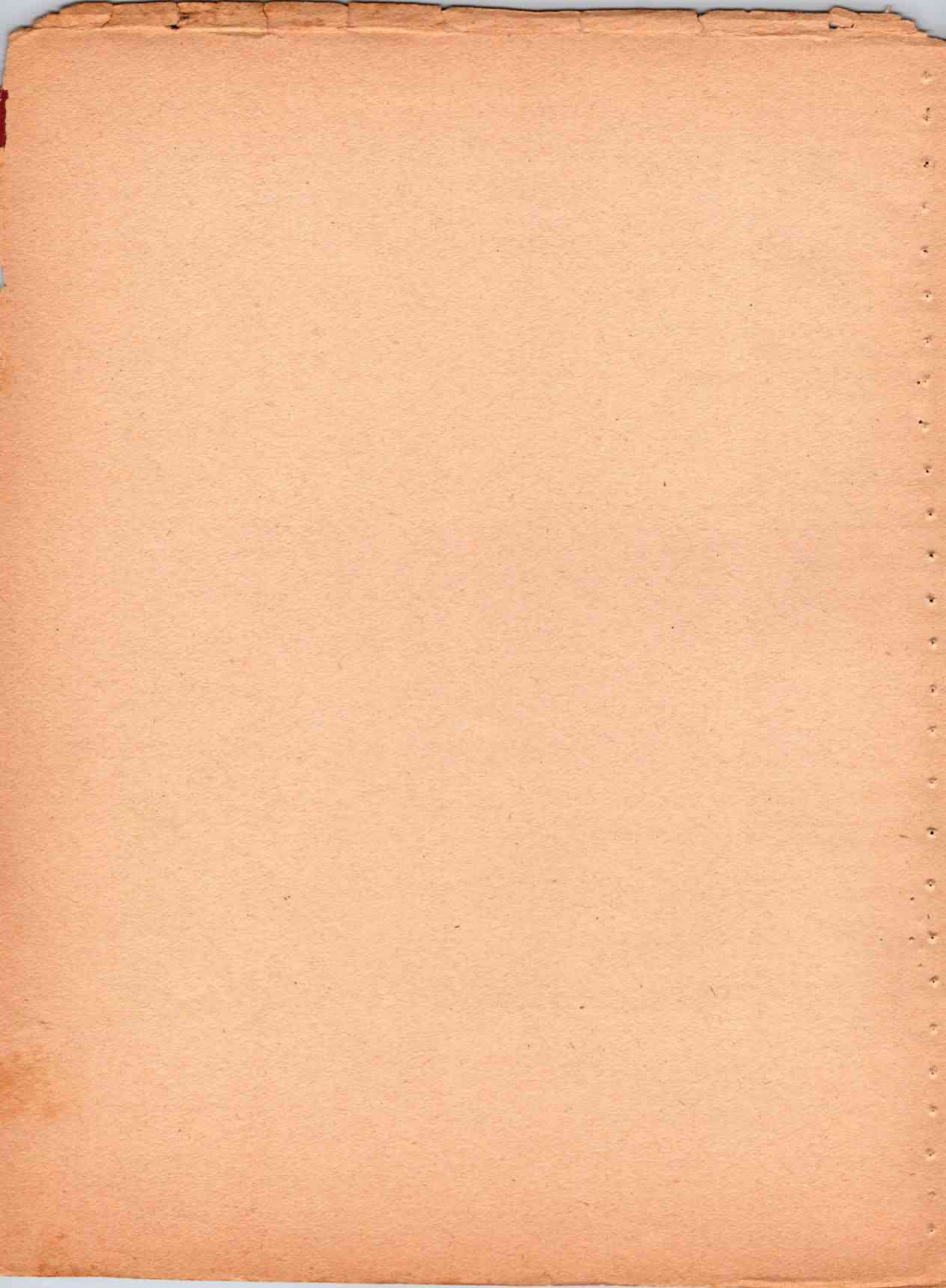


W A N I G A S



# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD IN THE PROZ

EVERYONE knows the standard version of "Little Red Riding Hood" -- but suppose the proz printed the tale, and made a few minor changes here and there to maintain editorial policy. Here are synopses of the results.....

