

W A N I G A S

NUMBAH FO'

SAPS 10 ✕ WINTER '49



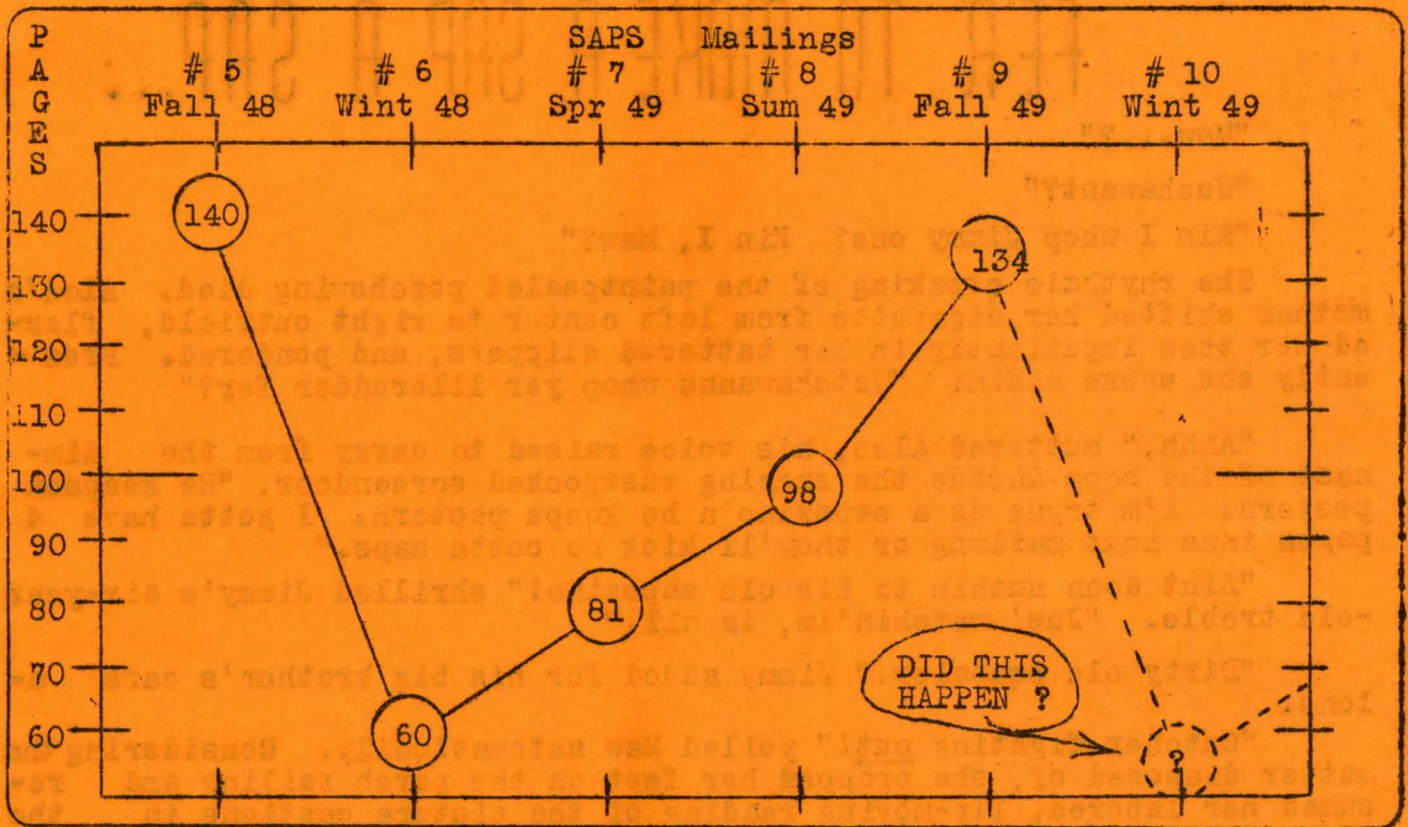
W A N I G A S

NOVEMBER 10 & WINTER

NUMBER 10



FORECAST



This is a lousy way to make predictions. I have nothing to gain and a lot to lose. If my prediction is correct, I will probably be so disgusted with SAPS that I'll resign. If my prediction is wrong, I will deserve (and undoubtedly receive) the title of pessimist, sorehead, & character who has no faith in his fellow-members of SAPS.

Not only that, I will be attacked on a scientific plane. I will be accused of extrapolating wildly on the basis of insufficient data. And the funny thing is, it will be true.

Look at the graph. See the rhythmic annual cycle? Ummm, before we go any further, you had better look in the Spectator, get the pageage of this mailing, and replace the dotted portion of the graph with a solid line. If the two lines, solid and dotted, coincide -- my scientific acumen is vindicated, and I am disgusted with SAPS. If the solid line is more nearly horizontal than the dotted line, my faith in SAPS is reaffirmed, but my reputation as a seer is dashed upon the rocks.

Frankly, I have no confidence at all in the accuracy of my prediction. One more mailing to chart on the graph would have made all the difference. It would have shown whether the equality of Mailings #5 and #9 was evidence of seasonal variation, or mere coincidence. Perhaps the skyrocketing totals from #6 to #9 are evidence that SAPS is forging ahead, rather than mere results of summer vacations for members. Mailing #10 will tell the story.

Can someone supply me with the totals for the first four mailings? If I am elected OE, this chart will appear in each mailing (in the Spec-tator, that is) so we can see our progress at a glance.

IT TAKES A HEAP O' FANNIN' FER TO MAKE A SAP A SAP...:

"Maw...?"

"Wachawant?"

"Kin I whop Jimmy one? Kin I, Maw?"

The rhythmic creaking of the paintpeeled porchswing died. Alec's mother shifted her cigarette from left center to right outfield, flexed her toes impatiently in her tattered slippers, and pondered. Presently she spoke again: "Watchawanna whop yer lilbrudder fer?"

"Ahhh," muttered Alec, his voice raised to carry from the dimness of the room inside the sagging rustpocked screendoor, "He keepson pestern. I'm tryna do a sapszine'n he keeps pestern. I gotta have 4 pages inna next mailing or they'll kick me outta saps."

"Aint doon nuthin to his ole sapszine!" shrilled Jimmy's six-year-old treble. "Jus' watchin'im, is all."

"Dirty ole squealer." Jimmy added for his big brother's ears alone.

"Cutcher fighting out!" yelled Maw automatically. Considering the matter disposed of, she propped her feet on the porch railing and resumed her labored, lip-moving reading of the picture captions in the latest Silver Screen Romances.

Hesitant clicking of a palsied and paleolithic typer resumed its punctuation of the sultry dusk. At times the clack of keys was fairly rapid, elsewhen it slowed as Alec searched the almost-illegible keycaps for the proper letter.

