

WATLING STREET NUMBER 7



bergeron

WATLING STREET

#7



This magazine, formerly entitled HERE THERE BE SAPS, is published by Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California, for the Spectator Amateur Press Society. At hand is issue number seven, dated January 1961, and slated to appear in the 54th mailing of SAPS. Artwork this issue cannot specifically be credited, due to a paucity of handy, guiding page numbers, but it is by such worthies as Richard Bergeron, Johnny Burbee, and William Rotsler. We can always use more of this precious commodity, and the above-mentioned three have by no means a monopoly on what appears in this magazine; in short, let me see what you can do, but don't feel hurt if I reject it as not being good enough. The editor is currently interested in obtaining lettering guides; anyone who is interested in disposing of used guides at bargain basement rates is urged to contact the editor and specify what style of guides he has and how much he will part with them for. This fanzine supports the slogans "Bruce Pelz for SAPS OE", "Rich Eney for TAFF", "Mordor in '64", and "Paris is fine for '69." We also walk dogs..... This is Silverdrum Publication #25.

Whatever happened to the HIAISM Mimeograph?

THEY'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OL' TARN TONIGHT:

This fanzine, as is becoming increasingly obvious to even the most near-sighted member, has a new title. It's an esoteric title, to be sure, as is that of this section heading. Bruce Palz will know what it represents. So will Jack Harness and Ted Johnstone. Don Durward will because I told him about it. I don't know about the rest of you. If someone else doesn't spoil it all, by telling themselves, I will reveal all in an issue or two.

There were several reasons for the change in title. In the first place, this fanzine and its editor have changed considerably since the first issue of HERE THERE BE SAPS appeared in the October 1959, #49, SAPS mailing. I have gone through the final year of high school, spent a summer with my first real paying job, and am now in college. The fanzine started out as a poorly mimeographed periodical, with dittoed covers reproduced courtesy of the local church (for the mimeo) and Arv Underman (the dittoing). It metamorphosed with its third and fourth issues, which appeared together in the 51st mailing, to a dittoed production, with Wally Weber and Burnett R Toskey doing the honors. With the first anniversary number, and so up to the present, it has been produced on the Silverdrum Press, my inexpensive little ditto monster.

During this time, it has grown considerably in size, reaching an I hope all-time peak with the 42-page fifth issue, and changed considerably also in content. The first issue was mostly mailing commentary, this current issue is less than half such. I really haven't the slightest idea where it will go in future issues, except that the mailing comment ratio will probably remain about the same. As for the quality of the material, I can only hope that it goes up. This depends on me.

The other reason for the change is that HERE THERE BE SAPS as a title has ceased to appeal to me. Actually, it did after the first three or four issues, but I just kept it going because I could think of nothing better. The title was in the first place a hurried fabrication, manufactured on the spur of the moment when I found that my very first SAPSzine title, THE BEM AND I, had been used before. I almost didn't use WATLING STREET, by the way. If it were not for the fact that it had a Q in it and Qs reproduce poorly with my typewriter, I would have called this magazine CHIMERIQUE. I may yet, if WATLING STREET ever loses its magic and charm.

Other titles considered, in case you're interested, were C'EST A DIRE and JE NE SAIS QUOI. They were rejected for obvious reasons of length and confusion.

WATLING STREET

FANNISH UNION SLOP:

These people who decry unions in print should stop sitting on their thumbs when they type and run, do not walk, to their history books. A little reading about the past accomplishments of unions might do them a little bit of good. If they'd only stop and look at the record, they'd know that unions have done a lot to put this country in the position it holds today.

If it weren't for the labor unions, we would still very possibly be a nation of sweatshop labour, where whole families are forced to work long hours at very low wages for an unscrupulous employer. Worse, the conditions of work would be far worse than they are at present. Instead of clean, safe plants, there would be grimy shops (some of these still exist) and unsafe working conditions.

Without the labor unions to raise the hourly wage -- they have had quite a lot to do with the minimum hourly pay rate, you know -- there would probably be very few people who could afford to indulge in a hobby like fandom. Rather than sinking money into the old mimeo machine, the limited funds you could get would go towards the more important products. You know, stuff like food, clothing, etc.

It is true that there is a very great deal wrong with the unions today. There are corrupt union leaders--read your daily newspaper for their names--and I doubt there is anyone in the audience who particularly likes the idea of an all-out strike. Yet strikes are part of the union's methods. Historically industry cannot function without employees to keep it going. If everyone goes off on strike, and even if rough tactics are involved to keep non-union employees from reporting to work, this is a tremendous bargaining point in the union's favor when it presses for higher wages. Those on strike lose out on the wages they might have earned, but in the end there is a gain for everyone and a boost for our economy.

There is a lot more that could be said for and against unions, but I have neither time nor space to go into it all. On the overall, however, I am convinced that the unions have done this country a great service. Don Durward, Vic Ryan -- I hope you've read this section.

SAPS I HAVE MET REVISITED:

EdCo, you're at fault for this particular situation, but since things have changed since last I made one of these reports, you're not entirely to blame. I probably would have gotten around to this eventually myself. This time, rather than saying something clever to substitute for "No" in the case of fans I've not met, I'll just recount those that I have met.

Rich Brown I've only met twice, once in late 1958 when I first attended a LASFS meeting and again just recently when he spent a few weeks out here on leave. Between the two times, he's shed his long hair and his leather jacket, and has become a more interesting person, but he's still essentially the same Rich Brown.

Terry & Miri Carr are the most recent SAPS I've met. They visited me here in Los Angeles during October of 1960; see CRY #146 for details. Terry does look somewhat like a Typical College Student, while Miriam is a quite attractive young lady. They both strike me together as sort of an ideal fannish couple, and I wish them every happiness in life.

Ed Cox is another of these people I don't really know too well. Outside of quite short meetings at LASFS and the old Fan Hill, I've had no chance to talk with him. Most memorable EdCo incident: at a Fan Hill party, Trimble asked Ed if he would bounce out and say hello to Rick Sneary, who had just arrived. Ed did so, literally, much to my surprise.

Don Durward -- hell, this fellow I ride to school with every day. Don is, for those of you who've never met him, a sort of medium-tall, thin fellow, with a quick wit when he exercises it, which isn't often enough. His SAPSazines are



often disappointing to me, because I know he can do so much better. If he'd lay off his not really too good mailing comments and write about the things that interest him--such as sports--and that happen to him, his zine would be a poll-winner, I'm sure. PS: He can spell, too, but for SAPS he typos.

Borean is not Bjo-like, despite what someone or other said. She has a personality unto her own. Unfortunately, we only met in sort of a transient way shortly after the Boycon.

Jack Harness is my favorite Scientologist. I can say this without fear because he's the only one of the breed I know. If ever I meet another Scn't, I think Jack will have to find someone else to be his #1 fan. Harness is full of puns; often he releases these in the most awkward place, where they fester momentarily and then burst afull onto the assembled company. The results are devastating. The ones he uses in Sap Roller are only half the story; I personally think he's just being considerate to SAPS by holding back his wit. He only lets half of it through.

Lee Jacobs is one of these silent geniuses. I don't know how many times I've met him, but almost all of them he has been wearing this red and yellow fannish shirt he got somehow. A loyal Roscoite, I guess, he is most often to be found with a stein of beer in his hand. I'd think he has a Bottle complex, but he redeems himself by having remarkably good taste in picking wives. Jane is another person who should write about what she does and what she thinks, more.