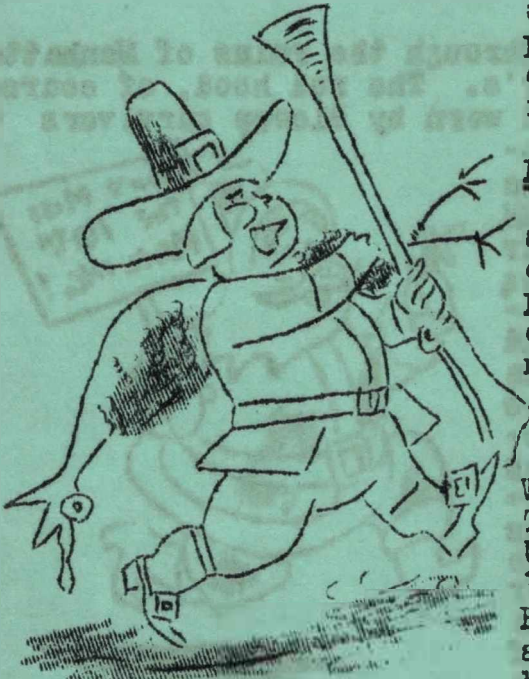
ASTOUNDING S-F: Little RRH is wandering through the ruins of Manhattan on the way to Grandmother's. The red hood, of course, isn't cloth at all, but a neutronic shield worn by Blowup survivors to protect themselves from the residual radio-activity on the old city-sites. Along comes this Wolf character and offers to show LRRH where to find a genuine, undamaged, pre-war aluminum kettle. She is overjoyed, she sez because Granny is getting old and butter-fingered and drops the crude pottery and breaks it. While the girl digs in the ruins at the spot the Wolf points out, he dashes behind a heap of rubble where his atomic-powered space-cruiser is hidden, and takes off for Grandmother's log cabin. Upon arriving there, he finds that the old dame has the joint well boobytrapped with electronic alarms and such. But he is undaunted, for in the ensuing battle it develops that the Wolf's culture possesses a high degree of technology too. Eventually he whips up an emergency spacewarping gadget which bypasses the defenses, and sneaks up on the unsuspecting Grandmother, who is fiddling with the television controls hidden in her kitchen cupboard. But as the Wolf is about to liquidate her with a portable blaster, six woodchoppers step out of the fireplace, which is a disguised matter-transmitter, and cut him down with para-rays. "Heh," cackles Granny, waving her bodyguard back into the transmitter. "You Centaurians think just because our cities are ruined, we Earthmen have lost our scientific knowledge. But you're wrong -- we of the Science Council are merely waiting to be sure Mankind has learned to live in peace, before we bring into the open the knowledge we have preserved through the Blowup." She shifts her corn-cob pipe from one side to the other of her toothless mouth, reaches for a crude bronze knife and adds, "As one scientist to another, I hate to do this, Wolf, but to maintain our seerecy, we of the Science Council have to act just like the rest of the world." So she cuts his throat, skins him, and pegs the pelt on the door. Little Red Riding Hood comes in carrying an electron microscope she's salvaged from the ruins. "I see you took care of that damn Centaurian spy," she observes. "I wonder how long it will take those imperialistic idiots to discover that the atomic radiations made all us humans telepathic?"



WEIRD TALES: All is normal to the point where LRRH arrives at Granny's and asks, "Did that wolf show up?" "Yep," sez her Grandmother. "Where is he?" cries LRRH. "I et 'im," sez Granny. "Why you greedy, selfish old bag!" yelps LRRH, "Just for that I'll eat you!" retorts Granny. "Oh no you won't," sez the girl. "Because I'm not your granddaughter at all -- I'm the wolf!" "You mean that was Little Red Riding Hood I ate?" asks Granny. "Yep," sez the wolf. "And now I'm go-

ing to kill you!" "Don't make me laugh," sez Granny. "Werewolf or sardale, it makes no diff -- you ain't going to kill me." "Why not?" asks the Wolf. "Because," sez Granny, "You may be a wolf -- but I'm a ZOMBIE!"