"The most casual reader of Kuttner's works cannot fail to be impressed by the scope and vastness of this author's grasp of such varied subjects as psychology, history, and the classic myths of Greece. It is evident that..."

Alec's typing ceased, for at this point he discovered Jimmy had found the stencils lying on the table and was busily doodling on them with the #472 stylus.

These were Alec's only stencils. This was too much. Inarticulate in rage, Alec sprang from his chair, nearly overturning the mimeo ink in his unheeding rush. His face contorted in anger; veins throbbed on his temples. He grabbed young Jimmy by the throat and squeezed and squeezed and squeezed...

There was an interval of horror. But some dim recess of his mind spawned the thought that here was a situation demanding the A orientation whose acquisition had cost him so much time and effort.

By the time Mother finished her movie mag and came indoors, Alec had finished addressing his sapszine package to Spelman, and, evading her questions anent Jimmy's whereabouts, set off for the postoffice.

While he returned along the evening streets, a tiny doubt assailed him. "True, all sorts of strange things turn up in saps mailings. But after all, Jimmy was just a little kid. I wonder if Hank will allow me 4 pages of credit on him?"

THE GRIPES OF RAPP

now upon the ninth mailing let us focus attention

SPECTATOR 9 An excellent, that is to say, comprehensible, job. Except you forgot to explain the symbolism behind the names on the roster, which must have confused the neosaps. Hmm, no sooner do we get a crop of newcomers welcomed into saps than half of 'em are ready for bouncing for failure to participate..... Tsk, how could you leave a fullpage blank in a saps mailing? Sacrilego!

IT 2 I almost titled this'n "Jackpot"; confusing format you have there. What puzzles me is how the promag publishers expect sexy covers to help sell their pulps when nine out of ten stores stack the pulps so only their spines show. Maybe I shouldn't mention this in print or Standard Pubs will start having Bergey paint their spines too.

GAAA 2 You call it #5, but I didn't see that until after I'd already marked down sub-2. So why don't you change your numbering system to suit, since I hate to dabble with correction fluid? (Is fluid a two-syllable word, i winner?) Besides, I think you should dispense with issue numbers entirely, and merely add another "A" to your title each time. Then, simply by arranging the zines in alphabetical order, you'd have 'em in chronological order. # Hope your Fanthology fares better than did Fantasy Aspects a couple of years ago. Haw, at last someone has found a use for old fanletters! # Why don't you skip the horrible artwork nexttime and tell us the story of your life or something?

MAINE-IAC 3 The only seasonal cover in the mailing. Bet the one speaking of "the eastern contingent turning out in force," you, Gluck and Spelman are the only easterners atall in Mlg-9. Saps has, in fact, become almost a glapa. # Aprcos of nothing, how do you (and the rest of the audience) keep your sapszines? I kept them in the mailing envelopes until a couple of months ago, when I got tired of pulling them out and cramming them in every time I wanted to refer to a back mailing so now I keep 'em in file folders -- just loose in the folders, one for each mailing. Speer sez in the Fancylopedia that fanzines are best filed right in with correspondence. However, not only doesn't that appeal to me, but I don't file correspondence in the first place -- just put the letters back in their envelopes and fling 'em into a box I keep in one corner. This entails a ghoulish amount of searching when I want to find a particular piece of correspondence, especially after the passing of a few months. To get back on the subject, some fen separate the mailings and establish a folder for each zine, but in saps so many of the pubs are one-shots that I don't think much of such a system. # It is sad indeed to note that no one was sufficiently enthused or dismayed by ARP to discuss the Plan in detail. # Call George "Jawge" if you are so inclined; I prefer to refer to the owner of The Junkyard On Wheels as "Jorj" -- sounds Martian to me, if not Venusian. And utterly phonetic. (Wonder what dope coined the word "phonetic" and forgot to spell it with an "f"?) # Neat rewrite you gave that Joegross gag, Ed. # By the way I keep mistyping "Ecco" for Edco -- I understand there used to be an "Ecco" in fandom a while back. # Calabrese's story: corn indeed, but still funny. Turn out more Maine-iacs like this!

SINGEROID

This subscript business doesn't work so well, does it? Oh, well, not that it makes much difference. This thing which I will call a magazine for lack of a more expressive term, is confusing, but amusing. I plan to have words with you and Ray Nelson re: atheism, elsewhere in this mailing, Ben. # If I was on a Greyhound bus, trying to sleep, and someone sat in the back corner pounding a typewriter...tell me, did you get tossed off the bus, by any chance?

SAPIAN

2-2 Seems you obliterated the cover-page of TNFF (if that's where it was; one of your other mags, anyway) and then lettered in the "Sapian" title. Gosh, wasn't that about as much work as cutting a new stencil? I was going to ask how you kept from mimecinking your typer, but on second thought I see there isn't any typed matter on the cover. That's what I get for composing these comments on stencil. Anyhow, in the Army once or twice I had to type corrections on a used stencil, and although I encased it in sheets of paper with just a little hole at the spot the change was to be made I always ended up removing the carriage from the typer to clean the ink off afterward. Messy, no end. # Your Gincy reminiscences were very interesting. And I'm glad to see the misunderstanding which caused the great saps feud cleared up at last. But now I wonder...who do we jump on next? # The Merman ain't a-gonna like your bagover.....

VANISHING POINT

4 This should probably be Floor4. Ho hum, I have made another error. # I hope all this valuable information on artistic matters is taken to heart by those who need it. But I doubt that it will be. # You, the advocate of paper conservation, devoting an entire page to only 8 words?

TIME TRAP

2 The unknown perpetrator of Ad Lib certainly sounds enthusiastic over saps' prospects, doesn't he? # Now that the Phoenix cycle is finished, what new title sequence? I'm afraid to guess. # I seldom use correction fluid to blot stuff when re-running a stencil, if I can possibly use a paper mask between the inkpad and stencil (or on top of the stencil, if the undesired material is at the top of the page so the mask can be taped to the top of the stencil). Trouble with a mask between pad and stencil (with a used stencil that is) is that the stencil itself holds enuf ink to make a faint imprint on 50 or more copies. # Only objection to the mousebite theory is that all pages except the cover are intact. Mice got some of my mags while they were stored in an attic during the war, but they seemed to be after the glue, and chewed the spines off. Seemed to prefer FA's, but liked Pop Science and Coronet better than any stfmag. Mice with literary perception, apparently. # Do Vitons have eyes? Can't remember offhand, and too lazy to look it up. # I disagree with your disagreement with Ray. Atomic power was ushered in at Chicago, when the first self-sustaining nuclear reactor went into operation in November (I think) of '44. # How about quoting last lines in your next advertisement -- unless it would give too many of the stories away.

STAR OF DEAD LOVE

Absorbingly-titled, at any rate! Now if we had Doc Keller in saps, he could pen us a story involving all the illios, like he did for Portland.