Ted Johnstone is a hobbit, actually and literally. More specifically, when I read TLoTR and its attendant volume, The Hobbit, for the first time, I cast him visually in the role of Bilbo Baggins. Someone in this group disagrees with me; he thinks that Ted is really Frodo Baggins. Nonetheless, Ted is the first person to introduce me to Tolkien and his marvelous Books. He did this in his usual spectacular fashion. At my very first SASPS meeting, he asked me if I wanted him to tell me about the Books.

Since at the time I hadn't even heard of Tolkien and was flattered at this attention, I said okay. Twenty minutes and two pages into the first chapter of The Fellowship of the Ring later, I had to turn him off. Physically, Ted is somewhat short. Don Durward used to be as short as Ted, back in 1959 and earlier, but has grown; Ted was amazed when, in mid-October 1960, he met Don once again. Ted hasn't grown at all. Even so, he's an exceptionally tall Hobbit.

Les Norris I met under the most ideal of conditions: he visited me here in LA 56. There's not really too much I can say about him, since at the time he was trying to get caught up in fandom and we spent most of his visit talking of things then current, but if I ever should get the chance to talk with him again, I should jump at it. He seems a rather serious person, as his contributions to the SAPS mailings occasionally indicate.

Bruce Pelz is sort of a hyper-Jack Harness in that he lets all the full force of his puns into his damned fanzines, often leaving me distraught and weak with laughter. Speaking of laughter, just be glad that Bruce doesn't record his laugh and send it through the mailing. It's devastating, I can tell you.

Bruce is as you know a Fanzine Collector. He will do almost anything to complete his collection; for instance, recently I traded two single issues of Walt Liebscher's fanzine Chanticleer for the following: SAPS #42, SAPS #43, and five monster Fantasy Rotators from the 4th Cycle. Bruce is like me an apa nut; that is, he wants to be in every apa there is. He has very nearly succeeded lacking like me, only FAPA membership.

Arv Underman was discussed at length in these pages last issue. For the purposes of this narrative, I need only say that it was I who got him into fandom and SAPS.



WATLING STREET

Of those being invited to join with this mailing, I have met only Bill Ellern, who is a remarkable person indeed. Most unselfish and accomodating, I have often felt bad about accepting his courtesy in riding me to and from various fan meetings, because I'm certain I've been inconveniencing him. He ought to be a very interesting member, indeed, if he puts only half of his personality into his magazine.

Because of very special things I have planned for this one master—it is a special master, unique from all the others in this issue in that it is ruled and lined just like a mimeo stencil—I shan't do this complete rundown for the waitlāst, but I shall certainly mention that of those who wait, I have met Bruce Hanstell, Norm Metcalf, Andy M Bem, Jerry Knight, and the John Trimbles.

A HAPPY FAN IS AN ACTIFAN:

Since Brother Bruce has set the precedent, it seems a good idea, for the benefit of those who might be interested, for some demented reason, in knowing of all I've published, but mainly because i want a complete list somewhere, to set down a list of all the Silverdrum Publications to date. This list does not include the several one-shots I engaged in with Don Durward, nor does it include around 20 pages of carbon-copied things done for the CRAP. But aside from that, it represents my ~~significant fan-activity~~ ^{significant fan-activity} to date:

1. PSI-PHI #1	Jan 59	11 pages	
2. PSI-PHI #2	Mar 59	20	
3. PSI-PHI #3	June 59	30	
4. THE BEM AND I #1	July 59	14	SAPS
5. OUTWORLDS #1	Sept 59	26	
6. PSI-PHI #4	Sept 59	36	
7. HERE THERE BE SAPS #1	Oct 59	22	SAPS
8. HERE THERE BE SAPS #2	Jan 60	35	SAPS
9. PSI-PHI #5	Mar 60	40	
10. ZOUNDS! #1	Mar 60	10	OMPA
11. KTP #1	Mar 60	6	N'APA
12. HERE THERE BE SAPS #3	Apr 60	13	SAPS
13. HERE THERE BE SAPS #4	Apr 60	18	SAPS
14. ZOUNDS! #2	June 60	12	OMPA
15. KTP #2	June 60	4	N'APA
16. HERE THERE BE SAPS #5	July 60	42	SAPS
17. PSI-PHI #6	Aug 60	36	
18. ZOUNDS! #3	Sept 60	8	OMPA
19. KTP #3	Sept 60	8	N'APA
20. QUEL DOMMAGE #1-35/69	Sept 60	8 (½)	CRAP
21. HERE THERE BE SAPS #6	Oct 60	35	SAPS
22. SPACEWARP #1 Reprint	Oct 60	8 (½)	SAPS
23. SOME OF THE BEST FROM QUANDRY	Dec 60	20	OMPA
24. QUEL DOMMAGE #2	Dec 60	??	CRAP

see
McS
Arthur

Silverdrum Publication #25 is the magazine you are currently in the process of ingesting mentally, and #26 is elsewhere in this mailing. Incidentally, the reason for the double question marks concerning the page count of #24 is due to the fact that at this writing it is not completely produced. It will be more than 20 pages, however.

To try to quell any rush of questioning letters asking me if I have any of these still available, I shall mention here that I do have a few copies each of numbers 1, 18, 19, 22, and 23.

Now how about a list like this from you, gentle reader?

afrocom steps must
WATLING STREET



"GONNA DANCE WITH THE DOLBY WITH THE HOLE IN HER STOCKING...":

The other night, when I was getting out of the bathtub after an invigorating warm bath, I happened to hit my kneecap (right) on the edge of the tub. It made a rather resonant thunk. My kneecap, that is. This rather surprised me. I hadn't thought that kneecaps were so musical. I tapped it with my finger and it made the same sort of sound. I did it several more times, with the same astonishing results.

Then, with a sense of daring, I tapped my left kneecap. It made a musical sort of thunk, too, but the amazing thing was that it was in a different note. I tapped both kneecaps together and attempted to figure out just how far apart their two notes were. Apparently they were rather widely separated (my left kneecap was the tenor of the two, by the way) for I didn't notice any best affect.

At the time I thought little more of it and finished getting dressed and all. But later I started thinking of it again. Suppose, I envisioned, everyone has musical kneecaps? Why, it wouldn't be very difficult in that case to create an entire group of musicians who would play in concert by tapping their kneecaps. It struck me as logical that thin people would have rather high-sounding kneecaps, while more stocky people would tend towards the bass notes. In between, since there are many, many people, there would be almost every note imaginable, including flats.

I could see it in my mind: the opening night at the world-famous Carnegie Hall. The curtains open to allow the audience—it's an overflow crowd of course—to see the stage full to overflowing with kneecap musicians, clad in bermuda shorts, tuning up their kneecaps. The hall grows tense and hushed as the conductor comes out from the wings. Tapping his baton on the edge of the music stand, he begins. At once the hall is filled with the lyrical sounds of knees being tapped, marred only occasionally by knees being knocked (they ought to heat the hall better) and squishy sounds of musicians who have developed water on the knee. At the end of the performance, a madcap applause breaks out. Knee-tapping is a success; it is the latest thing.

Wouldn't you like to be there that opening night? If your answer is no, will you sell me your tickets so I can attend? After all, it's my idea...