**AMAZING:** The entire story is in standard form, but in an author's note which follows, Amazing's readers are informed that he had to write in fiction because no one would believe the truth. Do you realize that 15 out of 16 children in the U.S. were devoured by wolves? Every policeman is aware of this, but no one dares to admit it publicly. Readers having information which will help to prove this claim are asked to communicate with the editor or the author immediately. A forthcoming issue will present full documentary evidence, plus more sensational exposes of the dark evil forces ruling the world. Don't miss it!



A ZINE IN THE 10<sup>TH</sup> MAILING  
IS WORTH TWO IN YOUR  
MIND. DON'T BE A DEAD  
PIGGIN!

**PLANET:** Redh Rhyding-Hoot, lithe, nubile and voluptuous priestess of the Venusian Drylands, is on a journey to the hidden citadel where her Grandmother rules as Empress of Venus. In the swamps she encounters a friendly, polite character, and does not suspect that he is actually a Wulph, a vampiric swampdwelling entity which feeds on life-force. Pretending to show her an outcropping of Ultra-Uranium ore, the Wulph loses her in the labyrinth of swamps. The cities of the Drylands desperately need Ultra-Uranium to power the pumps which keep the seas from overwhelming their cities. As Redh Rhyding-Hoot is about to be swallowed in a quicksand pit, she is saved by a cynical but chivalrous Earthman whose rocket has crashlanded in the swamps. This virile and brawny character falls madly in love with Redh Rhyding-Hoot, but gives no indication of it except to squeeze a bit harder than necessary when grabbing her to rescue her from

the carnivorous plants, reptiles, and other swamp flora and fauna with which she is always tangling. Together they battle their way thru the perilous swamp toward the hidden citadel. Meanwhile the Wulph has entered the citadel by impersonating Redh Rhyding-Hoot, and with the help of a traitorous high priest and his followers, is about to overthrow the Empress. Just as the girl and the Earthman emerge from the swamp, the revolt breaks out. Forgetting the girl, the Earthman grabs himself a sword and wades into the fracas, where, by sheer musclepower and luck, he kills a dozen or so of the Wulph's warriors, although he has never used a sword before in his life. The girl, while this is going on, enters the citadel in disguise and reaches the throne-room just as the Wulph bumps off Grandmother. Redh Ryding-Hoot kills the Wulph. The Earthman enters, thinks the disguised girl is the Wulph, and stabs her. Immediately he perceives his mistake, and takes the dying girl in his arms. "It is better this way," Redh Ryding-Hoot whispers through the blood that is filling her lungs, "When the Empress died, I became Empress of all Venus and by ancient law the ruler of Venus must remain a virgin." In the next issue, the Vizigraph is full of complaints that the author forgot to explain whether the Drylands cities got the Ultra-Uranium or not. Ray Nelson and Edwin Sigler also spot the error in biology.

**FANTASTIC NOVELS:** Doesn't print the story. It's not by Merritt.

# THE GRIPES OF RAPP

— agonized wailing induced by viewing the (ugh!) 8th Mailing —

SPECTATOR As one who has absolutely no knowledge of accounting, I find myself fascinated by the Affair of Ron Maddox's 35 cents. You add it to both sides, deduct one side from the other upon a flimsy pretext, and by some strange alchemy, everything ends up, to the infinite joy of SAPS, in a balanced budget! # Tsk, 21 members on the roster and only ten of 'em represented in the mailing. And only five required to have something in the 9th Mailing. The 9th being the kickoff of SAPS' illustrious third year, it should be a big, thick, juicy, meaty package of zines. Something to drool over, that is. But I doubt it.....