TRIBUNE

EXTRA There must be a story behind this. What was the occasion for which the Tribune issued the reprint? And by what dark and devious means did you come into possession of enough to supply a saps mailing? A rare and unexpected bonus of the sort found in no apa but saps.

shewasonlythesponsor'sdaughterbutboydidshknowalltheanswers

When a space like this has to be filled up yet

Nothing's better than a couplet.....

THE YAPPING OF PUPPIES

Fandom is populated by a horde of eager little atheists. They irritate me. Notice: they irritate me, not their doctrine.

I do not recoil with pious horror from denunciations of religion; I do not even particularly shudder at the false impression of fandom which their raving gives to outsiders. But I am repelled by anyone who requests that I surrender my own thinking processes and accept the conclusions which he has decided are correct, or be called an utter idiot. And it makes no difference whether the "anyone" is conducting his missionary activities on behalf of Communism, Shaverism, or Atheism.

The fanatheists -- with a few conspicuous exceptions -- are slowly driving me toward religion, if not by their arguments, then by their manner of arguing. I am irritated at the fanatheists because most of them show the same fanaticism, the same willingness to spread half-truths that fit their propaganda, and the same intolerance of opposing opinion, as the most fundamentalist of Bible-punchers.

For a sincere believer in many religious sects, there is justification for his missionary activity: his creed may obligate him to spread the light of salvation to the world. I can wholeheartedly resent the efforts of such people to tell me what to think, but I can also see why they persist in their attempts.

But the atheists, now. What difference does it make to them whether I am a believer or not? Will it mar the glorious mechanistic destiny of the human race if some of us refuse to acknowledge that the Second Law of Thermodynamics is the Only True God? Will Utopia arrive tomorrow if everyone turns atheist tonight? Offhand, I'd say there'd be one hell of a mess first, as the newly-enlightened population struggled with a social system based on deist concepts. And since that is true, and the atheistic Utopia wouldn't evolve from the chaos for a generation or two why do the atheists have such ants in their pants? They won't live to see it, and neither will their spirits.

True, some atheists set logic and reason as the ultimate guiding principles, and oppose religion because it is superstition instead of logic. I consider it highly fascinating to note that those who spout off in this manner in fandom are calmly implying that their crystalline mental processes have dispelled the logical fallacies which many of the greatest minds of this and preceding generations found themselves able to accept.

At first glance, the atheists' strongest argument seems to be that science has eliminated the necessity to invoke religion to explain the origin and functioning of life. Unfortunately, like so much of the other atheistic dogma which its fannish devotees sling about loosely and profusely, their "science" is the outmoded mechanistic philosophy of the Nineteenth Century, when atoms were regarded as little planets circling a sun-like nucleus, and Heisenberg hadn't yet shown them that every line of inquiry sooner or later trails off into a foggy cloud of uncertainty. If the atheists will modernize their "science" even so far as to read about the physical and biochemical discoveries of the 1920's,

they'll learn scientists are no longer so eager to predict that sooner or later they'll find out every secret of the Universe.

But I recoil in horror at telling the atheists in fandom to read anything. They do not read, most of them. They skim over a book, pick up a few details here and there, and scatter them through conversation with no slightest notion of what they're talking about. I wonder how many of the eager little chaps who can quote paragraph after paragraph from Darwin's "Origin of Species" can even explain what contribution Darwin made to science. And, my atheistic friend, it was not that he discovered evolution.

But all the above is beside the point. There are arguments for atheism and against atheism, and which side you want to camp on is your own business. Which side I want to camp on is my business.

Now, according to one fanpoll (whose accuracy I greatly doubt), 4/5 of fandom is atheist. By the immutable laws of mathematics, that implies to me that for every four denunciations of religion in fanzines, there should be a denunciation of atheism. Which there is not. According to the atheist creed, any church member is automatically narrow-minded, yet apparently those church members in fandom are tolerant enuf to allow the unbelievers to sound off if they wish.

One of the basic provisions of our Constitution, one which has sheltered the atheists again and again, is the right of each citizen to believe as he wishes. Yet, from the frenzied frothings of atheists in the fanpress, an unbiased observer would conclude that the atheists denied the right of others to believe in anything but atheism.

In their zeal to discredit religion, the juvenile atheists of fandom become obnoxious. Religious belief is an error, they yelp, and while the question is debatable, it's their privilege to think that if they choose. But then they go on -- all organized religion is a racket, run by an inner circle of exploiters to grab money and power from the gullible herd. Science and history are twisted to fit the religion in the classes conducted under church sponsorship.

Well, these things are possible, but it's also possible that devils are lurking beneath your house. Neither seems very probable to me. I would say, for instance, that the percentage of clergymen who are insincere in their belief is very much less than the percentage of publishers who print books on atheism because of the profit more than because they feel the truth should be told. And, in the schools of this country, today, I defy any atheist to cite an instance of falsification of known fact to make it conform to religion. In debatable questions, where there are conflicting theories, of course the religious schools present the one which they believe true. And what the atheists fail to see is that the materialist doctrine is just as much sheer theory as any religious dogma, so that from the religious viewpoint, most atheistic pamphlets are as much superstition and fairytale as the atheist sees in the Bible.

It is a welcome contrast, after listening to the juvenile yelping of the little minds who regard themselves as bearers of the True Message to fandom, to turn to the writings or the conversation of someone who has really acquired a knowledge of fundamental philosophy before sounding off at the mouth.

Don't look now, boys, but that emphatic denial of God which came from the science of 1900, and which you have been parroting so enthusiastically ever since, isn't what most of the scientists of 1950 are saying. They're more apt to tell you it's a tough question, and your guess is as good as theirs. So why don't you guys go somewhere and guess, and then shuddup and let the rest of us do our own guessing?

ALAS, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN !

Why have apas? What weird and wonderful vision swirled through the tendrilled cranium of the first amateur publisher who conceived of a restricted mailing list consisting only of fellow-publishers? Have this anonymous goop's efforts been vindicated, now that the mailways swarm with a crisscross of apa mailings?

Only he could tell us, and I fear that he perished long ago, a victim of frustration and chagrin at the prostitution of his ideal.

It's easy to see the theoretical benefits of an apa: First, an apa would relieve the harassed publisher of the tedious chore of keeping his subscription records and mailing lists, not to mention addressing, stamping, and mailing each copy of his subzine. Second, the extra time thus gained would enable him to put out a better mag, one which would be appreciated by the select audience to which it came through the apa. There would be no yuks, unacquainted with the fine points of amateur pubbing, to ignore the subtle beauty of ye proud editor's work and carpingly tear into its faults.

Third, the editor would have no need to restrict his editorial comments either because they were unintelligible to new readers of his zine or uninteresting compared with the art, articles, and stories in other parts of the ish.