WHEN YOU WEAVE AN ORIENTAL RUG, BE SURE TO WEAVER WRIGHT:

Forrest J (no period) Ackerman is the world's #1 Weaver Wright fan. He used to mention him all the time, or so it seems. For instance, here is a poem he wrote that appeared in "N" #6:

To reach Ireland
I went up into Airland
For the firsttime
In my life

If I had died of
Flight
It would have served Weaver
Wright



The most recent reference I saw to the renown Mr Wright was in Roy Tackett's fanzine, Dynatron. It was in the dramatis personae of a short play by Tackett. One of the characters was Forrest J Ackerman, a weaver from Wright. It was at that point that I noted down the basic idea for this article.

It seems to me that there's very few people these days who know who Weaver Wright is, or was. In fact, in the entire SAPS organisation, I doubt that three people know. Yet the running jokes referring to his name continue, oblivious of the fact that they're becoming more and more obscure with every passing minute. It seems sort of silly and pointless, much like a Ted White vignette.

By the way, who was Weaver Wright?

(ctd on inside rear cover..)

THE AMERICAN WAY

by Jerry Knight

It is a typical warm spring morning in the town of Anywhere, U.S.A. Gary Winslow, typical American teenager, is coming down to breakfast.

"Good morning, Mom. Gosh, it's a beautiful American day today."

"Yes it is, dear. Now sit right down and have some of your favorite American breakfast cereal -- corn flakes!"

"But Mom, we had corn flakes for breakfast yesterday. And the day before that. Why do we always have corn flakes for breakfast?"

"Because your father's a typical American householder, and he wants his family to have only the best wholesome American food. Anyway, we own part of the factory."

"Okay, Mom. Golly! Look at the time! I'll be late for school!"

Gary's school, High School U.S.A., is a large modern building with large rolling lawns and cool walks where the students can do their homework and other things. The school faces Main Street. Gary drives his saf-t-cheked typical teenage automobile into the last free parking space. As he cuts off the engine he sees his typical teenage girl friend, Carol.

"Hi, Carol!"

"Hi, Gary. How are you!"

"Okay, how are you!"

"I'm okay, too!"

Soon the young American couple are on their typical way to their first class of the morning -- Arts and Crafts I. Both youngsters are taking a full program; Gary, since he wants to be an engineer, is taking many science and mathematics courses. He has classes in Electric Shop, Auto Shop, Metal Shop, Arithmetic Skills, and Arts and Crafts. Carol wants to be a nurse, so she is taking Homemaking, Nurse IA, Food, Sewing, and Arts and Crafts. She will surely become a typical, highly-trained, outstanding American nurse!

The teacher of the Arts and Crafts class is a typically confused and absent-minded American teacher, but the students find him quite lovable. "I think he's a real kook!" Carol has been heard many times to remark.

"All right, folks, all right, just take a seat. No more visiting, now; the bell rang ten minutes ago," the Arts and Crafts teacher, Mr. Burkhart, chides gently.

"Mr. Burkhart," says Gary, "would you tell us what our typical American teenage High-School Arts and Crafts project is going to be for today?"

"Yes," chorus the other adolescents. "Tell us! Tell us!"

"Well, children," says kindly old Mr. Burkhart, "today I'm going to teach you all how to make wallets. Real wallets, out of leather and plastic."

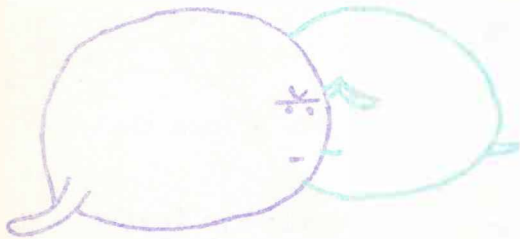
"Oh boy! Real wallets! Just wait 'till I tell Mom and Dad!"



Soon the materials are passed out and the eager students are hard at work on their leather and plastic wallets.

"Golly, this is neat!" says Gary, glancing up at Carol, whose look of tender affection tells him all he wants to know.

But all too soon the bell rings and the students must bid adieu to kindly Mr. Burkhart for another day, and say hello to another teacher, nasty Miss Jensen.



All one needs to do is look at Miss Jensen to tell that she is an unhappy and maladjusted old woman. She is, in fact, a typical "old maid schoolteacher." Her English class is one of the most feared in the entire school, and neither Gary nor Carol would be taking this class had not the thoughtless counselor put them into it. But both the bright, fearless students feel that they must obey the ancient typical American tradition of red tape, so they make the sacrifice of attending class every day, although they would much rather be out and around, doing the fabulous everyday things that American teenagers are so famous for.

Miss Jensen holds the class in her fixed stare. "Good morning. You will recall faintly, perhaps, the assignment for last evening, which was to read the first ten lines of Beowulf and be prepared to give a summary in class today. Gary, would you give us your summary, please?"

"Well, I..." Gary could hardly explain to this twisted teacher that he had not done his homework last night because he and some of his typical teenage friends had gone driving in his self-t-cheeked teenage car. He could have explained it to kindly old Mr. Burkhart, who would have smiled fondly at his own recollections of a happy youth, or to his intelligent arithmetic skills teacher, Mr. Gillmor, who would have shrugged it off with a chuckle and a delighted, "Boys will be boys!" But for Gary to try to explain that to this neurotic teacher would surely result in his downfall and disgrace.

"Well..." he goes on.

"Yes?" comes Miss Jensen's sharp voice.

"I...I didn't do the assignment."

"I see."

The class is deadly quiet. The students watch in stunned, whitefaced silence as Miss Jensen goes to her desk, rummages around for a minute or so, and comes out with a musty and cobwebbed grade book that looks as if it had not been used for centuries.

"Oh, no!" somebody whispers in horror. "She's going to give him a grade!"

"A grade? Good heavens! She can't do that!" replies another student, in equal terror. "Why, no teacher in this school has given anyone a grade for years and years!"

All eyes are turned towards Gary with pity and sorrow.

"I realize," says Miss Jensen, "that giving a grade is today considered somewhat out of the ordinary. But, Gary, since this is the first time I have given a grade in a great while, I shall only mark you down to a 'B'."

"A 'B'!" thinks Gary. "Not a 'B'! Dad'll kill me!"

FERRY KNIGHT

Soon, however, the class is over, and lunch time is approaching. As they leave Miss Jensen's class, Gary says to Carol, "Meet you at the Corner Drugstore. We can have a delicious and wholesome American ice-cream soda." Carol nods affirmatively.

After basketweaving class is over, Gary runs to his locker and puts his books away with all the auto magazines he brought to school to read during the typical teenage study hall period. Then he dashes down to the Corner Drugstore. As he runs up to the door, Carol is just sitting down at the soda fountain counter.

"What'll it be, kids?" says the friendly all-American soda fountain man. "A double Sugar 'n' Spicy Dream Sundae, as usual?"

"You bet," says Gary, looking longingly into Carol's warm, cinnamon-colored eyes.

The soda-fountain man works happily at the huge concoction, all the while whistling that old American tune, "Mademoiselle From Armentiers, Parlez-Vous." Soon the sundae is completed.

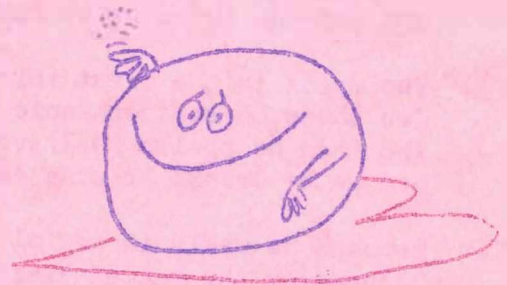
"Here you are, kids!" says the soda-fountain man.

