

W A N I G A S

SECOND ISSUE

SAPS, SUMMER 1949



Charles Henry

CINCY IN THE CRYSTAL

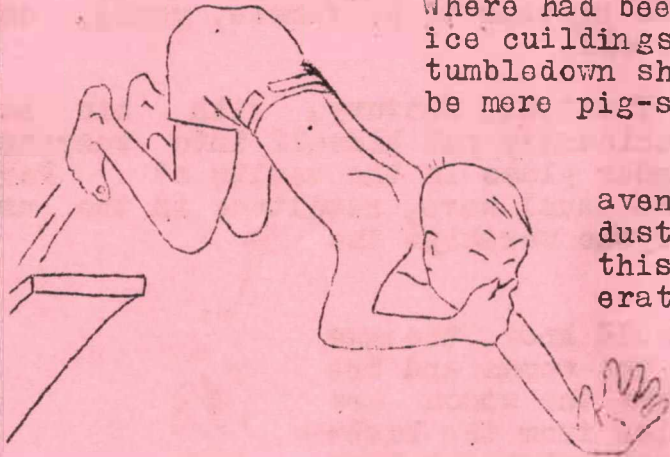
As convention time grows imminent, it behooves Yr 'Umble Srvt to register a faint protest at the artistic insensibility of the Convention Committee in not establishing Convention Headquarters at the Netherland-Plaza rather than the Metropole Hotel. This, despite the fact that the Met's rates start at \$3.00 while the N-P demands a minimum of \$6.50. After all, what is a paltry 100%-plus expense difference, compared to the opportunity of fannishly commemorating the site of Headquarters, Venusian Colonial Government, from which Terra was ruled with a grip of iron and a maximum of thud-and-blunder, Thirty-Fifth Century style?

What, indeed?

Oh, well, we can always wander over to the N-P sometime during the convention period, and erect a bronze plaque in the lobby. Think how it would impress the local citizenry to be informed that in 3488 A.D. their proud city's status would be this:

"The geography was the same, but the street pattern was so completely altered as to be practically unrecognizable.

Where had been rows of smart shops and office buildings, there now ranged clusters of tumbledown shacks, shanties so squalid as to be mere pig-stys.



"Gone were the fine asphalt avenues; age had crumbled them to dust; rain and snow had dissolved this dust, the feet of careless generations had turned the roadways to a quagmire of muck. Animals-- cats, dogs, swine, an occasional horse or cow -- roamed the streets unmolested, cropping the sparse grass by the roadsides or rooting through the garbage that befouled the air.

"Two witnesses remained that this had once been Ohio's second largest city. Still intact was that great, paved intersection which had been Fountain Square . . . and beside it heart-stirringly beautiful in this scene of desolation and squalor, still stood proudly erect the mighty spire of Carew Tower.

".....The 'Nedlunplaza' was, if anything, an even more gorgeous building than it had been in the days when its great lobby entertained visitors from forty-eight states, a hundred nations.

"It had been converted into a stronghold, a fortress, a citadel at once impregnable and breathtakingly opulent. A layer of some gleaming metal -- silver, perhaps -- overlay its erstwhile granite frame. Buttressed walls had been stretched about it....."

Such is Nelson S. Bond's vision of Cincy⁷⁴⁸⁸, as narrated in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES for November 1942.

The story is "When Freeman Shall Stand" and although presumably only one of Bond's routine potboilers, is written with sufficient skill and imagination to make interesting reading even today -- especially today, in 1949, with fandom flocking Over The Rhine. All in all, Cincinatti's future is no worse than the rest of the nation's, according to Bond. A few places are even crummier:

".....the highway bore them to a deserted village Beth called 'Cuvton', which once, Steve knew, had been the populous city of Covington, Kentucky....."

The tale concerns, as I mentioned before, the occupation of Earth by Venusians, a vaguely froglike race, but so nearly human that the hero has no difficulty in getting the well-known urge when he gets a gander at the Military Governor, who happens to be female, young, and packed with the proper hormones herself.