DIFFERENT One of the most attractive, typographically, in the envelope. And with plenty of thought-provoking comment, too. Trouble is, I've already read, pondered, and commented upon this thing for FAPA. Be jiggered iffen I'll do it again! # Another slight objection to including the same zine in two apas -- either it must abstain entirely from the minor comment and repartee which is so characteristic a feature of ayjay, or it will be at least partly unintelligible to members of one apa who do not belong to the other. However, as long as Different continues to present such excellent material I'd rather see it in both FAPA and SAPS than in neither.

AAA Precisely. # Oh well, every SAP is entitled to one issue like this before someone lowers the boom on his youthful exuberance. # And to find JoKe here, of all places! # At any rate, o worthy SAP, I salute ye for the preserverance needed to turn out eight pages on a pan-hecto.

SOLAR PHOENIX Is this reprehensible one-staple business becoming contagious? # "Call This Advertising" was, to my vast astonishment, interesting. # If you could perfect that back cover method so both the ditto and mimeo are legible, you can run your zines on only half as much paper!

ANDEMONIUM Your descriptions of other fen are always a pleasure, a pleasure to read, that is. And I got a kick out of "The Weirds of Avocsl Wuthoqqan Lyon." # By picking all of SAPS as his target, Ray is handicapping his feud. Should he settle down to an individual duel with you, sparks would really fly! On second thot, that would happen if he fought with Hank. With you, it would be more likely to result in pandemonium. # What I like about SAPS is that I can pull lousy puns and no one can retaliate for three whole months!

MOON BLURPS Easily the top zine of the mailing, not through its physical appearance, although that is very good, but because of the interest and enthusiasm which Charles shows. It must have taken hours to prepare those long mailing comments -- which are about the only kind worth the space they occupy. (Meaning, among other things, that these pages in WANIGAS are more for the sake of tradition than because of the undying prose and profound wisdom they contain.) # That experimental hecto-artwork interests me, too. What have we here, a budding Bob Stein, Jr.?

continued off thataway→

Roseofucius say: When high-priced footwear cause you woe, let happy thought make troubles go: imagine you a centipede -- think then how many shoe you need! Oh sob sob!

APIAN You score on the quantity side of the ledger, at any rate. # "India" interested me enough to read it all the way thru -- that's not a crack at the article, just that the subject doesn't particularly attract me. It has, of course, a rather strong religious bias, and I fear a great many of the statements would be disputed by a Hindu or Moslem writer. It's amazing how much distortion creeps into any writing by any churchman on any subject. (Note: I am not an atheist. The only time I've been to church since 1943 have been a few chapel services in Germany, and once here in the States to attend my sister's wedding. However, my church continues to regard me as a member whenever they're conducting a fund-raising drive. To avoid denominational arguments, let's call 'em the Roscoites. Only last week I got a neatly-printed three-color propaganda sheet from 'em in regard to a fund-drive for a summer camp. It started off something like this: "A Slice of God's Outdoors -- by Roscoites, for Roscoites!" At which point I quietly gagged, and tossed it into the wastebasket. Which has not much to do with the subject under discussion. Anyway, I've got a copy of Harijan, which until his assassination was Ghandi's official organ. If anyone is sufficiently interested in the topic, I'll reprint some of the articles about Ghandi's death in a future mailing. (The issue is that of 22 Feb 48, a week or so after the shooting.)

RNEH Tsk, you wasted the whole back of the page!

XYN What, if anything, does the title signify? # "Sheltered Worlds" was a darn good story in its own gruesome way. Weatherby seems to be turning out a whale of a lot of fiction lately.

ANIGAS The lousy mimeoing on the last page is at least partly explained thusly: I left a space for that little diagram, but forgot to draw it on the stencil before running the page off. So I had to cut it later, mask off the rest of the stencil, and run 'em all thru the machine again. Some ink found its way thru the masking and double-printed some of the text. Ain't ayjay fun?