"Thank you very much," says Gary, peeling a five-dollar bill from the large roll of bills which he always carries with him. His father believes in giving his son an adequate allowance.

The soda-fountain man sets the sundae down between the two typical teenagers, and gives each a spoon.

"C'mon, chick, let's flip!" says Gary.
"Kookie," replies Carol appreciately.

Carol has an afternoon class in motion-picture appreciation, taught by Miss O'Leary, who is her favorite teacher. Every other day the class settles back to watch a great motion picture, and then on alternate days they discuss it in class and make comments on it. Carol has long been looking forward to today's class; for today they are going to get a chance to see Cat On A Hot Tin Roof, an animal picture by the famous Tennessee Ernie, a typical backwoods American who sings hymns on television. Young, pretty Miss O'Leary, who talks with an Irish accent because she has come only recently from Northern Ireland, gives the class some introductory remarks on the picture, and then has the projectionist from the stage-crew class show it. Carol likes it a lot. As she later told her mother, "It was real kookie!"



But Carol was even more interested in watching Miss O'Leary talking to Mr. Messinger, the stage-crew teacher.

"It looks like some kind of a typical American romance between old people," Gary said to Carol one afternoon. "I'll bet they're going to be married pretty soon. After all, it's already the fifth week of school!"

Both Carol and Gary are sorry when the last bell rings and school finally has to come to an end. "Don't you just love school?" Carol whispers in Gary's ear as he drives her home in his saf-t-cheked typical teenage car.

That evening, after Gary got home, he told his father about what Miss Jensen had done to him. At the next meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Committee on Un-American Activities, the PTUCA, Miss Jensen was called up on the stand and made to admit that she had held political opinions since the summer of 1943, when, as she put it, "my dog died." Miss Jensen was fired, and given a suspended sentence of three weeks in jail.

--- Jerry Knight

There must be something sincere in absurdity.

MAILING COMMENTS INSPIRED BY THE ILLEGAL PRE-MAILING
ISSUED BY OUR NEWEST OE ON 6 AUGUST 1953

---Art Rapp

I. I read with glee, I must confess,

(This side of card is for address)

I turned it round with snickers lewd
#-Alas, that side's not for a nude!

II. Away from Blanchard's mundane haunts
Goes Wrai, for his carousing jaunts;
As far away as he is able,
Even if it's just to Mayville!

III. Newly raised to power temporal,
Already Wrai gets dictatorial,
He juggles with the calendar;
Who does he think he's? FDR?

IV. Two typos in the first three lines,
Can these be schizophrenic signs?
And then he spells "believe" "e-i"
Can he be drunk? Or else can I?

7. Perhaps he dwells in mental hazes
Induced by the malted grain he raises;
He must be drunk, for what OE
Signs his decess, "respectfully"?

VI. Drunk wit' power, inebriated,
Soused on gin, or pixilated,
Hungover, or in mental lapse,
Still...

BALLARD'S WHIM IS THE LAW OF SAPS!



--- Art Rapp

(Reprinted from OUTSIDERS #13, SAPS #25)

EDITORIAL NOTE:

At long last, we present to you the second instalment of this ubiquitous column. Need you be reminded that your contributions to keep this thing going are sorely solicited?

This time, we find another inspection of one of SAPS' running joke-lines.

ART RAPP:

SAPS being a nebulous organization, or rather agglutination, of miscellaneous individuals, it is not surprising that attempts to describe the "typical SAPS member whether by adjectives or statistics, have had little success.

In fact, there is only a single characteristic which is common to all SAPS (and sometimes said to be widespread among non-SAP fans as well):

His mind is too high-type to even notice!

(And my mind was too high-type to even remember which of the SAPS members objected to the split infinitive in that phrase -- a hasty half-hour of searching the eyecroggling fine print in the mc's failed to turn up the remark. It was either Rich Brown or Ted Johnstone, I'm pretty sure...)

But whoever it was, his comment sparked a search for the origin of the tradition, mainly because I had a hazy notion that in its pristine form the sentence did not contain any grammatical errors.

The trail led to SPACEWARP 59, in the 32nd SAPS Mailing, June 1955. And then, much to my crogglement, it divided! For the traditional remark comes from, not one, but two sources in that issue. One is a sentence in the Bottstory, "Judgment":

"See? That's just like a fan. Why can't people who read stf be normal and respectable like the rest of the world?"

"We have high-type minds," Botts assured me."

And the second source, in that same issue, is a cartoon by SAPS' own Alligator Aggie, Agnes Harock. See: --

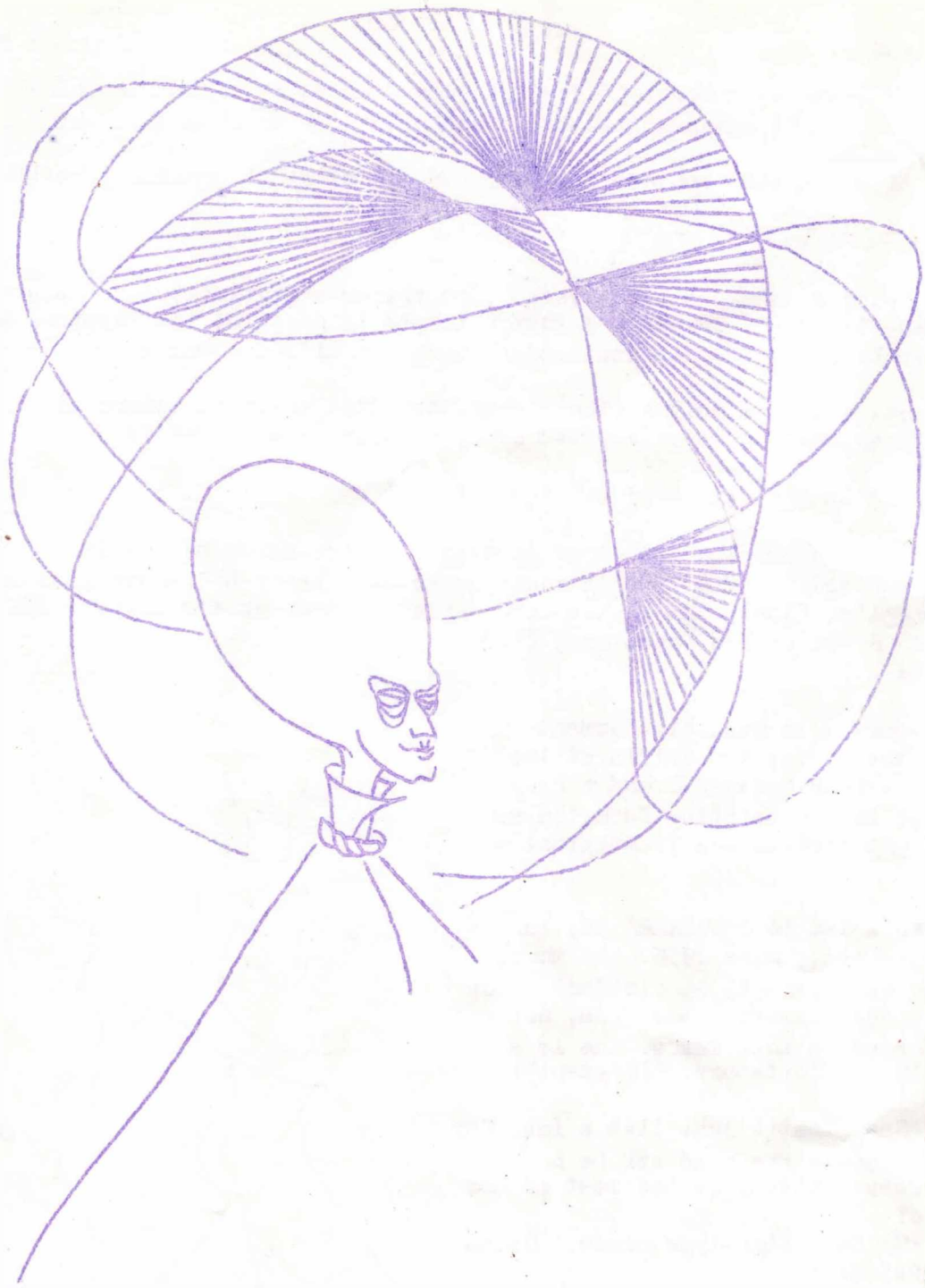
Alas for Rich or Ted, as the case may be, Aggie's delightful drawing has that split infinitive right in its original caption.

