The reason I used that slant lettering guide all the time on SpeBem was that it was the only one I had that was thin enough to get a grease-pencil through. However, as you can see from this issue, I've got two more - three with the all-numeral one. But the blasted things are out of date and aren't being made any more. The A.B. Dick dealer - located only a block from the library - had only these three guides and another all-numeral one in this style. I'm going to have to hunt up some other dealers here in town and see what they have.

There aren't really that many new genzines here in the states, compared to the number of APAs and waiting-listers. There are a couple in LA, Ted Pauls' DM, and maybe a couple more of some value (MAMMON, for instance) and a half-dozen of almost no value (HOCUS, UMGLICK, DAFOE, etc.), but that's about all the new ones. And the APAs have full rosters and long waiting lists - why even SAPS has 16 on the list, which is more than ever before, methinks. (Someone correct me if I'm wrong on this.)

Comparing the SAPS roll and waiting list with the FAPA roll and list, there are 27 duplications (as of FA 87 and SPEC 48). That's over half of the SAPS contingent of 51. Who is taking over whom? Perhaps the next FA, due here in about a week (and will probably get here in about two weeks) will shed further light on this fascinating subject.

Well, all the remarks in "77 SAPSet Strip" weren't entirely germane to SAPS. Some were pulled in from general fandom, CRY fandom - others were entirely non-fannish and aimed at a couple readers entirely. (And I admit there are a couple items that were thrown in even though I don't know their origin: for instance, Where did John Davis pick up the name "Switch-blade John Davis"? And what started the bit about Nan Share's motorcycle? Anybody help out with some background?)

You're quite welcome to use Atrocious Story #6 as a genzine filler any time you want. And since you seem to like the things, here's

ATROCIOUS STORIES #9 [courtesy of one Reverdy Wright]

The Far Trails Spaceship Agency had handled many interplanetary tours in the twenty years it had been in business. It had arranged guided tours, semi-guided tours, and completely unguided (if not totally disorganized) trips - - -for all kinds of passengers from child prodigies of five or six to doddering old men of more than a hundred. One man's money was good as another's - or as good as any woman's money. So the agency thought nothing of it when Eva Louise Rennix - who was well over 90 years old, but owned half of the Terran coquina factories - entered their agency and requested a tour that could be changed from planet to planet as whim dictated. They set up a tentative schedule, instructed the pilot to follow whatever schedule she wanted, and saw her spaceship take off for the first stop.

But it turned out that Miss Rennix had chosen a very bad time to take a vacation. Two days after she had left, her nephew turned up at the Far Trails demanding to know where she had gone; an important decision in regard to a merger with United Calcicon must be made, and she was the only one who could make it. Far Trails gave him the tentative schedule and wished him luck in finding her before the deadline past. If he couldn't, well, they were sorry.

The nephew followed Miss Rennix as far as the planet of Windgate, when the schedule blew up; there were four courses she could have taken from there, and the spaceport wasn't certain which she had taken. The nephew was desperate; if he could not find her by the next day, it would be too late. There was no time to try more than one of the four possible planets. Only one scheme offered itself: there was a native Oracle who would sometimes answer questions for strangers, if it felt the question was important. The nephew went to consult the Oracle. He de-

cided to lay the facts open to the Oracle. "My aunt, Miss Eva L. Rennix, has gone to one of four planets, and I must find out which it is immediately or suffer serious financial loss."

"What are the four planets?" asked the Oracle.

"Bannis, Munih, Plajjik, and Bardzung."

"And is your aunt a young lady?"

"No, she's over 90 at least."

"Then the answer to your problem is quite simple: Munih is the route of old Eva L."

§ § § § § § §

Back to comments on THE BEM AND I; that'll teach you to comment on my Atrocious Stories. I've got another one, which I like better, for later.

Well, I don't quite dig your statement that "the sound of an enormous female soprano disgusts me." You mean the sound of an enormous male soprano would be perfectly all right? How can you tell from the sound whether the soprano is enormous? I can't tell - - but of course it makes very little difference to me, as long as the voice is good. For instance, Eileen Farrell, who fits your description quite well, has a beautiful voice. Perhaps you saw the movie "Interrupted Melody?" It was the story of Marjorie Lawrence the opera singer, and although the acting of the lead part was done by Eleanor Parker, Eileen Farrell did all the singing for it. It was one of the few movies I go back to see again within a month or so. Usually I can't stand repeated movies without waiting at least several years.

Don't feel too bad about your pronunciation of fannish names and terms - - - you should hear Es trying to pronounce Marty Fleischman's zine FOUT! (Of course, he got even with me when I mispronounced the town of Arab, Alabama - seems it's pronounced 'ay-rab.' Pfui. But there's also the town of Cairo, Georgia - - - 'cay-ro.' Double pfui.) Hey, Eney, IS Fancy II a pronouncing encyclopedia?

You bring up a couple very interesting points: ~~2x~~ (1) Bjo should indeed explain "Gim Tree" in SAPS, as obtaining a copy of MIMSY seems to be almost impossible for some SAPIans - me, for instance. (2) How does Karen Anderson come by her numbering for ZED? The earliest issue that I have is #771 in mlg 23, and no earlier number is listed in Eney's index, back to #13. Explain, please, Karen?

According to the dictionary, you're wrong and Rapp is right: the word 'travail' is pronounced (trav' əl) OR (trə' val'). And it means, besides work, trouble or hardship.

No complaints about a lettercolumn in a SAPS zine, but don't expect much comment on the letters from other SAPIans. Unless they're squeezing the mailing for every bit of comment they can get out of it. Like Toskey last time and me this time.

As for your illos, I always like ATomillos - - - maybe noreso since I can't seem to talk him into sending me some very easily. And Rike's little beasties aren't bad either - I'm still trying to figure out the one with the net. And I also always like Plato Jones illos - - - YOU HEAR THAT, PLATO !!? I wanna see more of them.

An excellent firstish indeed. Ye be a TruSAP.

MONSTERHYME #26

You always can spot Lichtman's zine

By its highly unusual sheen.

But don't think I complain,

For it does entertain

From page 1 to the last page - - - 14.Ed Manyoya

MONSTERHYME #27

I feel sure that you can stand the pace

Of SAPS. 'Tis an egoboo race,

And tho you are a new SAP,

You're also a TruSAP.

(Thank goodness I've filled up this space.) ...Ed Manyoya

operation crifanac style sheet

"If I were not a little mad and generally silly
I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy-nilly;
I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,
And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion.
On the subject I should write you a most valuable letter,
Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better,
But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter,
So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my opinion doesn't matter."
- - - - RUDDIGORE

And, in all probability, my opinion doesn't matter when it comes to this style sheet, but this is irrelevant since I shall give my opinion anyway. At least for those parts where I may disagree with the thing.

Directions such as north and southwest should be given the same treatment as seasons: down unless specific; the frozen North, 25 miles north of Hohokus.

Conventions names one of three ways: all-cap, capital at first, or capital at first plus capitals on any city abbreviation (but NOT on the part of 'convention' used in the designation): (1)NOLACON, LONGON, SUPERMANCON; (2)Detention, Solacon, Clevention; (3)NYcon, SuperMancon, SFcon. I particularly don't dig such things as CinVention, DetEntion, CapiCon, etc.

"FAPA" or "the FAPA" is a matter of opinion, but I can see where you'd need a commonly-agreed-upon standard. Same with several other items, such as "BEMs" or "Bems."

Prefixed titles should have the period, such as Mr. and Dr. And what about the period after initials in a name: Edward E Smith or Edward E. Smith? [see 'Comma' 1.]

The rest I agree with. In fact, this thing is of much use, if just for differentiation between a few terms and a number of disputed spellings. You ought to make enough copies to send them through a large-circulation genzine as well as the APAs (VOID, CRY, YANDRO, maybe.) Like, it's a good idea, Dick, that you've got here. (I'd tell you to ignore the above carping on minor points, but I'm sure you'll do that anyway.)

MONSTERHYME #28

As the style sheet falls to the floor,
It eliminates Eneyzine four.

And though useful they be,
I had too much with three - -

[Ed Manyoya]

And I sure hope there aren't any more!

pencil point |

"Wherefore waste out elocution on impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution, let us take it as it comes!
Set aside the dull enigma, we shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind of stigma - dance we to another tune!"
- - - - THE GONDOLIERS

Hmmm. Offhand I'd say this was a renewal of the old PISTOL POINT that reprinted material out of context from SAPSazines. But as I recall, it reprinted stuff all from the same place, then shifted to another zine - - - this thing seems to be mix-

ing things up from all over.

3-16

Oh, well, there a couple of real wild lines in here that make up for the rest of it. I'm not going to bother guessing at the identity of "Don Fulano de Tal," just yet, as I notice the zine is labeled "#1" - indicating that there will be further in the series. Besides, I recognize the source of the pseudo, and it comes at a most opportune time. I was wondering how in hell I was going to end that "77SAPSet Strip" thing. Now I know... .

MONSTERHYME #29

Our friend Don Fulano de Tal
Could be either a guy or a gal,
But whichever it be -
Since it's useful to me -
I proclaim he-or-she is a pal.

Ed Manyoya

pot pourri 7

"When a felon's not engaged in his employment --
Or maturing his felonious little plans --
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother --
When constabulary duty's to be done.
Ah, take one consideration with another --
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!"

.....THE PIRATES
OF PENZANCE

I think the equating with the Police of this opera of the GDA is rather appropriate, at that. And congratulations on your first straight year of SAPS, John Berry. This issue of THE SPELEOBEM will mark my first Annish, too, and I hope it and POT POURRI will be around for a goodly long time to come.

But speaking of Wrai and his string of unbroken mailings, you ought to correspond with him between mailings. From the letters, one would think that only some sort of 'deus ex mimeo' or something would allow him to have a zine in the coming mailing; but he always shows up. (For which fact I'm thankful.) But it's like a freind -- excuse, please, the Culvergast influence again -- friend of mine in high school, who was continually complaining that he was going to get low marks this next marking period (he meant B's and C's, but that was bad enough for him); the grades come out and he's still got straight A's. AAAAAaargh! People like that are bad for one's morale: you spend all that time worrying if he'll make it. And he always does. Oh, well, it's better that way than having him say nothing and then NOT make it.

I enjoyed both your articles. You ought to send "Soar But Satisfied" through FAPA, to prove that SAPSazines are good for something after all. I wonder if Larry Stone's THE COASTER would make a good glider?

On the other material, with the exception of Sandy's column, I didn't particularly care for it. The "living planet-moon-asteroid" bit has been done so many times that it is rather worn out by now. And ol' Es comes through reminding me of morris-bishop-type elves. Like, ech. Even allowing for poetic license, allegorical exaggeration, and the like, it's still Too Much. And even Ogden Nash would boggle at the scansion. OL' ES, you can do better than this. Of course you can. I hope.

"Minority Report," on the other hand, is quite good. Discussion of fans and their ideas is always welcome in this quarter - especially when as well done as this. There are a few of both the series-characters and the series-settings in modern sf and in fantasy too. For instance, the John the Ballad Singer series in F&SF. When Wellman

tried to close out the series by marrying John off ["Nine Yards of Other Cloth," F&SF, November, 1958], there was so much reader-reaction that, according to the editorial note in a recent issue, he'll have to re-open again. So I think Sandy's comment that such series-characters tend to become immortal is quite valid. On the other hand, I don't see that this is an objectionable fact. In current sf, there is the series-character of Johnny Meyhem, which shows up every once in a while in the Ziff-Davis mags. It's not too good a series, but the stories are better than most of the Z-D stuff. Other series-characters? Well, Poul Anderson's "Time Patrol" stories revolve around the same character, and his "Operation..." stories all involve Steve Matuchek, the werewolf. But I don't think any of these has a chance of becoming THE central sf character, à la Sherlock Holmes. They don't even come close to the popularity of Captain Future.

The series-setting is an interesting idea, too, but again I don't think it will serve as a central pivot. The setting that comes immediately to mind is James White's "Sector General."

Anyway, Sandy's column was much enjoyed. As well was most of POT POURRI - - - the more Berry would be highly desirable. This October mailing is always confusing. Most of the comments are written before the convention, to be read after it. So one cannot say "See you at the con" (since the con will be past when the statement is read) or "It was nice seeing you at the con" (since the con hasn't yet been held at the time of commenting. So the heck with it --- turn back to the conreport section of this for further remarks on the subject.

MONSTERHYME #30

One year has gone by in a hurry
Since SAPS was first joined by John Berry.
I expect he'll be here
At the end of next year -
And the next - and the next --- with POT PURRI.

.....Ed Manyoya (who, at times, can't read
very well.)

outsiders 36

"With a view to rise in the social scale,
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,
He grew mustachios, and he took his tub,
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club --
But it would not do, the scheme fell through --
For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,
With golden tresses, like a real princess's,
While the Ape, despite his razor keen,
Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen!" ---PRINCESS IDA

I was considering printing the last verse too, but I guess anyone interested can look it up [complete works of G&S, pp 316-317], and for the others it would be a waste of space. Wrai will get it anyway.

Further comment on the situation about which I was talking to John Berry: Dee says she gets the impression, while reading OUTSIDERS, that she is worried for fear you won't be able to get anything in the mailing; ~~with the~~ with the zine right there, it still sounds like you might not make it up to the last page, when it finally dawns on the reader that you did make it after all. This way lies nervous prostration.

There's really not much sense in pointing out how far off your page estimate for mailing #48 was, but I am curious as to the method by which you arrived at the 856 pages figure.

Methinks, on the bit about Nan, NANDU, and the backbone of SAPS, the off-timing of Buz's SIC,SIC,SIC cartoons was mainly responsible for the adverse commentary from new SAPS. Those that have been in several years and were familiar with the issues of NANDU that ran previous to this streak of non-activity took the cartoons in their stride; but new SAPS, including myself, more or less, boggled at the latter-day ishes of NANDU being called "the backbone of SAPS." Possibly this Spinal Era was during the Devore-Share reigns? I've got the mailings before that, and though the NANDUs are interesting, I still don't subscribe to the Backbone idea. And currently, the Backbones of SAPS are - - - well, you read my Pillar Poll ratings. "Mutatur mitandur", or whatever that phrase to the effect that everything changes but Change happens to be. [Why is it that every time I need a reference like that it's Sunday and the verdammt library is closed?]

You're a Dennis the Menace fan? My brother has been saving the individual cartoons from the newspaper for well over a year - maybe two years. Chacun à son goût. Me for Pogo and B.C. - - and occasionally Peanuts.

Pooh. Have roared through four more pages with no hooks for comment. Do want to mention appreciation of a couple real wild statements: the bit about your not getting any mail, and the crack about "the other GM Carr," in particular.

Favorite TV Shows? Well, lessee... Peter Gunn, Bat Masterson, Mike Hammer, Yancy Derringer, 77 Sunset Strip, Have Gun-Will Travel. These are about the only ones I'll even watch, and then I'll turn off repeats immediately. As a sort of second-rate list there is Zorro and perhaps even Rough Riders. This latter interests me mainly because it is a bald imitation of the Three Musketeers set-up - even to the equation of one character to another. Athos: Captain Flagg....Porthos: Sgt. Sinclair....and Aramis: Lt. Kirby. All they need is D'Artagnan. This TV set-up leaves two nights with absolutely nothing of interest - Sunday and Tuesday. So that is when most fanzine work gets finished. Tombstone Territory isn't too bad a show, but I don't particularly care for Maverick, and can't stand Gunsmoke - mainly because of that idiot Chester characterization.

On theme-songs for the Westerns (and semi-westerns like a couple of them are), I think I like the one for Yancy Derringer the best, and for some odd reason I'm extremely fond of one introductory scene in the show - the one starting with the view taken through the lamp at the very beginning of the musical theme. Most of the other themes are highly unimaginative, and eventually they get quite boring to listen to.

Love that line for Geis's story. How about quoting, in a story based on a Laney-viewed LASFS type, the Queen's song from IOLANTHE (parts of it, at least)? Or merely categorize someone as a "Strephon." I gather from one of my occasional FAPA-zines - VANDY, I think - that FAPA is just discovering the difference in meaning of the Defendent's line between England and the U.S. Much fun.

Joe wasn't actually complaining about the Gainesville cops making routine check-ups in the wee smalls, but more that they were overstepping authority in insisting that students shouldn't even be allowed to walk around town. You have read the Bradbury yarn "The Pedestrian"?

Y'know, Wrai, maybe I should run for OE - particularly for the fringe benefit of having the new femme-SAPS present their qualifications. And since they could come here to sunny Florida to present them [should I mention it's raining like hell outside now? No, I guess not] they might be more inclined to do so.

A most excellent pseudo-definition of "fout."

"When you care enough to send the very best"Walt Willis

Yeah, that's the right casting for "Goldmine Guns" - Maynard and Fuzzy. It's been quite a while since I've seen a hoss op'ra with them critters, and as far as I'm concerned it can be just as long - or longer - until I see another one. Used to be, every time you turned around the TV was blaring the germ-cultured accents of Good

Ol' Fuzzy. Ech.

Hmm. What is Rich Brown doing publishing ROCK #3?

Wrai, I tried to fit your lines to the Nightmare song, and can't do it. Where were you starting: "Love unrequited..." or "When you're lying awake..."? It doesn't seem to fit either, but maybe I'm wrong. Or maybe your parody is of another song? Lessee what I can do with The Nightmare:

Fanac unceasing robs ~~at~~ me of my rest;
Zines -- tons of zines are waiting here for comment;
Then -- Pillar Poll --- what SAPSzine is the best?
And then I've got seven new feuds to foment !

When you're lying ~~as~~ awake, as a fan you're a fake
If you're thinking of aught ~~else~~ but fanning it -
For a Trufan should use all his time out of snooze
Either writing his fanzine or planning it.
For you'll never appear in "Best of the Year"
Unless you fight onward unceasingly ---
And you always will find you can busy your mind
With fan problems that come there increasingly.
And then even in slumber, when sawing on lumber
You'll find you are thinking of fandom;
And the things which by day one by one came your way
In the night they are coming ~~to~~ in tandem !
Ev'ry zine you have read quickly goes to your head,
And you sort 'em all out in a jumble;
Then you try to recall if you've really done all
Of that article promised for BUMBLE.
Well you do get to sleep while you're thinking of CREEP,
And it gives you a case of the shivers ---
For invading your dreams are Squink Blog and his teams
Of Mechanical Psi-Power Givers.

That's enough of that thing. If anyone really wants to have two more verses and a conclusion to that thing - composed on master in about half an hour or so - drop me a line and I'll see what I can do for next mailing. Contrary to what I said last time, the Nightmare song seems to be relatively easy to parody, once you get in a mood that is nutty enough to allow you free use of ridiculous situations. The rhyme and meter are easy to follow. Anyway, back to OUTSIDERS:

Hmm. Not much else to say. Meyers, having received mailing 48, is rationalizing his resignation by declaring that there was nothing therein to make him sorry he quit - and only a few to interest him at all. Pfui.

By golly, due ~~to~~ your attitude toward Squink Blog - which attitude seems to be echoed by most older members - I think I shall finish that poem next time. I rather LIKE ol' Squink Blog. And the last two lines of the first verse rather appeal to my sense of nonsense. [It's a good thing I like my own poetry. Someone has to.] By the way, the above is a genuine Pelz Parody, NOT a Manyoya atrocity. Any G&S enthusiast in the audience is welcome to write and criticize the poem before the next mailing, and thus give me a chance to revise it.

Dy Damn, Wrai Ballard, you better not miss a mailing ! Far too much interesting comment in ol' OUTSIDERS to let it skip a mailing.

MONSTERHYME #31

Now, 17 pages, friend Wrai
Is a highly respectable way
To inform all the SAPS
That you near had a lapse
And "almost missed the mailing" ~~edney~~.

.... Ed

Manyoya 37

nandu 22

"Of all the young ladies I know
This pretty young lady's the fairest;
Her lips have the rosiest show,
Her eyes are the richest and rarest."IOLANTHE

OOOgg. Here goes my page ratio. Short mailing comments with much difficulty in finding hooks for counter-comments.

Interesting list of world religions. May I ask the source, Nan? (I'm sort of professionally interested, as I would probably be able to use that source to answer questions on religion that come into the library. In fact, I'd verifax a copy of your list if it weren't that that type of paper won't verifax very well.)

I liked - no, the word is appreciated your remarks to Rich in re: mundane and fandom. Very well put indeed.

'Tis quite true - complaining about the inability to communicate in those who use the library system will do no good, whereas doing something about the situation might be more adequate. However, what is one to do? It's impossible to take the time to educate each person in how to use the library. Supposedly this was done in their schools; I know very well I was taught to use a library when I was in school - in Jr. High, too, not only in High School. OK, there are some people who didn't get as far as junior high - we'll have to make allowances for them and for those who went through schools without the facilities for teaching library usage. But what about the characters who are communicative cripples in a worse degree? The person who wants a book with "a biography of all the poets" - - - the ones trying desperately to describe a bug or snake they found in the backyard and don't recognize - - - and particularly the ones who can't read the instructional signs that have been up ever since the days of yore? Just what can one do about them, if complaining will do no good? (And I admit that it won't - except perhaps as an emotional outlet.)

I'm curious as to what you mean by "simplicity" in regard to library systems. Mainly there are two types of systems: open stacks and closed stacks. In the latter case, you ask for the book you want, possibly having to fill out a card for it. In open stacks you chase the books yourself. This necessitates a little familiarity with the filing system. Most small libraries keep fiction by the author's last name, and non-fiction by the Dewey Decimal System; larger libraries are inclined to Dewey all books, and use a sub-system known as Cutter numbers (derived from the approximate position of the Author's last name in an alphabetical list of all possible last names beginning with that letter. Eg. Sarett - S244; Stanley - S783). In any case, the correct classification number can be obtained from the card catalog, which is simply an alphabetical listing of each author, title, and subject. If you can think of a simpler arrangement, you could probably make quite a bit of money with it. But remember, the arrangement has to be such that one can lay hand on any particular book.

I'll not deny that there are times when the reference staff could go a little further out of their way to communicate. Speaking for myself, I'm lazy, and will try to find shortcuts when possible. And one of the others is the overly-helpful type: ask for a book on flowers and she inundates you with books, pamphlets, documents, pictures, and anything else she can lay hands on. Somewhere in between us should be the best reference librarian. (Besides being lazy, I got too used to the policies of the university library: The Customer is 90% wrong. If books weren't returned on time, or fines weren't paid, students didn't get their grades, and professors got their offices invaded. In public libraries the situation is the other way around, and I find it a bit difficult to get used to. Yesterday one woman swore up and down that she had never

dropped her overdue book in the bookdrop. There was a blacklist card with her borrower's card number on it, and a 6-cent fine. She said she'd tell her daughter about it; she wasn't responsible. Urk.)

Sorry about the German lapse in my comments on NANDU 21. "Versteh' nicht, sorge nicht" : I don't understand it and it doesn't really matter. [Literally, "understand not, care not."] Which was true; I couldn't get into the material at all. And what's this about your being a one-language gal? That language in 21 was English? Ich bin goink back to der Gherman.

Wish we had room for a number of pets. As it is the one cat we've got is quite enough. Runs all over the house when we let her in (we don't dare leave bureau drawers open or she climbs in to sleep), and roams the yard otherwise, daring dogs or other cats to try and get in. And though I call the cat 'she' the proper term would be 'it'; which explains how come we have only one cat. (A short time after we got her she had four kittens, which we finally gave ~~away~~ away. We didn't want to go through that again.)

Who's pushing the idea of the world calendar? Is there any formal proposal before Congress or the United Nations to adopt the thing? I've heard of world calendars for years and years, and nothing ever seems to come of them. Of course, there have been several different calendars proposed — ones with 13 month of 28 days each, others like the one you mention. And of course all sorts of plans to account for the extra day or days. Offhand, I doubt that anything will come of it. It's like trying to get the U.S. to switch to the Metric System (although the changes wouldn't be quite as radical.) I note that Christmas would come on a Monday, thus making a long weekend, as enjoyed by most holiday-minded people — but July 4 is a Wednesday, so no long weekend there. And what would happen to birthdays? People born on March 31, May 31, August 31, and December 31 would no longer have a birth-date — and would person born March 1 (the day after February 28 in our present calendar) x celebrate his birthday on February 29 or wait until March 1? This could be real interesting. Mr. X, born on March 31, 1955, attempts to prove his legal majority in 1976. But some character points out that, reckoning by his natal day, he is a little boy of five — — — and not qualified to vote, enter bars, etc. Confusing, huh?

Another point on the calendar: all SAPS should support it — particularly if they have any intention of becoming OE at some time — since the 15th of January, April, July, and October come on Sunday, giving ample time to get the OO taken care of and the mailing put together.

Yes indeed, Rotsler illos are unique. "Uni" meaning "one," and "que" meaning "what" — "one what?"

Here I go getting mired down again, in your comments to Wrai. Lessee what, if anything, I can make of these. [1] You theorize that a man-made destruction, probably nuclear, destroyed a 'missing civilization' without trace. Said 'missing civilization' being, as you said in #21, based on "man's humanity to man."