The hero is from the Good Old Twentieth Century. With his lab assistant and a Nazi spy, he has accidentally put himself into suspended animation, and been preserved under glass in the vaults at Fort Knox. Meanwhile there have been the usual wars, resulting in the usual collapse of civilization. Everyone worships the Mt. Rushmore memorial.

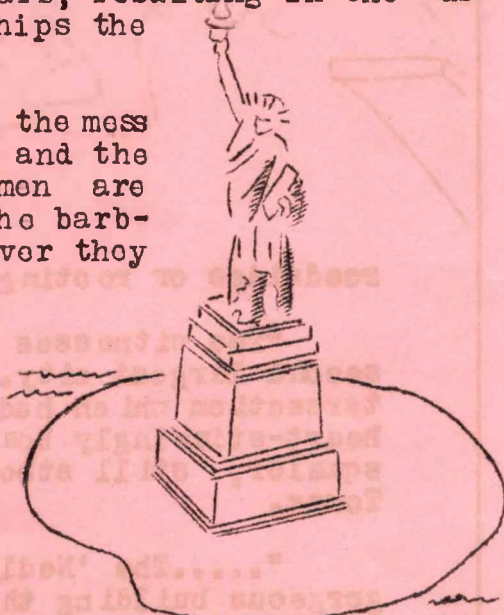
But according to Bond, who should know, the mess is aggravated by a quarrel between the women and the men who manage to survive. Therefore the women are running things, capturing a few males from the barbaric tribes running loose in the woods whenever they are needed for the obvious purposes.

That is, women run things in most places. They have not managed to take over New Orleans or Michigan. In the interests of not starting a civil war, I will make no comment on this.

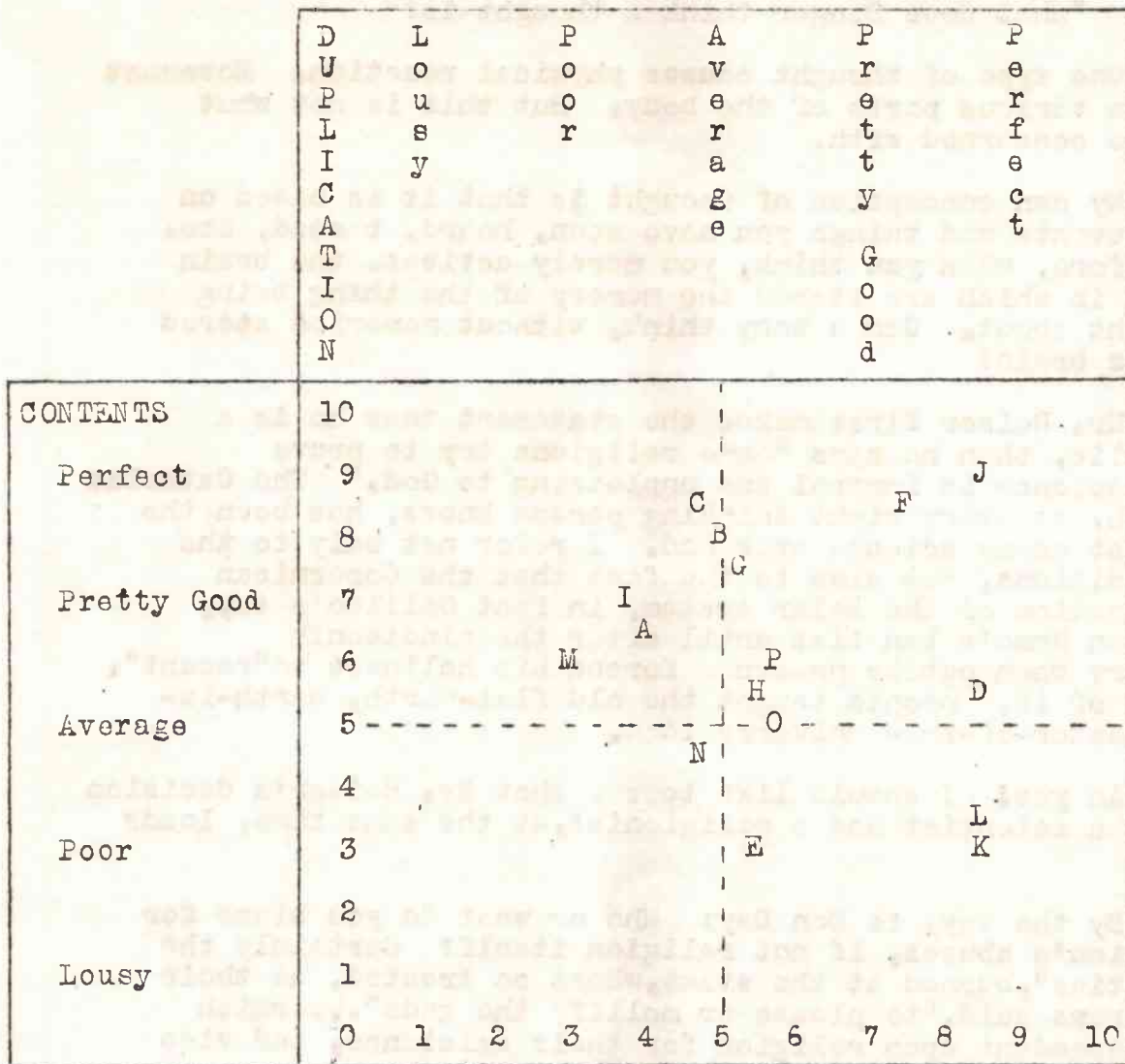
In the three-cornered catfight -- women vs. men vs. Venusians -- the awakened sleepers take, of course, leading parts, and eventually manage to get things in an uproar all the way from Kentucky to Venus. To the innocent bystanders in Cincinatti it probably looks like a second C invention.