But do not faunch too much at this, Rich --or--Ted--as--the--case--may--be: As a truSAP, your mind should be...

--Art Rapp



"I'M Too high-minded
to EVEN NOTICE"



Bergson

CRITICAL MESS

SPECTATOR #53: Since you've raised the required number of copies to 42, I suppose I might as well ascede and join those who are faunching for it to be raised all the way up to 45. After all, if we don't at least agree to it, Bruce Pelz when he becomes OE will do it anyway. At this point, I'd like to register my support of Pelz for the post of OE (Official Elephant?) of SAPS for the four mailings beginning with this July's mailing. It seems the fannish, not to mention logical, thing to do; that is, to vote for Bruce. Since a large percentage of SAPS members live here in California, and most of these in Los Angeles, he should be able to conserve the treasury rather well. Also, if he finds himself in a bind getting out the mailing, there are any number of other members willing to step in.

Nearly everything seems to be in order this time; you added up the pages correctly and all that. But I notice that there are five absences in the roster and you have invited six people to join; if you are going to try to raise our membership limit you will find ready opposition from this corner. Also, you claim that the membership list in this Spectator contains "the membership of SAPS for this LIV Mailing." Howsat?

OUTSIDERS #41 (Ballard): Since reading Betty Kujawa's review of the book by Fitzgibbon, I've been waiting for the library at school to get it in. So far they haven't, but if/when they do I'll check it out the first chance I get and write my own review on it.

It was enjoyable to see something by NarGee in the mailings again after her long absence; I believe I'll put her down for an extra copy of this issue so that she will perhaps be moved to doing some mailing comments. It would be nice if some other members would do likewise.

Sorry, Wrai, about mislabelling that illustration of the gorilla. People, that picture of Wrai in the fifth issue of HTBS wasn't by Johnny Pederson, as I thought. I'm a damned liar. It's really by Bill Ballard! Happier now, Wrai?

WARNOON #9 (Bergeron): That SAPS mailing whose number you were wondering about is Mailing Three. And for an explanation as to why Merwin had a copy of it, let me reprint my comments from HTBS #2: "It was decided (in an election) that the mailing would be sent to Startling Stories for review. The sense of this escapes me, but I believe that the mailing (or, a mailing) was actually reviewed in Merwin's column." I asked the person from whom I borrowed those early SAPS mailings about this. Rick said that at that time most of the members of SAPS were rather new fans, and mostly very enthusiastic about science-fiction. (This shows up throughout the mailings of the time) I suppose they thought that sending their mailings to the proz for review was the fannish thing to do. Not only did SS get a copy of the mailing, but by Mailing Thirteen, Amz and Super Science were also receiving copies. I think Rog Phillips may have reviewed one mailing--I know he reviewed a FAPA mailing at one time--but I don't have any idea of what SuSc did with the mailings they received. And I'd like to know, from one of the older members (Wrai?), at which point this procedure was halted.

I question Harry Warner's comment that SAPS is full of "individuals who are anxious for the mailings to be as large as possible". Actually, though there is a lot of enthusiastic self-patting on the back when we beat FAPA in mailing size, not very many members are really too enthusiastic about these large mailings. There are those insane few who voice the opinion that "a 1000-page mailing would be fun" but to these few there are the vast majority who would probably say that "a 1000-page mailing would be an exc use for me to miss the next mailing--it's too damned big". Personally, I found the SAPS mailings ideal when they were around 500 pages, give or take 50. The current 600-plus size isn't unmanagable--certainly not as much as mailing 50 was--but the larger the mailing gets the more I find myself trying to limit my comments, for sheer terror that I'll end up producing a 50-page magazine for the next mailing.

CRITICAL MESS

Although there are only 13 members in the Cult, there are five "active" waitlisters who are also required to receive the Fantasy Rotators. In addition, there are usually a number of "inactive" waitlisters, who receive the FRs at the editor's option. (Usually some of these IWL members will receive it.) So actually, the average run for a Cultzine is about 25 copies, since there're always friends and non-Cult contributors to send copies to. The magazines are produced primarily by mimeo or ditto, with an occasional page or two of litho work (usually something left over from another project). This may seem a ridiculously small circulation for a fanzine but magazines produced for CRAP (via hekto, ditto, or mimeo) are even more scarce. The membership of CRAP is only 10, but all the waitlisters are "active" and receive the magazines. (By "active" in the two cases, I mean that they must write every so often to continue their position on the waitlist.)

I suspect that perhaps the quality of ditto fluid one uses has something to do with the brightness of reproduction. I don't know what LesNor was using, but for RTBS #5 and #6 I was using Sure-Rite Duplicating Fluid at \$3 per gallon. However, I have since run out. All of this SAPSzine is being run on Carter's Ditto Fluid, at \$3.50 per gallon; the results on the pages I've run off so far are a good bit brighter. However, the prime factor with my particular ditto is that it has no variable pressure control. If it did, I could conserve the carbon and get much longer runs (using this technique at the office where I worked summer last, I managed to get around 500 readable copies off one master).

If Moskowitz did mailing comments for SAPS, I didn't notice them. In fact, I think all Moskowitz used SAPS for was as a dumping ground for items he produced for FAPA. If you check FAPA mailings from that period, it's pretty sure you'll find that "Peace and Olaf Stapledon" was distributed in one of them. As for TIS, it wasn't completely serialized in Fantasy Commentator because that journal folded before it could finish running Moskowitz's prime opus. Yes, FC was a FAPazine for its first six issue, but I object your saying that it "soon cast itself adrift of the apa as both GRUE and SKYHOOK did." GRUE has been distributed through FAPA during most of its duplicated life; the current issue, #29, April 1958, was distributed through the May 1958 FAPA mailing.

That long word scrawled on the back of Boggs' letter is apparently the official shorttitle for his new fanzine, DISCORD. On which note I ought to conclude comments on what was the best magazine in this particular mailing.