§Well, now, one thing at a time. In #21 you said this civilization would have to be half sane, half insane; the former leaving Earth, the latter blowing itself up. But this would make it two societies rather than one, and were it/they based on MHTM, the sane half couldn't possibly leave the other to destruction. There are two contradictions here: (a) How could such a schism exist in ONE civilization, based on MHTM? (b) How could part of a civilization based on MHTM go off and leave the other part to blow itself up?

§The next part deals with the man-made destruction itself. Even nuclear blasts leave some remnants of what went before; the extent of nuclear power possessed by a civilization would be limited by the extent of the boundaries of that civilization (e.g. a civilization on an island wouldn't come up with something to blow up a continent). And therefore, there should be some relics of the civilization around the edges of the hypothetical nuclear destruction. The only other choice is to assume that the destruction got rid of everything, somehow or other — super-hyper-cobalt-plus bomb, maybe. And I don't think even you are subscribing to this theory, as it would mean that Terrestrial life began at the bottom of the evolutionary scale and worked up twice. With a corollary

that everything dug up by archaeologists, paleontologists, etc. are relics of the second evolutionary cycle.

[2] You offer the idea - originally Dr. Harley's, but adopted by you? - that all concepts and theories had been discovered and either written down or put into practice by civilizations prior to the birth of Christ.

§I was about to say that your own arguments are against you, but I see that you stress the development of such theories as the splitting of the atom, rather than the discovery of the theory itself. Therefore I ask instead for any source indicating that the atomic theory was even discovered before Christ. And the relativity theory? Even the Copernican solar theory? (I'm a little vague on this last; I get the impression that this was discovered earlier.)

8-18 Maybe I'm dense on the bit, but what's with this "time out of mind" label you're pinning on Toskey, Meyers, and maybe Robert LeeM?

You're quite right, of course, that a word will mean different things to different people. This is the dimension of language known as pragmatics -- dealing with the origin, uses, and effects of symbols within the behavior of their interpreters. It would probably make for clearer communication - if more complicated - if people would make sure that the framework of their statements is adequate to convey the exact meaning they intend.

Since Meyers has dropped out, let me clear up the point of who wrote the paragraph on Negroes: it was Glenn King, and the bit was quoted from the carbon-zine APA that Bill, Es Adams and I have been running for a little over a year now. And much as ~~am~~ I'm in favor of integration, there is some rationality in Glenn's statement. The American school system - and I'm not just speaking of Florida or the South, Miriam Carr, since the same holds true in the New Jersey schools I attended - is geared to the "average" pupil. Or possibly even the slightly-below-average pupil. It has to be, in order to handle the number of pupils with the limited number of teachers. Therefore, the introduction of below-average pupils into a class is bound to lower the standard of teaching in the class. And while I do not subscribe to the theory that the Negro is of lower intellect, there is little doubt in my mind that most Negro schools in the South give their pupils a lower-quality education than comparable white schools. In which case, immediate integration of the schools would lower the white-school standard. The solution, of course, is integrate the first grade and work up - and also integrate the graduate levels of colleges, where there is more individual attention, and less mass-produced education. If pressed, I might go along with integration of all college classes at once, though there is certainly an enormous amount of mass-education in the first two years of college, and quite a bit carried over into the last two years also. But I will definitely not agree that immediate integration of high schools, junior high schools, and grammar schools is a Good Thing. Grade by Grade would be better.

In regard to your statement "exploration in an archaeological sense would have to proceed clear th earth's core before any further hypotheses could be offered," please define "earth's core" -- how far down would you have to dig to reach it? Half-way through the earth, or just what? Also, please why this selection of depth?

Just who is to determine exactly what the source of Toskey's skepticism is -- you? SAPS? Dr. Lochinkopf? Or Toskey? Methinks the only answer to that one is: Toskey himself. On that conclusion I build the statement that the source of his skepticism is what he thinks it is. Should he change his thoughts about what the source is, it would then be a new source. To borrow from Descartes, "Cogito est, ergo est." -- I think it is, therefore it is. In connection with one's own emotions, feelings, etc., go this should hold true.

If you actually meant "denied emotion..." [yes, I read the whole thing] in that bit you quoted to Buz, he's still got a case. To deny emotion connotes a denial of all emotion, and all emotions -- leaving, as far as I can figure, machinery. If, on the other hand, you meant "mastered emotion" or "controlled emotions," this is something

else entirely. This carries the connotation of being able to tell when to let emotion rule and when cold logic is the correct implement.

Good Ghod, you mean Toskey is included in the natural order of things? An appalling thought. Next thing you'll be including Garcone and Manyoya in it. Or even FAPA.

Have blundered through to the end and have naught else to say - providing I've said anything previously in this bit. The last words are Manyoya's:

MONSTERHYME #32 Now that NANDU at last is put by,
 And the comments on that have run dry,
 Since I've been up a tree
 While she yakked E S P
 We shall turn to the next with a psi. ..Ed Manyoya

spacewarp 63

"In the autumn of our life, here at rest in ample clover,
 We rejoice in telling over our impetuous May and June.
 In the evening of our day, with the sun of life declining,
 We recall without repining all the heat of bygone noon."

- - - YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

"Gaunt vision, who art thou that thus, with icy glare
 And stern relentless brow, appearest, who knows how?"

- - - RUDDIGORE

Let me hasten to state that, despite the appropriateness I feel in the above quotes, I am extremely glad to see the return of SPACEWARP to the SAPSish scene.

To fill in your appearance calendar of SW, I quote from SW 55 the following information:

<u>#</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
40	July 50	Last Civilian issue
41	Aug 50	FAPA 52, edited by FTL & Burbee, ditto
42	Sep 50	FAPA 52 postmailing, same editors
43	Jan 51	SAPS 14 - Indiantown Gap, Pa. [published by Alger]
44	Oct 51	SAPS 17 - Camp Stoneman, Cal. " " "
45	Jan 52	SAPS 18 - Korea " " "
46	Oct 52	SAPS 21 - Mid-Pacific " " "
47	Dec 52	SAPS 22 - San Antonio, Texas " " "
48	Feb 53	FAPA 62 " " " " "
49	Mar 53	SAPS 23 " " " " "
50	Jun 53	SAPS 24 " " " " "
51	Sep 53	SAPS 25 " " " " "
52	Nov 53	FAPA 65 " " " " "
53	Dec 53	SAPS 26 " " " " "

And from there on your dating is correct. Ghu, don't I wish I had some of these issues, instead of having to rely on the checklist. But I've got from 53 on, and four previous ones, so that's something, anyway.

I'm glad you reprinted some of these things, even though I'd read them -- it gives me a chance to voice my appreciation of them (a chance I missed when they first came

out by not being in SAPS - or in fandom either, for that part.)

And I see the ghodawful puns are back too, though come to think of it, they really never left. That "Smith and Wesson .38" bit was waaay out. I shall wait and see with whom you collaborate, seven issues from now. Rather, six after this one.

When in the Spring the time comes round, to vote on SAPpish matters,
The versifying points he gives, one hardly ever scatters.
For in the main the verse in SAPS is just a bunch of crap ---
With lack of scansion, half-baked thots....but then there's Art H. Rapp.

There's poet hacks most everywhere, who print their childish prating
To see if maybe one or two will give them higher rating.
The gen'ral rhymes are oft askew, the rhythm leaves a gap,
The poet's theme is clear as mud....but then there's Art H. Rapp.

So, like I started in to say, it's always very clear,
That when the Pillar Poll comes round in SAPS from year to year,
Though some may get a point or two in verse from some kind SAP,
The greater share they'll never get...but then there's Art H. Rapp.

And should you think these rhymes of mine are meant for competition,
I must insist that you are wrong, and make this an admission:
I and Manyoya write these things to take up space, old chap ---
And so do most of us, I guess.....but then there's Art H. Rapp.

I could go on for several lines, I might as well admit it,
But now the rhymes are rather forced, I guess I'd better quit it.
But ere I leave I should set straight one thing I've got on tap:
Most Sappish poems I like a bit....but then there's Art H. Rapp.

And that, by damn should teach you to put two long pomes in your first two pages of mailing comments. I hope.-

Being a rum enthusiast myself, I applaud your "no particular reason" choice, Suh. Of course, my favorite way of drinking the stuff is usually nauseous to other rum-drinkers, but I mention it anyway: rum, coke, and grenadine. Figure out your own proportions, as long as all ingredients are present; I usually have a little more than the miscible amount of grenadine, and the rum:coke ratio depends on how far along in the evening it is (the more I drink, the less strong I can take the stuff. This makes it almost impossible for me to get drunk [shut up, Pylka !] -- a situation I approve of completely.)

I don't have a fractional key on this typer, either, though the one at the library does have one. But fractional key or no, and last-minute zine I put into a mailing will be a half-issue. Incunebulous Publications are getting out of hand anyway, what with a genzine, a SAPSzine, and a N^oAPAzine. All I need is FAPA, OMPA, and The Cult. Cocog. I do have another boobliography, and since you seem to like them, I guess I'll put it on the next page. Serve you right - besides I want to get the notes for it out of my file. Who was it said "Publish it, don't just throw it away"?

You think the re-arrangement [or re-derangement] of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was bad? Have you heard what some cretin did to Disney's "Lavender Blue"? Eccccch. Umm. Using the word 'cretin' always brings to mind one of my college roommates, who was in a French play at school and came out with an interesting blooper: The line should have been "embecile cretan" [imbecile cretin], and he said "embecile cretian" [imbecile Christian]. (Apologies for the lousy French - when I started the comment, I forgot I didn't know exactly how to spell the words, and don't have a French dictionary at home. It's 10:45 PM, library's closed, and I'm not going to wait until morning to finish the steneil. You'll have to put up with lousy French.)

42 Buz says he went through all this business about his title several years back, but I need the page-space, so, consulting a rather euphemistic Latin dictionary, I

find "retro - backwards" and "mingo - to make water."
Well, lessee about casting YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ----

Dame Carruthers - Eva Firestone
Elsie Maynard - Nancy Share
Phoebe Meryll - Bjo
Kate - Karen Anderson

Col. Fairfax - Eney
Sergeant Meryll - Buz
Leonard Meryll - Wally
Jack Point - either Toskey or myself
Wilfred Shadbolt - Berry
Sir Richard Cholmondeley - Leman

If anyone wishes to challenge this casting, I'll be glad to defend my selections, at least as far as giving the reasons for selecting them. As for UTOPIA, LTD., I'm not familiar enough with the opera to try to cast it. And the music, one of the prerequisites for thorough familiarity, isn't even recorded.

There are some utterly wild lines in "Jack and the Beanstalk" -- like, I dig it the most. "Recruiting Pamphlet" enjoyed, too.

Little Willie went to Hell;
Satan fixed him rather well:
Eternally he bears the curse
Of writing "Little Willie" verse !

I see you goofed the page-count biz again ---- 188pp off -- T*S*K.

8-20 This business about joining - or being drafted into - the army to get a wider view of the world is somewhat laughable. The way it seems to operate, anyone who gets drafted in and doesn't really care where he spends the time till he gets out again, he's the one that gets shipped overseas. The other guy who goes in thinking philosophically that at least he'll get to some places of interest -- he gets stationed in Pudunk, U.S.A., 100 miles from no place.

I thought that movie was titled "The Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman" -- and it was as cruddy as it sounded, too.

I admit your charge that 20% of the signs you see are out of date and should have been removed, but the one of the library's hours is lettered on the window of the front door, rather than on a separate sign. I still think people ought to be able to read it and pay attention to it.

MAD has another good TV bit in the current issue (#50): a CBS vs NBC baseball game with Welk umpiring, and Silvers and Marx managing the teams. Some real good lines, despite the fact (or possibly because of the fact) that I can't stand more than half the performers mentioned. Fabulous conclusion: Michael Anthony bribes Welk to throw the game. (Jack Webb arrests him on a bribery charge.)

After publishing my music to "Green Hills of Earth" in my genzine, Joy Clarke sent me a copy of the sheet music to the tune the BBC used on their program "Journey Into Space." I'm still biased enough to like mine better -- the BBC one has changed the words around, and has the melody in a rather monotonous major key. Pfu! Everyone should know that ballads are supposed to be in Minor Keys.

Enjoyed the "cathouse" remark, and thank you for relating Toth's remark on Renoir, too. With a little bit of finagling someone could probably use that remark to bilk SatEvePost out of some money in their Perfect Squelch fund.

I utterly refuse to read mathematical shaggy dog stories.

The Bottstory and "Spring Song" enjoyed. On the other hand.....

You may drink your glass of beer,
If you stay away from here,
For I try to follow chacun à son goût.
But when you here do come, sir,
You'd do better to bring rum, sir,
Than to show up well-supplied with cans of brew.

For it is rum, rum, rum !
By the pint or by the barrel or
the drum !
By the whiskers of Raloki,
Though it land me in the poky,
I'll be slannish on another
glass of rum ! [43]

And here's the Boobliography I promised a couple pages back:

BOOBLIOGRAPHY #2 - - - "Call the Zoo!"

ANGLEWORM, The Angelic	Brown	Planet	Win 49
ANTS Try, Let The	Pohl	ASF	Jul 34
BAT, Spoor Of The	Zagat	Amaz	Feb 31
BEEES From Borneo, The	Gray	Amaz	Feb 33
BEETLE In the Amber, The	Skidmore	FA	Apr 52
CAT, The Green	Deegan	TWS	Aug 52
CHICKENS, Cholwell's	Vance	TWS	Dec 51
DEER, The Iron	Merwin	Weird	Jul 47
DOG That Came Back, The	Coblentz	SS	Aug 47
DONKEYS To Bald Pate	Mines	ASF	Apr 41
DORMOUSE, The Stolen	de Camp	SS (Jan)	Jun 52
DRAGON'S Island	Williamson	F&SF	Aut 50
DUCKS, The Star	Brown	FA	Jul 46
EAGLE, Cult of the	Livingston	Saturn	Oct 57
ELEPHANT Circuit, The	Heinlein	SS	May 50
ewe, The Black	Leiber	SS	Jan 48
FLAMINGO, The Blue	Bok	ASF	Aug 39
GIRAFFE, The Blue	de Camp	F&SF	Win 50
SNURRS Come From the Voodvork Out, The	Bretnor	FantBk	#4
GOLDFISH, The Black	Taine	F&SF	May 58
GORILLA Suit	Shipley	If	Aug 58
HORSE, Gift	Chandler	F&SF	Aut 49
HURKLE Is a Happy Beast, The	Sturgeon	FA	May 42
JAGUAR, Secret of the Golden	Williams	Unknown	Jun 40
KRAKEN, The	Engelhardt	FA	Jun 52
LION'S Mouth, The	Marlowe	Stir	Jun 41
MICE Of Kordar, Human	Wells	SS	Feb 53
MONKEY'S Fingers, The	Asimov	SS	Jul 49
PIG, The Sacred Martian	St. Clair	If	Aug 58
RABBITS Have Long Ears	Willard	FFM	Oct 46
RATS, Burial of the	Stoker	AMerF	Feb 50
SEAL Maiden, The	Rousseau	FA	Jan 48
SERPENT, Secret of the	Wilcox	Amaz	Feb 50
SPIDERS Of Saturn	Thiessen	Amaz	Sep 48
SQUIRREL People, The	Ross	CapFut	Win 40
TERMITES, The Human	Keller	F&SF	Aug 58
TIGER, Sandy Had a	Apostolides	ASF	Sep 42
TWONKY, The	Padgett	SFS	Feb 59
UNICORN, The Last	Hoch	SupSci	Dec 57
VULTURES, The Gentle	Asimov	Amaz	Aug 34
WASP, In the Footsteps of the	Coblents	Unknown	Jul 40
WOLF, Flayed	Miller		

[This Boobliography is not supposed to be complete, but it gives a reasonable idea of the various members of the stefantasy menagerie.]

All in all, 'twas a most enjoyable issue of SW. How about a Quover next time?

MONSTERHYME #33

"All Feuding in SAPS should be done
In verse" remarked Eva, in fun.

"And I thought that was fine,
Let Manyoya do mine;"

...BEP, but from SPACEWARR he'll run. ...Ed Manyoya

sapling |

[WELL, WOODEN YOU KNOW! TWIGGER'S OUT ON
A LIMB AGAIN.]

"There grew a little flower
'Neath a great oak tree:
When the tempest 'gan to lower
Little heeded she:
No need had she to cower,
For she dreaded not its power --
She was happy in the bower
Of her great oak tree!"RUDDIGORE

Cats again - and the epithet 'stupid' again, too. Well, by damn, our cat may not be representative of all cats, but she's certainly not stupid. Lazy and irresponsible, maybe. Not stupid. She used to like to sleep on the top of my brother's Morris Minor. It has a canvas top, and Fluffy is about 80% Persian - result: a fur-covered car. Mom started to take the broom to her a couple times, and after about the third time Fluffy learned that a motion toward the broom or just the word 'broom' meant she'd better get down. She still likes to sleep there, but only if she's sure she won't get caught at it.

And frankly, I don't understand how you got Duchess to ride in a car. Neither Fluffy or our last cat will tolerate cars. I had to drive Fluffy to the vet a couple of months ago - a distance about three miles. She scratched, whined, tried to get out the window, and finally lay on the floor of the front of the car panting. Coming back was just as bad; she hates to be penned in, I guess - or perhaps it's just the movement she doesn't like. A friend of mine had a cat that liked to sleep under the car. They don't have a garage, so the car is left in the driveway all the time. One day my friend's father started the car, drove about two blocks to the main highway, before the cat, who had been sleeping inside the chassis somewhere, dropped off, unhurt, and wandered home again.

Hmmm. All your cats are stupid. Your dog is stupid. Looks like a clear case of projection, to me. Is there a psychologist in the house? [I seem to have lost Doc. Lochinkopf. Oh well, I've sort of figured out that I don't have a persecution complex after all --- I am being persecuted.]

After passing through "The Greatest Show on Earth," which reminds me greatly of elves, we arrive at the mailing comments: En Garde!

In regard to Mundane life attitudes, I agree that the world does not owe me everything. Possibly it doesn't owe me anything --- but on the other hand, I don't see that I owe it anything either. There's an old saying to the effect that "The reasonable man adjusts himself to the world; the unreasonable man tries to adjust the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man." And I don't consider myself particularly reasonable. (Whether or not I've contributed anything to progress as yet - or ever will - I dunno.) As to your holding down an extra job in addition to teaching, to be able to enjoy extra-mundane activity - or non-mundane activity, if you will - Why not just get one job that pays more? I conclude that you like teaching, therefore, teaching being a mundane occupation, you like mundane occupation. One who disliked mundane occupations would select the one such job that would afford him the most opportunity for non-mundane activity. I for one do dislike m.o., and as I've said before, I figure that librarianship offers the best opportunities for other activities. However, I also admit to being a first-class escapist - but I see no reason to scream at anybody who actually wants to adjust themselves to reality altogether, or who likes m.o. --- IF they don't bother screaming at me, either. I happen to realize that there is a limit to the degree to

which one can be an escapist, and that if one stretches this limit he lands in the jug or in the laughing academy. I'll continue to assume that I know where that limit is, at least for a while.

Please define the word "lousy," Teach, as in the sentence "That was the lousiest cover I've seen on a zine in quite some time." I'm not sure whether you're complaining about the repro, the lettering, the subject matter of the illo, or the execution of the illo, or just what. Frankly, when I saw the original, I thought it very well done, and I'm even proud of the job of mastering it that I did. I'm no Adkins, y'know.

I wonder whether the mention of the one opera you've ever seen is to indicate a dislike for opera, or to imply that you haven't gone to other ~~x~~ operas for fear that another lead singer would drop dead on stage. Who finished out the opera for him, by the way? Oh, yes, it's spelled "Pagliacci." Not bad - one wrong letter.

Sorry, I don't recognize your "Knows Mother!" punchline.

Manyoya doesn't like you, either - he says Garcone does better art-owrk. I'm no judge of such things, so I'll not be able to take sides.

Glad you enjoyed "77 SAPSet Strip," but why not go into detail on it?

I still claim that I do not write Dee's comments, and that therefore you are not disagreeing with me, but with her, on the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ dirty books bit. Anyway, if you can come to dislike a book when dirt is pointed out in it, you'd better not read very many criticisms of books. It's getting so that they're pointing out sexual symbolism in everything these days.

I don't dig this bit-by-bit reviewing of a book to pad out comment on zines. Padding zines by reviewing a book under each one wouldn't be too bad, but having to skip-read the review from page to page is a pain. Question: If "Children of God" is fiction, how do you know the author did "an excellent job of depicting the troubles and hardships that the Mormons had to go through"? And what do you think about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's view of Mormonism, as shown in "A Study in Scarlet"? I ask only because this is the only 19th-Century view of the subject with which I am familiar.

My question, Mr. Anthony, is How do you tell the beatniks from the college students of meagre finances?

An excellent suggestion about sterilization of idiots. Now where to draw the line and how to determine the degree of idiocy become the problem. While we're at it we ought to get rid of other mental defectives, too - the schizophrenics, the sadists, and so forth. Yes indeed.

Just how does a teacher tell in advance whether a student is about to ask a constructive question or a disruptive one? Have we got telepathic teachers these days? Otherwise, I can't see how one would get away from stopping to let the student ask the question; and once asked, the stoppage is already done, why not answer?

Sorry to disagree with you again, there are definitely some fans, who think of themselves as hoods, who are hoods. Take a bow, Adams. "As long as you think you are, you aren't." Veerry interesting. And I suppose you think you're a teacher? And a fan?

On the other hand, I agree with you in regard to repetition in comic strips and Rotsler illos. On the Rotslers, tho, they usually have half-way ~~in~~ decent captions - ones that fit the drawings.

Good grief, Neffers aren't the only "scattered fan" - there are SAPS members and members of other APAs who may be the only fan in their entire state, let alone in their immediate areas.

I fervently hope that the opportunity arises for you to meet Esmond Adams and his crew of jolly-boys. It should be quite interesting. May I inquire just what grade of school you teach, that you've formed such opinions of students (I use the word rather loosely) in their late teens? "Show them a bottle or a woman and they'd run." HA*HA*HA, HEE*HEE*HEE, CACKLE, SNORT, WHEEZE, GUFFAW, SNORT! One of the best lines in the mailing, for humour. I trust Es appreciated it. Snicker.

I love these well-adjusted, think-for-yourself, individualistic types. It matters not that something like VIEWS AND COMMENTS might downgrade them in the eyes of their employers; they stop getting it because they didn't like it, "anyway." I quite agree

Also disagree that being "part of the family group" is always a thing to be desired. If I were really an integral part of my family group, which I'm afraid I'm not, I wouldn't be interested in reading at all. Time would be spent in doing garden work, fishing (which I can't stand despite the fact that we own a 24' boat), and watching TV every night from 7 o'clock to 10:30 or so. You should realize, from your remarks on religion, that a child rebels against most anything that is forced upon him - or even that which he sees around him all the time. If my family were avid readers, I'd probably be out running drag races or something.

Oh, hell, I suppose I should discount all this school business as being just occupational griping, with which almost everybody is afflicted. I do it about my job too --- only I do realize that the librarians might be a little more helpful to the various morons who come to the library looking for something, they know not what. For example: the gentleman who showed up yesterday wanting a list of all the job titles available in Tampa Electric Company. It seems he's applying for a job, but doesn't know what title the job should have, and doesn't want to go ask the company itself. The Public Library should have such things, of course. When it comes to the teaching profession, I will support any statement that teachers are overworked and underpaid; or that some stupid subjects are included in the curriculum (I myself see no need for sports in school; I got out of taking physical ed by taking Junior ROTC * sort of the lesser of two evils, as far as I was concerned. nor do I see any good in science survey courses. But you will realize that everyone will pick a different subject that he/she thinks is a waste of time.) I will also agree that the teachers of the nation are one of the most important groups there are. But I will also say there are a lot of morons on the teaching staffs of schools and colleges, who shouldn't be teaching anything to anyone. This is not a personal dig, Guy --- but I have been in classes where some of the students knew more about the subject than the teacher. I admit this is probably the result of a lack of well-qualified teachers, brought on by low pay and the like. But that doesn't change the fact that they're there. In H.B. Plant High School, here in Tampa, the coaches each teach another subject besides physical education; usually they teach history, sometimes biology or another ~~subject~~ sophomore subject (PHS has only grades 10-12). Maybe once in a great while the coaches are qualified to teach their second subject, but as a general rule, they are not.

So what is wrong about fanzines looking like Seattlezines? Some of the best-looking zines are Seattlezines.

You are misquoting Buz and Es when you state that they don't like G&S. Es's original quotation, in ROCK. 1, was "I'm beginning to hope somebody will welcome me in with 'Gosh but it's good to find somebody in SAPS that isn't a Gilbert and Sullivan fan.'" Buz did just that. Unless my memory betrays me, both Buz and Es are just neutral on G&S - they don't know it enough to care much one way or the other. However, you have Earl Kemp on your side. And both of you are hereby labeled as "Uncultured Clods" by the SAPIAN Sawyard Society. We went through this bit on G&S being trivial with Toskey; we might as well go through it again. Just what do you mean by the word "trivia"? Turned out Toskey meant just that he liked symphonic music better, and doesn't care for words with music anyway. What do you mean?