And now is the time for all good fen to echo the words of Bond's hero:

"'In that case,' he said, 'call the room-clerk and make reservations. We're on our way to Cincy!'"



r-trapp's SAPS-AT-A-GLANCE EVALUATION CHART



- A - Vanguard Ba-a-ap!!! #5
- B - Gr-runk! #6
- C - Arcturus #3
- D - Iscariot #1
- E - Procyon III
- F - Resonance #3
- G - Jose-Pien #2
- H - Spacehound's Gazette #7
- I - Maine-Iac #2
- J - Sun-Shine #6
- K - Sapien I-3
- L - Sapien I-4
- M - The Black Pirate I-1
- N - Namleps IV-1
- O - The Spectator #7
- P - AVERAGE FOR SAPS MAILING #7

"Anyone who goes to see a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined."

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION

by Ben Singer

Mr. John Reiser, writing in the last issue of Universe, says, "What does Singer think a thought is?"

One type of thought causes physical reaction. Movement of the various parts of the body. But this is not what we are concerned with.

My own conception of thought is that it is based on past events and things you have seen, heard, tasted, etc. Therefore, when you think, you merely activate the brain cells in which are stored the memory of the thing being thought about. Can a baby think, without memories stored in his brain?

Mr. Reiser first makes the statement that he is a Catholic, then he says "Some religions try to prove that science is immoral and unpleasing to God." The Catholic Church, as every right thinking person knows, has been the biggest enemy science ever had. I refer not only to the inquisitions, but also to the fact that the Copernican explanation of the solar system, in fact Galileo's too, were on Rome's ban list until after the nineteenth century when public pressure forced his holiness to "recant". Think of it; people taught the old flat-earth, earth-is-the-center-of-the-universe idea.

Ah yes! I should like to see what Mr. Reiser's decision to be a scientist and a religionist, at the same time, leads to.

By the way, to Don Day: Who or what do you blame for religion's abuses, if not religion itself? Certainly the "heretics", burned at the stake, where so treated, as their torturers said, "to please or mollify the gods"....which are dependent upon religion for their existance, and vice versa.

I close, quoting a poem I once quoted before in an article for the fanmag GORGON. I consider this one of the better examples of atheistic poetry.

WHERE

by George B. Adams

When this old earth has made its last cycle,
And the infinite dream is attained,
And the last god has passed his last sentence,
And the last fount of mercy is drained,

When the sun fades away in the cosmos,
And the planets and orbs are no more,
When their elements float in the ether
Of an infinite sea without shore,

Where then the abodes of the spirits,
Where to, ye of infinite ken,
Will have gone the gods of the nations,
These mystical saviors of men?