POT POURRI #13 (Berry): You seem to be a bit confused here. Don Durward's SAPSzine isn't duplicated by the girls at the office where he works part time--if it was it would appear even more scruffy and mixed-up--but the ditto he uses is flogged round and round by the girls who do work there. They run off a page or two of their own now and then and to warm up their cranking arm, I suppose, they turn the master around a couple dozen times without feeding any paper through. This leaves a residue of ditto carbon which Don must clean out if he is to get any sort of decent results from the machine. (Oddly enough, though on occasion my own machine sends the sheet of paper through sideways and gets carbon on the roller, I've never had any trouble with the roller impressing its carbon onto the back of my copy.)

#14: Words sort of fail me in expressing my appreciation of this issue of PP, John. Let me suffice to say that it's the second best issue of the magazine yet to appear (#12 was the best, I think). Utterly fascinating reading, which I shall keep in mind come the Pillar Poll ballot.

#15: I don't know too much about this Belafonte fellow, but he does impress me as a very good singer. I've only got one of his records--the calypso album entitled appropriately "Calypso"--but whenever one of his songs starts playing on the radio, I make a point to stop and listen. He's appeared here in Los Angeles a number of times, but I've never been inclined to go see him, probably because his concerts are rather expensive.

I wonder who did get Al Lewis' special copy of PP #15, now that Al is out of SAPS? Speak up, someone?

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FENDENIZEN #18 (EBusby): Well, now that I am in college, I find myself exposed to spilt infinitives at all quarters. The Daily Bruin is full of them. Worse, my English LA TA uses them as if on purpose, to torture me. It's very annoying, really, because no matter what anyone else says, I think they're inexcusable. It's always possible to phrase something, at least when writing, so that these annoying grammatical slips can be avoided. In speech, it's somewhat more forgivable, though I find I can speak without ever using one. Never? No, never? Never? Well, hardly ever... I do find myself inadvertently slipping one in now and again, much to my dismay.

I had a rather science-fictional dream the other night, one I hope never comes true. I dreamed that Red China attacked Russia and the United States at the same time. All they had were A-Bombs and a helluva lot of soliders, but they did pretty well. At least, I got as far as the announcement over the radio that Alaska was completely overrun and Hawaii had ceased to exist before I woke up. (Which I was forced to do because it was time to get ready to go to school. I wish I could have kept with the dream longer. I tried the next evening to pick it up again, but no such luck this time.)

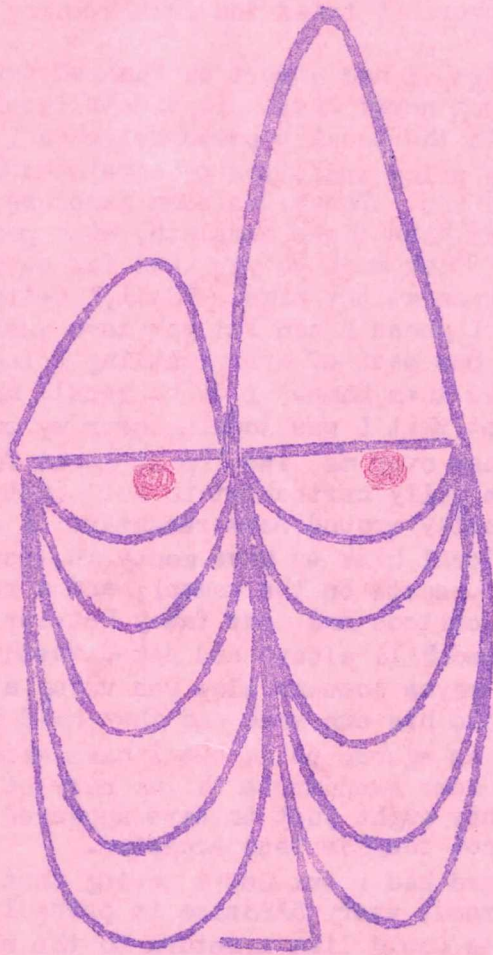
About six months ago, I had a sort of fannish dream which I've been meaning to tell about all along, but never have. It didn't involve fans, though. I was walking out of the rear exit to the local supermarket when I saw a car with its trunk open. In the trunk there were piles and piles of enveloped OMPA mailings with 'OMPA' written in red felt-pen on each one. There was some faceless person coming around the side of the car, whom I asked "Are these complete, with postmailings?" "Sure are, sonny," said the faceless man. "How much do you want for each mailing?" I asked, since I had a lot of money with me at the time. "Well," deliberated the man, "since I have more of these at home, I guess I can let you have just one of each mailing for 29¢." And so I bought one each of every mailing I lacked (everything prior to #22, at that time) and hauled them home. I don't recall many of the details of the dream after that, except that I was looking over my purchase.

Rotsler doesn't loom over me, and I'm at least four inches taller than him. Maybe he just seems like a jolly cartoonist to me. (Attention, Bergeron:) Also, he's been selling professionally around here recently. A copy of The Great Westerner, a magazine put out by a local bank we have money in, contained a handful of Rotsler cartoons (with subdued breasts on the women), and a recent copy of KPFK's program pamphlet had a Rotsler cartoon and some fancy Rotsler lettering. When The Great Westerner came out, I dropped Bill a card and asked whether or not it was really his work because I thought that maybe someone else was using a style like his. He wrote back saying that it was indeed his own work and that he'd have more in the future.

OMPA doesn't have an egoboo poll, but I have made an attempt to correct this sad deletion by writing up some amendments to the current OMPA rules to permit an egoboo poll. At this time, they ought just to have appeared in print. I won't know for a few months whether or not they've been accepted.

Don't feel so damned bad about Lee's saying that your fanzine is too long. As far as Jacobs is concerned, every SAPSzine is probably too long, unless they're by Lee Jacobs. I think Lee would like a return to the size of mailing prevalent when he was a member once before, back in the Good Ol' (Small Mailing) Days. I don't think Fenden is too long; I like your writing enough to want more and more of it each mailing, mailing comments or otherwise.

My SAPSzines are almost always printed in a circulation of more than 45. The Ben and I #1 had a circulation of at least 50 copies; HTBS #1, due to a big error in printing, only had a circulation of 44 copies (Adkins and Warner were the only ones to get outside copies of that issue). HTBS #2 was printed in an edition of nearly 65 copies, and took a long, long time to run out. Wally and Tosk printed #3 and #4, and there were only about 12 extra copies, which were completely spoken for. #5 was the first one printed on my own ditto, and had a circulation of 55, as did #6. And this issue will be printed in 60 copies. There are outside artists to consider, in addition to the fact that I send Bergeron a copy in advance because of his artwork, plus



bergeron

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outside contributors like Jerry Knight. Then there's people who get the issue because they write letters, even though not all the letters I get are printed, due to lack of space and inclination. I was thinking of printing up a lot of extras of the non-MC portion of this issue, to use as emergency trades, but decided negatively when assessing costs.

John Berry has sold pro, in a way. Check an early issue of Retribution in which he mentions having made a sale to a judo magazine.

RETRO #18 (FMBusby): SAPS and FAPA don't produce copies of their mailings for non-members, but OMPA is required by law to send one copy of their mailing to the British Museum for copyright purposes. The BM is not a paying member, but up till a mailing or so ago it was listed on the roster as member #0 (it is still listed, but it has lost its number).

My fancenter is not exactly as I described it in HTBS #5; for one thing, there turned out to be no science-fiction stored here (it's still in its former places, in the house and in a trunk here in the garage). The fanzines, I decided, would be referred to more than the proz, so I spread them out over the entire structure rather than have them squashed up. I found a very handy purpose for my SAPS mailings, too; they serve nicely as a sort of book-end for a long row of miscellaneous general fanzines.