Fourth, the editor would receive, each mailing, a sheaf of topnotch pubs, each as lovingly and painstakingly prepared as his own, far above the sordid commercialism of subzines. Yes, it would be an ivory-towered existence, a mutual admiration society, but the products it turned out would be worthy indeed of admiration. So let the proletariat who have blundered into amateur publishing in pursuit of other ends continue their sordid commercial mimeocranking. They'd not be interested in apas. The societies would attract only people with a real passion for publishing--pride in craftsmanship, altruistic willingness to sacrifice financial return for the pleasure of leisurely putting out the best work of which they were capable.

Hah!

How many zines in this mailing were slung out grudgingly at the last minute, inspired chiefly by the requirement-list in the previous mailing's SPECTATOR? How many Saps would never publish a zine, if they could only figure out some way of getting the mailings without doing so?

How much of the excellence of SNARL, SPACEMAN'S GAZETTE, and a few others -- too few -- is due to slannish genius on the part of their editors, and how much to just plain hard work?

How much time did you devote to your zine this quarter -- and have you ever come across Freud's interesting theory that if you continually forget something -- like a deadline, for example -- it's a sign that you associate it with something unpleasant.

It takes all of four or five full evenings -- depending on your equipment and your skill in using it -- to put out a really good SAPSzine. You can't be expected to give up that much time every three months when you can get by with a spur-of-the-moment rag. Can you?

10 I feel for ya, buddy, but I can't seem to reach ya.

- END -

ELECT RAPP FOR OE AND SAVE POSTAGE!

Here is an angle that's mentioned now and then in apa electioneering, but never before have I seen it investigated. Obviously, since postage increases with distance, the candidate to elect OE is the one who lives nearest the center of population of the organization.

Me, for instance. On the map below you see plotted the location of our esteemed membership as of the Ninth Mailing. The asterisk is the center of population. That's me, just above and to the right of it, the pivot man in that diagonal line consisting of Ray Nelson, and GeoYoung, and Arnim Seielstad. Notice that, unless one of the Chanute AFB gentlemen decides to run for OE, or unless some other Michifan decides to give me trouble, I'm closest to the crucial point.



Perchance we should be logical about this, and try to find us a member in Chicago?

Incidentally, do not sneer at my plotting if your dot on this map isn't where it ought to be. The actual plotting was done on a much larger scale, on tracing paper overlaid on one of Rand McNally & Co's maps, so you wuz figured in from where you is.

* * *

AS AN INCIDENTAL to pre paring this bit of campaign propaganda,

I took a look at the same data for SAPS Mlg #5, back in the heyday of the "New Jersey Boys." Know where the center of population was then? Nope. It was in Chicago! Believe it or not (I didn't until I'd rechecked everything to see that it wasn't a mistake), there were enuf scattered members in the West to balance the East Coast cluster and a couple of Canadians to cancel out Paul Cox, so everything balanced up just the same as now.

Even more baffling, plotting of other fanlists gave me:

<u>List</u>	<u>Center of Population</u>
(a) POSTWARP subscribers	Chicago
(b) SPACEWARP subscribers	Chicago
(c) NFFF Directorate	Chicago

Gentlemen, now perhaps we know why Palmer didn't go to New York to establish OTHER WORLDS!

(By the way -- in all these plottings, I ignored names of fans in Europe, Alaska, etc. Canadian fen were included. I also, of necessity ignored servicemen whose geographical location I did not happen to know with precision, unless it was apparent from their addresses.)

According to probability, Chicago is probably the center of all fandom. Remember that at Portland, if Detroit bids against New Orleans!

MORE FUN

THAN A PICNIC

That was the name of a humor column in a weekly newspaper published by Dick Griffin (who is not a fan) and myself, who at the time had never heard of fandom. The thing was (save for the first issue) produced on a pan-hecto, ran anywhere from two to six letter-size pages, and was called the Thursday Evening News because the first issue appeared on a Thursday. Dick and I were sponsoring a bowling tournament at the time, and he cooked up the newspaper because it was more interesting than just a plain tabulation of the standings. This was 8 Apr 43, a couple of months before we both graduated from high school, and the readers of TEN consisted of the crowd we ran around with at school, plus a few assorted relatives, acquaintances, and friends-of-friends. TEN appeared once a week from 8 Apr 43 to 7 Oct 43. Then followed an intermission, but while home for a two-month furlough in 1946, I put out six additional issues, and Dick published four more immediately afterward. Thus ten issues appeared from 3 Jan 46 to 7 Mar 46 inclusive. The third and final burst of TEN's began on 6 Mar 47, when I was out of the Army again. Weekly issues appeared from 6 Mar 47 to 12 Jun 47, which made the total number of issues 52, and seemed like a good place to stop. By then I'd gotten into actifandom and was busy with SPACEWARP.

TEN was devoted to anything which happened to interest us in those days, which was bowling, baseball, and social activities, such as movie dates, picnics, birthday parties, and how the school managed to operate without having such mammoth intelligences as we for students. (Most of the gang were -- had been -- on the school paper staff, which probably gave us more of an interest in school affairs than most graduates.)

Flipping thru these wartime issues today is amusing, no end. Most of the stuff is within-the-group humor, of course, which no one could appreciate without knowing the personalities and events involved. But there are items that are of more general interest.

For example, the 6 Apr 43 issue records that "There Are Such Things" had been leading the Hit Parade for 17 straight weeks. Tsk, and I can't even remember the tune, let alone the words! Other high-ranking songs of the same period were "Moonlight Becomes You," "I Had the Craziest Dream" and "White Christmas." This first issue of TEN was produced, with a total circulation of 2 copies, via the carbon-paper-and-typer method. I don't believe the circulation ever got much above 40, and I suppose my file copies constitute the only complete collection of the pub in existence.

But the main purpose of this article is to display some items from the column whose title this article bears. After a few issues, it fell prey to that peril of the times, the moron joke. Typical example: "Let's consider the sad case of the moron who bashed himself on the cranium with a large globe of the world. Along came an acquaintance, and, seeing his friend standing there with the remains decorating his shoulders, asked, 'Why in heck did you do that?' 'Well,' answers the doper, 'I always did want to get ahead in the world.' From the 13 May 43 issue: "Speaking of Scotchmen, there is the classic story of the three kilted gentlemen who made a practice of coming into church after the collection had been taken. Finally the minister decided to

trap them into contributing, so he left the collection till later in service. As it was being taken up, the three men stared in horror. Finally one of them fainted and the other two carried him out."

also verse (20 May 43): The doctor stepped into the ward;
The patients all were groaning.
The doc remarked with a cheery smile,
"Good moaning, folks, good moaning!"

In the same column: "Have you heard about the maid who quit when she learned her employer bathed twice a day? She wouldn't work for anyone who was that dirty."