Now commenceth the griping. That covers the last mailing. All in all, the covering could have been done just as well with about six feet of earth, out in some lonely corner of the cemetery. Tain't what was in the mailing, it's what wasn't there. Migawd, this is vacation time, isn't it? Where are all the student SAPS who have been yelping all winter that they were too busy with studies to turn out zines?

With all-too-few exceptions, you guys act like you gotta sweat blood to produce a couple of pages for a mailing. If you hate publishing so much, what are you doing in SAPS? I'm in favor of bi-monthly mailings. As it is, the three months between deadlines makes everybody say, "Aw, I'll get around to it later, plenty of time." And then you either miss the mailing entirely or you turn out a couple of last-minute pages of crud just to meet requirements. That quota is a minimum, designed to keep uninterested jerks from dragging down the rest of the society. It looks to me like the minimum should be jacked up quite a bit. We don't need more members than the present rules allow -- but we could sure use better members!

That's one reason why I can't jump on Higgs, despite his contempt for SAPS. At least he shows enough interest to get a mag into every mailing. If the rest of us matched him in quantity, we'd be in a better position to demand that he raise the quality.

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this bitter denunciation of all ye hold sacred continues -->

In a small organization like SAPS, it takes activity on the part of every member to keep the whole group up to standard. But, just as in every other group in fandom, too many of you want to sit back and let someone else do all the work, while you trail along for the reward. No wonder so many of the topnotch members drop out -- why should they stay in SAPS just to entertain the goldbricks, when they can put the same amount of time and effort into some other activity where their efforts get more of a return.

I joined SAPS in the first place because it looked like potentially the most live-wire of apas. As of the 8th Mailing, it sure has failed to live up to its potentialities.

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## SCHOOL DAZE

About the time you're reading this, most of you are just settling down again to classes and homework. Pardon me while I utter a horse laugh in your general direction. I'm not back in school this fall, although I've got two years of college yet to go -- and will get 'em in the next few years. But so far as I can see, unless you're training for some one specific profession on which your hopes have been pinned from as far back as you can remember, you're wasting your time. And for a great many of you, it's safe to say, there's no such goal. You are studying because you have a slight interest in some one profession and figure when you get out of school you'll decide just what kind of job in that field you're after.

Even by the musty tenets of Aristotelian logic, that's putting the cart before the horse, isn't it? Why not be sensible and find out what work you want to spend your life doing before you decide how to spend your once-in-a-lifetime chance at specialized education? How? By not going straight from high school to college. Take a break. Take a year, or two, or three. Get a job -- in the field you're interested in, if possible. You won't get a high-paying one, probably, with just a high-school education, but you should be able to support yourself -- and to pile up some dough against those college expenses to come. And when you do get to college, you'll have an immeasurable advantage over the guys just out of high school -- because you'll have a better understanding of what's important in the courses, and you'll have a greater incentive to learn, because you'll have seen how the knowledge of the classroom is applied later on.

If you have no special interest -- don't know what kind of field to train for -- get a job that will bring you in contact with many different fields. A traveling salesman's position, if you've got the temperament for it, or a hitch in the Army or Navy. Until you've done a bit of traveling yourself, you have no idea of the vastness of this U. S.A., or of the world. Why do you suppose it's been the custom for centuries for the wealthy to give their children a foreign education? Simply because in that manner the pupils get a different viewpoint on all the things which they take for granted at home.

The way our modern system of higher education is set up, anyway, you can become learned in school, but you've got to become educated by your own extracurricular studies. And the saddest thing I've ever run across is a rosy-cheeked, innocent little graduate who has earnestly absorbed his lessons in school, and is convinced that he's all ready to leap into the maelstrom of outside life, to battle the world on equal terms. You can't help being ignorant, but for gosh sakes, find out that you are, before it's too late!