Pause for a moment to ask a rather dense question: what has your rather redundant TP Publications to do with the Toilet Roll idea?

I seem to be out of comments. Aren't you glad of that? Ooog. ✕ Twigger, you really got off a blast with your first SAPSzine --- or at least with my comments you got a blast. If you get this much comment from even half the other members, this next mailing will be another monster. [Should I say it, after all this harangue? Why not?] WELCOME TO SAPS, GUY TERWILLEGER.

MONSTERHYME #34 So now that we leaf Mr. Twig,
After many and many a dig,
Here's the last of the series
Of idiot queries:
"Ain't it nice to be starting off big?" ...Ed Manyoya

RANDOM COMMENTS THAT GOT LEFT OUT.

Wraii, I finally figured out what you were parodying with "I'm Burnett Toskey, PhD"
It's from Pinafore: "I am the Monarch of the sea." I tried putting a few more lines
to it, but didn't get very far. Like,

"I'm Burnett Toskey, Ph.D,
The O.E. with the new degree,
Who as a tyrrant raves and rants"

"And we are the Sappish members and
vice presidentants."

But it becomes rather feeble, so I let it go.

The method of running this thing off is to do it as fast as I can get two pages
typed up. Or 4 or 6 pages. As I said when I started this thing, it's being done in
a hurry. So if the boss decided to change inks on the multilith for some ~~xxx~~ reason,
that's the colour ink you're going to get on SPELEOBEM. Yesterday we had red. Who
knows what will be there tomorrow.

Well, back to the MC's, in hopes of getting two more pages done this evening.

gim tree 2

"Take a pair of sparkling eyes, hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse ---
Do not heed their mild surprise --- having passed the
Rubicon, take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned --- such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this);
Take a tender little hand, fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it -- in parenthesis; ---
Take all these, you lucky man ---
Take and keep them if you can!"THE GONDOLIERS

There are a number of good reasons why I want to say more about GIM TREE than
just "I enjoyed it very much." Mainly, it's worth a lot more comment, and secondarily
my page ratio is bad enough as it is.

This is the first fannish film-account I have ever seen, and an extremely well-
done one, say I. And ~~not~~ thoz illos! Frabjous! Did you send a copy to Greenway or
someone else on the crew? I'd like to hear what he thought of it --- and of course
I'd have given the proverbial anything to have been there.

It's the little instances that make the report so wonderful: string beans in the
camp stew, puns like "can't trust my froggin' friends" and "Trackless...", and the
like. You going to have a Westerecon (such as it was) and a Detention report? Hope so,
as I muchly like your writing hereabouts.

Having been left an opening to put in a Yiddish joke, I shall do so, in spite of
the fact that the only ones I've heard recently have been by way of television and
thence to a more enthusiastic TVviewer at the library, before getting to me. Like the
Yiddish "Little Red Riding Hood," which goes along much like the usual story (but
with a Yiddish accent, and the basket of goodies being gefülte fish and the like)
until LRRH is regaling the wolf with the differences in his looks from her grandmother.
"But Grendma, vot big ears you hev." "The better to hear you vit, mine dear." "But
Grendma, vot big eyes you hev." "The better to see you vit, mine dear." "But Grendma,
vot a big nose you hev." "You should talk?"

All in all, Bjo, a wonderful advertisement for "Comanche Station" — I'll certainly go to see it. And a fabulous zine — have I said that before? Oh, who cares, I'll say it again: a fabulous zine!

MONSTERHYME #35
8-21

I enjoy reading GIM TREE a lot,
Makes no difference what comments it's got.
If you can't have MC's,
Trip reports always please,
Whether you Bjoking or not.Ed Manyoya

blabercasting tales

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"I often think it's comical, Fal, lalala, Fal, lalala,
That Nature always does contrive, Fal, lalala lala,
That every boy and every girl
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative! Fal, lalala!"
- - - - IOLANTHE

A most excellent treatise on representative government, m'fren. I don't think it's gotten quite as bad as you'd paint it, but perhaps I'm not well enough acquainted with the situation. Is it your state elections that are having the voters decide on such things as school levies and the like? From what I can make out of the Florida situation, that isn't the case here. And I haven't heard of anything of the sort on the National scene, either. Guess it's just your state. The City elections are coming up in September [I've got to remember to get an absentee ballot before I leave for Detroit], and besides the mayoralty election and commissioners election, I think that there is also a referendum on closing off the sale of liquor on Sunday. Right now there is wide-open sales. But it's very difficult to get much of picture of the voting for this election - or even of ~~the~~ the issues. There are two newspapers in Tampa, both owned by the same firm, and both supporting one candidate against the incumbent. We've got four candidates for Mayor - the incumbent, a Big Business Man, and a couple of Little Business Men who don't have much of a chance to win. If they did, I might vote for one of them, but as it is, the question is which of the other two is the lesser of two crooks. Probably the incumbent, from what I hear. Oh, well, seems I've gone into this before. Let it lie, let it lie.

And again you hit the gold ring - on education. One of the few good instructors I had in the University of Florida came up with the idea that it isn't necessary to know everything, as long as you know where to find the information and how to use it when you find it. There is, of course, a good deal that you have to learn by rote. I can think of no other way to learn a language (short of moving to that country and letting it seep in by osmosis.) The amount of rote education in subjects where it is not necessary, though, is ridiculous. There's no need to memorize a couple dozen intergraps when there are tables of the things available for use. There's no need to memorize the date of the Battle of Bull Run - as long as you know enough not to go looking for it in a book on the Revolutionary War. The same with a lot of other items: the names of the various bones in the body for biology, entire passages from Shakespeare

for literature, an endless number of formulae in the various physical sciences, etc.

8-23 In fact, all your ideas this time sound excellent. Please let me know when you get that surplus word deal going. I'll send up a couple issues of SpeBem, plus the entire City Code of Tampa. Man, the surplus words in that thing! And how about state constitutions, government departmental memos and orders, THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, THE FANTASY AMATEUR, and so forth? There's a fortune to be made on this stuff, if you work it right.

One question: is this zine supposed to be "Blabbercasting Tales" (as it says in the SPECTATOR and on the title page), or "Blabbercasting Tales" (as it says in the colophon)? And how about a listing of Near-beer Pubs, chronologically?

MONSTERHYME #36

Now here is a plan that is sure -o,
The ills of a writer to cure - o:
Instead of just herbiage
We'll stockpile verbiage,
Like the N3F Manuscript Bureau. ... Ed Manyoya

object 1959

"Though I'm anything but clever
I could talk like that for ever:
Once a cat was killed by care;
Only brave deserve the fair.
Very true, so they do."H.M.S. PINAFORE

The library has one of those chem-lab silhouette plates, too, though I haven't the slightest idea what good it's going to do them. I can see them being used in schools for mimeod lesson sheets, diagrams, etc. and possibly for instructional handbooks. But otherwise, they don't seem to be of much worth at all.

I am getting thoroughly sick of that countdown joke. It started out, as far as I can find, a description of how a Cape Canaveral schoolboy counted backwards, and the joke has appeared in publications all over this country, England, and ghod knows where else. Actually, it's a variant of the one about the gambler's kid who counted "Ace, deuce, trey, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King." And of course there are many versions of that, two, such as the crap-shooting one (of which I cannot remember all the terms. Maybe somebody can fill in the other terms:

1: ace (single die)	5:	9:
2: snake eyes	6:	10: Big Joe
3: craps	7: natural	11:
4: Little Joe	8: eighter from Decatur	12: box cars

Somebody check me on these things, as I'm not too sure of most of them.)

Ah! That poem "A glass of beer" is the one from which Elinor quoted the last two lines a couple mailings ago. Or was it just last mailing. Can't remember. Anyway, I'm glad you included it. Appreciate the bit from "Lobashevsky," too.

Pfui - another latecomer vembletroon. With all the fuss over the vembletroon, since Bob mentioned the form, I should think that someone would have tried one of the other three forms he mentioned. The pulvo and the garft, for instance, are mentioned along with the vembletroon in A Dictionary of Literary Obscurities. The garft is an

interesting form, which has seven lines instead of the vembietroon's five. It is more narrative in use than abusive. The syllablization begins with 1 and increases as the prime numbers, up to 17. The rhyme scheme is AABBCA. For instance, the book quotes the following example of a garft:

[1] "There,
[3] In the air,
[5] I saw a woman
[7] Who was very inhuman,
[11] For she had seven arms and her skin was green.
[13] Except for my wife, she was the ugliest I've seen.
[17] When I leave the pub tonight, I'll never touch the stuff again,
I swear !"

-----Geoffrey Rankin, 1705

According to the book, the garft is, like the vembietroon, of English origin. The first evidence of the form is found during Cromwell's era, and it was still in general use by the middle of the 19th century, after which it seems to have died out.

MONSTERHYME #37 So the vembietroon rides once again !
And others too, just as inane.
It's been centuries long
Since their usage was strong;
Have they now got a new growing paeen?

... Ed Maryoya

the zed 791

"There is beauty in extreme old age --
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?" ...THE MIKADO

The above quote is apropos of practically nothing. Even G&S quotes have their limitations, and when applied to 42 fanzines, those limitations are realized. Like, sometimes I can't find anything particularly appropriate.

I had the problem of getting a musical instrument to play, too. When we lived in New Jersey we had a piano, but the house here is smaller, and all the wall space is taken up. A piano would be out of place. For a while I tried a Melody Flute -- a small metal flute with a mouthpiece you blow into instead of over, that is used at the university in some of the musical education classes. Something like that is simple enough to carry around on trips and such, for accompaniment, but it has the disadvantage that one can't join the singing himself. The next step was an accordion -- a reasonably simple 12-bass one. This too is handily portable, and one can accompany himself with it. So I took it on a couple FSS trips -- and found the other cavers could play the thing better than I can. Highly deflating, especially when the same ones are quite good with guitars (which I can't play at all.) The accordion doesn't get much use these days, as I don't go up to the university very often, and for use at home I invested in a small electric Pianorgan. It's an Italian make (Farfisa), and has 34 keys (G below Middle C to E two octaves above Middle C) and 60 bass buttons (Major chords, Minor, Seventh, Basses, and Counter-basses for the twelve notes of the chromatic scale.) Not a bad deal for \$200, and small enough to fit in a corner of the living room. The bass buttons are well-marked, and any piece of music scored for voice

and guitar is easy to play on it.

"Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks," very good. High Romance is something that happens to someone else, someplace else, some other ~~some~~ time.

Aquariums seem to be popular mice-houses. That's where the pair of field mice in the FSS menagerie lived. In fact, the Millers, who kept the menagerie, had several aquariums around, but I don't remember them having any fish in any of them. Usually salamanders, mice, etc. Roberta, the squirrel mascot, lived in successively larger cages, and she, like your hamster, spent a lot of time arranging Kleenex in the cage. She would be let out to run around the room quite often, and would let you hold her most of the time. The only thing as you couldn't be sure just when it ~~was~~ was dangerous to hold her -- or from which end the danger was coming. If she started to bite, it was usually easy to duck, but otherwise... I remember one time there were six cavers standing around in a circle, with Roberta running around their shoulders, over arms, and back again. Sort of a Musical People game. Occasionally Roberta would take roost in the hi-fi speakers (home-made) that were attached way up in a corner of the room, and not even turning the hi-fi on full blast would chase her out. She never did chew on the tangles of wires under the speakers, much as we were afraid she might.

Ooog. More vembletrooms.

Nein, ich kann nicht das Land, wo die Citroen vroom. Was machts das aus?

I don't know ~~whether~~ "Design For a World" will cure anyone of a belief that he is God, but it certainly ought to cure him of trying to write alien-planet type science fiction! Cor!

"Odile" continues nicely, Karen. I find my memory of Part I quite competent in leading into Part II.

Your bacover is Greek to me.

I offer my congratulations on your hitting two mailings in a row. However, my suspicious nature suggests ~~that~~ the idea that your appearance in mlg 48 is in anticipation of missing mlg 49, possibly because of convention, etc. I hope I'm wrong.

MONSTERHYME #38 A foreign-made automobile
 Is the only kind that will appeal
 To the Anderson clan,
 But to me if it's tran-
 Sportation it's an excellent deal.Ed Manyoya

S - - - 2

"Now take for example my case: I've a ~~big~~ intellectual brain --
In all London city there's no one so witty -- I've thought so
again and again.

I've a highly intelligent face -- my features cannot be denied --
But whatever I try, sir, I fail in -- and why, sir? I'm modesty
personified!"RUDDIGORE

I agree whole-heartedly that fifty pages of mailing comments is the only decent length. Since this page makes my forty-ninth, it looks like I'll get in a zine with decent-length comments this time. And I presume you mean fifty pages apiece? Will be looking for your 100-plus pages this mailing.

Hmm. So that's what Toskey meant by "An occasional photo, well hidden inside a zine, will usually survive." Glad you included it, Carrs.

With all this furor that has been kicked up since Leman parodies Rike, I decided

that it might be a good idea to re-read some of the issues of RUR that I have --- #4, #5, #8, #9, #10, #15, #16, and #17. Having done so, I am back approximately where I started: feeling that Leman did an excellent job of parodying RUR. With particular emphasis on #10 and #15, I think I can find the basis for just about every line of the parody in the original. I admit I don't know Rike, and that all I have to go on is his writing. But then Leman wasn't parodying Rike, he was parodying his writing. And since when does one have to have first-hand information on the subject of the writing he is parodying?

Terry, define the word "best" in regard to evolution. I was under the impression that the fittest-to-survive stock was the best, but perhaps you read a moral judgement into the word "best." I seldom argue morals --- remember Asimov's *Salvor Hardán*: "Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right." My dictionary defines "better" as "of superior quality." So, on reading Glenn King's statement that "no race or stock is better than another," I interpreted it according to superiority in evolutionary sense, in which case one stock is better --- that which survives. Mostly, this is a semantic jumble.

Miriam, on looking up laws at the public library: Of course, I don't know about Frisco libraries, but we have a 3-volume set of Florida Statutes, which are well indexed, and give all the civil laws of Florida. We also have a set of Martindale-Hubbell Law Directories, which list all practicing lawyers in the U.S. and Canada, and also give resumés of the laws (civil) of all 48 states and Canada --- whoops, make that 50 states and Canada. For criminal law, though, these books can't be used, and frankly, in that area I'm stumped and so are therest of ~~the~~ the reference staff. We usually refer people to the County Law Library on such questions. Did you ask the library reference staff to help on the question? I know that legalese is a mess to try to decipher, but two or three heads are better than one.

You're right, of course, Terry, about SAPS comments on other APAs being mostly defensive. Logically, anyone who doesn't like SAPS should just stay out and let it go at that; same for FAPA, OMPA, Cult, N^oAPA. Each is different, each has both good and bad points, and each fan should weigh one against the other and decide which APA or APAs he wants to join. But of course, fans are seldom completely logical, and there are bound to be those who criticize one or another of the APAs. Result: the criticized APA's members fight back. As a for instance, what about that "middle-aged types trying to act fannish" bit? It's possible it was a joke, but I don't remember ever seeing a statement to that effect.

I hope Rapp's SPACEWARP is an adequate representation of SAPIan Not-Poetry. My stuff is more like Not-Not-Poetry. It certainly isn't poetry, and I have doubts that it's up to the quality of the usual Not-Poetry, Rapp and Ballard style.

We agree on the so-called juvenile books. I still like to re-read parts of Wind in the Willows, the Oz books, and others of the ilk.

The frugal FSS members in ~~FLORIDA~~ Gainesville have been using cigarette-rolling gadgets unless they happen to be in the money for a while. In fact, one electronically minded character fixed up a spark gap to run off the apartment's electricity to save on matches and lighter fluid. I don't smoke much at all (maybe a couple packs a year --- OP's), so I don't know much about the prices hereabouts. I do remember that when we lived in New Jersey my father took advantage of any opportunity to get cartons of them from our relatives in Delaware because of the nigh New Jersey prices.

Shulman, as you say, Miriam, is just too silly. That column of his in the college newspaper was absolutely for the birds after about the first half-dozen or so. And I guess by now he's on his third or fourth year of the thing. Ooog. His stuff is slapstick carried to extremes.

They said it couldn't be done, they said nobody could do it.....Carr & Ellik

Fughead awards show up every once in awhile. Has any annual presentation of the

Keith Joseph Award been made since the second one went to Kent Corey? [I am always a bit leery of asking these questions, on the possibility that asking them might set me up for such an award myself. But I'm curious --- nosy, if you prefer that term.] I got hold of a copy of TRIODE 12 a couple months ago, which contains the presentation of the Burghers of Fandom Award --- a page-long dedication, describing the honours thereby bestowed, etc. and winding up with the presentation itself: "Peter Reaney, B.F." I thought that was absolutely lovely. I was in a Round Robin letter with Terry Jeeves at the time, and I asked if a second award had been made for 1958 (Reaney's was for 1957). He said that they had forgotten to award it to Bryan Burgess, and might make up for it by having two awards this year.

I don't talk in my sleep myself - at least according to room mates at college, parents, etc - but one of my room mates was an awful case. He was a friend of mine from high school, one year in back of me, so it was my sophomore year that we were rooming together at the University of Florida. I was working part time in the University Library, including 10:00-12:00 PM for the study hall they held there. So I would get back to the dorm late, and usually Charles would be asleep. About once a week he's start talking when I came in, making sense for a while, eyes wide open. Then something ridiculous would come out, and I'd inform him he was talking in his sleep again. He'd deny it and quiet down again. In the morning he didn't remember a thing about it. Some of the things he'd come up with were utterly wild. Wish I could remember a few of them, but that's over three years ago, which is too great a strain on my memory. We roomed together the next year too, along with a mutual friend in a triple suite in another dorm area. Charles was still talking in sleep, and this time I had a witness.

I presume Buz will tell you in RETRO, but I'll mention it anyway --- the illos signed -PH- in ~~PH~~ and RETRO are by Pierpont Holocaust, a Buzzeudo. Would that I could do that well in the art department.

I don't recognize the stf story on the theory that spiders, snakes, etc are From Elsewhere, unless you're thinking of Leiber's THE BIG TIME et seq. which has spiders vs. snakes, but that's not close enough to your outline --- must be another story. I wish there was some kind of subject index to SF stories; so often you know the plot but can't think of either the author or the title of the thing. Now there's a job for a dedicated collector. My own collection is indexed by author and title (though there are about 4000 of each waiting to be transferred from notebooks to 3 x 5 cards.) But a subject index --- say breaking down into such subjects as Time Travel, Parapsychology, Space Warfare, Colonization, Alien Invasion, etc --- would be fabulous. Maybe Toskey has some spare time to go through his collection....

I guess I'm in the ranks of the arachnophobes, too, though down here the main source of alarm is roaches. But on some caving trips, wandering through fields either looking for or on the way to caves, we'd come across these huge webs with utterly monstrous spiders sitting in the middle. Eeccc. I remember a couple summers ago that one of the FSS was working with spiders - tating their reactions to sound, as I recall - with the Princeton bio lab, while he was home in New Jersey for the summer. He sent down to Gainesville requesting about a dozen of the huge Florida spiders, and one of the bio-oriented femmes in the club went around collecting them. Again ech. [Check me, Pylka, but didn't those things arive dead? And did she sent another shipment, or what?] If anybody's interested in reactions of spiders, I shall ask Mr. Pylka to do a bit on the research he did. As I recall (perhaps erroneously), nothing other than his salary came of the experiments - in the way of published material, at least.

Very true, SAPS and FAPA are not twin APAs --- though they're headed that way from the membership lists and waiting lists. The August FANTASY AMATEUR showed up yesterday, and a comparison of the lists of SAPS AND FAPA, (both membership lists and both waiting lists) reveals that there are 28 duplicate names. Compared to the tally for FA 87, this is an advance of two duplicates. Would you say that this indicates a trend toward sameness in the APA memberships, or no?

That bit about people getting ~~fx~~ more farsighted as they get older makes me wonder, a bit facetiously, about G.M. Carr's possibility for correcting her near-sightedness in the figurative ~~x~~ sense.

9-2 Well, lessee now. Where was I?

Concerning the degree of ridiculousness of the dates you mentioned, Miriam, I'd say that April 31st is the most ridiculous of the lot, and January 31st the least ridiculous. The latter happens to be pay day. Dunno about the other three.

I've read and enjoyed "Forever and the Earth," but that was because I like Bradbury, not because I like Wolfe. I really haven't made any kind of strong attempt to read any of Wolfe, despite the yammering characters like Es and Bill Meyers have been doing, urging everyone to read his stuff. Possibly it's because I'm a librarian that the fact has been brought home to me, but in spite of the patentness of the remark, one simply cannot read all the books that his friends, acquaintances, and co-workers recommend to him. It's gotten so that I have to tell people outright that I'm just not interested in reading the latest scoop on the Russians, or the best way to arrange flowers, or this brilliant biography of Boris Pasternak, or this or that or the other. I haven't even read Dr. Zhivago, of which we have about four copies, all of which are constantly in circulation. And I have no intention of reading it. The reference staff and the head of the circulation department have an opportunity to grab the books before they go on the shelves, and every once in a while I take advantage of that opportunity. The main reason for this channeling of the books is to give the reference staff an idea of what new books have come in so that they can consult them or refer others to them if questions come up that could be answered by those particular books. In the last month or so, I've only snagged two books -- Gather No Moss, by O'Hanlon (fiction about the British public relations man), and Belle Out of Order, by Belle Livingstone - a biography that I found utterly fascinating; anyone interested in the life of the Upper Set from the 90's through the 30's should read this. Which brings me back, by a round-about route, to the idea of too many books recommended to be read. A great many people expect the person to whom they recommend a book to read it. And I'm not sure there is any polite way to disabuse them of this idea. The usual way - "Well, I will have to read that when I can" - is getting rather boring, besides being hypocritical (and it leaves you wide open when the same person comes round in a month to ask if you've read it yet.) So, like I said, I've come to the point of admitting it's outside my field of interest. This has also brought me to cut down on my own recommendations -- limiting them with phrases about the sphere of interest that the books cover, so that anyone not interested in that subject can just ignore it. They would anyhow. Whoops. Forgot one other book I grabbed as it came through channels, The Bottletop Affair, by Cotler. Not particularly well written - concerns efforts of army linguistics man to catch Japanese hold-out on a recaptured Pacific island during WW II.

Well, I spell the words "honour" and "colour," in that way, too. But I'm afraid it's rather a Bunthorneism.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
But kings in these times have a miserable lot,
And I'd like to be happy as kings are not.
Though with H-Bombs and War Scares and taxes and things
I suppose we all should be as happy as kings."

- - - Robert Louis Stevenson, as amended by
Ed Marjoya

Actually, Miriam, I prefer your attitude of "Things can't be that bad." But of the items you mention, almost all of them can be as well associated with fandom as with Mundane. Mundane (to me at least) is wage-earning, relatives, social pleasantries for their own sakes, and un-fannish (as opposed to non-fannish) people. Plus World Situations, etc. And in this way I see Rich's attitude quite well. Me, I'm an escapist - I admit it.

We had that Asiatic Flu epidemic at the Univ of Fla, too, in my senior year, and I almost escaped it, but not quite. About the last month of the seige I came down with the bug, and headed for the infirmary. That was the only time in all four years they'd been able to keep me in the infirmary overnight (well, it was the infirmary the last of the three nights, anyway - the first two were spend in the basement of the gym, as the in-

firmary was overflowing.) College infirmaries, like college cafeterias, get panned up and down no matter how good they actually are. Ours has a reputation for giving out "Gator Pills" - large capsules of orange and blue, the UF colours - for any and every illness imaginable. And I know for a fact that their diagnosticians weren't particularly good. My room mate came down with something they diagnosed as mononucleosis, and they kept him in the infirmary several days until it became obvious something else was wrong. He went back to Tampa, and was out the rest of the semester (about two months or so) with a very bad nervous disease, the name of which I forget. About the biggest farce about the UF infirmary was their psychiatrist. I went to see him for several visits, on instructions from a dean who was bothered by my non-social tendencies, but after several weeks of once-a-week visits during which he said nothing, even to get me to say something, I asked him if he thought any progress was being made. He asked me if I thought it was, and I told him no, so he canceled further sessions. I understand he left the university later that semester, and while I realize there is probably no cause and effect here....

Some very well-taken points about the teaching of driver-training and dancing.

I submit that you lost absolutely nothing by never getting the job at the Rialto. I worked at the Tampa Theater - a monstrous Spanish-type architecture thing - for a couple of months just before entering college. And so help me, there are about five or six movies that I never want even to hear of again. They include "The Caine Mutiny" and a Mickey Spillane thing ("The Long Wait"?) and some Egyptian movie ("Valley of the Kings," perhaps.) Day after day, hour after hour of the same ~~###~~ !! movie is enough to drive one nutty. Or nuttier, as the case may be.