On 3 Jun 43 I launched a serial called "Achilles Was A Heel." If you think the round-robin style of "The Great STF Broadcast" led to some complications, you should read this! ((Someday, perhaps, I'll inflict it on you.)) I wrote one chapter per week, composing directly on the hecto mastersheets, and refused to worry about what was to happen next week.

On 10 Jun 43 the humor column told of the little moron who went into the feed store. Seems he wanted to purchase some picocomal.

"Then there was the little fugitive from a bughouse who had a bad dream. He dreamed he fell out of a dive-bomber without a parachute and landed on a box of carpet tacks. When he woke up, he immediately bandaged his feet. Along came another moron and learned the whole sad story. He did not sympathize with Moron Number One. 'It serves you right,' he admonished, 'for sleeping barefooted.'"

Skipping along to 19 Aug 43, we find the news columns devoting space to Clinton E. Stroebel, one of the gang. He'd had a birthday, and the rest of us planned a surprise party. Result:

PICNIC HONORS C.E.S.;
C.E.S. AMONG MISSING
Delegation Delivers Gifts;
Guess Who's Not At Home?

The next ish, 26 Aug 43, headlined my troubles in trying to coax from an obdurate ration board a permit to buy a bicycle. I was hitchhiking 14 miles to work every day at the time. The ish of 9 Sep 43 followed up this story with

"Power of Press:
Bike Story Spurs
Ration Board

Swift Action Follows

Remember that sad tale in the News of two weeks ago about how Arthur Rapp was patiently awaiting word from the Saginaw War Ration Board on his application for permission to purchase a bike? # Two days after appearance of that issue of the News, what should Mr. Rapp receive in the mail but the requested permission. # At this date Mr. Rapp now waits for his next paycheck so he can get the bicycle. Within a short time he will become a traffic menace." ((I never got it. The draft got me first.))

During this era, as I mentioned before, there was a constant series of picnics, parties, etc. Some of these were conducted with due regard for wartime difficulties. Part of the lead story of 7 Oct 43:

"DICK 19 OCT 1ST;
'BURG FRY SET

Honoring Mr. Richard Griffin, who celebrated his nineteenth

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birthday on the first of October, a gigantic hamburg roast will be promulgated at the Tourist Camp on Monday, October 18, 1943 at 8:00 P.M. (NOTE TO LATECOMERS, ESPECIALLY C.E.S.: 8:00 P.M.!) # Mr Griffin, being guest of honor, need only bring himself, and a bat and ball if he cares to indulge in athletics. For others, the only requirement is that they send Miss Rosemary Rapp, 2120 Bay, two brown ration points of the type good that week, plus the slight sum of fifty cents....."

The foregoing issues had all been monotonously purple. However, when publication resumed on 3 Jan 1946, TEN blossomed luridly forth in red, blue, green and purple ink. This to some extent offset the fact that I no longer had a typer, and had to handletter the ish. This first revival ish dealt in a general way with the events of the two-year interval. Sample heads:

Del On Okinawa;
Don In Manila
Linus Made It *

AHR Joins RA
Counts Days
Left To Serve
'Sgt' If You Please

Dottie Newswrites At
U of Michigan
Interviews Frances Perkins

*((To Japan, that is.))

PAUL, DICK 'VACATIONING'

Esther, Clint, Harriet
Among Centralites *

((They worked for General Motors,
and the CIO was on strike at the
time))

*((Attending Central Michigan
College))

There was also coverage of current activities. As I said, these issues were produced while I was home on furlough. For example:

"TWO-TIMED TREE TRIM

'Do It Over' Is
Scream As Art
Tries To Help

All Proves Childish

'Twas a couple of days before Christmas, and all through the Rapp house not a creature was stirring, except AHR, who merrily set about erecting his first Christmas tree in three years. # Not knowing lites are not obtainable this year, he strung the ones he had on the tree, made a mental note to buy more (HA!) and contemplated the pretty tree. The box of ornaments was within reach, and, one thing leading to another, when AR ((my sister)) barged in from a hard day's nursing at 5 p.m., Art was just preparing to add a few finishing touches to his handiwork. # Was Rosemary pleased? # RLR had just finished inviting three of her co-nurses to a Christmas Eve tree-trimming party. # The Cadet Nurse pulled a bit of rank, and the Sgt. spent an hour reducing his masterpiece to its components. "Anyway," quoth he, "I've had the fun of trimming it my way." # Christmas Eve brought the party, including Richard Griffin, who immediately went into a journalistic conference with Mr. Rapp. Both regretted that they had forgotten to provide mistletoe....."

In the next issue, the editors had to apologise for omitting the name of a guest at another Christmas party. In part the correction read: "Ye Eds were quite outnumbered ((there were about a dozen gals and three males at the affair in question)) and besides, they haven't enough fingers to make their counting adequate when they get into big numbers like 11 and 12. # It is not considered polite to take off one's shoes at a party."

14 - Well, to get back to "More Fun Than A Picnic" in the ish of 10 Jan 46: "There was the policeman

who saw the inebriated gent leaning against the four-story building. 'What are you doing?' asked the cop, sternly. 'I'sh holding thish housh up, ossifor,' answered the man. So the cop took him away to the police station and the building fell down."

And on 17 Jan 46: "Heard about the moron who put the snake on the front window of his car? He'd heard it needed a windshield viper."

24 Jan 46: "The moron dashed into the barber shop, leaped into a chair, and shouted, 'Quick! Give me a hair-cut!' # The barber did not begin, and the dimwit asked impatiently, 'Well, what are you waiting for?' # 'Before I begin you'll have to take off your hat,' retorted the barber. # 'Oh, I'm sorry,' apologized the screwball. 'I didn't know there were ladies present.'"

On 21 Feb 46 appeared the tale of the moron, who, hurrying to catch a train, saw for the first time in his life one of those waight-and-fortune scales. # The moron stepped on the platform and dropped in a penny. Out popped a small white card which read, "Your name is Thaddeus Q. Amberbrowski and you weigh 147 pounds." # The moron was delighted and amazed, inasmuch as his name happened to be Thaddeus Q. Amberbrowski. # "It must be a coincidence," said the moron, and dropped another penny into the machine. Out popped another small white card reading "Your name is Thaddeus Q. Amberbrowski and you weigh 147 pounds." # "Marvelous," muttered the awe-struck moron. "However, I will try just once more, to be sure." # So he dropped in a third penny and out came a small white card which said, "You damn fool, you've missed your train!"

((Luckily for me, I was halfway across the Atlantic before that column saw print!))

The column for 28 Feb 46 concluded: "As one moth said to the other moth, 'It's clothing time.'"

7 Mar 46, the last ish of TEN in this interval, featured a column I'd written while sweating out travel orders at POE, Ft. Pickett, Virginia. The copy of this ish which Dick sent me caught up with me in Germany some six months later.