Far in Orion's nebular ocean,
Far beyond the terrestrial dust,
Will the Father and Son have assembled
The faithful, the true, and the just?

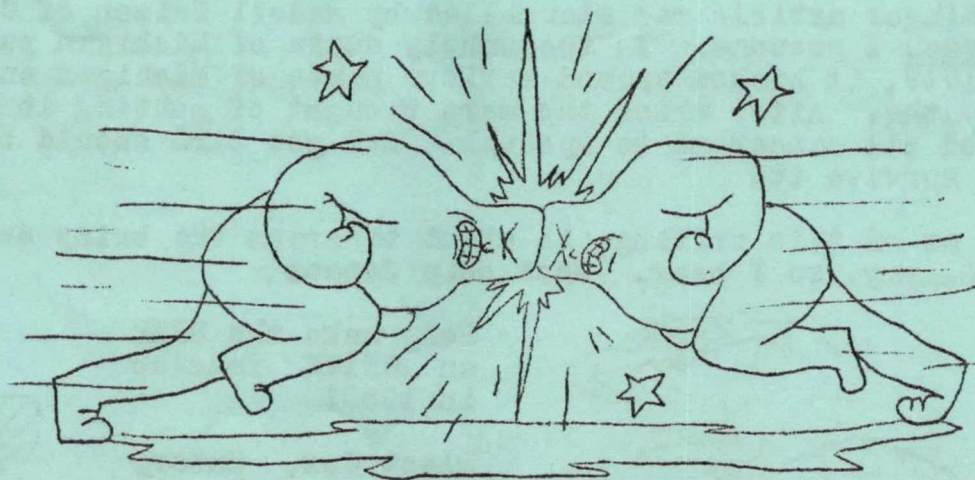
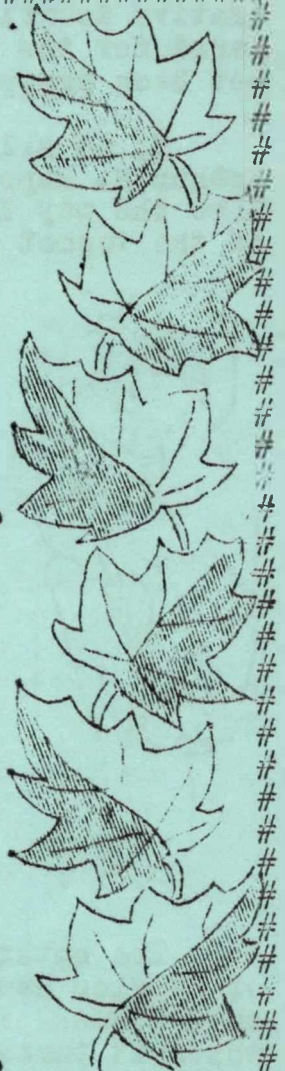
Off on some mighty planet in Xerxes,
Or in Pegasus' star-littered square
Will the faithful of Islam be reaping
The promised reward of his prayer?

Will the unnumbered millions of Buddhists,
Or Brahma's uncountable hosts,
Be borne to some cosmic Valhalla,
Some mystic abode of the ghosts?

Will all the dead millions of Egypt,
Who bowed to King Pharaoh's throne
Be grouped on some far distant planet
When Cosmos, the king, claims his own?

Will the priest of the Aztec or Druid,
Whose rites were an orgy of gore,
Be found on some star-lighted island
In this infinite sea without shore?

No, you dare not assume such imposture
Lest the great God of Science reply,
"Gods and heavens are priestly inventions,
Which lenses have swept from the sky."



A MEETING OF THE MINDS.

.....Here let us pause for some nauseating but necessary administrative details. This is the second issue of WANIGAS, hopefully prepared for the 8th mailing of SAPS in the asinine belief that I haven't yet been dropped for lack of activity.