The chisellers at UF used to make fixits for telephones, too, that let you use the phone for free. As I recall, they made them out of the ever-present coathangers that were always in the dorm rooms by the dozens. There was another chiseler trick too, to let someone know you'd arrived safely someplace -- call them long distance and ask for yourself. I suppose these are universally known. As for the coathangers, though, there were unlimited numbers of things that could be made from them -- hooks to hold scuba regulators safely, emergency repairs to sagging tailpipes on cars, and particularly deadly little darts to use in 1/2-inch electrical conduit blowguns.

The blouse full of paper clips reminds me of a swimsuit full of B-B's, accomplished by continual one-by-one target practice. Much fun. [Private joke, sort of; you there, Smith?] [(Oh, all right, I know I shouldn't put private jokes in mailing comments.)]

So your taste in stf corresponds with Toskey's to an amazing degree, Terry? I find that fantastic. And after such a remark, I shall expect no objections from you to my atrocious stories.

I've been recommending Sue's The Wandering Jew to some of the library staff as an interesting history of the Society of Jesus. And a good Catholic, attending Jesuit High School, sat right there and let me do it, too. Evidently he'd never heard of the book.

"Trufan's Blood" didn't come up to "The Chaser" --- dammit, are you sure Carl Brandon is a hoax? Anyway, the straight narrative style doesn't read as well, and the climax was rather dull - possibly still due to the narrative style. But I liked reading it --- and I'm getting to the point where I can recognize some of the side references I'd not have noticed before. "I've got them all, ..." for one. It takes a goodly long time and a lot of snooping to get information on fannish history and references.

MONSTERIYME #39 For only the second of mailings,
This zine should receive many hailings --
For in spite of our jeers, disagreements and sneers,
Deadwoodism's not one of its failings.

MONSTRIYME #40 And yet as I end this recital,
There's one question left that is vital:
I wish you'd explain, in phonetics quite plain,
Just how one pronounces your title !

.....Ed Manyoya

safari 2

"Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we'll drink - Manzanilla, Montero -
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!"

----- THE GONDOLIERS

Many thanks, sirrah, for an all too seldom seen photo cover. I've seen pictures of Bloch and Tucker on Seattle photocovers, but this is the first I've seen of any of the other members of the menagerie. Will have to see what I can come up with for the cover of this thing. Drat these out-of-chronological-order zines! Maybe I should put all the cover material at the very end, or something. Or put a notice on the front to read the mailing comments before looking at the cover or editorial.

I'm sorry you've decided not to try to finish "In Search Of Balboa." Except for the widely-dispersed Bennetreport, there wasn't another report of the March of the Summer Soldiers. Well, maybe you'll do one for Detention before the details get away from you.

Jazz --- uh, No. I think I've said it before, but I shall bore you by repeating myself, anyway: I don't like jazz. I will put up with dixieland for a couple of hours, and that's all. Progressive, modern, experimental, etc. I won't put up with at all. I prefer melodies, not maladies.

Regarding wall signs, there is one in the library basement, behind the multilith that says "Let's ~~Make~~ Nothing But Money." Considering the fact that there are periodic check-ups of multilith owners by the government on that score, I marvel that the Boss has left it up so long.

One of the dime stores was selling several series of little "insult cards" ["I'd like to congratulate you on your work. When will you start?" etc.], so of course I bought ~~at~~ a couple and took them to the library to circulate among the staff. As is usual, everyone but two old bats got a kick out of the cards -- the Boss still has the one that says "I may not always be right, but I'm never wrong." One of the two objectors took about three months to figure out how to use the new phone-buzzer system we put in, despite detailed explanations in writing and verbally, so I left one of the cards on her desk: "If all else fails, try following directions." She hit the roof, of course, but hadn't a ground for complaint as the Boss was running off a whole batch of the cards on the multilith, including that one. He also had a huge sign lettered with that motto, and placed over the multilith. Rumours had it that he was going to put one everyplace that there was something for which directions were necessary. Much fun. The objector happened to be the head of the reference department, so I was sort of out of luck there. She took out the cards I'd put under the glass top of my desk: "Count that day lost that you don't get hell for something," "Before you ask, the answer is No," "Don't get sore - If you want me to listen to your troubles, I expect you to listen to mine," and a couple others.

The Bloch and Tucker bits were interesting, if a bit abrupt. Lemme know next time you have them writing material, and I'll send up some more paper mats. A page apiece is far too little to give them.

I got lost somewhere in the middle of "In the Image of Mrs. Pottiphar." I still can't figure out what changed when and which Mrs. Pottiphar is under discussion. It's amoozin' but confoozin', to borrow a phrase.

Migawd! Half a page to start a conreport? I've been more or less disregarding the yammering of the SAPS who scream that serials have no place in SAPSazines, but then I've been publishing at least three solid pages of the serials...15 1/2 lines as a first installment is ridiculous. Wassamatter, you want this to go the way of "In Search of Balboa"?

In connection with St. Lawrence Seaway celebrations, there is going to be a big

to-do over the Labor Day weekend. The City of Toronto will be invaded by Pirates, courtesy of the City of Tampa. Every year, in February, Tampa celebrates Gasparilla Day, named for the old pirate José Gaspar. Ye Mystik Krewe of Gasparilla - Tampa's Yacht Club set, mostly - sails up the Hillsborough Bay, in a huge three-masted schooner. They sail up to a dock on the Hillsborough River, "capturing" the city, and then a parade starts that lasts over two hours. It's supposed to be the largest city parade in the country, or something like that. Anyway, it's impressive, even with the slightly ~~xxx~~ drunken pirates wandering all through the parade firing their guns. So now, to celebrate the Seaway Opening, the Krewe is invading Toronto on ships borrowed from the Royal Canadian Navy. Should be quite an affair.

"Anatomy of a Murder" is playing here in Tampa, and as far as I know, none of the lines were cut. I haven't seen it myself, and probably won't see it until after the mailing, as it's leaving the first-run theater tomorrow and won't show up at the re-run theaters for a couple months.

How about some more mailing comments this time, Earl?

MONSTERHIME #41

There once was a S&P from Chicago
Who guzzled up all of the Blog, O.
He yelled at Devore
To bring on some more,
But Howard just called him a hig, O.

----M Manyoya

substitute |

"That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter."

----THE GONDOLIERS

Regarding the "Top Forty," I have discovered that there is a definite arrangement to the beastly things. One of the lesser radio stations around here (WALT) puts out a weekly list of the Top Forty, distributed through the record stores. Someone happened to leave a copy in the library the other day and I got a look at it. Ecchh. The list was dated for the week of July 10, and is list #113. The top number is "Personality." Most of the ojes on the list I've never heard of, for which I'm thankful. The only one on it that I think is worth anything is the Kingston Trio's "M.T.A."

If Bjo does let you know about the music to "Thunder and Roses," please let me know about it as I too want a copy badly. Maybe some should buttonhole Sturgeon by mail or in person and see if they can get the music.

As I recall, a couple years ago there was a SF story about an accident-prone, and shortly after, one about a fortune-prone. I am beginning to believe that the author of the latter yarn must have had you in mind. Linotypes, letterpresses, etc. etc. To borrow Rapp's phrase, I grudge with envy.

Yeah, about that bacover deal of "Just fill an envelope with money and see the deal that YOU'LL get." -- I can just imagine. Raw deal -- double deal -- dirty deal -- big deal -- deal from the bottom of the deck -- dealer's choice -- "square" deal (for squares only) -- etc. etc. Oh, well, another sucker heading your way, BWH. I'll probably waste all sorts of money (rubles, francs, yen, etc.) buying stuff at the Detention. Did I [This switching of tense is about to drive me sane!]

Your Monsterhyme is on the next page. Kwa heri.

MONSTERHIME #42

Though prices all over may soar,
The fact doesn't bother Devore --
He still gets all he needs,
From machines down to seeds,
For a dollar or two, and no more.Ed Manyoya

speleobem 4 1/2

"This haughty youth,
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays;
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says!" - - - THE MIKADO

Friend Es has informed me that he has written a rebuttal to my trip report here, and he's intimated that he sent the rebuttal to CRY OF THE NAMELESS. I think that's rather unfair, unless he's planning to re-run it in SAPS -- same audience, y'know, should have a chance at such things.

But at any rate I refuse to retract anything I said, and I could add other items, such as were left out deliberately. Beware, Adams.



MONSTERHIME #43

No kind of rebuttal by Es
Will make my report's value less.
And if he wants to try
To refute and deny,
Truth still hurts more than fiction, I guess.
.....Ed Manyoya

rock. 3

10/1/59

"Bold, and fierce, and strong, ha!ha!
For a war we burn,
With its right or wrong, ha!ha!
We have no concern.
Order comes to fight, ha!ha!
Order is obeyed,
We are men of might, ha!ha!
Fighting is our trade." - - - PRINCESS IDA

And so, having successfully weathered the convention and the following vacation of visiting fans, I return to pound out the rest of this SAPSazine, and take up the offering of Esmond the Adams to see what comments can be made thereon. Like so.....

Tis a creditable job of stencil-hacking you've done, Es, especially using the *fw* tools that I loaned you, and comparing the results with the stencil-hacking I used to do with those same tools. Of course, I'm wondering whether I shall be congratulated or condemned for giving assistance. SAPS may consider such action as giving aid to the enemy. I dunno.

I still boggle at the thought of cops in Dry areas arresting Wet-tendencied pipple who are merely passing through their lousy burgs. I do like the idea your brother

Donald had that you relayed through the Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press: if the Drys can force everyone in the area to abstain, when they have a majority, then the Wets should be able to force everyone to booze around in their bailiwicks. A most intriguing idea, indeed.

Dammit, I wish you'd been able to get to the Detention --- you write utterly wild trip reports, and I'd sure like to see an Adams Conrep sometime. How about Pittsburgh next year, huh?

So, clot, you refuse to reveal the source and/or meaning of "Hippakaloric"? Pfui. Confounded esotericists, anyway. Then you go ahead with the crossed animals bit. Again pfui. Did you happen to see a cartoon called "The Farm of Tomorrow"? They had all sorts of hybrids ----- a chicken crossed with a centipede, for more drumsticks; a chicken crossed with an ostrich, for larger drumsticks; and a couple rejects -- a cat crossed with a ten-foot pole (a ten-foob polecat); an owl crossed with a goat (a hootnanny). Then there was the guy who crossed his wife with a phony ten dollar bill, and got a black eye ----- or the one who crossed a skunk with a raccoon and got a dirty look from the raccoon. Now aren't you sorry you brought this mess up?

There was a bit in MAD 51 in re: the Top Forty --- congratulating some idiot singer, possibly Ricky Nelson, but I'm not ging to check, on having 55 records in the Top 40, or something like that. Eccch.

Oh, hell, Es, I think I could stand you if you just plain ran off at the typer instead of restraining a bit --- after all, if one can stand you in person he certainly ought to be able to do it via the mimeoed word. Depending, I suppose, on what the mimeoed word happens to be, but ...

Perhaps here, in the Juvenile Delinquent section [well, I know there are a few more of the type coming up, but better do it while I think of it], would be the place to mention the book The Shook-Up Generation that I was reading a couple of months ago. Written by a reporter on one of the New York papers who is quite familiar with the jd problems of New York, ~~ix~~ it is quite a documentary study, mostly of the tenement and slum area problems, though it also mentions the suburban-style delinquency. Quite a frightening picture, all around.

MONSTERHYME #44 The Adams is now up in Yale,
 And college at timesis like jail,
 So I hope that ol' Es
 Stays in SAPS through the stress
 [You can do it -- so what if you fail?]
 -----Ed Manyoya

the saturday
evening ghost 7

"I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly titled few;
But nobody does, so why should you?" -----THE MIKADO

And what first greets me as I open this? A "poem" in blankety-blank verse. Not a lim-

erick, not a vembietroon, evan. Oh, well, maybe there's someone in the audience who likes blank verse. In case there is, maybe I should do mailing comments in blank verse:

It seems to me very strange indeed that you,
Who are rather notorious for exceedingly short comments --
Even going so far as to call them "Cryptic Comments" --
Should attempt to take Ted Pauls to task
For an alleged scarcity of adequate mailing reviewage.
It appears, from this viewpoint at least,
That the Pot and the Kettle are at it again.
I must admit, though, that this particular issue
Is a decided improvement in that department;
Eventually, I suppose, I shall be able to retract
Any derogatory remarks about your commentary.
At least I hope so.

Enough of that business. Methinks the pairing off of books could be done with some better examples than the two you have chosen. How about World Without Men and On an Odd Note? Or Fahrenheit 451 and Brrrrr !? Dark Dominion and A Planet For Texans? Off On a Comet and The Stars My Destination?

I offer congratulations on the Atrocious Story. Now top this one:

ATROCIOUS STORY #10

The case of "The People vs. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee" came up before the court on a day when there were two judges instead of the usual one on the bench. Judge Ballard, who was the regular incumbent, introduced Judge Rapp, who was merely sitting in on the court proceedings as a guest jurist. The charge in this case was that of running a Disorderly House.

The testimony began as various policemen told how, when they raided the Lee residence, they found couples ~~at~~ in various stages of undress and activity all over the place. Their testimony was quite detailed, and could not be shaken by the attorney for the defence --- although he did get one of them, John Berry, to admit he'd taken along a camera and combined business with pleasure.

One of the Lee's neighbors then testified that it was she that called the police after hearing and seeing (with the aid of a pair of powerful binoculars) what she called "scandalous goings-on in that place."

When all of the testimony for the prosecution had been given, Lee took the stand himself. "Judge," said he, "it's possible that we might be open to a charge of disturbing the ~~pie~~ peace, but not to one of running a Disorderly House. We had been holding a small SAPS meeting, and after the formal meeting --- all five minutes of it -- some of the members decided to pursue other interests. Since they are all friends of ours, we let them use our house --- I mean, our home. There's a big difference, you know. And there couldn't have been more than a half dozen or so couples involved --- there aren't any more females in SAPS than about a half-dozen ! And I don't see that that would be enough to substantiate a charge of running a Disorderly House. "

The judges conferred with each other for about ten minutes, then Judge Ballard spoke. "We have reached a decision, and I think it would be politer to let Judge Rapp give the verdict, since he is our guest."

"Well," said Judge Rapp, "we find for the defendents, on the grounds that it takes a heap of lovin' to make a home a House."

* * * * *

Socialism has already had its chance -- in Great Britain -- and flopped. And there is no way at all to run a government by pure theory; only the practical applications of the theory are valid for consideration as to whether the idea is "good" as a basis for government.

Oh, why don't you come off this slightly-superior, aloof kick? It doesn't wear particularly well. For one thing, SAPS has too been exposed to zines like SAFARI before --- as recently as the inclusion of Moonaw's ABERRATION in the mailing, if you don't want to hark back before you entered. For another thing, just why don't you send in the Pillar Poll ballot? Evidently you don't care that much about SAPS, to spent a little bit of time voting, and investing a four-cent stamp and an envelope to send the thing in. Pfu!

I wouldn't say that most photographers' pride was hurt by new gadgets like the self-focussing camera --- they probably aren't buying them because the gadgets are too expensive. And a self-focusser is really not that much of a labor-saver, since the focusing of a camera is one of the smallest worries. It's timing, f-stops, light meters, ASA ratings, etc. that are the biggest annoyances.

Well, if TV commercials are doing a third of the work they're supposed to be doing, (i.e. getting believing people to buy the products), then the viewing public IS a bunch of complete morons. One of my favorite sports is commercial-baiting --- just sitting back, during the five or six shows I may watch during a week, and insulting every commercial that comes along. Nothing particularly intellectual about such a pursuit, but it amuses me/

There is a "way out" for your story a couple issues ago, concerning the unique glass with the poison: the second glass could have been a duplicate that no one else knew about, that would replace the first one in his collection, in case anyone started asking questions about the missing glass. At least, that's how I read the story, though perhaps I gave you more credit for subtlety than I should have?

10-2 I think I shall haul out my Society of Gimlet-Eye Snobs to attack television programs and some of the many idiocies found therein. For instance, on "Staccato" last night (a new program, which looks interesting - "Peter Gunn" type, set in New York, etc.) they come up with a Japanese karati who can't pick up anything with his hands because the hand muscles are atrophied from training them as sledge-hammers. Then this same character shases the protagonist, Johnny Staccato, up and down several roof ladders, quite calmly hauling himself up and down the ladders with those same hands. Eech.

Somehow, I can't just state outright that I like a particular painter, or sculptor, or other kind of artist. I can say that I like a particular painting or work of his, but to like all of his stuff indiscriminately doesn't seem possible. For instance, with Van Gogh, I'm quite fond of a few of his paintings, such as "Blue Guitar." But there are a ridiculously large number of his works that I wouldn't have around the house (I'd be quite willing to sell them, though, to someone who does like his stuff indiscriminately.) Whoops, that's Picasso I'm thinking of with "Blue Guitar." There are a couple of Van Gogh I like, but I can't think of the names.

MONSTERHYME #45

I think that's a trifle unfair:
Oklahoma, in which they declare
That the wind blows quite free,
Gives us SAPS Robert Lee ---
Which means only a lot of hot air !

--- Ed Manyoya

flabbercon !

"Sprites of earth and air--
Fiends of flame and fire --
Demon souls come here in shoals,
This dreadful deed inspire !" --- THE SORCEROR

Toskey, this sort of thing is what kills my page-ratio. Suffice it to say that this

was quite interesting to read, and that I'm looking forward to a Toskey-report on the Detention. Of course, if you decide to do a "Dramatis Personae" section again, it will probably take up five or ten pages.

And right about now I want to talk about Seattle cons --- particularly the 1961 Worldcon, call it Pucon, Seacon, or what you will. This will probably wind up as another case of Pelz with his foot in his typer, but lessee, anyway.

In the latest GEMZINE, GM Carr does a slash job on the Westercon 1959, and on one F.M. Busby in particular. Her accusations are asinine in the extreme, even to one who has never met Buz (me, for instance.) To those who have met him, they are even worse. But the word is out anyway that FSF is retiring from the field of bidding for the con in 1961 --- that they'll let the Nameless Ones take it and do what they will with it. As evidenced by the actions of TNO in attempting to put on the Westercon, I shudder to think what will happen if they try a Worldcon. There are several choices: (1) Let them try, and hope that somehow it comes out all right; (2) Let some other West Coast city bid for the con; (3) Try to get FSF back into the picture again somehow; (4) Get rid of the rotation system somehow, temporarily and hold it someplace else than on the West Coast. To take them in order:

(1) Should TNO get the bid and foul up, Seattle's reputation will be shot completely, no matter if FSF had no hand in the matter at all. Both Philadelphia and New York suffer under stigmas of lousy cons already, and it will take quite a bit of doing to rid them of their omuses. New York, in addition, suffers from schisms more or less like TNO-FSF-GMC, and therefore their chances for getting a con -- even with the wild plans that Taurasi has been publicising in SFT -- are verrrry small. I'd hate to see Seattle in the same predicament.

(2) Taking the other West Coast Cities one by one: It's too early for another con in Los Angeles. San Diego couldn't handle it. And, sorry, Carrs, neither can the Bay Area. I can't see trying to put on a con with the few you've got around there -- particularly with Honey Wood Graham's having to get along with the others.

(3) This is the best idea all around, but I haven't any idea if it's possible. It's easy enough to say "ignore GM Carr," when you're not the target for tonight, but.... I just say that it would be nice if FSF would go back to the idea of Pucon in '61.

(4) This should be a last-ditch maneuver, as far as I can see. Of course, perhaps one of the East Coast cities that lost out this year would like to try for 1961, and that would give New York the 1964 spot that they want ----- I dunno. But something should be decided in the next couple of months, to get any publicity for the bid at Pittsburgh.

MONSTERHYME #46

The report on the Westercon took
Seven pages from Toskey - I'm shook,
Since the one on Detention -
A bigger convention -
Will probably take up a book. ----- Ed Manyoya

maine-iac 17

"For duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to everyone,
And painful though that duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!" --- RUDDIGORE

And so, applying the rule that duty, duty must be done, I expect you will have comments on both mailing 47 and 48 in this time. Seeing that you are caught up with comments on mailing 46, at least. I applaud your sterling sense of SAPS-duty.

Oh, go ahead and start a series of RATHER UNSEEMLY STORIES. I dare you. After all, with all the punch-lines being thrown around in SAPS, such stories wouldn't be too out of place.

Pfui. Although I suspect you know it already, your pages of comments are just so much nothing. "Nice zine...liked but no comment...etc." Pfui again. C'mon, EdCo, put away the Milton when you start on MAINE-IAC.

B-b-but, my picture wasn't on POLARITY at all! Mayhap you mean the pic on an old ish of BLOTTO OTTO'S GROTTTO? Of course, now, you have met me, and serve you right, too. As for the ones on the list that I've met, well.... Adams I've met twice, once when I invaded his territory, and once on neutral ground in Tallahassee, Florida. KarenA I met at Detroit this year. Wrai Ballard and Rich Brown I've not met, John Berry I met at the Detention, & the Busbys I missed, dammit. The Carrs I met in Frisco -- stayed with them, in fact -- for which many thanks are due them. Joan Cleveland and Coswal, nope. You and I met in LA, Devore I met in Detroit, along with Eney. Let's cut this short, and wait until next ish and the con report to go into details. At the Detention I met Anderson, Berry, Devore, Eney, Harness, Hickman, Jacobs, Kemp, Rapp, Schaffer, Toskey, Weber, Bjo, Alan J. Lewis, and Art Hayes. Later on the trip I met the Carrs, Cox, and I had previously met Adams. A total of 18 other SAPS, leaving 16 yet to go. Gotcha beat, huh?

And by the way, if I don't get around to writing before this gets to you, hold onto those old mailings -- I'll get them some way or other, if I have to come back to LA to do it. (This is the best way, actually.)

MONSTERHYME #47 Last mailing you send in some zines,
To show just what blithering means,
But I'm forced to declare
That the "Somethings" were fair,
And that this should be "Nothing," it seems. --- Ed Manyoya

t.t.t. revisited

"'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dagger --
Though we mo - mentarily stagger,
In each heart, proud are we innately --
Let's depart, dignified and stately!" --- IOLANTHE

Ooog. Jacobs is back, and so is TTT. It's people like you who drive indexers (like me) nuttier than usual. Changing titles every mailing or so, or throwing three or four zines in the same mailing with the ~~same~~ titles different, and having no more than two or three numbers in the same title before abandoning it. Ooog. At least, with characters like Eney and Coswal, who change titles very rapidly, they have a supernumerary system for easy indexing. But Jacobszines....oooooog. Anyway, welcome back to both of you. I suppose.

Methinks this TTT REVISITED falls under the classification of a Group II one-shot, according to whoever it was who thought up the classifications (Rapp?). Fun to put out, much booze, but not much afterwards.

I don't think that SAPS history ever got published, Lee, and it should be dragged out of whatever hiding place it's in and committed to paper --- possibly after up-dating it first. Hey Karen, how about it? Also, how about publishing the script to the plays from both the Detention and from the Solacon? I don't think the latter would be considered too out of date yet.

I think Rotsler means a hamster looking like John Trimble, instead of like Ron Ellik. Admittedly it's a bit difficult to keep the menagerie straight around there, but maybe you could appoint a special zookeeper for the purpose. How about Bjo? She could make sure that distinction is made between the Hamster, the Squirrel, the Dormouse, etc. Possibly

even the Elephant, if it ever gets out there again.

MONSTERHYME #48 The TELEKINETIC TERRACE TIMES,
Responsible for many crimes,
Has come again
To SAPish fen,
To instigate these rhymes.

MONSTERHYME #49 But still, it isn't new --
And years ago the few
Survived the pox
Of Lee and Cox ----
I guess ~~w~~ that we can too. ---- Ed Manyoya

boog 10

"I smoke like a furnace--I'm always in liquor,
A ruffian--a bully--a sot;
I'm sure I should thrash her, perhaps I should kick her,
I am such a very bad lot!" ----

TRIAL BY JURY

Well, Blottotto, lessee what comments BOG brings forth this time. I was interested in the Canadian version of "The Battle of New Orleans" --- both sides, as you mention, are probably partly right. What was the quote from somebody or other that "History is just a set of lies agreed upon by the majority"?? I started a parody of "The Battle of New Orleans," dealing with attending a convention, but couldn't seem to finish the thing. That happens a lot of times, when I get a line or two that parodies well, but then can't get the rest of the thing to come out right. For instance: parodying the song "Rally Round the Flag, Boys":

"Disunion, forever, hurrah, bhoys, hurrah!
To hell with the Wesfes, adjourn to the bar,
As we rally round the blog, bhoys, rally once again,
Shouting the bottle-cry of fandom!"

But I can't get and more of it to come out right. Anyone interested in finishing it is welcome to the chorus part, gratis.

The fact that you have counted more cats run over than dogs indicated that (1)there were almost no dogs in that area at all; (2)you were looking primarily for cats, and not dogs; (3)the area is full of cat-haters who drive cars.

Well, with Soames getting so many more agents, I guess I'll have to go back to work for the GDA to balance things out. Can't ~~you~~ let you have all the ignorance on your side. The "77 SAPSet Strip" finishes up this time, and I dunno what we'll have for next issue. Something new, though -- and probably self-contained.