Little Isadore was playing with a couple of his friends one day, when along came a priest. "I have a quarter," the priest said, "for whichever of you can name the greatest man who ever lived." "Julius Caesar," said one. "George Washington," yelled another. # Little Isadore spoke up. "The greatest man who ever lived was St. Patrick." # "Sure an' 'tis right ye are," answered the priest, and presented him with the quarter. "But tell me now," he continued, "Why did you say it was St. Patrick?" # "Oh," said Isadore, "I knew it was Moses, but business is business."

Skipping over to 3 Apr 47, we find "A little red hen sat on the front porch all day. She'd been told some men were going to lay a sidewalk, and wanted to see how it was done."

"Then there is the situation where two trains are speeding toward each other on the same track, one piloted by a Scandinavian engineer and the other by a drunk. The question is: Why don't they crash? # I'll tell you: Norse is Norse and souse is souse and never the twains shall meet."

In general, though, there was far less humor in the TEN's which appeared after I returned from Europe. I was taking this readjustment-of-the-returning-veteran business very seriously at the time ((see "Resultant Vector" in SELECT SCIENCE FICTION, for a sidelight on this.)) and peppered the zine with quotes from Thoreau and Emerson, political editorials, and other material which I thought at the time was quite interesting. Dick was by this time a minor executive at the auto plant, and most of the rest of the gang were

either away at college, or long since married and moved away. So from this point on it was more or less a family newspaper, and I was the entire staff.

(10 Apr 47) Then there was the farmer who was traveling on a train through Chicago and happened to be sitting next to one of those very uppity dames -- one who had her eyeglasses on a little stick. Anyway, as they passed the stockyards she hauled out a bottle of smelling salts. At this point the farmer spoke up. "Lady," he said, "would you please put the cork back in that bottle? It's smelling up the whole car."

The 17 Apr ish was a bit late because one evening a buddy of mine from Germany, just discharged, dropped in. In the course of a lost weekend, we decided to go to Petoskey to visit my sister. So, thru the haze of hangovers, we set out by bus. Petoskey is quite far north in Michigan, and Northern Michigan is cold, even in April. We spent a weekend there, although the town was depressing, being mostly boarded-up-for-the-winter stores and hotels. Then we hitchhiked down to Grand Rapids, to visit my buddy's relatives. In all, we zigzagged around the state for a week, lapping up alcohol and crying on each others' shoulders about the injustice of civilian life. Although entirely unplanned, I think this witless escapade was the best thing possible to complete my readjustment. It diverted my interests from the past to the present, and upon returning home I immediately applied for college entrance and began brushing up on the stuff I'd forgotten since highschool.

The 24 Apr TEN told of the absent-minded Professor who had dandruff. The only time it really bothered him was at breakfast. His head would itch, and he'd pour syrup down his back and scratch the pancakes.

And there was another of those little poems:

"Said the cigaret
To the tray on the shelf,
'Here I go making
An ash of myself!'"

The 31 Apr 47 ish presented that glorious saga which deserves reprinting if only because your life is incomplete unless you've heard it:

I HAD EIGHTEEN BOTTLES

I had 18 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink or else... I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey in the sink, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, glasses, corks & sinks with the other, which were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm not under the affluence of inkohol, as some thinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

(16) The 15 May 47 ish kept up the alcohol tradition: "I've got to hurry home -- I've got a stew on the stove." "Well, that should cure him."

Also: Ever hear about the moron who dashed into the hardware store all excited? "Hey, Mister!" he shouted, "Have you got any nails?" "Sure," replied the storekeeper. "Good. Then scratch my back for me."

And the little moron who tiptoed past the medicine cabinet so he wouldn't wake the sleeping pills.

Then there was the hillbilly who got arrested for fighting. "It was this way, Judge," he said. "I was in this phone booth talking to my gal when a feller who wants to use the phone opened the door, grabbed me by the neck, and threw me out." "Then you became angry?" asked the judge. "Yeah. But what really made me mad was when he grabbed my gal and dragged her out, too."

Then there was the absent-minded prof who wanted to make tea, so he put the teakettle on the arm-chair and sat on the stove. He didn't know anything was wrong until he got hot and started to sing!

On 22 May 47 is the tale of the youngster at the opera who asked his mother loudly, "Mamma, why is that man standing in front of the orchestra and hitting the lady with that little stick?" "Shhhh. That's the conductor. He's not hitting her." "Then why is she screaming?"

Then there was the drunk who stepped into the elevator shaft and fell thirty floors to the bottom. He picked himself up, very angry. "SHAY!" He yelled, "I shed UP, not DOWN!"

And the magician who walked down the street and turned into a drugstore.

5 Jun 47: Ever hear about the Scotchman who went out behind the barn on Christmas Eve, fired a shot into the air, and told his children that Santa Claus had committed suicide?

12 Jun 47: Heard about the man who was staring at the shop-window display of dental plates. He got arrested for picking his teeth in public.

Do you know why the little locomotive couldn't sit down? Seems it had a tender behind.

And, the windup item in the last column of "More Pun Than A Picnic" in the last issue of the Thursday Evening News published: As the little brook said when the elephant sat down in it, "well I'll be dammed!"

** ** *

I dunno how much this retracing of the time-paths has interested you-all. It hasn't a thing to do with stf, although it certainly pertains to the related field of amateur journalism.

The Thursday Evening News was unmistakably amateurish thruout its career, yet that is one of the very qualities which gives it interest now when I read back over it. It seems to me, despite the effort put into it, the publication was worthwhile. It certainly far suppasses a photo-album, for example, as a record of those days which now seem so far off.

Anyone else in saps ever take a fling at non-stf publishing? I'd like to hear your experiences along the same lines.

** ** *

If you are wondering where WANIGAS is this time, I decided to put everything into TIMEWARP. WANIGAS was originally intended as a one-shot, and will appear only when I get ideas for novel formats. And don't quote me my arguments from last mailing about why many zines are better than one.

PRIVATELY SPEAKING

ART RAPP & RICK SNEARY

COMPILED BY RICK

There is really no greater pleasure in fandom than that of getting a letter from one of your friends. You never know what will be in it, what they will say in reply to your remarks, or what vastly or world-shaking events might result from it. Usually a fan's letter file is a locked secret, and rare indeed is the fan with so little integrity that he will show you letters from other fans.

But Art, partly inspired by the Filing from the Chain dept. in THE OUTLANDER (10¢ a copy from Freddie Hershey, 6335 King Ave., Bell, Calif.) suggest I go over our back letters and pick out the high spots. It was first planned to include letters by Ed Cox too, but he says he has enough credits. If anyone cares I can do roughly 50 or a 100 such columns anytime..

The first thing I have from Art is dated May 14, 1947. One line reads "Since all the readers demand it (and since we now have a typewriter) Issue #3 will be typed. (We hope)." Art was referring of course to the just starting SPACEWARP. I wonder how many of you remember the first issue of that mag. A half-size hekto mag, done all by hand. It certainly didn't look like it would grow into the magazine it is today.