# MENTIONING NO NAMES

((I wrote the following item during the recent unpleasantness, whilst enjoying the outdoor life, exercise, dust-storms, long walks, and other features of the region in question. Ever since, I've been trying to figure out what it is. It could be called a pun -- or could it? It's not exactly an acrostic or an anagram. In fact, it doesn't fit into any standard literary classification. The nearest parallel is that letter of recommendation which can be folded down the center and thus be made to take just the opposite of its apparent meaning -- Reader's Digest printed it a few years back, I think -- at least, I recall seeing it in some pocket-size zine like that. Coronet or Encore perchance. Any literary SAP know if a thing like this has a name in literature?))

There is a rather vast expanse of rattle-snakes & sand with chiggers populated dense, a god-forsaken land. The sunbaked natives, strangely, of this hellhole are proud, and tell the world about it in accents strong and loud. They do not like the U.S.A., nor likewise Mexico; they think that history started when they built the Alamo. When we've defeated Nippon why don't we change our maps, and heedless of Nip protests -- cede it to the Japs?

## VICTOR HUGO MUST BE WHIRLING IN HIS GRAVE DEPARTMENT

"Citizens, the 19th century is great, but the 20th century will be happy. Then there will be nothing left resembling ancient history, there will be no cause to fear, as at the present day, a conquest, an invasion, usurpation, an armed rivalry of nations, an interruption of civilization depending on a marriage of kings, a birth in hereditary tyrannies, a division of peoples by congress, a dismemberment by the collapse of dynasties, a combat of two religions, clashing like two goats of the darkness, on the bridge of infinity; there will be no cause longer to fear famine, exhaustion, prostitution thru destiny, misery through stoppage of work, and the scaffold, and the sword, and battles, and all the brigandage of accident in the forest of events; we might almost say there will be no more events, we shall be happy; the human race will accomplish its law as the terrestrial globe does its law; harmony will be restored between the soul and the planet, and the soul will gravitate round the truth as the planet does round light."

Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo, page 891.



.....While we're on the subject of Army verse, here's another I wrote just about the time the war ended. This one proved useful -- I mimeo'd it, traded Sgt Frishberg 25 copies for a three-day pass, and also received an autographed photo of himself from Colonel Ernst, our CO, in return for a signed copy.

# O, HAPPY DAZE

( Dedicated to 1st Sgt Frishberg )

The Army makes a change in you; that cannot be denied,  
It changes your appearance and it changes you inside;  
Let's follow a Camp Wolters man -- Just one of all the millions  
-- And see how well this G.I. fares when first he meets civilians.

He leaps up briskly in the morn, though tired as can be,  
And herds his family to the lawn to help stand reveille;  
And not so long thereafter causes quite a painful scene  
When he commands his aged Dad to G.I. the latrine.

When breakfast is announced at last, he gives a joyous yell,  
But when he sees the food proclaims: "This grub sure looks  
like hell!"

He asks his gray-haired Granny: "Please, ma'am, pass the  
(CENSORED) grease," ((Grease: butter. AHR))  
For verily a Wolterite knows not the ways of peace.

Later, to the great surprise of postmen on their rounds,  
His little sister is observed policing up the grounds;  
His mother does not visit at the neighbor's house for tea --  
She'd sassed him back and like a flash he'd put her on KP.

He told them that the Motor Pool was closed up for the day,  
Then jumped into the car himself and swiftly drove away.  
He stripped the gears and ruined the brakes and paid enormous  
bills  
Before he found it wasn't like a jeep for climbing hills.

In spite of all his efforts he began to mope and grieve  
And one day was reported being Absent Without Leave.  
He'd taken off and left a note propped up beside the lamp:  
"It's not like home," the letter read, "I'm going back to camp."

This made his family joyous, for the G.I. life was rough,  
And though they dearly loved their boy, they'd had about enough;  
So now he's re-enlisted and is happy as can be --  
Not only has he found his home -- he's just made PFC !