Y'know, as Toskey may have told you by now, I was inclined to disbelieve in you for a while --- blaming wither Wally or Tosk for BOG, etc. But Toskey says you exist --- and Al Lewis showed me a picture of you, so I shall concede the point. Wish I could have got up to Seattle and made first-hand investigations, though.

Just why should it matter to me that you couldn't find anything to comment on in Ted Pauls's zine EXPERIMENT IN PROLIFICNESS? (Aside from the fact that I might have been able to hang a counter-comment on it?)

You are stealing my thinder, asking for photos for a photocover, but I'll make a deal:

whoever has the most SAPS pix By the time the mailing comes out, the other will send the ones he received. Right now, I think you're winning, as no one has sent me any pix at all.

"Greensleeves" is so old a song, that there are probably a dozen or more sets of lyrics tacked onto it by now.

I liked your cover very much, Otto. As you state that BOG 10 is your sole endeavor, I assume that you did the cover too. Veddy good, say I.

MONSTERHYME #50 As a fellow-addict of the pun,
I find reading BOG is much fun;
I have just one complaint:
Very large it just ain't —
Make a Toskey-size zine the next one !

--- Ed Manyoya

retro 13

"When I sally forth to seek my prey
I help myself in a royal way:
I sink a few more ships, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever I do." --- THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Aha ! Now I understand why Bjo spent such a ~~ix~~ long time in Seattle --- you put her to work doing illos for Seattlezines. Good ones, too.

"Misings Upon a Coprolith"hmmm....sounds like it would be intended for either Hickman or myself. Probably me, as I am familiar with the term "coprolite." An interesting title, mayhap I shall use it sometime, at that --- unless, of course, it wasn't intended for me at all.

I offer congratulations on a most excellent draft-and-war-attitude critique which you have dished out to Ted Pauls. It makes much sense. When I got a call to report for my physical, it was during my last semester in college, and I knew I wouldn't be drafted until I'd graduated. So, since I had no definite plans for a job after graduation, I didn't really care whether or not I did get drafted. I figured I'd apply for Information School, and get into library work, as that was the field I was in, and I'd get some travelling in, courtesy of Uncle, so it really didn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter. Result: they classified me 4F. A friend of mine, who graduated in June 1958 (I graduated in August 1958) was going on for his second degree (in Engineering, as opposed to the degree in French he already had), and the draft grabbed him in September 1958. From all reports he's doing rather well, having gotten into a position where very few people can push him around very much (nothing to do with engineering or French, of course, since the Army evidently doesn't work logically.) So it would seem that even the Army has a "Best" which can be made of it. And there is the line from Die Fledermaus which I'm very fond of quoting:

"Glücklich ist, wer vergisst,
Was doch nicht zu ändern ist." [Happy is he who forgets
that which cannot be changed.]

Everyone's getting in on the parodying game, these days. Liked your bit on the "Talking Stalin Blues." While I was in LA we went to the Unicorn, and I heard "Talking Stalin"

there. [Damn it, I want to save details of the trip and con for the report, and not talk them out beforehand, but they just keep popping up.]

Hmmm. I hadn't considered that the Carrs' zine might be entitled the way you figure, but it's certainly possible. Not very probable, of course, but...

To add to your idea that fandom has drawn all sorts of Good People from the South, we might list a few, such as Lee Hoffman, Shelby Vick, Lynn Hickman, Es Adams, Bill Meyers, Claude Degler, Sylvia White, Dave Jenrette....

I haven't paid much attention to Dianetics, Scientology, or the like at all -- I had an attitude of shrugging it off, neither for or against, and not particularly interested in learning any more to change that attitude. But more recently I've become willing at least to listen and see if there's anything to be learned. Nothing particularly active in my attitude as yet, but perhaps that will come, too. It's a question of having an open mind that isn't just a gaping hole.

Just to convince you -- and everyone else -- about the horribility of the Histori-ghastlies you sent, I reprint them here:

"Forty years, Moses -- you and your shortcuts!"

"If everything else fails, Orval, you can call out the National Guard."

"Dave and ol' Bowie are throwing a big blast down at some little dump called the Adamo -- let's crash the party, huh?"

"Take another drink; no, that isn't the one, Ponce."

"Hey, Montezuma, dig those chrome-plated tourists coming up."

"Just to get the budget over the hump, Your Majesty, Lord North recommends a tax on tea."

"Look, Ron: you can't sell the book until you decide whether its going to be a Science or a Religion."

"Go on, you can make that stoplight -- it's not red -- just a little bit pink."

"As a matter of fact, this car was owned by a suicide club. Every month, one member would go out into the garage and monoxide himself."

"Look, you're stronger, so you get the mammoth to chase you, and I'll spear him as he goes by."

"I've always said that Dr. Crippen has a way of handling women."

"But aside from that, Anne: was Henry a good husband?"

"Make sure your wife realizes that its important for her to make a good impression on King David, Uriah."

"Well, of course I haven't seen the other side of the argument, but G M Carr seems to me to have a very strong case."

"I'm joining the Army so's I won't get drafted."

"But are you sure this plan to kill Dick Tracy is foolproof?"

"I'm voting for this Democrat who promises lower taxes."

"Noah, it'll never get off the ground."

"Come over to the window, Bugsy, and see how pretty the lights are."

"Sir Hubert has rocks in his head; a submarine will never cross under the Polar ice."

"I regret that I have but one life to give for my country. Otherwise the inconvenience would be temporary."

"We're just coasting on this election, ol' Tippecanoe is the man who will break the 3rd-term tradition."

"Attila, you mangy little bum, why don't you quit skulking around the yurt and go out and make something of yourself?"

"Naturally you're welcome to stay with us, Annie, but that 39-year-old dog of yours is going to have to sleep downwind."

"I don't give a damn if we are in a HPL story, daughter -- I won't have you marrying a Goddam fish."

"Oh, that Elijah -- he's for the birds, and vice versa."

"Johah said he had a whale of a trip."

"Stay away from the Mozarts -- their kid plays piano."

"In corporation will protect fans from legal difficulties."

"We're wasting time, Leif -- let's ditch these boondocks and head back for civilized Greenland."

And it certainly was enough, too. Every one of those things was yours [letter was dated 1/21/59]. See what I mean?

I buttonholed Sandy Cuttrell at the Detention (last day, just before we were to leave) and had him sing "When I was a lad in 1906, ..." along with a couple others from the Bosses Songbook that I wanted the tune to, such as "Lubyanka Prison." Of course, I can't remember the words to "When I was a lad in 1906" any more, but one of these days I'll have someone write them down for me -- they're quite good.

Actually, the FSS doesn't really try to get its homebrew too strong. I shouldn't have used 'potent' to describe the extremely well-controlled stuff that Bob Cumming made, as it wasn't much stronger -- that is, higher alcohol content -- than the usual run of homebrew. It's just that it was better. Jerry Miller (maker of Miller's Low Life Beer), ran the alcohol content of one of his batches up way too high, and very few of the FSS would drink the stuff.

I suspect that Elinor's subversion from vodka ginlets to daiquiris may have been accomplished by one Boyd Raeburn, who is a Good Man if just for preferring daiquiris. The drink of distinction....

Guess that's about it for this time. Hope RETRO will be put out under better circumstances all around this time.

MONSTERHYME #51 So now it is "President Buz,"
Instead of the "OE" he wuz,
It's more honor, no work,
He just helps with the circ
By more pubbing - that's all that he duz.
----- Ed Manyoya

poor richard's almanac 5

"When all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony
He exercises of his brains,
That is, assuming that he's got any."

----- IOLANTHE

Hell, Rich, if Bjo wanted to marry into the APAs, the best bet would be Ray Schaffer, who is all five APAs now. And I dare say that if another APA comes along, he'll be in that, too. Huh, Ray?

Correcting ditto masters involves getting the carbon off the master sheet in some way, without disturbing any of the letters around the error. An eraser can be used, I guess, but it tends to smear, and get the thing very messy. Using a razor blade to scrape the carbon off is much easier, and much surer.

I'm quite glad you didn't get around to writing to Ed Cox about those old mailings, since this way I got them. Greedy sort, I am. I even grudge Ed the mailing he appropriated for himself.

I've had the thought of eventual nothingness scare me, too -- usually at night. In fact there are times when I deliberately lead into the thought for some reason, even tho I know it will frighten me. Possibly there is something in the idea that something which frightens also attracts. In these cases, it takes about five minutes of conscious thought to calm me down again. And I haven't decided one way or the other about an afterlife. It's just that I'm not sure of anything along those lines, though I can come up with all sorts of theories -- most of them being purely escape-valve types.

No, no, Rich, you misunderstood Buz's comment that the last guy who claimed to understand women was almost burned for a witch. Buz didn't mean he would have been burned because they thought he was a warlock --- he would be burned because of, or due to the machinations of, a witch. See? Sounds plausible, anyway. Always ready to bring up an excuse to help out friends.

Man, that blast ought to turn R. Lee off for a while! Indubitably a monolithic masterpiece of circumlocution and effluent discourse. Like, yeah.

Well, I've been looking for an excuse to put in another Atrocious Story, and that pun about Dragon Milk is so bad that it qualifies:

ATROCIOUS STORY #11

Ali Khat had been making a nuisance and a fool of himself all evening. As the secretary to the Iranian ambassador, he had been invited to the private party that Lord Luvaduk was giving at his country estate. Representatives from almost all the embassies were present, and enjoying themselves in direct proportion to their ability to avoid Ali Khat. The latter had been clowning continuously, telling off-color jokes in four languages, and getting quite intoxicated.

Even Lord Luvaduk attempted to ignore him and avoid his company as much as possible. On one pretext or another he conducted the group around him from one room to the next --- even into the spacious bathroom, where he took pride in showing off his brand-new razor-sharpening machine. It was an experimental model, and quite large. He wouldn't have had one, except that it had been a gift from the manufacturer, who lived in the area. He was about to demonstrate the machine when Ali Khat entered from the rear of the room, skidded across ~~the~~ the floor and collided with the Swedish Attaché.

Swenson, the attaché, was a huge man, and had been the victim of Ali Khat's antics several times previously that night. He immediately picked up Ali and threw him forward, where he landed directly on the razor-sharpening machine. Lord Luvaduk was furious. He stormed across the room, not at Ali Khat, but at Swenson, shouting "I shan't allow anyone to cast Ass-Persians on my honor!"

* * * * *

Hell, Rich, this tirade at Leman is still gathering force, I see. Darned if I'm going to take any more part in it. Pelz hereby declares himself completely apathetic toward the whole mess --- Rike, Leman, Brown, Pauls, Carr, and anybody else, insofar as they are going to argue Bomb-dropping, Communism vs. 'Democracy', Socialism, or politics in general. He does, however, reserve the right to change what passes for his mind in the event of a legitimate, sensible discussion (by his own subjective standards) coming up.

It is interesting that you picked Albuquerque as the hypothetical bomb-target. In my current frame of mine, and as a result of the final part of my trip, the elimination of Albuquerque wouldn't bother me at all. More on this in the report.

Oh, well, on to Johnstone's comments.

"Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow-creatures I endeavour to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes;
And little plans to smug the self-sufficient I devise;"

- - - - PRINCESS IDA

Yeah, there's a name for the phenomena of hearing someone call your name mentally: it's called aural hallucinations.

I suppose I should let Dee welcome you into the group of freeloading SAPS, but I have no idea what she's said in her comments, and time runneth out. So W*E*L*C*O*M*E. I like the idea of all SAPS latching onto at least one freeloader to do mailing com-

ments in their zines. This way we would double the membership. This mailing (48) we would have had 39 members - 35 plus an extra Busby, an extra Carr, you, and Dee - but Harness and Cleveland goofed off, leaving us with only 37.

Manyoya applauds your limerick, mainly because it scans well, and also because he is as appreciative of egoboo as anyone.

I'd have to get hold of Joe Pylka to get the meaning of potrzebie. [Her Pylka, plizz communicate, provided you've read this far.] But verschlagen means 'beat down.'

You are indeed a brilliant-minded sort. The answer to Seemingly Pointless Story #3 is indeed "Crusher Bailey." And this gives me an excuse to put the words to it, plus the next SPP, into the mailing comments:

THE POINT TO SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORY #3 "Crusher Bailey"

Crusher Bailey went to college, hurry-turry-ton-doe,
For to get a little knowledge, let us sing again, boys.
When the Proctor seen him a-comin', Jane, sweet Jane,
He went right home to hide his woman -- Jane, Jane, come to the glen,
to sing praise of Sean fach fwyn

Crusher Bailey had a sister -- hurry-turry-ton-doe
Laughed like blazes when you kissed her -- let us sing again, boys
Couldn't knit or darn a stocking -- Jane, sweet Jane
But what she could do sure was shocking -- Jane, Jane, come to the glen
to sing praise of Sean fach fwyn

Listen, I will sing a solo -- hurry turry-ton-doe
About a ship, the Marco Polo -- let us sing again, boys
See her puffin' through the water -- Jane, sweet Jane
I wish I were in bed with the Captain's daughter -- Jane, Jane, come to the glen
to sing praise of Sean fach Fwyn

Crusher Bailey had a stoker -- hurry-turry-ton-doe
Thought himself a blood joker -- let us sing again, boys
For just to watch the steam go higher -- Jane, sweet Jane
He'd make water on the b'iler -- Jane, Jane, come to the glen
to sing praise of Sean fach Fwyn

SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORY #5

BERLIN, Aug. 24 (AP). Police today arrested an entire family on charges of arson and sabotage. Thomas Vladislav, his wife, and several children were all jailed. According to the neighbors several other children are missing, including one daughter who was seen only yesterday heading toward the aerodrome with a large satchel. Police think this may have something to do with the explosion there last night. The husband, Thomas, is well known to the authorities for his illegal past activities, including membership in an organization of anarchists. A large number of home-made explosives, and ingredients for making more of them were found around the small garret room in which the Vladislav family lived. When the police entered the room, they were met by a barrage of small missiles, but managed to duck in time. That thrown by Mrs. Vladislav was so wide of the mark that it went sailing out the window, startling passersby in the street below.

* * * * *

You mention a verse-form called the doup-skelp. I thought that was some sort of a were-seal -- or maybe a double were-seal, as I seem to remember the song mentioned a "Great Skelp" or something like that.

MONSTERHYME #52

We have here a zine by Rich Brown;
(I hear he's been chased out of town)
Yet I hope he'll remain
As a SAP, though the strain
Of the Air Farce just might get him down.

MONSTERHYME #53

But we see Ellis Mills can still do it --
Fanac, I mean, don't misconstrue it, --
You can still play the SAP
In between Air Farce crap,
And you may find there's just nothing to it !

MONSTERHYME #54

We have also some comments Johnstone-y,
(A new victim for Lorence Garcone),
He should keep up the stuff,
Writing comments' not tough,
And these comments, at least, are not phoney.

----- Ed Manyoya

fendenizen 13

"Take a maiden tender, her affection raw and green,
At very highest rating has been accumulating
Summers seventeen, summers seventeen.
Don't, beloved master, crush me with disaster,
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?"

----- PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Thank you for the compliment, I do recognize the cover in all its Tolkienish splendour. Very goodindeed.

Hey -- apropos of Buz's mentioning your liking vodka gimlets. The only place I'd ever heard of the things was in mentions by either you or Buz, until tonight on "77 Sunset Strip," where Bailey kept ordering the things in various Honolulu bars. Strange ~~coincidences~~ coincidences indeed.

Yeah, Jazz Came Up the River. And as far as I'm concerned, it's still Up the Creek.

It took me two or three readings to figure out Eney's story in HOLOEPICYCLE. I got the impression that I was just dense, or something like that. From the comments in this mailing, I at least have some company. And after reading the Eney story in THE GDA YEARBOOK, I begin to think this is a problem with all of the Class 'Eneystory.' Like, I got a large kick out of the "High Goon" bit, but as for understanding exactly what happened at the end, I don't think I've accomplished that even yet, after three or four readings.

Your poetry was quite interesting. It's a type that I'm rather unfamiliar with, and would never think of doing for myself -- or for Manyoya, or anything. It sounds like poetry "off-the-top-of-the-head," which is all very well, but just not in my scheme of things. I'm hoping to try some fiction in that style, after I get this albatross of a SAPSzine out of the way, plus correspondence, etc.

Lessee what we can find to say to Marty: [HEY, 38 MEMBERS, WITH THIS FREELoader !]

" Now every man to aid his clan should plot and plan
As best he can." ----- THE MIKADO

Glad to see you freeloading, Marty -- shows a bit more interest than when you were

actually a member. Keep it up.

I am inclined to agree with you on the lack of humor in a lot of the "Peanuts" strips. There are far better ones, including the old ~~KOOL~~ standby "Pogo," and "B.C." and one I found in the LA paper that we don't get around here: "Sir Bagby." Wish I could find one paper with these three and a couple of the better adventure strips all in the same paper. Also like Feiffer, just for the record, though he doesn't show in the local rags, either.

Correction, please, on the Shell Scott title: Over Her Dear Body. I have now acquired a complete Shell Scott collection, together with one Prather non-Shell Scott book. I wonder if anyone would be interested in a checklist. I'll put it in anyway:

SHELL SCOTT	THE CASE OF THE VANISHING BEAUTY	Oct 1950
	BODIES IN BEDLAM	Mar 1951
	EVERYBODY HAD A GUN	May 1951
	FIND THIS WOMAN	Nov 1951
	THE SCRAMBLED YEGGS	
	[formerly Pattern for Murder]	[1952]
	WAY OF A WANTON	Apr 1952
	DARLING, IT'S DEATH	Oct 1952
	TOO MANY CROOKS	
	[formerly RIDE A HIGH HORSE]	[Oct 1953]
	ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM DYING	Jul 1954
	STRIP FOR MURDER	Aug 1955
	THE WAILING FRAIL	Jul 1956
	HAVE GAT - WILL TRAVEL	
	[6 short stories, 1952-56]	[1957]
	THREE'S A SHROUD	
	[3 short stories, 1953-57]	[Apr 1957]
	TAKE A MURDER, DARLING	1958
	SLAB HAPPY	Oct 1958
	OVER HER DEAR BODY	Jun 1959

Other Prathers DAGGER OF FLESH [Crest reprint] [1952]

I understand there are a couple more non-Shell Scott Prather books, but I don't have them, and they haven't turned up on the stands in the last six or eight months.

MONSTERHYME #55 Well, FENDEN this time is too short,
But we'll settle complaints out of court,
If you'll admit failing,
Review the whole mailing,
And a thirty-page nextist support.

MONSTERHYME #56 The yeasty one also is back,
And I think it unwise to attack,
Since he might leave once more
(Such an act I'd deplore)
At some jesting, unwarranted crack. -----Ed Manyoya

creep 20

"So stealthily the pirate creeps,
While all the household soundly sleeps."
- - - - THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Your Westercon report hereabouts is downright wild. I am wondering about several points you mention: What's this about Al Lewis washing a good part of Bjo out of his shorts? Which part, fer Ghusakes? And you say thã, except for horizontal orientation instead of vertical, Djinn looked the same as you remembered? Hospital garb and all? Oh, well, I'm looking forward ~~to~~ to the conclusion of this report and to the Detention report. Maybe you'll just run one into the other? And how about some mailing comments for a change? Get on the ball, Weber, you slacker!

Ooog. A Squink Blog story and a Soames story in the same issue. This shows a particularly sadistic turn of mind. Besides, the Squink Blog story wasn't as good as the last one. Y'know, I notice, despite all the carping about continued stories in SAPS, nobody seems to complain about the long, drawn-out Soames story. Maybe it's been going for so long that everyone has given up complaining?

MONSTERHYME #57 Now CREEP rates a loud malediction
For being a mental affliction;
More Weber would serve
Both to steady the nerve,
And to balance the horrible fiction. --- Ed Manyoya

10-4

ignatz 2!

I shall depart from the usual Gilbert and Sullivan opening, as there is a bit of a folksong that fits in too well here to be ignored:

" When I got off at Danville, got stuck on a Danville girl,
You can bet your life she was out of sight, she wore those
Danville ~~xxx~~ curls.
She took me into her kitchen, she treated me nice and fine,
She got me in the notion of bummin' all the time."

Glad you got in at least a token appearance, Nance. Of course, we'll be expecting a H*U*G*E Iggy in the 49th mailing, but I'm sure you can manage that. You could have labeled this issue #20 1/2, then waited until the big issue for the coming-of-age #21.

Even though \$3 is a horrible amount to pay for a ream of paper, I'm sort of glad to hear about it, as it makes me feel a lot better when I have to pay \$2.28 for a ream of colored offset bond (white is cheaper, slightly.) This monster ish has taken up many many reams of paper, but I hope the three I bought yesterday will finish it off.

MONSTERHYME #58 With only two pages of Share,
Ol' Iggy this time is unfair,
But come the next mailing,
Let's see better sailing --
Exhibit your usual flair! --- Ed Manyoya

coaster 2

"It certainly entertained the gapers
My ways were strange
Beyond all range --
Paragraphs got into all the papers." --- RUDDIGORE

Are you planning to keep changing titles all over the place, too? Ver' confoozin'. And if this is just a "coasting" issue, a regular issue~~X~~ should be something monstrous. Not as monstrous as this SpeBem - or Toskey's FLABBER 11 - I hope.

Mebbe you did make up that Roy Rogers story, but there have been variants of it in circulation for several years -- at least five years, when I was back in high school. Maybe whoever said that low jokes are universal was ~~x~~ right.

I think maybe moving to Canada might be a good idea. Then one can attack the idiocy of the American government - and the Americans - without getting labelled a traitor or something. Actually, I wouldn't say I were unpatriotic --- just unchauvinistic, when it comes to something along the line of "My country right or wrong." And while not exactly a pacificist -- damndamn, I mean pacifist -- I'm not particularly interested in fighting for any cause whatsoever. Class A-1 Coward, I am. I've picked out several caves as excellent places in which to wait out a war, after stocking up for a while.

I think I've mentioned, somewhere back in this morass of comment, my own smoking habits -- or lack of same. Your comment to Toskey, that he should at least try it before condemning it, is certainly a valid one. I don't seem to care one way or the other about smoking. A couple times a year, maybe, I'll buy a pack, smoke maybe half of it, and wind up giving the rest away. More or less for something to ~~do~~, or to stop between-meal nibbling, or something.

There's nothing wrong with Joan Cleveland's eliding the G's from her verbals. There are many times when a word sounds utterly phony when you're writing along and put in the full word. To use the example you chose, few people would call something a 'stinking mess' --- they'd be much more likely to elide the G. And in typing comments, the style of writing -- at least in my case, and I would suppose so in most others -- is greatly influenced by how the comments sound to the~~x~~ writer as he mentally pronounces them, going along the page.

Glad to see the Stenfors cover -- Bo is one fanartist whose work is too seldom seen. Down with Rotsler and Adkins dames! Stenfors has them both beat by a wi-i-i-de margin.

MONSTERHYME #59

Lar' Stone, entertaining retorter,
Had better show up every quarter,
For like most of the SAPS,
I enjoy all this chap's
Commentary from North of the Border.

--- Ed Manyoya

sapstype 9

"May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do --
Long life to you -- till then."

--- THE MIKADO

NOTED

spectator 48

"If you wish to succeed as a jester, you'll need
 To consider each person's auricular:
 What is all right for B would quite scandalize C
 (For C is so very particular);
 And D may be dull, and E's very thick skull
 Is as empty of brains as a ladle;
 While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp
 That he's known your best joke from his cradle!"

- - - - THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

The above is more a commentary on being a SAPS member than one on the SPECTATOR itself. This will be the last page of **x** comment, and I daresay there will be all sorts of attacks on this issue of SpeBem. But it matters not, as next time I shall revert to much shorter commentary, and not have to pick everything apart in the mailing.

I see no really startling changes in the SAPS rules under Torquemada Toskey, the Oedipus Rex, and so can offer no objections to them as they stand.

Of the ex-members, I'm sorry to see Bill Meyers and John Davis drop out. Of course, Bill got disinterested in fandom in general, and dropped out of everything, so there's nothing too special about his dropping SAPS. I guess John Davis is a victim of romantic activity. Of course, with him gone, there is only Jack Harness left to further the cause of the G'reat Ghod Ghu. And John was always much more active in this matter, too. Perhaps I shall have to take up the cause myself. It will depend on whether or not I can get some purple litho ink for next time. I think I can, but I dunno how much it will cost — probably about \$2.60 for a cartridge, which is about a pound, I think.

SAPS is getting quite a long waiting list --- almost FAPA-length. Hey, Toskey, how about instituting the idea that it will cost the waiting-list applicants fifty cents to get on the list. Seeing as it will take a year or so for an applicant to move up into membership — probably more like two years, now, I guess — it will cost SAPS that much at least to print copies of SPECTATOR and mail them out. And this will help keep off any characters who join the wl just for the helluvit, figuring it will only cost them a few postcards. It would also give an incentive for prompt response to the SPECTATOR, as being dropped off and readed would cost another half dollar.