PRA #10 (Brown): It seems that every time you get mad at someone or something, you break out in justified margins. The last time you did this was in mailing 46, and now this time you're angry because we (Buz and El, Bruce, and I) said "nasty" things about Kemp's Frigid Faction. Look, Rich, I have no objection to anyone not liking mailing comments--on occasions I think they're the biggest waste of time myself; these occasions are usually when I have to write them--but I do object to the methods that Earl used. The Frigid Faction was tantamount to the old-time school disciplinary action of making mischievous pupils stand in the corner, or wear a dunce cap, or stay after and clean the erasers. If Earl had wanted to make a point concerning MCs, he might just have said so in an article devoted to the subject, not gone off half-cocked and invented the Frigid Faction. I'm sure he could have written something that would have had the same devastating effect that the FF has had on SAPS.

"The Day I Met The Hieronymous Fan" is one of the best pieces of fannish fiction I've seen from your typer, Rich. Somehow I get the niggling impression that you have been doing moderately good to average faanfiction just to build up to the publication of this. Oh, I sort of chuckle at that line "maybe even more than Bob Lightman, Dick Eney, and Bruce Pelz"--I never claimed to be an all-around fan historian.

SYLLABUS #1 (S&SVick): Short Ribs runs in the Sunday edition of the LA Times. I make a point to catch it, because at times it approached Sir Bagby in humor. As for Crusader Rabbit, it used to run in five-minute episodes on local television. It's still on, in a one-hour show, every Saturday morning at 7.30 am, but I am dead asleep at that hour this particular day of the week.

Suzy, I hope you got to see HTBS #6 and that you get to see this issue (I will send you a copy of this one if I remember) since you like Bergero's art so much. So do I, especially when done via the spirit process, which gives it an added dimension due to the addition of multi-colors.

THE CHALLENGE #1 (Cameron): Welcome to SAPS, Colin, for the second time (the first time being in that postcard I sent you re CRAP)! Not much to say about your zine here, except that it bodes well for future issues. And thank god we've another good artist in SAPS! I'll write you if you'll start it. At this time I don't want to initiate any new correspondences myself.

I NEVER say anything "casually" in a letter, Andy Main!!! But that's how you always quote me. Awell, will be looking forward to your MCs in Colin's zine.

RIGNAROK #7 (Carra): Evidently, Terry, you must do your tracing of illustrations on ditto masters much, much faster than I do. About how long did it take you to do, say, the cover on this issue? What with the slightly wider than normal lines, I expect it would take me well onto half an hour. Also, I admire your patience in using color carbons for typing so well; I occasionally make real big mistakes in typing text and use a spare purple carbon to retype after eradicating the error. It's too much work, I think.

The Brandon story is too good to give only to the SAPSate. You really ought to send it along to some genzine editor for reprinting, like I did with your "Trufan's Blood". For that matter, there's a lot of stuff appearing in SAPS mailings that ought to have a wider audience, even some of the better mailing comments. This is the sole purpose for that Best of SAPS volume I proposed several mailings ago, besides making some cash for the treasury besides.

Isomer: I wonder how many people will know the tune for that poem concerning the " * * * ". I remember the tune, but I was too young then to memorize the words for posterity, except a few lines of them.

I'm just as certain as you, Terry, that my ditto machine has an asteris cycle. But apparently it's a fake-fannish machine, because I've missed a few mailings. I would like to have made them, but I don't think the ditto was sending its vibrations at me properly. This typer is even more fake-fannish; it makes fewer typos on mundane papers (such as themes, compositions, etc.) than it does on fannish work. I wonder: do you think my fanning machines are trying to drive me into gafiation?

Re your comments on increasing the number of bundles to sell to the waitlist and eventually eliminating dues, I had an idea for an apa that would cost the publishers in it nothing for dues. It would have a split membership, partially made up of publishers and partially of non-publishers. The non-publishers would be required to pay a rather high annual due for the mailings, but would have to do nothing else. This subscription would be high enough so that the publishing members wouldn't have to be assessed for dues at all. There would be split waitlists, one for each level of membership. There's only one reason this wouldn't work too well; the non-publishing members are under no obligation to comment, and the publishing members probably wouldn't care to contribute a large quantity of their circulation to a dead audience.

I don't know why I'd ask Willis for a copy of TIS. You probably mean TED, which I have asked for, and received no reply. I guess maybe Walt is out of copies. And I've at long last gotten my own copy of the Storm.

You will notice that I am paying a helluva lot more attention to layout in this magazine than I have previously. What with Bergeron full-page illos spread throughout the issue, and cartoons in all but the MC section (it's not in here because I want to keep the MCs condensed to as few pages as possible), I think it looks pretty good now. What do you think of colored paper? I got it at the Student Union at a low, low price (for colored paper) and it seems to work pretty well.

Staples and like that: Miri, the stapler I'm using now is a Bostitch B8, which seems to have a maximum capacity of about 25-30 sheets of this ditto paper. Before that I was using a little, tiny Imperial stapler (the same one I used to attach the cards to last issue) which had really only a capacity of about ten sheets (which is why all the complaints from various members over the 18-sheet HTBS #2 coming apart). At school, just across from the post office window, there is a monstrous foot-operated stapler that stapled, not long ago, my copy of Rich's monstrous PRA together for me, and left lots of evidence of being able to staple twice that many pages judging from the amount of staple still left after crimping. I wonder what their reaction would be if I published a 150-page fanzine and brought all the collated, but unstapled copies to school for stapling? I bet I'd get mentioned in the DB, as some kind of a nut. (What's really my secret plan is to expose the sociology department to our microcosm. I'll bet I could get myself a nice salary as a Fannish Expert. Egad, I could start something: a school of fandom on campus. I could be the first PhD candidate; my thesis would be about mailing comments and their effect on Western fandom.)

That rear cover looks as if it were intended for a N^oAPAZine. Was it?

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YESTERDAY THE FUTURE #4 (Coslet): You know, Walt, your comment under Toskey's magazine is sort of unjustified. You could, if you really wanted to, produce those sercon studies you want to write, and do mailing comments in addition. You don't really do so much work on MCs most of the time anyway.

MAINE-IAC #23 (Cox): This can't be the same EdCo we all know and... Well, anyway, it can't, not with a 31-page issue of Maine-IAC, with a cover! Who is this imposter? Seriously, Ed, I'm glad to see all this activity from you all of a great sudden. I'm not going to suggest you should repeat this performance every mailing, however; what would be nice is if you could strike a medium between this and the slim issues and more or less stick to it.

Aha, so YOU are Marley L Gastonbugh! And I had thought that Dean and Shirley Dickensheet were jointly responsible. My mistake.

All the stuff about the convention and the reprints and who-I've-met-in-SAPS is extremely interesting, but with the exception of a short article I plan to do on the latter subject, I haven't any particular comment. Sometimes I think that it's this attitude that discourages people from doing non-MC stuff in SAPS. And when I read the "sorry, but no comments" replies to my own non-MC material I'm convinced of it. However, I do like doing the stuff when I have the inspiration.

But Don Durward isn't a hoax. You've met him, now. I don't know if you've met Underman or not, though. I don't know if any other SAPS besides Durward and I have met Underman (though Harness might have, at a long-ago LASPS meeting). On the wait-list, Norm Metcalf, Jerry Knight and I think the Trimble's have met Underman. And I'm sure that eventually Underman will be met by the Bay Areas, since he's up at Stanford.