Of course most of you remember the great Shaver Feud. Here's what Art had to say about it in Dec. 1947. "Yeah, the Palmer feud is overshadowing everything else in fandom right now. As I see it, the situation is just about like U.S. politics about 1940 -- everyone is choosing up sides for the big battle that is about to happen. Personally, I think Palmer's splitting fandom into two factions is doing a lot more harm to stf than the Shaver stories are..."

As a result of one of his own editorials Art commented later that month, that "I'm not against book dealers as a class -- just the ones who are hurting stf by inflating prices, gyping fans, and discouraging would-be fans by giving them the impression that unless your files are all mint-condition mags, and first edition books, you're not really a fan. Hell, I don't care how battered and beat-up a mag is, as long as I can read it. Even before I got into fandom, my pet peeve was people who have libraries full of books with uncut pages! A true fan is in stf for the fun he gets out of it, not the money he makes."

In Sept. 48, I mentioned something that was then only beginning. Something that has started snowballing and will keep on. "Don't poke fun (you haven't yet) at the plans for the 1958 Convention. I assure you we ((The Outlander Society)) are quite serious. Of course everything is rather hazy right now, but wait five years. One plan I've made is to have Forry ((Ackerman)) give a talk on his life as a fan. He is at the time, the only person I can be sure to both be here and still importen enough to rate a speaking spot.. # I don't know if we should start a Pond Fund or not. Money put in the bank now will almost double by then.."

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Come Jan. 1949 there was more talk of conventions, past and present. Here are a few remarks by Art, and my

reply. "Personally, I think the conventions are slanted too much toward the commercial angle now. The publishers and the dealers are doing their best to take over. I wonder if you read the article in FAN-TASY TIMES just after the Torcon, where it was proposed that the con be held in New York and display space around the convention hall be sold for \$200 a booth? As I see it the publishers and pros should be secondary to FAN activities at a con -- that's what everybody gets the most fun out of, anyway. And that's where NFFF representation on the convention committee could make itself felt -- in speaking for the fans, who don't come to the convention to buy books or originals, but to have a good time."

Sneary replied, "I agree with you. A Con is a meeting of fans, not a book-sellers meeting. I must say, things like the Hadley room at the Philcon with hot&cold running gin is hardly prase worthy. I'm not proud, but as Evans says, why go 3,000 miles to get drunk. Or 30 feet for that matter. I didn't send in a buck, so I got no kick.. I'm saving my money, there will be enough spent in '58. ((Also at Portland)) I already have orders to reserve a room for Woolston and Rothman. That is if they come they are to share the same room. Stan ((Woolston)) (He is really Benj. Frankland, but he likes to be called Stan) slept in the same room with Rothman at the Pacificon, and now regrets not keeping Milt up to talk to him."

In March we exchanged a few words on words. About half way down the first page of his letter Art exclaims "If I write 'Gad!' once more in this letter, kindly kick my teeth in. I get hold of a pet phrase or expression now and then, and if I don't watch it, I'm using it in every other sentence I write. Lousy habit."

To which I replied, "I know what you mean about 'Gad', I get in the same kind of verbal ruts. I keep hitting 'Gad' ruts right along. I have to stop and make myself write something else. It is a trend to limit your vocabulary. In near exclamation words it isn't so bad, but when you start applying the same thing to adjectives, then you got to look out. You get into the habit of calling anyone that does not agree with you a nut, or queer, or Communist, you get so you can't explain about what really is the difference. A confusion of levels of abstraction, a semantist would call it." (George Orwell in "1984" brings out other dangers of limiting the vocabulary.)

In the same letters there was talk of fanzines and history.. Art in reply to some older comment started with, "The first Shaggy was a page in VOM? I thought it was the other way around -- VOM was a lettercolumn in Shaggy, but got so popular that it finally made a separate zine. Cheer up Ed ((Cox)), I haven't got any VOM's either. But everybody says FANDOM SPEAKS was a perfect replica so we got an idea of how it looked. I've got a couple of ACOLYTES which Wilkie Conner sent me for some obscure reason or other. I was rather disappointed in 'em -- not half as interesting as DQ ((DREAM QUEST)) or any of Boggs' pubs, which are just as intellectual."

In reply, "I asked Ackerman about the first VOM the other day, and found out that in a way, you are right. The club had an O-O, though not Shangri-LA. I think it was called IMAGINATION. Anyway, after a few issues it folded as mags will. But there were a lot of letters left over, and the letter section had been rather popular, so Acky, and I suppose Morojo went to work and turned out a copy of VoM, ((Voice of Madge)) and it caught on. The present club mag is a stepchild of some member, who had it taken over by the club."

Talk even sinks as low as commenting on the funneis & the Steve Canyon strip. To a remark of Cox's I answered, "What's this guck Ed, by some non-stf slob named Kimberly? Colp my eye. Anyway he makes me sick. In fact Caneff makes me

sick. The jerks in a rut, and hasn't the brains to work out of it. He sells out his other story to start this one, right away he stocks it with the same 'types' but inferior, set of lead charictures. Dollars to a flypole they neaver get out of Asia. Kimberly is about as interesting a jerk compared to Tarry as I am compaired to Dean Boggs."

Late in March (all the rest are 1949 letters) Art says some reather interesting things about clubs.. Flattering too.. Started with "The Outlander Society sounds like a Utopian fanclub -- the kind I'd like to have around here, that is. You can't have a very good fanclub unless every member is active, and also -- ummm, how to say this? -- at the same level of intelligence. In other words, if there are a couple slan and the rest are just average, pretty soon the slan will have exhausted each others' intellectual resources and will start to get bored by the whole thing. Or if most of the members just set around and let one guy do all the talking, pretty soon he will be talked out, unless he's so self-centered that he can go on for ever, In which case, pretty soon the rest of the members get bored.

"Don't you think that is what attracts a lot of fans to fandom in the first place -- the opportunity to talk (either face-to-face or through correspondence) with others who have interests beyond the routine-day-to-day existance? You can drop a new idea into a group of fans and whether they agree with you or not, at least you get more than a blank stare. And that is usually all you get from a comparable group of non-fans. I have practically given up dragging stiffish ideas into college bull sessions. A non-fan just doesn't seem to have the ability to forget conventional orientation and look at something from a new angle. For example, now that the Earth Satellite Vehicle Program has been given some newspaper space, you can talk about the technical problems of constructing and maintaining such a station, and a non-fan will be able to follow you, probably even be impressed by your evident knowledge of the factors involved. But if you turn the discussion to the political or psychological effect of having such a station, or to what type of personnel will be suitable to man it, you're beyond the non-fan's depth. It's like a chess game. The fan can see two or three moves ahead, while the non-fan can't see any farther than the next step. Hmmm, Must develop that into a fanzine article someday."