MONSTERHYME #60

I won't even try to pretend
 This has not been a hard way to wend,
 Sem'nty pages and such
 Is just too bloody much,
 And thank Ghu I'm at last at THE END.

- - - - Ed Manyoya

THIS

ENDS

SEVENTY-TWO

PAGES

OF

ARE

WHAT

PROBABLY

THE

MOST

MAILING

COMMENTS

EVER

WRITTEN.

THEM

RIGHT

READS

THROUGH.

ACTUALLY

FOR

ANYONE

WHO

I'M
 SORRY

77 SAPSET STRIP

(CONCLUSION)

"We'll find the missing photograph today," I promised Dee. "We'll have to, since this ploy won't ~~survive~~ last much longer. I don't want to get the reputation of writing Soames stories — drawn out over years and years."

"Yours are bad enough in three episodes," she replied. "I'd hate to think of them lasting for six or seven mailings. So get to work, like."

"Okay, but you realize I'm missing one of my assistants ---- Meyers has been arrested in Pakistan, and may never get out of the clink. It seems they caught him scrawling 'Karachi in '63' on walls, and thought he was Jim Caughran. My other assistant isn't going to be much help, either. Es decided his spelling was too poor, and he went back to school to study under Guy Terwilleger to improve his spelling."

"To improve whose spelling — Es's of Guy's?"

"Well — uh — he didn't say."

"I hear even your part-time assistant has quit to join the Air Farce."

"You mean Rich? Well, that's the story we're giving out. Actually, he's on a special assignment — investigating Ellis Mills' publishing activities down at Carswell AFB. After all, we ought to find out about this Mills guy before he gets into SAPS. You know he does Bob Leman's publishing for him — and for some reason Leman had to move just recently. It could have been some of the extra stuff Mills added to NEMATODE."

"But I can do the job myself, I think — at least I'll try. By the next job I hope to have a new assistant. May have to knock a couple members out of SAPS to do it, but it should be worth it. Can't give you his name yet — but it's a phony anyhow."

I tried to run the investigation quietly, on my own. It didn't work. I'd call on a SAPS member, and before I could ask questions, or get around to the subject of the missing photograph, the member would point me at a typewriter and say "Write something," or at the duper and say "How about helping me run this off? The deadline's this week." It didn't seem to matter that they might be talking about a FAPA deadline, or an OMPA deadline, — or even a N'APA deadline. And I should have been investigating for SAPS! Ray Schaffer even tried to get me to work on a Cultzine. Faugh.

It all boiled down to one thing: there is no way to get anywhere in a piece of SAPS-fiction except to call a meeting of all the members you can get hold of. I gave up. A meeting was called for that evening. Of course, there was the possibility that nothing would be accomplished there either (as is quite usual with SAPS-fiction), so I laid down a second line of defense: a party to follow the meeting.

The Busbies and Toskey arrived first. Toskey went around looking for a throne, but I explained that this was not an official SAPS meeting, so he wouldn't have to preside.

"I didn't intend to preside," he said. "That's Buz's job — he's President. I just want the place of honor so everyone can pay homage."

"He means 'ham - age'" said Buz.

"Oh, Toskey's not a big ham," said Otto, who'd just come in. "He's not even a little hamlet."

"No," I admitted, "that would be the wrong play. Toskey's OEdipus Rex."

"OEdipus wRex the whole organization?"

"It ~~will~~ would take him longer than a year to do that. Unless he's just another pen-name for Wetzel. Or maybe Wetzel is just a pen-name for Toskey?"

"No," said Elinor. "Toskey is just a product of the imaginations of Fabulous Seattle Fandom. Walt Willis says so."

Wally Weber came in with John Berry and Webfoot Soames. WEBFOOT SOAMES?? WHAT'S HE DOING IN M*Y STORY?

"Well, I decided that all us defectives ["Detectives," said Soames] should get together on this case," said John Berry. "That way we can get it done sooner, and stop this mess from appearing in the SAPS mailing."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to do that, Goon," I said. "Because, the sooner I quit working on my own detective cases, the sooner I come back and work for the GDA once more."

"Crikey, I hadn't thought of that. Maybe we'd better leave, Soames."

"No, as long as you're here, stick around. Just in case the villain turns out to be Squink Blog, you can take over. All I want to find out is who did it, not who's behind whoever did it. Unnerstan'?"

"Can't say that I do. But I thought you didn't believe in Squink Blog?"

"I don't, but he keeps writing stories [ech], so even if I don't believe in him, maybe he can still steal photographs. We'll have to wait and see."

Bjo came in, with pencil and paper, and went to sit on John Berry's lap.

"But I have a mustache this time," protested Soames, "and you're supposed to be a SIC sexcretary."

"If I sat on your lap, I'd be SIC, all right. Besides mustaches, I like English accents," she said, staying where she was.

"Excuses, excuses," muttered Soames, as he left.

A phalanx of people came sharging through the door.

"Good Griff!" said Miriam Carr, "What's this all about?"

"It looks like an invasion from the N3F," said Terry.

"It is," I explained. "Eva, Coswal, and Racy you already know. Let me introduce Art Hayes and Alan J. Lewis. Art's another Publishing Giant, Terry. N3F and ISFCC are both flooded with Hayeszines. One would think he were conducting an experiment in prolificness."

"Somebody call me?" asked Ted Pauls. "I'd have been here earlier, but I was working on a huge SAPSzine -- the biggest that's ever been in a mailing. I may actually have three pages of it ready for this mailing!"

"The Experiment was a failure, huh?" asked Larry Stone.

"Oh, no -- I've been working on all sorts of zines: letterzines, generalzines, SAPS zines, subzines ["crudzines," added somebody on the periphery of the crowd] --- why, I've run through twelve titles in the past two months! And Ted White says.... Why, where did everyone go?"

Art Rapp showed up in uniform, looking like Reno on Saturday night. Wrai Ballard came in after him, carrying a huge, bulky machine, with a sign on it "The Original Squink Blog Handy Plotter."

"I'd like to use that," said Robert Lee. "It ought to improve the endings of my stories at least. And maybe we can adjust the thing to work on poetry?"

"Get Lynn Hickman to work on it," suggested Bjo. "If he can operate that old Varsity-per of his, he ought to be able to adjust the Plotter."

"Did someone mention Varitypers?" said Dick Eney. "Can I sell you a copy of the FANCYCLOPEDIA? It has lots of entries about SAPS."

"Try the entry under 'Ballard Chronicles,'" Ed Cox suggested. "Or maybe under 'Squink Blog, even.'"

"The FANCYC should be taken with a grain of salt," said Jack Harness, horning in on the conversation.

"Maybe even with a grain of in-salt -- maybe a half-grain," I agreed. But then, if someone dislikes it, he can wait around five years or so, and start work on #3."

"I'm here," announced Lee Jacobs. "Where's the bheer?"

"So am I," said Howard Devore. "Where's the blog?"

"I'm here, too," said Wally Weber. "In fact I've been here for some time. Where's the

milk?"

"Well, I was going to wait until after the meeting to have the party, but it looks like the meeting won't be of any use with dry-throated SAPSites. Here's the beer.... here's the blog bucket....and here's the milk."

Wally took a deep drink, hiccupped, and passed out.

"What kind of milk did you give him?" asked Nancy Share.

"Tiger's Milk, of course."

When the drinks had been circulated for a while, giving everyone time to find something he liked to drink, I called the meeting to order.

"The photograph of Dee is still missing, and I've got to find it," I announced. "One of you is bound to be guilty, and I mean to discover which one it is. "

"You mean to try to force information from us, is that it?" asked Bob Leman, hefting a lumberjack's axe he just happened to have with him.

"No, I have a better method - - - Toskey will read some of his poetry and a couple of his stories. And if that isn't enough, we have a pile of Squink Blog manuscripts to read. Using full concentration, one can ignore all this stuff, but the guilty party won't be able to concentrate on it fully, and will crack up pretty soon."

"Why not let Earl Kemp burn a couple copies of In Search of Wonder where we can't get at him to stop him?" asked Bob Lichtman. "That would be a hideous torture."

"No, the villain could be a fakefan -- or he could already have a copy of In Search of Wonder."

Toskey began to read one of his stories, first: "Edward Higginbottom was disgusted. He was disgusted with himself. He was disgusted with life. He was disgusted with the whole society he was forced to live in. He was..."

"STOP IT !! This isn't necessary !" Nan Gerding was on her feet, shouting. "I didn't take the photograph, but maybe I can use my ESP to find out who did, and stop this sadistic investigation. Let me concentrate....concentrate....YES ! I know who it was ! It was..." Suddenly the lights went out and a thump was heard. Nan was silent. The next voice spoke with a hideous spanish accent - obviously phony.

"Si ! I have stolen the peecture ! I have eet safe een my collection of peectures, and you weel never find eet or me !"

"It's Squink Blog with a new voice !" shouted Otto.

"Squink Blog? I am not that seely Squink Blog," declared the voice. "You want my name? I am, Senores y Senoritas y Senoras --- Don Fulano de Tal, at your serveece ! Hasta luego !" The voice was silent, and soon the lights came back on again.

Nan wasn't badly hurt -- she'd evidently been hit on the head with Toskey's file of FLABBERGASTING, which was big and thick, but not too solid. Unfortunately, she could not remember what she had found out about the thief before she was hit, and her ESP was unable to pick up the thoughts again. The meeting adjourned to the bar.

"Well," I said to Dee. "What about your ~~paying~~ my fee? I did find out who stole the photograph."

"That wasn't the bargain -- you were supposed to recover it, and you haven't. No fee for part of a job. And since I know you'll never catch the culprit, the case is finished now. See you in SAPS."

"No fee, huh? I'll find some way to get even for this."

"Oh, you will? I can't think of anything you could do that would make up for a fee, but you're welcome to try. "

Eventually, I did think of something. And if you'll look at the cover, you'll see whether or not I got even. But anyway, The Case of the Missing Photograph, conducted from 77 SAPSet Strip, was finally at

THE END

"GRAND CANAL"

Robert A. Heinlein

Bruce Pelz

LARGHETTO

Em	Am	Em	Em	Am	G
1. As Time and Space come	bend-ing back to	shape this star-specked	scene, The tran-	lores; Long	gone
	raised the Towers, for-	got-ten are their			

C	D	Em	D	G
will tears of	trag-ic joy still	spread their sil-ver	sheen; A long the	beats the
the gods who	shed the tears that	lap these crys-tal	shores, Slow	

C	G ⁷	C	G
Grand Ca-nal still soar the	frag-ile Towers of	Truth; Their fair-y grace de-	thin air whis-pers
time-worn heart of Mars be-	neath this i-cy	sky; The	

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1. *RIT.*..... *A TEMPO*

Em Am Dm Em Am Em

fends this place of Beau-ty, calm and couth. 2. Bone-tired the race that
 voice-less-ly that all who live must

2. *RIT.*..... *A TEMPO*

Em Dm C F G C C7 G7

die -- Yet still the lac-y Spires of Truth sing Beau-ty's mad-ri-

F C F G7 C C7 G7 C

gal And she her-self will ev-er dwell a-long the Grand Ca-nal !

SIDE PASSAGES

A LETTERCOLUMN OF SORTS

JOE LEE SANDERS:

Inspiration, like. No formal comments this time. Instead I'll attempt something like mailing reviews--free-wheeling and skimming the high spots.

"An Informal Biography of Conan the Cimmerian" by John D. Clark and P. Schuyler Miller was incorporated into Gnome's THE COMING OF CONAN. In that form, it consisted of about one page before the Conan stories, thereafter providing a brief blurb before each story. The book is still very interesting, though, for Howard's essay "The Hyborian Age," letters by Howard and Lovecraft concerning Howard's past-history, and a large chunk of Howard's fiction-- if you go in for that sort of thing, as I do. [I do too. "An Informal Biography..." has been republished in Geirge Scithers's zine AMRA, and has been brought up to date by the authors, with the help of L. Sprague de Camp. The issue of AMRA with that is #4 (June, 1959)...BEP]

Another Science Fiction fan who reads Richard S. Prather is Lee Anne Tremper. The name may not mean much to you; she's an Indianapolis fanne who was moderately active several years ago, publishing a fanzine called MERLIN. Now she's a big wheel in the Indianapolis Science Fiction Association.

I've never agreed with Charteris's book reviews--if it's really Charteris who does "The Saint's Ratings" for THE SAINT DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. Besides Prather, the reviewer doesn't like John D. McDonald's books, and I very definately do.

Don't feel sorrowful about not haing seen THE SHAGGY DOG. It's a good picture for the kiddies, I suppose: corny, ridiculous, and as anti-science, -intellectual, and * -adult as all get out. I had noticed Walt Disney playing to the kids before, but this is the most obvious example yet. Adults, you see, are stupid mailmen--or art dealers who are nasty spies on the side--or absent-minded scientists--or silly policemen--or real square FBI men.... Kids, on the other hand, are smart, honest, cool, and altogether the sanest citizens of all. This cast of wunnerful kids features Annette Whazzername, who is surely one of the poorest excuses for an actress since Daisy Duck.

[Joe also contributes:]

ATROCIOUS STORY #6 1/2

As Joe Sanders walked up the steps into the Transient Officers' Quarters at Orlando AFB, Bruce Pelz sat in his car and snarled. From the very first, he'd recognized in Sanders a beam of light shining into the filthy pit of fandom, the antithesis of his evil, a rival in his plans to take over CRY OF THE NAMELESS. He knew that he must somehow force Sanders out of fandom. Bur how? Physical violence was out of the question. He must be suave and sub-tile. Yes. If there were just some way to cast a blot on Sanders' character.... Again! How? Sanders was kindly, courteous, thrifty, clean.... Yes, that was it; he would cast doubts on the cleanness of Sanders' mind. He would write a dirty Atrocious Story and credit the idea and pun to Sanders. He recalled the punning session they'd had earlier in the day. Surely he could twist some of Sanders' innocent puns to his use. Yes; dirt, filth -- yes!

Cackling evilly, Bruce Pelz sat hunched over his typewriter, writing the Atrocious Story that would blacken the name of Joe Lee Sanders throughout fandom forever. Across the room, hidden behind a curtain of stalactites, the hi-fi blared forth the music of "The Mikado." Bruce drank the music and swished it about in the depths of his black soul. He hummed the G&S melodies and thought of dirt and filth. And puns.

At last the story was done. Bruce pulled it from the typewriter. Yes, this was it. This would destroy Joe Lee Sanders' reputation for clean living and thinking. He danced about the room, singing. He was satisfied, for he had made the punishment fit the grime.

PORQUE! by DEE

[I don't know how far I'll get typing Dee's comments and writing my own too, but we shall have a go at it, at least. What I don't finish she can do while I'm at the Detention. Of course, then I won't be able to interlineate comments, but that's TS.]

8-4 Lucky people - here's Porque again. I do hope that everyone is ready for another section of nothing.

Last time around I think I made the statement that my enemies should have friends like mine. Just so you won't feel left-out, I'll pass some of the advice I keep getting from one friend along to you all. Maybe someone can use it.

An electric-light bulb is an excellent substitute for the wooden sock-darner.

!!!FLASH !!! Bruce asked me to go out on his boat this Sunday. This sounded real swell - till he added the bit about the cabin and the bunks. So here we are back to the everyday humdrum life - who wanted to go out on the leaky old tub anyhow? ME, THAT'S WHO! Phooie. [With a WAVE - judo and long-distance swimming - I should try anything on a boat? Reedickle-dockle...BEP]

Scraps of wool to stuff pincushions will save your needles and pins from rust.

SPELEOBEM #4

SORRY. Yep, that word fits both the zine and the repro. Bruce may not tell if I ran the zine or not. But I sure won't take credit for issue #4. Maybe I won't for this issue either. In fact I'm sure I won't. I still like the old multi better, and the new one won't run for me. [Neither will ~~anyone~~ anything else...BEP] I'll get even with it - just wait and see.

There are times (like, right after Porque has been run and I get to read it) that I could kill Bruce. [She means that she'd like to, not that she could...BEP] It's all of his added remarks. He knows they make me just a little mad - he does it just for spite. After he's typed the stencils for parts for his stories or remarks, he gives them to me to read. One day I made a couple remarks about part of "77 SAPSet Strip" and he retyped the whole stencil, changed a couple of things, ran it, and then gave it to me to read - just to get even. I'll never do that again. From now on I'll keep my nasty little remarks to myself. But comments on someone's comments at the same time they're making comments? [More fun that way - I don't have to wait an issue..BEP]

Getting back to SAPSet Strip - how can I ever get away from it? - there was a remark made about one of the pictures being sent to an alternate universe. This was news to me; I hadn't been told about it, so I asked. I was sorry when I heard the answer. It gives me cold chills thinking about it being inspected when it passes through customs. Oh yes, the pic does exist. Bruce keeps saying he's going to use it for a photocover - he won't let me see the cover of this issue either. But he couldn't do that - not after all the trouble he went to, sending all of those photos to the Seattle fans with DEE on the back of all of them. Poor Seattle - Dee wasn't in any of them. It was just some of the crew at the bowling alley. Say, Bruce, how can you keep them confised if you do print the cover? [They're confused enough, as it is. By the time I print the cover, they'll be hopelessly confused...BEP]

Oh, well, SAPSet Strip was all my fault, and I'm beginning to feel sorry fpr the rest of you. After all, when he offered to have another copy made of the photo for me I thought he'd do just that. Get ONE copy made. HA! Oh, well, that was when I was young and innocent. [Not THAT long ago, it wasn't!...BEP] Now I know better. Five copies - Egad!

Threaten all you like, but I'm not going to read "Dogs of War." Just think, all that and Monsterhymes too. Aren't I the lucky one? [You wouldn't understand it, anyway, even if someone were to read it to you...BEP]

Godly gee, if I write this much on each zine, I'll have more pages than Bruce. Hey, Tosk! If that happens, wouldn't it make it my magazine with extra comments by Bruce? Look how he even helps me - adding all those remarks in my comments. Nasty remarks at that. [Yea, I am a TruSAP...BEP]

Of course, this could turn into a feud between us. Oh, dar it! People are the best feuders. [But we could try...BEP] Well, anyhow, it would be different for us to feud in the same magazine, wouldn't it? Then the reader can be killed by the barbed remarks. Just like the mystery where the reader is the victim.

Come to think of it, I did see the "Shaggy Dog." DON'T. If you've seen the ads on TV you've seen the best parts of the show. And it wasn't even in color! I don't know why I thought it would be in color, but it wasn't. As far as I was concerned, the whole movie was a flop - the kids liked it tho. [Next - Darby O'Gill. ...BEP]

How about that! Bruce saying that probably I'm crazy. All this time he's been telling me that without a doubt I'm crazy. But, like I tell him, it's better to have been crazy and on your way back than to be without hope like he is.

WHEEEEEEEEE! I passed. Now I'm a Sophomore. The more I think about it the sicker I get. Oh, well, if I can make it this year I'll no longer be a Soph. I've got one year down and only four more to go. I'M GOING TO QUIT SCHOOL AND GET MARRIED. Ha! that will be the day. [Well, I'm glad you said it...BEP]

Really, Bruce, it's not the amount of tapes you've sent or listened to. It's just that every time I want to use the taper it's over at your house. (No, I don't care to travel with it.)

Sure I was helpless, but that was before I had the cast put on my arm. My, but it's a wonderful weapon. Every girl should have one.

A person with very good judgement and taste walked off with two of my oil paintings when they were on display at school. At least that's what they've been trying to tell me. I have no hope of seeing them again.

How silly - you can't fingerprint a vampire. You batprint them, as everyone knows.

Really, Bruce, you must have been half asleep when you typed the last of my stencils. [Just rushed for time - like now...BEP] You missed some good chances to make you clever little remarks. Just for that, I won't take you zine away from you this issue - I'll wait till next. [That's nice - if there'll be a next ish...BEP] That's another good mark for me. Now I'm several ahead of your one. [It's better than most of your marks, at that - - - or your re-marks, either...BEP]

Instead of discarding worn socks, clamp them into the holder of your old mop and you've a fine new mop.

CONTRO #1

Gee, it seems that I've stuck my neck way out again, and I'll be darned if I'll pull it back in. I'll stick to my statement about cats. I hate them, and if you want to keep you cat - keep it away from me.

This is awful - you don't want to talk to me?? This hasn't been known to stop me from talking to anybody. Lots of people have tried it. It doesn't work.

Sad it is that you've managed to find everything I made flat statements about. So I'll back down just a wee bit on this one. If I could do away with Baltimore I'd be tempted to save a few things. A couple of restaurants, one or two parks, and their museums, etc. I'll do it, too, as soon as I find a place to put them.

From what I can force myself to remember about Washington, I don't care much for it either. The main thing that I can find that I dislike about it is the fact that I couldn't get a mixed drink at the airport. Since there was some silly rule about not serving them in Virginia, tis a silly place to build a bar. And here all the time I thought I was in Washington. This is also the place the cabbie took me for a ride. Yep! From the airport into town. Now the only question I have is, why did it cost \$1.75 more to ride from the airport into town than it did to ride from town to the airport? Ah, yes, tis a very nice place - maybe to live, but I don't think anyone should visit there.

As you said, my friend (anyone that might be able to do me a favor is my friend),

about postmarks not meaning anything. I need some friends to mail some things for me next summer. I'm hoping to go to Calif. for my vacation, and tis thought that it would be fun if we could have cards mailed to the nuts at work from all over the country - in fact almost everyplace but Calif. AH, yes.

Golly! Look what I've done - and with only two pages as a springboard. Think what I can do with your next and bigger zine. Why it's almost enough to make a weaker man quit. See you next time.

The word "one" appears on a dollar bill fully sixteen times. See for yourself.

GO TO HELL

Boy, this couldn't have showed up at a better time. Fits my mood to a "T." I suffered through the first couple of paragraphs. Next time you can draw a little arrow showing me where to start reading. OK??

Then I ~~came~~ to the part about "BUBBLE GUM" - - It's unheard of for a person your age to chew bubble gum? Why??? How old are you? And if you're younger than me (Bruce says you are - but we don't believe what he says) what will people say when they find out that I chew it? I'll bet I can blow bigger bubbles than you can. With less gum! [Dee is as young as Bjo; figure from there...BEP]

Too bad, but I'm glad you got some letters that made you feel better. Now me - I'm in no hurry to see what people have to say about me. I can keep on like this and almost never find out. I don't exist, you know. Just ask anyone in Seattle! They'll tell you. [They'll tell you all sorts of things...BEP]

I don't think I'd like to be any age again. I wouldn't mind reliving a couple of hours here and there. Like hearing the old man yell "Berrys-straw" as he pushed his cart down the street. Or eat ice-cold watermelon under the grape arbor - or pick "Lillies of the Valley" that are still wet with dew. I used to love to look out the kitchen window and watch the snow fall at about 6:30 P.M. in the middle of December. I can remember thinking that I was in the sky that always looked so far away, because I could see the snow almost form, it was so close. Little things like that. If you're careful, Larry, you won't grow up. After all, I haven't.

Model railroading is a swell hobby. My brother has all of my trains now; he doesn't take very good care of them, and it just about makes me sick. But girls of my age shouldn't be playing with trains - at least that's what everyone tells me. [I agree that model railroading is an excellent hobby; you should see some of the models I've been trying to railroad...BEP]

The whole thing was that I was a very unhappy little girl. I didn't like dolls, and nobody would get me anything else to play with. So I ended up being the terror of the neighborhood; I could lick anybody within three blocks.

Methinks I got carried away. Maybe if we're real lucky I'll stay.

Ice-cube trays can be practically "stick-proof" by rubbing oil or grease on the outside.

BRONC #13

Poor Jacob Astor - someone should feel so sorry for me. Hey, Eva - if you want to read a scary book grab hold of some of Poe's stories. I don't think he can be beat. [In these days of Kerouacy doings, anyone can be Beat...BEP]

You're aiming real high - wanting to understand such things as radio, TV, and radar. I'd be thankful if I really know what happened when I flick the light switch. Or why the sound comes out of a phonograph. People have tried to explain it to me, but I'm still lost. Then I read Einstein. His theory of moving clocks will haunt me to my grave. But I'm sure if I keep trying, someday I'll know what they mean.

Ah, flying through the air with homemade wings. I wish that I could have done something like that. The closest I ever came was climbing the telephone pole in back of our house and letting go, falling onto the roof of the garage, which must have been at least 4 or 5 feet away. We got down by leaning out into space and grabbing

hold of the pole on our way down. I shudder whenever I think about it.

"Dawson" gee, that brings to mind a little girl with her head all but pushed into the radio speaker, listening to Sargeant Preston and his wonder dog King. (Another reason I'm such a dog lover). Now, can you see a cat in that role? Yep! Cats are nothing. [Being as I have to proofread for punctuation, I was very tempted to put a comma before the last parenthetical word. It took an iron will to resist the temptation. As for Preston and King, I'll pit Sheena and her leopard against them any old time. Pfui to stupid old harnessed dogs...BEP]

I have a lovely Alaskan joke. But Bruce says I can't tell it to you. He says it isn't nice. I like it, and it's a very funny joke. [True, but Toskey, as OE, would get N*A*S*T*Y about it and rip the page out, provided he read this far before the mailing deadline...BEP] Someday I will write you a nice long letter (that means something besides an addressed envelope - that means something inside the envelope).