I, as all non-moronic SAPS -- if any -- should know by now, am Arthur H. Rapp, 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan. If Merwin doesn't like the way I write a masthead, I will someday tell him what I think of the format and print job on the August 1949 TWS. This may be considered a threat. What is he trying to do -- imitate Ziff-Davis?



Speaking of threats reminds me of the husband who got home from work to find his wife had gone to a party without fixing him any supper. He was, shall we say, vexed. He departed for a hamburg joint and then an evening with the boys, but left a note for his old lady, the sum and substance of which was, "If this happens again I'll tear your head off and wave it in your face."

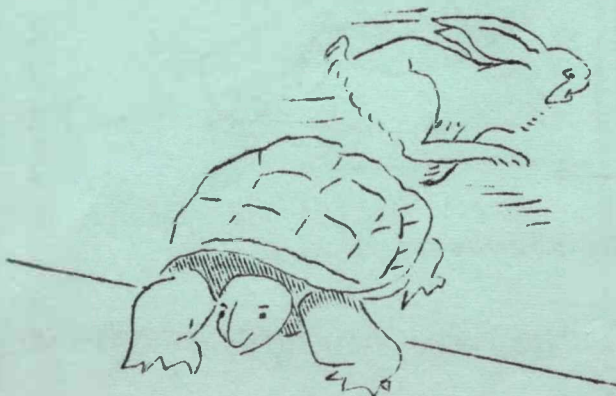
Wifey came home, found the note, and blew her top. She sat up with the family rolling-pin until hubby staggered in at three a.m. She bopped him a few times to discourage resistance, then made him eat his unkind words -- literally.

So the judge gave her thirty days in the clink for sending a threatening letter through the male.

The cover of this alleged magazine is the technicolor imagination of Charles Henderson of Salt Lake City, Utah. It originally appeared on SPACEWARP for April 1949, but having prepared an extra hecto-master which it turned out I didn't need, I couldn't resist the temptation. Besides, it will give you an idea of what you're escaping every month by not subscribing to Fandom's Top Monthly, 15¢, 2/25¢, 9/\$1. -- NFFF members get 10 for a buck, providing they mention their membership in their subscription order.

The Singer article was stencilled by Radell Nelson of Cadillac -- for Universe, I presume. In the unholy snafu of Michigan publications of early 1949, it kicked around various parts of Michigan and Canada for six months. After which the mere thought of putting it into SPACEWARP caused all concerned to upchuck. But you SAPS should be hardened enough to survive it.

Ben, as of this writing, is about to cross the briny deep courtesy of the U.S.Army, so I hear. Ghod help Japan!



Help make the NFFF
an ACTIVE fanclub
in 1950!

Elect Cox, Sneary
and Rapp, who are
pledged to introduce
their Activity Requirement
System if retained
in office! Vote
the ACTIVITY TICKET!



GAHHH, TAKE 'EM AWAY!

.....r-tRapp plows thru the 7th Mailing

Don't expect an all-inclusive listing. I'm agin' it. How in hell can you comment on topics about which you have no opinion, and no desire to form one? And SAPS would be better off with more opinionated articles and less grimly-determined-to-mention-every-item mailing comments.

"Gr-runk!" In estimating total fantasy wordage published, Walt, I assume you mean 2000 issues of fantasy prozines. Also, I'd appreciate knowing whose estimate it is. 12,000 stories totalling 250,000,000 words would mean an average length of 20,000 words. Despite serials and the labeling of anything over four pages a "novelette," I estimate the average fantasytale wordage nearer 10,000 than 20,000.

Only the Sacred Sheltering Tail of Roscoe saved me from becoming involved in a horrible feud with GAPA. One of the byproducts of the MSF S's visit to Bob Stein last September was the concept of a Great Lakes Amateur Press Association. The idea never got beyond the visionary status, but a few months latter I suggested to Redd Boggs that I write him a Bottstory about an apa to end all apas, known, of course, as GLAPA. I could see plenty of possibilities for humor in the idea, but somehow or other couldn't get the tale to jell -- and before I made any serious attempt to write it, your announcement of GAPA appeared. Think what just a slight difference in timing would have done -- do you believe I could ever have convinced anyone that the similarity of GAPA and GLAPA was mere coincidence?