T/4 Arthur H. Rapp 36886935  
Poet Laureate  
Headquarters School Division  
Infantry Replacement Training Center  
Camp Wolters, Texas

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SHOW THIS TO YOUR GIRLFRIEND DEPARTMENT

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"When a woman has scholarly inclinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature."

Beyond Good and Evil by Friedrich Nietzsche

In case anyone wonders, I have a semi-plausible reason for putting the masthead of this zine way back here. This way, even people who always skip over such routine parts of their SAPSazines might be taken unawares, and have it half-read before they realize what it is. Of course there are those who could read it all the way through and still not realize what it is. If such characters exist anywhere in the semi-literate and esoteric intricacies of fandom, it would be in SAPS.

The thing you are now reading (or perhaps trying to read, if that noble mechanism, the Hit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph, decides to pit its will against mine with this stencil on the dripping drum) is



WANIGAS, an r-tRapp Sapzine, third in its illustrious line. It should be in the Fall, 1949 bundle, the 9th Mailing, and if a suffering postman is found stark and stiff on your front stoop, a smoking revolver in his fist and a bullet through his brain, you can

bet his hari-kari was caused by opening the SAPS envelope for postal inspection and coming face-to-face with this thing.

For the record, the "I" referred to is Arthur H. Rapp, 2120 Bay St. Saginaw, Michigan. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't be simpler just to write a plain, unadorned summary of these fascinating data, and save the torturous prose for elsewhere in the zine. But after all, if two sentences can be expanded to fill the half-page I've covered already -- well, wouldn't you? After all, once I've cut the stencil, I don't have to read it any more, but you poor victims, not knowing what vital info might be buried in these paragraphs, have no such simple escape.

In case you wonder why I put out several apazines instead of combining them all into one large, impressive-by-its-very-bulk publication let me point out the advantages. (1) It gives the OE more items to list in SPECTATOR, not to mention complicating his life by having to add up several numbers to see how many pages to credit me. (2) If I ever run out of things to say, I can start a feud between a couple of my own publications -- the apa equivalent of talking to oneself. (3) I get some stuff run off and sent in within a couple of weeks after the last mailing arrives, thus providing insurance against missing a mailing -- yet I can continue to turn out material whenever the inclination strikes me right up to the deadline. (4) I get everybody -- including myself, -- thoroughly confused. (5) I have an impressive array of titles to list after questions in fanpolls about what fanzines I've published -- although CosWal has a better system than mine, in that department. (6) It's easier on people who are not amused by my zines -- they can read 'em in short doses, between pubs by other SAPS and thus are not exasperated to the point of cussing me out in the following mailing.

If this page was longer, I could probably dream up a few more reasons with a little thought. But inasmuch as I never try to do two things at once, and I am now busy typing a stencil, you can't expect me to be thinking at the same time, can you?

Don't forget that when the NFFF election ballot comes to you, the guys to vote for are Sneary, Cox, and Rapp, and their supporters -- because if you want an active NFFF in 1950, elect the NFFF Activity Party!



# DEADLY PERIL

"Shooting's too good for him! He should be strangled, slowly and painfully!" I banged the table with my fist as I spoke, making the beer slosh about in the steins. Morgan Botts sipped thoughtfully at his beaker of suds before replying.

"That's a pretty strong statement, son," he said soothingly.

"Oh, it is, eh? Ghu drench it all, you old fossil, you don't seem to realize that he's brought the hallowed and noble institution of stf-dom to the verge of ruin! Why, in another fifteen years there won't be a fan left!"

Botts grunted in disagreement, but I was in no mood to wait while he swallowed his mouthful of beer.

"Do you see the stands full of prozines any more?" I demanded angrily. "Do you find new stf and fantasy publications springing up like bunchgrass in an a-bomb crater? No! It's getting so you have to develop ESP to tell you in what dusty corner of the newsstand to search for the few stfmags that are still coming out!"

"Well," Botts admitted grudgingly, "there's no doubt that fantasy has slipped from the heights where it reigned supreme during the 'Golden Days' of the last half of the Twentieth Century. But fandom has these ups and downs. Why, I recall once..."