You should see the whip Bruce uses on me to make me write these comments - and then you don't even say HI! SOB.....

The ocean is wonderful. I can hardly wait to start my SCUBA lessons. Just me, a couple tanks of air, and a mask - with the whole ocean to explore. WOW - Now if I could only swim.

To clean inside of glass drinking straws, run pipe cleaners through them.

FLABBERGASTING #11 Ah, yes, "Finnegan's Wake" - our dear history prof said we should all read it before we graduate. He said it was a poor state of affairs it should come to that. He says he can remember when all you had to be able to do was play either poker or bridge in order to graduate. This is progress?

Oh - by the way - Congrats for your Ph.D. and your birthday. I'd send a card up, but I'm sure it would end up in the wastebasket. Oh, well, 'tis your loss.

I dig the pics of Wally the most. Are you pulling his teeth or did he just show them to scare Garcone? Garcone must be pulling them! Poor Wally.

Your tale about the Christmas party on campus reminds me of a party I went to about two years ago. They had the Egg Nog well spiked, and just about everyone was drinking mixed drinks (they brought their own bottles), and when the soda and other mixes ran out they started using the Egg Nog. Someone gave me a cup of Nog that had been used for mix. WOW, talk about strong. I finally found somebody that was thirsty and gave them my drink. Wasn't that kind?

So O.K. you tell us about making peanut butter cookies and I'll tell you about my first Angel Food cake. I'll tell about it, but not the others - we can't be lucky all the time. If you like potatoes and eggs mixed like that - try slicing the potatoes like that into a pan and cooking them until they start to get just a little tender, then drain them and put them in the skillet right after you take the meat out, add enough water to cover them and cook at a very slow fire until done. Put a lid on the skillet (makes them taste better). It's a lovely way to fix ~~raw~~ them. But then I'll eat potatoes any way - even raw.

We haven't seen Bruce since he read about getting Bacardi rum for \$1 a quart. Maybe he'll be back when his money runs out.

How about that! So you've picked cranberries too. They without doubt make the best jelly. The pie is something to brag about too. The picking is for the birds. I used to get the job all the time. I've picked so many pans of cranberries that it was almost automatic - reach, grab, strip the stem, and drop the berries in the pan. The spiders would crawl out by themselves. Anyhow, they looked like green berries - why were you picking green berries?

!!FLASH!! The sky here in Florida is the bluest blue you'd ever care to see. It is not the altitude. The air is lovely - we have a lot of rain and green growing things, too. [The check from the Chamber of commerce must have arrived...BEP]

So you're gonna call your dog "Dog" and your cat "Cat" - I had a friend that called his dog "Boxer" cause he was a Boxer and his beagle "Beagle" for the same

reason. [Because it was a Boxer?...BEP] He said it caused less trouble. [You mean the beagle caused less trouble than the Boxer? ...BEP]

Now as far as names go -- I like names that fit the people. One of the girls at work has been called Kathy by me for the last two years. Her name is Marilyn -- but to me she looks like her name should be Kathy. I have a sister named "Jo," which I think is very feminine -- and I know several girls named Nicky, but none of the names you mentioned. Just in case you were wondering, you didn't mention my name.

A 28" waist??? For you that's OK, but I'd kill myself -- here I've been crabbing because I think my waist is an inch too big. [23"] I think I'll let well enough alone. I don't know of any way to gain a little ~~more~~ weight.

Quote, "The Chinese people are mostly simple-minded farmers" -- not that I'd be one to disagree, but when did you get back from China? How many years did you live there? And remember, conditions and people have been known to change.

I'll not argue the point about fevers, and I won't say I agree with Nancy on her psi-powers. I've never known just what powers she has. But I'll say that I believe that I have some. They're not too powerful, but I like what I can do with them. It might be positive thinking and all that jazz -- but it will do till something better comes along. Have you ever tried your own powers? [Cf. John Novotny's "A Trick Or Two," F&SF, July, 1957...BEP]

Say, do I have any accent? I've been told that I do by some, and others say I don't. Maybe since you're almost out of firing range you'll feel safe enough to answer.

Man, not that you're confused or anything like that, but I've noticed about three different temperatures for Seattle in the wintertime. Now just who are you trying to fool? [Wrai Ballard...BEP]

"Fantasia" 'flopped' as far as a Disney film goes -- read his biography, chapters nine, ten, and eleven -- it was made to be shown on a wide screen. Since then, on re-runs, it has more than paid for the first time around. But I've never seen it yet -- every time it's been around I haven't been able to see it for some crazy reason or other.

Music of any kind is the "most." And so's my mother -- she came up with something the other day: she said that she's sure that we have missed something. She was too young for Rudy Vallee, and too old for Sinatra. I was too young for Sinatra and too old for Presley. Maybe we have missed something. I couldn't care less, tho.

James Whitcomb Reilly's "The B'ar"Story" is just about one of the funniest poems I've ever read. Bruce wouldn't let me put any of it in his zine, so you'll just have to read it all by yourself. Pooooorrrrrr Toskey!

Foocie on friends. I'm glad you had a couple of special friends in grade school, etc. ... I've never had that problem. Right now I think I have more friends than I can think of -- and for the life of me I can't think why. I'd hate to be a friend of mine. But then I don't exist. Besides, I hate me.

I won't argue the dog vs. the cat; I'm on the dog's side. I have hated cats. I hate cats. I shall hate all cats. I haven't a mind, so it can't be changed. I have always treated cats as tho they don't exist. I haven't bothered them in the least -- why do they bother me? I like dogs, they like me. I hate cats and they love me -- they make friends with me when they won't with anyone else. Just because they know I dislike them. They do it to get even. They are nasty.

Just for the record: a Martini tastes like watered lube oil. And you have to be awfully desparate to drink lube oil.

A nice little Black Widow spider, or any other spider for that matter, wouldn't hurt you. Flies yes -- people no. But watch out for scorpions. They are just plain out-and-out nasty! Why one even stung me -- and that is pretty nasty.

The most "aloof" dog that I've ever met or that exists, ~~is~~ happens to be the Afghan Hound -- see if you can't get introduced to one, sometime.

Did you look up or know the meaning for "Porque! "? It explains everything. How could anyone tell from the pic on ProFAN that DEE was a girl? See, Bruce did much worse than L. Garcone. He's a doll. Like, I like the drawing. Only one small change, tho -- I've had my hair cut. Man, that's the best pic I've seen of DEE in ages. How

much for a full color pic?

DEE is part of a nickname that my brother gave me, which isn't used anymore. It's part of my initials, and it doesn't stand for any of the names mentioned.

I choose to ignore the quote from Finnegan's Wake. I'm not one to talk about myself. [She didn't ignore it altogether; in answer to the first part: "No, everyone on the beach can run faster." . . . BEP]

Can't complete the cycle - I never do things that everyone else does. It's too normal. Anyhow, the waiting list is too long, and I hate waiting in line.

Sorry, I couldn't possibly marry Bruce. He hasn't asked me, and even if he did I couldn't. I like Bruce. He nice. I refuse to marry anyone I like! That leaves you. Poooooooooooooosrrrrr Toskey.

Man, if you don't like hurricanes, changes in weather, etc. you're living in a rut. You hate changes. You're trapped in your own web. See, even you admit that spiders and snakes are better company than you are. 'Tis no wonder you're not married. That will be changed.

Surprise! I've learned to walk - just for you. But I don't like it. AHA! I may (just may) retract my statements about The Toskey. While talking to me about walking, he mentioned Megan, and I quote: "I never went too fast for her" unquote. Then why did she leave the country - not just the state, mind you, but the country? I don't believe the wild cover story you told, either.

Nice of you not to mark the SAPSzines. But there's nothing I like better than to mark up a Toskeyzine with big black pencilmarks. When I feel really nasty I use ink, or eyebrow-pencil - - - or lipstick.

Your children won't lose their shoelaces if knots are tied to the center of each lace between the two lower eyelets

NEMATODE #4

I have a great wild tale about communism. It seems that when the City of Tampa hires anyone, they have to sign an oath of allegiance to the government, etc....so I signed it. Several years later I quit the job. And then I went back to work for the City again. Since I had already signed the oath once I didn't have to sign it again. Want to see my party card?

I'm not worried about an atomic attack. I'M going to paint a big target on top of my house and say that this is it! After all, if I were aiming at dear old Tampa, I'd aim for my house. I live three miles from the commercial airport and five miles from MacDill AFB. So I'd hit my house and knock them both out. I'm glad I'm on our side.

Say, now, I'm glad to hear that you're severely practical and humorless. The world needs more like you to make up for the nuts like me.

Your cartoon about the faan who has all the big factories - tis very good. I don't know what's happening lately, but everything I touch seems to snowball into money. [Yeah, but with this Florida heat... ..BEP] I'm not complaining, mind you - I hush don't understand it. Maybe if I ever understand it it will stop. So I'll just go along with it. So far it hasn't even seemed like work. Maybe I'll be a fanne after all.

I'm sitting on the only chair on our Florida room that isn't part of the stage coach. Yep! The kids are out here playing, and so far I've been shot as an Indian and as several robbers that have been trying to hold up the coach and take the money box. Golly, I wish I were that young again.

Empty butter cartons are fine for storing cookie dough in the refrigerator

THE BULLFROG BUGLE #5

WOW! That cover is the most! Where can I get that dog? He's just what I've been hunting for - a real honest-to-goodness hound.

Just a small note of interest to anyone that has an interest in geography: the island of Florida just floated past Cuba on its way South. Here all this time I

thought Florida would sink after a couple more days of rain. The dirty so&so's fouled me up and we floated away. I can't really see why -- we've only had 20 inches of rain this year more than we were supposed to have. One might think that it would follow the Gulf Stream, and he would be right, but I put some outboard motors on the North end and we are headed South. I've always wanted to see South America.

You must let us know how your Boxer is. That's a fine dog you have there, Sir. Does he bite? If not, I'll send my dognappers right up.

Small question: I've always wondered how a girl like the one LEE drew for you ever took care of her hair when it was encased in one of those fishbowls. If she sneezed it would become messed up, and how would she fix it? Poor girl.

Well, I can see that all of us clear thinkers were born in the fair and lovely month of June. [And us geniuses in August...BEP] Weren't we lucky tho?

To ward off Jack Frost's icy chills, put several thicknesses of newspaper between the spring and mattress.

THE BIBLE COLLECTOR

Have you seen the cartoon where the missionary is on a small island talking with two natives, and one native has parted the waters and the other is saying to the missionary "Kuba learns fast, doesn't he?" Do you have anything to say about the actual parting of the waters of the Red Sea (Dead Sea? I can't remember) -- it would be interesting.

With a zine this big I should find more to yammer about. I'm so glad you like snakes. After all, there are so many of them and I'd hate for them to feel left out. I know someone that keeps a couple of Indigo snakes as housepets. Keeps all the bugs, roaches, etc. out. Of course the king snakes are nice to have around too. One of our dopy patrons brings his king snake in every once in a while for me to see, pet, and remark about. It's a very nice snake. Friendly, like.

The worst nightmare I've ever had (it's one of those that keeps repeating) started when I was about 5 and somehow I never seem to have grown any. When I have it I'm always about 5 or so. I start out by playing and then all of a sudden I'm being chased and I run like crazy for the house and all the doors are locked and there are people inside and they come to the door but they won't let me in. They keep telling me that if they open the door to let me in they'll let the (whatever-it-is that's after me) in too, so I end up running from one door to another. The house is full of doors -- I always seem to wake up before I'm caught or get into the house.

I have a real wild habit of stopping too soon when I'm reading or talking, and it makes some of the wildest statements. Like, in your remarks to John Berry, the first time I read it it went like this: "I read somewhere recently that the Catholic Church doesn't count." and right away comes the question "Count what?" "Count with whom?" etc... Much fun. Then I had to spoil it by finishing the sentence like you had written it. For shame!

Remember that when the weather is bad the shopping room is good.

REPORT FROM THE FORGOTTEN PAST : True words ! That's what they are. I'm sure they've been enjoyed by almost everyone in SAPS, but then I'm not in SAPS and I haven't a forgotten past. Sad as it seems, I can remember my past.

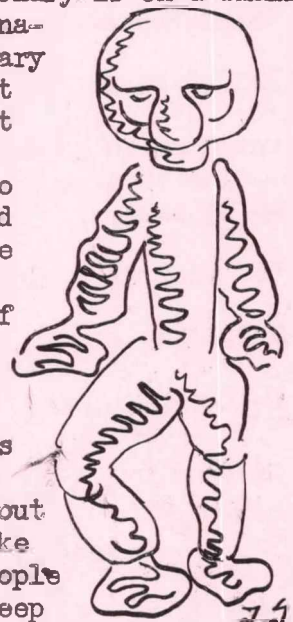
Try substituting cooked dried lima beans for the usual, kidney beans in your chili con carne.

BRONCLETTE

How-do again. I like Frankie's BEM -- it's a shame that you couldn't do it in color. Thanks for the description of his colors, truly I [G]

can see it.

For some reason I had to read a story in one of Bruce's bound magazines -- something



he had mentioned in these comments. I read the story and it was very good. [The Novotny Story in F&SF...BEP] I had read it before, but in another one of the magazines in this volume was a real wild one called "Chesnut Beads." I'm afraid I'll remember it for a long time.

Gee, it's a good thing I don't write letters - 27 waiting to be answered. I'd leave the country. Things are bad right now - I've got to answer three letters and two tapes. So what do I do? Write mailing comments.

A tiny room should not be crowded with large-scale pieces of furniture.

OPERATION CRIFANAC STYLE SHEET This is neat. Not only that, but it's useful, and if there's anything I really hate it's useful things. But I'm just about alone in this matter, so others will be more pleased. I'm sure I would be if I had any use for it, but I don't publish.

Keep household sponges fresh by soaking them in cold salt water from time to time.

SPY RAY OF SAPS These comments of yours read like a few conversations I've been in. By the time I'd think of something to say, the conversation had moved on to something entirely different and I'd had to start thinking all over again. The trouble is that I like your comments - I just can't seem to answer anything I find in them.

If your fluorescent light gets dark at one end, reverse the tube.

THE SPELEOBEM 4 1/2 Some day your zines will read 1/4 - 1/2 - 3/4. That is when you put enough music in ~~in~~ them they will.

I like the cover, it looks just like some of the photos you took. Maan, I wish I could have seen you changing that flat. It's a good thing I wasn't along, cause we know who'd have changed the tire then.

Hey! This is my vacation. I'm sure of that cause it's raining again. Just got through hiring a colored girl to come and do day work. Now I'm sure I'm in the wrong business. For her hours and the pay she gets - and the car she drives..... Yep! My eyes are green.

Oh, well, back to 4 1/2. As Es, Dee-2 and I can testify, Bruce does carry a Zap gun. He'll let most anybody shoot me with it too - if they can prove their aim is good.

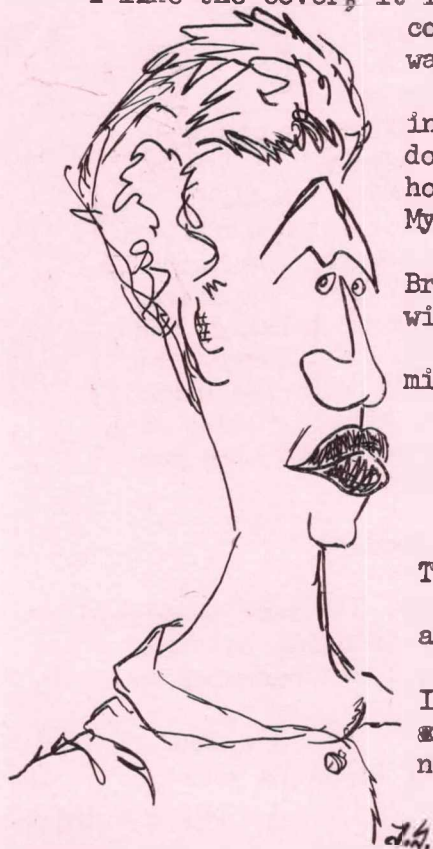
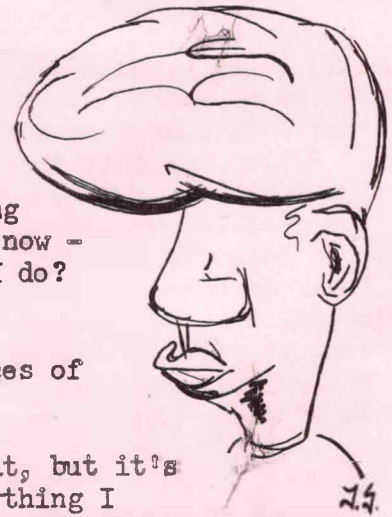
If Y'ALL don't send Bruce Photos, he's going to print mine. Now that will be the worst thing that has ever happened to SAPS. Please send him a photo. [Yes, please do...BEP]

The largest-denomination bill in circulation is the one for \$10,000.

THE BEM AND I Hi. There's just sumpin about ATom illos that make me say real clever things like AHHhhhh, and Gee, isn't that cute. And sure enough, it is.

Bruce was wondering how you were going to get THE BEM AND I put in SAPS if you weren't in yet. Never fear, said I, I was sure you would be able to manage. After all, here I am, and I'm not even on the waiting list.

Oh yes. I like your zine very, very, very much. Lots more, please. Your Confessions of a Nep-SAP was great. We're all glad you're a SAP. Maan, I don't know you, and ~~it~~ I think



I'm glad. Just what do you do for a living? Besides selling paper to Sapsites, I mean.

Egad - you're someone else that does these comments by order. You're all a big bunch of conformists. For Shame.

Say, now! Am I one of Wrai's Outsiders? But I am glad that you spoke to me. I do like people that speak first - one gets to meet more people that way. Honest, Bob - I'm afraid "77SAPSet Strip" will never make any sense to any Sapstype. Not unless they know Bruce and have him around to explain everything. Some of the things could only be recognized by the Cavers, John Berry, or myself. It's very good tho.

Say - you were talking about John Berry's job of stapling. How about the job on this zine? It took six strong men to put them together. The staple, I mean; not the zine. Maan, before we started putting pages in order it looked like one big Dagwood sandwich. More fun. Bruce with his Zap gun, me with the whip, and Dee-2 doing all the work. [Today is September first. I have run off 55 pages of my own comments, and none of anything else. The state of mind that lets Dee talk about events due to happen in about another month, during the assembly of SpeBem 5 after I get back from my vacation and finish the rest of my material for the issue, is utterly confusing to me. Ted J., I think there is another doppelgänger around here...BEP.]

Rock n' Roll is great, but under no circumstances listen to anything by something called "Muddy Waters." I'm thinking of sending a record of his to Toskey, just to get even. And on that lovely little note, I'll head for the next zine.

Starched clothes iron better if allowed to dry thoroughly before sprinkling.

Egad - what a horrible day. It all started this morning when I woke up, but I decided not to let that stop me. So here I am doing comments, and I even wrote three letters. I've one more to write today, but that will just have to wait until later.

POT POURRI # 7

You had better be well by now! Nuff said about unpleasant things.

So on to # 7. It was with great joy that I read "The Hen and I." Not knowing what I'm talking about, I'd venture to say that all Bantams ~~are~~ are smarter than people give them credit for. When reading this I remembered the run-in I had with a Bantam Rooster. He was a nasty little thing. Everybody in the neighborhood (he was a pet of our next-door neighbors) got along fine with him. Everyone but me. I couldn't even step inside their gate without taking my life in my hands. He would sneak up behind me and rake the back of my legs with his spurs. I may still have some scars. Our fight lasted until I gave up and moved. Then about three years later I went back for a visit, and without thinking walked into their yard -- there he was waiting for me. I suggested that they eat him, but they wouldn't hear of it.

"The Moon, Fool" wasn't the type of story that I really like. Tales along that order tend to make my nights sleepless. It was good, tho.

I too used to fly paper gliders. The best paper I ever found was a stiff vellum that was used to prepare legal briefs. My Mother's Boss and I used to fly them out of his office window (we were on the 14th floor.) Maybe fanzines would work. While Bruce is gone I'll try it. [NOW you know why I bind my zines! ...BEP]

Use dental floss for attaching buttons to men's work clothes. It's much stronger and withstands rough wear.

P*E*N*C*I*L* P*O*I*N*T

That's what it said! But it looked like it had been printed just like anything else. Honest - it reads like some conversations I get into. It's real wild, and I for one enjoyed it.

Put garments on hangers wrong side out - it keeps them cleaner longer.

GIM TREE #2

Gee, Bjo, you put out a swell zine, even if it did contain bad news. As a rule I don't ever see Westerns, but I just might make an exception and see this one. I've got to see horses with Rise all over them.

It sounds too good to be true. Was it filmed in color? For some reason the last couple of movies I've seen have been black-&-white when I was sure that they'd be in color. I'm about to give up.

This is the issue that should have the explanation of "Gim Tree" in it. After all this time it had better be good.

If you have to store linen, avoid starching, because starch makes linen crack.

SPACEWARP #63

Yep ! I like this. Say, wouldn't it be mean just to leave it at that? I'm mean, but not that mean. I read this and put little check marks all over your lovely work.

I'll kill all of one subject that you scattered all thru your zine at once: Poetry. Or at least your poems about women. Gad, I'm afraid to look at myself in the mirror. [I don't blame you at all...BEP] Are we really that bad? The biggest thorn in my side was put there by "Theme on a Variation" on your last page. If you'd ~~XXX~~ show that to a fellow I used to date he'd want to know when you knew me. Like I said before - I'm nasty. Oh well, back to the check marks.

You were talking about the harm of censorship - a friend of mine had a sub to Nat. Geographic that was a present from his mother. Dear Mother, hoping to keep him from seeing things he shouldn't, got hold of the copies first, cut the more revealing pictures out of it, and then put it back in the mailbox for him to get when he came home from school. This was OK until he saw the same issue of the mag at school, with the pictures. He's never trusted his mother since.

I was sticking up for popular music until "Red River Rock" and "Lavender Blue" came out in the new style. What's the matter with them - can't they write anything just a little new?

Oooops - forgot. I liked "Hansel & Gretel..." but "Jack and the Beanstalk" was even better.

You is sooo right. If you haven't been in some service you can't complain about anything with authority. Complain isn't strong enough of a word. (As the baby bear said when he heard his parents talking about the missing porridge, "Bitch, bitch, bitch! That's all I ever hear around here!") A service background helps.

I'm with you. I'll take air travel to boat even if I have to hold the plane together with my hands. Going by air is the only way to travel. I would so love to own a Cessna 120. Sure I dream big. [So do I; perhaps, though, we oughtn't go into that...BEP]

I'm ashamed of you. Everyone knows that Renoir is Sam Vaudeville's sister. And she has never painted in her life. Like you said, it is a classic remark - I wish I'd said it.

Since I am a coward, I skipped all the math. But I like (I'll have to find another word to use instead of like) the BEER song. Ya'll should love Tampa. We have a Bud and a Schlitz plant here, and they both have places where they serve free beer. Yep ! FREE BEER, and as far as I've been able to find out - no limit. Only one thing wrong, tho - they're closed from 4 p.m. on. Still, we haven't been able to drink it as fast as they can make it. Bud has a swell place, gardens, birds, and parrots of all kinds. It's a little shocking to be walking along a path and hear one of the parrots calling to you from a tree about 30 feet high. His line of patter goes something like this: "Hello, come on up. Hello, Hello, aw, come on up."

Your whole zine was great.

Wrap your linen in blue paper to avoid yellowing.

SAPLING #1

Hi - I won't say I caught all your little quips, but I found a few dandy ones. Very good. I won't mention the story about the cats, and the circus pics were very cute.

Why is it, when I read your zine I end up with purple hands? When I read the papers here in town, they turn black. [The papers or your hands?...BEP] It worries me.

About a third of the hot-rodders here in Tampa are the cops. Late at night after most of the idiots are off the streets, the cops will drag race with you. Or at least they will with me. I always beat them, tho. We have some awful nice cops in this town, but then I flirt. That's how I got my driver's license.

I think everyone thinks about suicide at some time or another. I have, and everyone always does things before I do. I came to the conclusion that I couldn't - I'm too big a coward. But the nurse across the street told me that more people try it than you'd ever believe.

Just last night the weatherman said that yesterday (8/26) was the first dry day we've had in the last 50 days. Not one drop of rain did we get. So today it rained again. We'll round the cape Horn any day now.

Egad - it's OK for you to say things like that about the poetry of Manyoya, but I have to put up with the ranting and raving.

You disagree with me completely, but then in the next breath you agree with me in some cases. Ah - yes. I see we fooled you. You believe I don't exist. But, do I sound like Bruce? EEEEEhhhhh. [Ech. ...BEP]

Back to dirty books. It doesn't make any difference to me. At the time, I was blowing off steam about an old bat that comes on the Bookmobile and demands we recommend a book for her to read. So if we break down and get one for her, she brings it back the next week and tells us that she can't see how such a filthy book would be found on our shelves. I've gotten so I won't get her any more books. Then there are the old biddies that come in to get a book like Peyton Place or Lolita, that they've read about and just can't wait to read. They bring them back and demand that such trash be taken off the shelves.