Your use of the term "sciencefiction" recalls a letter in an old AMAZING I obtained a few days back. Someone suggested in the "Discussions" column that, since Gernsback's "scientifiction" hadn't taken very well, a simpler term would be "scientale" -- It struck me as a fairly acceptable substitute, with one great advantage: unlike "stf," "scientale" would be intelligible even to non-fen. Incidentally, it's odd that "stf" remains the favorite abbreviation, while its parent word, "scientific - tion," has been almost entirely replaced by "science fiction."

Iscariot Hmm, your favorite reading is weird and horror stories, but you want everything to be humorous. What do you do, read HPL for laughs? This reminds me that whereas stfen carry on bitter arguments about time-travel, the Martian climate, etc., I've yet to discover a couple of horror fans feuding over the length of a vampire's fingernail or such. What gives? Do you guys just sit back and believe every thing you read in the promags? No wonder they say horror is easier to write than stf.

Resonance Pish and tush, Paul! Wait till you get to be a thousand and see if your sex behavior endangers anyone's morals.

Jose-Pien This -- this is why people join SAPS! Moremoremoremoremore! Gaw, nearly split a gut.

Maine-lac Enjoyed your rambling observations, Ed. Eliminating some of the strikeovers would improve this zine a lot.

Sun-Shine Speaking of movies reminds me: Anyone remember (I think it was called) "Murder in the Wax Museum"? Dunno if it was a fantasy or not, but it damn near scared me to death fifteen years or so ago.

How do you guys manage to assemble all these quotable quotes? Maybe I'm just unobservant, but it's only about once in six months that I come across a real dilly.

Sapian Here are the fillers and the ads. Where's the mag?

The Black Pirate The blurriness of the ditto'd portion is what earned this a "poor" rating on my chart. But on second thought the "contents" rating should be somewhere not far from zero, since both Sigler's article and the story lack their endings in my copy. Or did you figure they were so lousy that no one would even reach the end of the first page?

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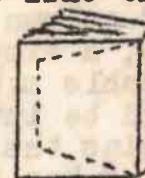
All in all, the Seventh Mailing strikes me as a great deal of time effort and material expended for the production of a mass of crud and only a couple of really worthwhile items. Let's do a bit of calculating: The mailing took roughly five reams of paper, cost \$6.00. Stencils and stuff: about \$12.00. Postage: about \$2.50. Total: over twenty bucks.

Was it worth it?

..oo00(□)00oo..

Bought a flock of Gernsback AMAZINGS the other day, most of which had been plastered with brown-paper tape by some misguided soul. To my great delight, however, I found that the covers on these oldtimers are heavy enuf to withstand a bit of moisture, so I was able to dampen the tape with a sponge until it could be safely peeled off. Result, about five "very good condition" mags that used to be only "poor".

A guy I would cheerfully strangle, however, is the collector -- or former collector -- around these parts who trims back covers like this: That's bad enuf, but sometimes he even does the same to the front covers! Can anyone suggest a reason -- plausible or implausible -- for this kind of trimming? My own theory is that he's gone nuts from too many Shaver stories, and his keepers allow him to amuse himself with his stf collections and a pair of blunt-pointed scissors. Or perhaps he has a deep aversion against rectangles and a neurotic compulsion to convert 'em into trapezoids.



Theoretically, a collector should be satisfied with nothing less than mint-condition mags -- but who the hell is a millionaire? I get issues in the best condition I can, but I'd rather have 'em with torn covers -- or no covers -- than not have 'em at all. I usually reinforce a damaged or missing cover with blank paper, to protect the pages under it. I replace 'em with copies in better condition when the opportunity arises but how often does it arise in regard to 15- or 20-year-old mags?

..oo00(□)00oo..

Ever try to board a rush-hour bus while carrying six reams of mimeo paper and two dozen pulpmags? It's quite a gruelling experience, I assure you. It's at times like those that I see advantages in owning an automobile. Ah, well, anything for the sake of stf!

..oo00(□)00oo..

Spacers on this page inspired by EdCo's doodlings in the last mailing. Hope you didn't have 'em copyrighted, Ed.