"I know, I know!" I interrupted bitterly. "And what's causing this slump? I'll tell you what -- it's this guy Bleek and his Ghu-drenched SenSorZines. Bah! We're turning into a nation of morons, I tell you!"

"Now, now, take it easy, son," cautioned the stfan-inventor, putting down his empty stein and grabbing a full one. "I've often noticed you deeply absorbed in a SenSorZine, yourself."

"Awright, awright! I admit they have advantages over the regular publications. When you rest your fingertips on the tensor-plastic margins of the pages, you seem to experience the emotions appropriate to the story. So what?"

"Well, you've always claimed the average reader identifies himself with the hero of the stf tales -- so a SenSorZine is even better than an old-type mag in that respect, isn't it?"

"Ah, use your brain, Botts. You know that the quality of the writing will fall off like a slowed-up athodyd when the author can slam together any old hack story and depend on the SenSor strips to put the effect across to the reader. Watch those young punks scanning the SenSorZines at the next newsstand you pass. Half the time they hardly look at the text. They just run their fingers over the tensor-strips and think they're getting everything out of the story."

"True, true," Botts admitted, brushing foam from his white moustache. "However, I haven't noticed any decline in fandom since the SenSorZines appeared. In fact, it's made the fan more enthusiastic than ever, because they think it's a sign of intellectuality to read the old-fashioned publications, instead of what they call 'this modern trash.'"

"Well, isn't it? Man, you've got to learn to appreciate those descriptive passages the old fantasy authors put into their tales! Remember Kuttner's description of the crystal city in Earth's Last Citadel? Remember how Merritt made you see the creature from the Moon Pool approach? What SenSorZine hack could turn out prose like that? He'd tell you what was going on in a few trite sentences, and depend on the tensor-technician to step up the emotion in the strips to compensate for his own lack of ability to write convincingly."

"Well-1-1-1..."

"Why, in a few years half the kids won't even know how to read at all! I tell you, Botts, it's a shame and a disgrace--"

"Now back jets a minute, son," commanded Botts, setting his beer glass firmly upon the marble-topped table and gazing sternly at me. "You are just like all the rest of these young whippersnappers -- going off half-cocked every time something unusual happens."

"Oh I am, am I? Now see here --"

"SHUDDUP! Just keep your endrocinines in balance for a little bit and let me talk. I've been thru all this before. I've even gotten hysterical myself, seeing the doom of fandom approaching and wondering why something isn't done about it. Do you think that SenSorZines are the first menace ever to confront stf?"

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"It was a long time ago," Botts said, a reminiscent gleam flashing from under his shaggy brows. "The situation was very similar to that of today -- a new type of publication came into vogue and because of its very novelty, plus a certain attractiveness to the non-discriminating, grew from a trickle to a cascade that threatened to overwhelm the ancient and honorable form of literature which is so dear to us all."

"That's what's happening all right," I assented. "You say this was before the SenSorZines?"

"Long before. I was a mere neofan myself at the time, and worried just as you are doing today. I feared that, even though it might not replace the prozines, this new literature would debase and degrade them, rob them of a new generation of fen, who would never emerge from the juvenile crud which separated them from true stf."

"What happened?" I asked breathlessly.

Botts smiled. "My fears proved groundless," he said. "When the kids grew to the age where they would have become stf-readers, they did so, just as they have always done. They outgrew the childish stuff, demanded something which would appeal to their developing intellectual faculties, and found it in the traditional prose of the stfmags."

"When did you say all this took place?"

"It was about the middle of the last century," Botts said. "You would never guess what the 'menace' was, from seeing it today, side-by-side with true stf, and serving as an introductory medium for many a fan."

"You mean...?"

"Precisely," smiled Morgan Botts, reaching for a fresh stein of beer. "Many a fan of the 20th Century went into a frenzy over the menace to stf presented by -- the comic book."