I HATE PEOPLE ! I'M GLAD I'M NOT HUMAN ! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO LEAVE.

Re: Children of God - I'll have to read it. [It's not in TPL...BEP] Thanks loads for talking about it. I have always felt sorry for the Mormons that had several wives when the law was passed allowing them only one wife. That one was their first one, of course. What happened to the rest of their wives? I'm sure that many were too old to start life over again. I think they should have left the present families alone and not allowed any more marriages.

From what I can remember about my studies of "Lady of the Lake," I enjoyed it. My English teacher was the terror of the school. She had a hawk nose, wore pince-nez glasses, and jingled a bunch of keys at all times. Her name was/is Miss Greenwood Higgins. This should be said with much awe.

Everyone in this house is a fan of Huckleberry Hound.

Here at Tampa Univ. (private college), where the tuition is out of sight, it is beyond me why some of the brats going there pay all that money and then cut classes. The only thing I've been able to figure out is that they aren't paying for it themselves. I've cut a couple of classes (who hasn't?) but I don't make a habit of it.

Then to your fight about what should be taught in school - this really burns me up. My sister was on half-day sessions, and one day a week they taught them such needed things as how to skip rope, run, and play with each other. As for me, I don't care if I never play baseball again, but TU won't let you graduate unless you take 2 years of PhysEd. Things I'm interested in learning to do -- such as improving my diving, taking up archery or bowling -- aren't offered until your third year of PhysEd. Grrrrr.

Hot Dog ----- I knew a darling sailor. He was married and at this time had about three or four kids. He tried to make every gal he saw, met, or worked with. Every time he'd ask me for a date I'd tell him I thought he'd never ask me and when would he pick me up or would he rather go in my car? He say fine and make plans, then he go off in a corner and find a reason to break the date. This went on for over two years, and I never did have a date with him. So it isn't just the high school age that turns and runs.

Small question - if you live to be 76, how does this enable you to see the 22nd century? [Suspended animation...BEP] I'll be glad to see the 21st. The 22nd (as far as I know) won't show up for about 140 years yet. That's going to be a long 76 years. Or am I in the wrong century? I was sure this was the 20th.

Whewee ! Speech class. I loved it. My teacher kept telling me that I sounded too much like a librarian. This shocked me. How does a librarian sound? Also, I couldn't use any material for speeches I'd gotten from a book. Library again. But she let the other kids use them. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. I worked like a dog in her class, and only made a "B." I was so thankful for that -- my grades had all been good, but the way she talked I thought I'd be lucky to pass.

[K]

Honest, I didn't run out of checkmarks, I just skipped a few dozen so I'd have time to comment on some other zines. This was great. Keep it up.

Blankets won't shrink if, after washing, you dry them on curtain stretchers.

BLABERCASTING TALES We enjoyed this very much and we're sure that this time you'll have mailing comments. I've got thousands of words for your storehouse, just let me know when you're ready for them.

I enjoyed everything in here, but I can't seem to find too much to say about it. I must be all worn out. I dig your crazy squiggles between tales the most. They're great.

Use ammonia in the water when washing greasy jars and bottles.

OBJECT 1959 00000ooooohhhhhh, pretty. This blue on blue is very neat. Good for the eyes and all like that. Ah, yes. Back in the days of old, when I was in high school taking chemistry, I had to draw things (what they were I'll never be sure) in my notebook. In fact I still have my plate, and my apron. The rubber still stinks from everything I spilled on it. It's been folded lo these many years, so it's probably no good.

I like "Peanuts," I do - also "Smuffy Smith," "Beetle Bailey," and "Mr. Abernathy." Then, hidden back in the ads, "The Neighbors" and "Dennis the Menace." True comics.

Remove floor scratches by rubbing with fine steel wool dipped in floor wax.

OUTSIDERS #36 Say now ! Think of that, a favorite zine. Gosh, if I ever have one it will probably be the first mailing I have my own zine. I wonder if that day will ever be? Right now, I wouldn't give it a chance. But I'll keep trying.

Gee, I seem to be full of odd little facts today. Did you know that the host or whatever you call him on Tombstone Territory is the one that sings the theme? He started out in show business as a singer and now that's all the singing he does.

Together we'll storm the hall of mathematics and get rid of all the half-chickens, eggs, and anything else we happen to find. OK? How about that, you believe in me. And we were so sure that you were stable, strong, and things like that there.

No fooling, I feel real pleased that you took time to say Hi when you were so busy and rushed. Maybe I will get on the waiting list, by the next mailing I'll be sure. It's been great fun to do "Porque !" and I'd miss it like anything. As you can see, I'm hooked, but good.

We'll let Bruce check on Paris Mitchell for you, after all, he's the Reference Librarian. I'm too dumb to do reference --- I only get to work the branches by myself, the bookmobile, and the Children's room. Sure, I'm bitter. [301-186...BEP]

Honest Injun (Chief Joseih), I didn't even know about fandom until Bruce started showing me zines. Sparks fly every time I think how much time I could have spent doing this instead of other things.

I was under the impression they took out your appendix even if it was OK, if they were anyplace near it. I wonder how yours survived. Maybe it hid. Gee, I'm not near-sighted. I'm blind. Me who went through driving the other day without my glasses to see if I could see well enough to do it. 'Twas awful. Never again, unless they're broken.

You mentioned Joan's diet. ~~My~~ The Dr. put my mother on one - not strict, says he. She gets one quart of milk a day. She can have coffee and tea without anything in them, and all the bullion cubes and water she wants. That's it. It's to last two weeks - we're wondering how long she'll last. In a day and a half so far she lost 4 1/2 pounds. I'd disappear long before the time was up.

Egad, I have tapes all over the house waiting to be played and answered. I thought I was the only one that did things like that. Now I'm not sure if I'm glad I'm not alone or ashamed that there are more like me. How awful.

Have you ever really watched the mouth of a singer on TV when the sound is off? It's

one of the funniest things I've ever seen. I'd rather have no picture and just the sound on the musical programs. I'd really like a color set that worked. Our black& white has seen better days, and it's just about done for. It's over 5 years old.

Never will I forget the look on my instructor's face when I put the 45 automatic, that I had just finished cleaning, back together with the help of a bobbie pin. For some reason I was transferred to another class - one that had already finished that work. I never did learn how to shoot. But I passed the course.

I'm lucky - I know a book store and two art stores that let you wander around for hours without saying more than hello. There have been times when I've wanted to buy something that I've had to hunt for a clerk. I keep going back just to visit. They aren't very busy, and if most of their customers are like me, I can't see how they stay in business.

End of your zine, end of checkmarks, and end of comments on a very enjoyable issue of OUTSIDERS.

For a frozen lock, heat the key with a match or cigarette lighter before inserting it into the lock.

NANDU #22

NANDU 22, rhymes. I think that's real neat. Hi.

Let's throw sumpin in about here. The Jewish religion has had more converts in the last year than any other religion. Reason? They don't spend one cent in converting people. No missionaries or anything like that. I wonder how much my church spent, and how many converts it got.

I think I'm open minded (I would have said broad minded, but Bruce will type these mats) and I don't think death is depressing. Sad, yes. But if we're able to look back on the death of a friend or loved one after we've lived our life, I don't think it would be more than a second of sadness. Adding to this already open statement, I believe in Spiritualism. This has nothing to do with the above paragraph.

The reason we have personal turmoil is to enable us to grow. Without it, we would be nothing but squalling infants all of our lives. Emotionally speaking, that is.

Wait - I was under the impression (again) that all libraries use the same system. [I have since explained the variants in cataloguing. However, the rest of Dee's point is well taken: ...BEP] And it is simple. The people that use it make it hard. Each book has a card for the title (ignoring the first words of "a" "an" and "the") and an author card. If it's sumpin other than a run-of-the-mill fiction, you get subject cards. Sample:

Title - Time Bomb - filed under T - Time
Author-Tucker, Wilson - filed under T - Tucker, last name
Subject-Science Fiction - filed under S - Science (all subject cards are typed in red)

You then find this book in the fiction section of the library in its proper place where the "T's" are arranged, by the author's last name. The same holds true for non-fiction. The catalog card (which is what I've been talking about) will have a number in the upper left-hand corner of the card. Any library worth the name will have signs up telling you where each numbered section is. Any questions?

The trouble is that after you explain all this the people look at you and they haven't heard a word you've said or seen anything you've showed them. I'll keep trying until you understand it.

I don't like the world calendar - I don't want my birthday to fall on a Wednesday. I just guess that I'm a non-conformist and I always will be.

My little sister has solved your problem of the dreams about flying. The way she tells it, we all come from heaven and an angel brings us down. We then take off our wings and give them to the angel. She takes them back to heaven with her and keeps them for us until we return to heaven and have to use them again. The wording is mine, but this is Susie's story and she's not quite five.

I don't know why it is I can find so much to disagree with. Well, maybe not much, but more than I do in other zines. I'll have to think about this.

To remove vegetable stains from your fingers, rub them with a slice of raw potato. [M]

THE ZED #791

I do like this blue ink on blue paper. I wonder how green will look on green. Maybe if I'm lucky I can try it on this. We've got some green ink, but where will I find the paper? I've been threatening to come up with some real wild paper. I hope I can find some someplace.

Oh, these vembletrooms are great. How about one on the little sports car? They shouldn't be allowed on the open road. So help me, one of these days I'll clobber one.

I'm wild about your back covers. I'm waiting rather impatiently for the finish of "Odile." So far it's great.

Wan-looking baking powder biscuits turn a golden brown by adding a teaspoonful of sugar to the dry ingredients.

[And here I take what little reputation SpeBem may have and place it in dire jeopardy. The date is September 2, and I leave tonight at midnight for Detroit. Dee hasn't done comments on the rest of the zines, as I haven't done my own on them yet. So I shall pound out what I can of "The Cabal Ladder" before tonight, and then take her the rest of the mailing and the masters. From here on, there will be no editing by BEP - be ye warned, this kid gets wild at a typer. She's also running "Porque!" off, so there will be nothing I can do about further comments short of chucking the whole page out. This I will be loathe to do, so I just cross my fingers. It'll have to be a rush job when I get back near the end of the month to finish my comments and write the other material, run it off and get the mags to Toskey before the deadline. But if you're reading this, I guess we made it. Hope we met at the con...BEP]

AHA. I may get even, for this is the chance I've been waiting for. But since I'm a coward and I have no one to guide me or answer my many silly questions. I hate to type on stencils, can't spell or anything like that. Since the beginning I've been dying to type comments without Bruce's added remarks - this is my chance and now I'm not at all sure I want to do it. Indicision - the story of my life.

I had lots of plans to get this done before BEP came back but from the looks of things I'll never make it. I'll never know where the time went to.

School has started (by the way today is 9/26/59) and I didn't get any of the classes I wanted and therefore I don't even want to go to class...

~Self-polishing wax should never be used on worn wood floors or unsealed cork floors.~

Poor Richard's Alamanac #5

Hi. When I wrote these comments it was right after Bruce left and I had a real lazy feeling that I could just loaf along and get everything done. So that's just what I did.

Mr. Magoo cartoons - I've passed this up until now so I'll say what I have to say and be done with it. I like Jim Backus. He does the voice, and I go to see the cartoons for that reason and that reason only. I saw one the other night along with a wonderful travelogue on South America - it's being presented as a movie with the title of "Holiday for Lovers".

Egad, I wish I could tell you the truth about Multilith prices. But I steal what I need from the supplies at work, or from Bruce. I've used about three different kinds of stencils and the important thing is to have the right kind of a ribbon on the typer. If you don't you won't get any copies. Your color depends on the colors of ink you can buy.

FLASH: The latest I've heard on intergration is that lots of Northern colored families are sending their children to the South to go to the segreated schools.

Gee, a fellow hitch-hiker: Hi, Ted! But really now, why not give this a name? Your cheating. You're on the w-1 and I'm not. Ah, yes. Will I ever be?

When do you hear this voice calling you? Or is it like the one I hear ... it calls any time it feels like it. Only at times it calls more than once. It has even got me up in the middle of the night, sure that someone was sick and calling me. Give me a nice normal ghost. Something I can understand.

* Cotton carpets often have latex backs and dry cleaning fluids may dissolve the back *

CREEP Yipe! No MC's and 2/3's of the whole zine ends up saying "to be continued". What's happening out there? But if I must encourage you I will. I like it. Do continue - or at least finish the stories.

Squink Blog will never be found. If necessary he can use my hide-out in the swamp. If things get real bad, we can use my vacant lot of quicksand and lime. Who knows - maybe my ex-husbands and SAPS members will get along.

JUST LET ME KNOW

* Add a teaspoon of not water to peanut butter just before you start to spread it - it will go on the bread with no trouble at all *

FENDENIZEN 13 Gee, this mailing is full of bad news. Sorry about all of yours. We got your tape and I guess Bruce has answered it. Some day soon I'll get to hear it and send y'all a good long answer. I'm sure I had scads of things to say to you but heaven only knows what they were. I didn't write them down and I can't seem to remember a thing.

Dear Old Florida is still sailing around the world. The rains have been left behind and we've been able to add a little more to our sun tans. As you can see by the land marks I've mentioned, my navigation is not the best in the world.

Next time (it's almost here) I'll ignore schoolwork, housework, work, and stopping only to eat I'll have a lot more to say.

* Surprise the person who is bored with sandwiches, give them chopped hard-cooked eggs, lemon juice, and a bit of grated onion. *

ROCK. 3 At least I think it's no. three. Your trip to the golden shores - was quite a trip. Next time come to Tampa. No one will be here, but come anyhow. We close up this town about 8 p.m. and everyone goes to the nightclubs on the beaches where the fun starts about 10 p.m. . I like to go to "Davy Jones Locker" the the floor show is always good, the only trouble is that they change it too often, serve small drinks and charge high prices. A real tourist trap, but I like it.

Gee, Es. These mailing comments are me. Or at least as I am when

[0]

I write or type them. I change mannerisms, phraseology, likes and dislikes, about as often as I start talking to someone else. I guess I'll never conform.

* * * * *
EVE FIRESTONE - Bruce says that my Alaskan joke is in the Sept. issue of Playboy magazine. You can read it there.
* * * * *

THE SATEVE GHOST 7 I for one, read the movie timetables as they are written. The best one I've seen in a long time was one I saw in the paper a couple of weeks ago.

"The Last Stage From Red Rock" at 1:15, 3:45, 5, 7:10, 9:50.
The movie bills in Tampa real like a bad joke.

Your cartoon on page nine reminds me of a joke. Air Force type - Three fellows in the Air Force die and go to heaven. They are met at the gate by St. Peter and asked several questions. Finally St. Peter tells them that if they answer the next question they can come into heaven.

What was your job on earth? 1st airman: I was a doctor.

St. Peter: Sorry, we can't use you here no one ever gets sick you'll have to go to hell.

2nd airman: I was a pilot.

St. Peter: Sorry, we can't use you here. We all have our own wings. You'll have to go to hell.

By this time the third airman starts toward hell and St. Peter calls him back. St. Peter asks him why he was going to hell, and the airman tells him that he was a psychiatrist and that they wouldn't need him in heaven. St. Peter says "Yes we do, we have a fellow in here by the name of Jesus Christ who thinks he Curtis LeMay".

Needless to say Tampa is an airforce town. Until I started dating guys from the base I thought sailors were the only humans (?) with eight hands.

* Honest- I have run out of helpful little hints. So you may all breath easy. My friend ran dry.*

COASTER 2 Yes indeed. This was liked. Pooooooooooooorrrrrr Vicki. I used to have a little bird that had the name of Vicki. Lovely singer. We found him one day at the bottom of his cage dead. The Vet said it was heart failure. Then a couple of years later Vicki II broke a blood vessel under his wing and had to be put to sleep before he bled to death. All this has nothing to do with your zine - look what one little name can do.

Hey, your grandfather sounds great. Tell us/me more about him. He sounds a lot like my great-grandfather.

Why do you believe in me? The picture you talk about was a very good photo of the multilith. But keep trying. If everyone believes in me I just might live.....like "Tinker Bell".

What fannish idiom???? Your as bad as Toskey. He say I'm fannish... the same day I got a letter from some one else that said I was motherly.

[P]

I asked Bruce about it and he says it cause no one knows me. I asked what his opinion was and I just can't print what he said. I don't know how to spell the word.

My top record is the only one that counts (up to 102 now) its the "Excutioner Theme from Murder By Contract" by Tommy Dorsey. 'Tis great. So's your zine.

RETRO 13

Nobby is indeed loveable. Did you have trouble teaching him/her to sit up? I had a friend that was teaching her dog to sit up. She kept tucking his tail under him and he kept falling over. One day she walked into the room and there he sat with his tail stuck straight out in back of him. She never tried to teach him anything else.

Can't help but wonder where you picked up the "Kemo Sahib" bit. Anyone we know? I'll keep on feeling sorry for Tosk. The rest of you can pity him. After all I know what's in store for him.

My mouldy little mind was all set to let you mould it by reading Hubbards book. Alas it was out. So we thought we'd make a substitution. I found a lovely little book called "Managing your Mind" just the thing says I. It would have been too, if I were an alcoholic.

The only reason I can think of that Bruce didn't use all the historigastlies that you sent was because he was shocked that anyone would know more of them than he did.

Gee, Buz - as I've said before in this mess, I go thru periods of doing things and at the time I typed my first comments I was on a beatnick kick. I hope things have changed since then. I was even snapping my fingers while I was driving a standard shift car - take it from me, this isn't easy.

Since then, we've had the art kick - that was when I had my hair cut. Pixie style... about two inched long and no curls at all. School has started and who knows what may happen. School is very good for me. Every-one thing I'm 19 - I may never graduate.

BOG 10

Say now, if you watch TV and if you ever see Dave King maybe you saw him the night he told why the British never got to New Orleans.

Wow!!! Your comments to me are almost as bad as those by Bruce. Here I was, hoping you were a friend.

I like your cover, comments and all. I can't imagine why mine to you are so short. You've had good luck this time. Don't worry tho I'll do my best to change that next time.

IGNATZ 21

Right about here I stopped competely. Wondering what you ended up with for your birthday. Are you going to maybe tell us??? Hooray for you. After all you did make the mailing - so Tosk can't be too mad. Or can he???

I guess that since we've been writing I can't find too much to say. That sort of inclusive term includes people that haven't heard from me in years, and comments. I have no news left.

SHAME ON ME IF I HAVEN'T TAKLED TO EVERYONE -- Lucky weren't they??

See

[2]

Toskey is the cause of this. After all HE asked for it and when I mentioned it this was the answer I got

~~~~~  
WHY NAWT ??? ! ? (A collection of opinions, humor and garbage)  
by DEE2

When Dee<sub>1</sub> suggested that I do my very own section of mailing comments, I was so overwhelmed that you could have knocked me over with a two-ton truck. It's an honor I don't think I'll ever forget---even if I live to be 13½!

For those of you out there who are wondering who I am, I'd like to introduce myself-----I'm Dee<sub>1</sub>'s shadow, Dee<sub>2</sub>. Tengo mucho gusto en conocerle. Since Dee<sub>1</sub> doesn't really exist, it's not easy for her to have a shadow, but anyway here I am.

BRONC - Eva Firestone..... I certainly envy you Eva, living in that section of the country in your girlhood. I spent my childhood in an apartment building near the downtown section of Tampa, where there were no other children, and it was impossible to have a dog or cat. I always dreamed of living in the country where I could just walk and look at the fields without the fear of being run down by a car. Please don't get me wrong though. I do enjoy living in the city, for it has its advantages, needless to say. For instance, I only have to walk 14 blocks to the library every day. I loathe waiting for buses, and I find it almost impossible to tolerate taxi drivers. They're all just brimming with wise and witty sayings-----like, "Nice weather for ducks" and, "I thought I knew every street here, but that's a new one on me" or "My wife doesn't understand me"~~~~~  
Oh well.....Anyway, I liked your zine.

Notice: It has been rumored that certain members of the TPL staff have been using the multilith to run off leaflets saying "Workers of the world unite ! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" Let it be known that THIS IS NOT TRUE!!!! We would never print such things, because we have become very attached to our chains. Some of them are heirlooms, handed down for generations. SO THERE !

THE BULLFROG BUGLE - Lynn Hickman..... The mailing comments are great. Hope your boxer is O.K. now. (I must remember to run over to the pool-room across the street from the library to hear the one about the young school teacher and the gym instructor.) Harry Turner's illustrations are the gonest of the gone.

Down in Memory Lane "' Remember the good old days befoah the woah, when we used to sit out on the verandah, sippin' mint julips???

Speaking of alcoholic beverages, it has been recently noted that every time Dee(1) drinks, I am the one who feels giddy. Not only that, but I get the hangover too! Here I am, just a young and innocent child (who seldom drinks anything stronger than coffee) on the road to A.A. (.... Where the flying fishes play???) Oh well.....

[R]

FLABBERGASTING - Burnett R. Toskey.....

The Moving Finger writes: and having writ Moves on.  
Rubaiyat.

During the past few months I have been very pleased to find that there are a few people left in this world who have the good sense to prefer cats to dogs. I enjoyed your comparisons (proving the cat to be superior) immensely. I have read nearly all your zine and feel that it is my duty, sir, to disagree and argue with you about something. The fact of the matter is, I can't find any opinion (fully understood by me) that I'm in complete disagreement with. This worries me. In earlier years, I was always ready and able to disagree with anything from the time of day, to the population of Johannesburg, South Africa. (Which is 727,943, including suburbs.) I guess that this is one of the cataclysms that takes place when one begins to mellow with age.

I liked your comments on poets and poetry too. Personally, the poets whose works I most appreciate, are Edgar Allen Poe, Edith Borden Greer, and Morey Amsterdam. (You're probably thinking to yourself about now...Morey Amsterdam!...Wha..???) To this I firmly reply, "Morey Amsterdam is one of the truly great, unspoiled contemporary poets of our time." For instance, one of his latest gems goes something like this.....

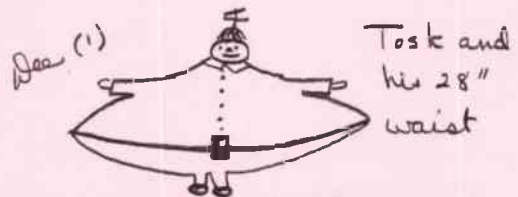
"You may have been atop the Eiffel Tower,  
Seen the Pyramids, or the mountains in Tibet.  
But, until you've eaten lobster and ice cream  
before retiring at night.....

You ain't seen nothin' yet ! ! !"

(This is not the whole poem, nor is it quoted correctly, anyway I think that even misquoted, it still reflects some of the genius of the man.)

Oh yes, you said that you have a 28 inch waist, if it's not being too personal, I'd like to know just how tall you are.

Speaking of smoking in connection with lung cancer, the other night on the TeleVidio, I saw something that will be a boon to people who believe those tales, but don't have enough will-power to give up smoking. They now have a "cigarette-smoking machine" which deposits smoke stains on a sheet of porcelain. The stains are then removed by the marvelous new ingredients of a certain toothpaste. I'll bet that commerical won't sell very much toothpaste, but I can just picture about half the population stampeding to get to the corner drugstore to buy a cigarette-smoking machine.



SPELEOBEM - Bruce Pelz..... I agree with Dee(1).... the repro stinx. The picture mentioned in 77 Sapset Strip isn't half as good as the one taken of Dee(1) behind the old Don Caesar Hotel on St. Petersburg Beach a few weeks ago. Bruce invited Dee(1) to go on his boat that day, and she was anxious to go, until she found out about certain accomodations aboard. Nevertheless, still wanting to see the boat, she invited me to go too. For some reason, Bruce changed his mind about going out on the boat then. (????)

Plea To Seattle When you answer that tape we sent to you, will you please tell us what was said on it? When we recorded it, we had just dome from a bon voyage party for one of the librarians who

[S]



went to Europe this summer. Really, it was a pretty tame party until someone got cute and decided to spike the yogurt with vodka. Frightening

[ I have the feeling that I've done this whole mess wrong, but Dee(1) handed me a piece of paper and told me to write, soooooooo, that's what I tried to do !!!!! ]

I had a terrific idea for writing just oodles of pages, but Bruce made me go put back the Manhattan telephone directory back where I found it. Oh well.....everyone knows that Bruce is a spoil-sport anyway !

FINIS

Dee(2)

HELP STAMP OUT LAWRENCE WELK!

joke:::::::::::

THE CIGARETTE STORY

One KOOL night Miss PALL MALL was taking a walk down CHESTERFIELD Lane. She went to the RALEIGH Hotel. There she met PHILLIP MORRIS. They got into an OLD GOLD bed and while watching HIT PARADE on T.V., he put his L & M into her flip top box. If she doesn't look like a CAMEL in 9 months, it will be a LUCKY STRIKE. Don't worry though, he used a filter tip.