In the same letter, Art told how he had almost, but let him say it, "Speaking of letters to newspapers reminds me of how I almost became a letterhack of that kind, only I got nipped in the bud. It was just after I get back from Germany, and of course I was utterly disgusted at the way people in the U.S. had no idea of what the Occupation was really like. So when the local paper ran an editorial about how the Army was mismanaging things, etc., I dashed off a blistering epistle in reply. It got printed, all right, but ty the time they'd blue-pencilled all my references to the VD problem, race discrimination, and suchlike controversial topics, there wasn't mush left of the letter. So I got discouraged and have never gotten around to writing another. This being a town lousy with crooked politics (what town isn't?), I'm often tempted to get into the letter-column discussions on this subject, but so far fandom keeps me busy enough. "

Then there was the slight rebirth of interest in Flying saucers, and back in May, Art had thjs to say.. "That flying saucer mess stinks to high heaven. It's practically an open secret now that the Army is behind it somehow. Either it is some sort of secret device that they are holding in reserve, or it was an experiment that washed out, and they don't want to admit it. If it is a revolutionary new weapon, they pulled a first-class boner in letting the public see it in the first place, and whatever suprise value it might have had was lost, and they'd be better off letting out details on it,

to convince Russia that it really is an effective weapon. It looks to me like a carefully-planned, ultra-subtle incident in the propaganda campaign. For the purpose of either convincing Russia we've got something we really haven't, or vice versa, convincing her that the flying discs are just mass hallucinations, so that the weapon will be a surprise when and if it is used."

To which I replied "On the subject of flying typerwriter spool...you ideas are most interesting, but I'm on a fence. I can see nothing pointing to anything, except that there is something. Unless this is the first visit of Extra-Solorains (is that the right term?), and there is reason to doubt that it is, they wouldn't be using so many ships, but one large one.....Ahhhh.. Pardon, Herman just point something out to me. I am using Earth logic that says the exploring ship would be one large ship capable of long trips through interstellar space,.. But why? Would it not be safer to have a number of little ones that could help out each other in case one got hit by a passing steam ship.. Yes, Herman is a smart guy for his age. Wish he knew how many thousand it was.

"Lets see, what would be the army's approach to the mater if it really was their ships. Well, they wouldn't rush it up, that would look fishy, but they could try to discredit it.. Make those that saw them sound silly. (Of course the whole army wouldn't know about it. But G2, would just issue an order and---) Now on the other hand, if it wasn't theirs, they would be seeing Russians in every cocktail bar.. Unless they figger their cloke and dagger lads were good enough to know such goings on. (Some Gen. said we'd know three weeks before Russia could declare war.)"

And lastly there was the time in May when I had suddenly burst into the middle of my letter with

"What thinks thy, noble gentlemen,
Tis it better to live with all the wealth
Of the world, and see around you nought,
But the slime and filth, of a piggery.
Or be the poorest of men
And have want at times of even
The humblest of fair,
And yet around you see
All the wonderous beauty of the world.

"You will excuse my composing while I type, but for what it's it is just as well. I have just shortly returned from seeing the immortal Hamlet.. Oh, that it be given that a mortal man should wrote such a play. Tis touched me to the quick. I shall be unbareable to live with for days, with my wild ravings while fancying myself the meloncoly Danne. Oh how I weep tiers of pity for our dear Edmond, who will by the fortions of fate been cast into a small and miserable hamlet. (Hamm is that spelt the same way?) were the great words will neaver flash across the screen. And only the crude and vulger outporings of our own countries cheep and shody film industry are seen. Gad, though, a buck and a half is not a small hunk of cabbage for 2½ hours of intertainment.. Aaaa that it had been 6 or 8. One longs to see it again. I had been wonder in my poor mind as to the sores of the drawing by Rotsler of towers and shadowy figgers. This is their sorse. I myself feel the erge to try and recapture some of the magic. OH GAD, what a picture. Let the British forget their war dept, if they will but send more like this.. Oh I'm week."

- THE END -

This is WANIGAS #4. Ignore pages herein which say that it is TIME WARP. They lie through their false teeth. Rapp, publisher.

21

WANIGAS

. . . an r-trapp SAPSzine

After reading the preceding 20 or so pages you are probly in a benumbed enuf condition to appreciate being told this is the fourth issue of the Varicolored Sapszine, WANIGAS, a product of the Hit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph at 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan. # As I mention on the preceding page (before I realized I'd have another side of a sheet to fill), I refer here and there in the mag to the fact that it is TIMEWARP. This is gross distortion of the facts, if not compounding of barratry. Whathappened is, I ran off the cover a few months ago, immediately after the last mailing. I stashed it away securely in an old algebra book, since that 16-lb duplicator paper has a tendency to curl.

By the time I got around to running more of the zine, the question arose, was it WANIGAS or TIMEWARP? "Psay," I psed to myself, "Do not be an utter ignoramus. You don't remember what you stamped on the cover, and you're too lazy to go into the other room and look. But let us apply our intëlligence to the problem.

It has a cover in color, a pic by Radell Nelson. Surely you would not 'cover a family magazine like WANIGAS with the lurid creation of that notorious character?"

"No, I don't think even I would do such a dastardly deed," I muttered back to myself. "Thusly, we are confronted with the inescapable conclusion that the zine you're working on is TIMEWARP."

Eventually I got around to looking at the cover. By this time at least 16 pages had been run off.

Not without trouble, y'unnerstan. For example, there's that place in the mailing review where I left space to operate a letteringuide after finishing typing, and then forgot to fill all the spaces. Thank Roscoe for rubberstamps.

This, I tell you, is WANIGAS.

I didn't intend to publish TIMEWARP this mailing. Rather, I intended to publish only one zine. I DID intend to publish TIMEWARP; I did NOT intend to publish WANIGAS. WANIGAS is the only zinetitle in my stable which does not conform to the stable motto: --WARP

--Which Are Really Putrid.

But now I hafta put out a TIMEWARP in addition to this WANIGAS. Otherwise it'll break the sequence of TIMEWARPs. This was supposed to be TIMEWARP, not WANIGAS. Wanigas I didn't care if it did not have an unbroken record. WANIGAS I was gonna keep for format experimentation, like the time Bill Groover and I discussed a Hallowe'en issue mimeo'd in blood (chicken blood, probably). We finally concluded it was a good idea, but would probably gum up the mimeo something terrible.

And then I had to go and stamp those covers WANIGAS when they should have read TIMEWARP.

So this is WANIGAS.

I insist upon it.

Any other arrangement would be confusing. I bet you'd have been confused if I hadn't taken this whole page to explain the situation to you. Remember, this is ~~TIMEWARP~~ WANIGAS!!!