BUMP #5 (Durward): The photo-copy experiment on the cover worked out all right, I know, but damned if I didn't get one of the underexposed copies which also has the unsightly pair of black lines at the top. I envy your patience in running off so many copies of one page, but I think it would have taken less time on the whole to put this illo to ditto master in colours. Would have looked better, too, I think, that way.

I wonder if I should one-up your total of 45 pages in your first year in SAPS by mentioning that I had that many pages in this 53rd mailing? No, that wouldn't be the fannish thing to do, so I won't mention it, okay?

I will mention, though, for the benefit of all, that apparently Don does know how to spell. I was looking over some handwritten stuff he did in one of his classes and it was almost perfectly spelled. But, there were run-on sentences galore. Good luck on passing Subject A, Don, ol' bwah.

There was a time when I listened to both Space Patrol and Space Cadet on radio, but I didn't go this far over them. One of these days, if pressed, I'll have to tell all about the astronomy club I started when I was around 7 or 8 years old.

FOR QUE? #1 (Erlenwein): If there's an untranslated page of writing in French in this issue, it's your fault, Doreen. Egad, I tried to translate that Spanish into French by use of mutual cognates, then into English. I didn't have too much luck, because I don't know Spanish from chili beans. So I gave up, and turned the page... Argh!

I only know one curse word in Spanish, but it's enough to get me censored from the SAPS (Spanish Amateur Press Society), so I won't bother repeating it here. It might come in handy in CRAP one of these days, though, I think.

With me and my cards from The Hobbit, and your Lighthouse napkins and seashells this is quite an unusual mailing. The seashells remain perfectly intact and on the page during transit, thank you.

I can't conclude comments on this issue without mentioning the most exciting reading in it: the fashion notes. Stuff like "blue shorts too tight to wear anywhere except at home" and "I won't tell you what I'm not wearing" -- gee!

MAP ROLLIN #19 (Barnes): No comment except to gape in bloodshot awe at your color scheme, which leaves my head spinning. If you get such rare fiendish than this, I won't be able to read your magazine.

#20: Let's not be so loose with our claims. You haven't joined CRPA and CRAP, but you are on the waitlist of each group. There's a difference you know.

NEET #4 (Johnstone): What do you mean, you're reorganizing the CRAP? You didn't do anything but write the Constitution, which hapless document has been violated time and again, after even this short time. Bruce is actually the one who took the giant step in organizing the CRAP along expanded lines.

Well, I found the songs the highlight of this zine and one of the most interesting points of the entire mailing, anyway. More?

TS SAPS (Keap): I suppose that Learner will bring up the subject of his existence more effectively than I can. You wouldn't believe me if I said I'd met him, anyway, even though I have.

As for Buz's article on mailing comments, I am in the process of trying to get an article on much the same subject from Jack F Spear, the person who originated the mailing comment, in FAPA #2 or #3. If I get this article, it'll be elsewhere in the issue. If not, then this ought to stand as my comments.

Now look, I suppose you interpreted my comment about what Kraul stands for as a dig, meaning that you rewrite what Jim says. Not so. I was simply alluding to the fact that you do put his stuff on stencil for him. Certainly you have plenty of opportunity in a case like this to rewrite his material, but I doubt you would, because Jim would notice it and would Not Be Pleased.

Also, I'm 18. But let's not let age enter into this argument, eh? I'm not trying purposely to be amiable towards you, but you're not leaving me much room to move about in.

best comment in only on this way
 INVERSION LAYER (BL/JK): Anyone who couldn't read Inversion Layer is advised that it is to be read from the bottom up. As for the other side, a completely independent, though uncredited by OEny in Spectator, oneshot, the only good thing is the title. Now that I re-read the rest, I find it incredible that three fine minds could have turned out such drivel.

RESIN #2 (Metcalf): Pelz and I are quintapans now, Norm. And the Trimbles have dropped down to mono-apanism. Sometimes I wonder how I got in this position. After I was in three apas, the others must just sort have come on me. It didn't seem all that much more work to add another apa.

SPELDOSEM #9 (Pelz): It wouldn't be too much trouble making a complete index of SAPS, but aside from Coswal no one member could do it. I could do the first dozen mailings, by borrowing Sneary's again, and Wrad could help with any others you are missing up until the time that you became a member. The idea of doing a really thorough index, that is, including indexing the individual magazines' contents, doesn't appeal to me. Why multiply the work already involved by a hundred-fold or more? I think a complete index of the first fifty SAPS mailings could be contained in a volume of about 55 pages, assuming at least one page per mailing.

Rapp used to smoke a droopstem pipe—perhaps he still does, but I doubt it—when he was living in Saginaw. When Roscoe was revealed to the fannish world, it was only logical that he too would smoke a droopstem pipe. Thus the illo of Roscoe with the pipe on Best of SPACEWARP.

I don't know if I had that Warner letter concerning fannish LPs at the time of that dream, but I'm more inclined to think that the origin of the fannish records in the dream was reading somewhere not long before that someone had put out a record of readings of Fred Brown vignettes to music.

Two color gasternering and one-color dittoing on the same page is pretty damned



bergeron

ostentatious, Bruce, so of course I like it. I tried to check out Silverlock from the UCLA Library after reading about it in SpeSen. I made out a call slip and sat down to wait for them to bring it up. While I was waiting, Fred Patten walked in and we started to talk. About that time, a very comely young femme librarian (what was she doing working in a library of all places!?) told me the book was out. Fred took a look at the call slip: "Oh, I've got that one," he said. This is the disadvantage of attending a school with more than one fan trying to get at the rare stuff.

Of the songs, I found the DNC Rally Song and The Fan Hill Chanty most enjoyable; yes, a knowledge of Fan Hill ingroup jokes does increase the pleasure of the latter.

SPACEWARP #68 (Rapp): So far, I've found college atmosphere not too troublesome. One thing I don't miss at all, as you might guess from my article in the last issue, is the red tape that infringes on almost everything you do in high school. College is amazingly redtape-free. There is redtape, of course--this is one of the things in life that is unescapable--but it's far in the background for the student most of the time, coming to the fore only during registration periods and the like. However, I disagree that the colleges are devoting their first two years to "educating the student to study on his own" etc. If there is a serious attempt being made to get this point across to us, I haven't noticed it. We were told in high school a whole lot of times that in college no one would be telling us what to do and when to study. And this has proved so far to be entirely true.

What do you mean: "Herr There Be SAPS"? Agreed that writing those reviews of the early mailings is work, but as I think I've explained at least twice before (don't you read your SAPS mailings?) the prime thing holding me back in writing more reviews, even of the type you suggest (which I think Pelz could handle), is the fact that I have no more mailings. Sneary's collection only went up to #13, and I only reviewed the first twelve in my series because Wrai had reprinted recently his Little Acorn column dealing with #13.

What do you mean (that phrase again) you didn't do much mimeowork for fen back when you had your own machine handy? What about Spacewarp Services, for which you published continual pricelists? I can recall all sorts of fanzines you did under this plan--Graveyard, Singeroid, Tales FUR, etc. Just for the hell of it, sometime you ought to reprint your SWarp Services pricelist.

Yes indeed, "early OE's had peculiar individual systems of computing totals"; for instance, some of them didn't even bother to total it up at all. I remember Alpaugh's remark concerning the sixth mailing: "Oh, it's around 60 pages. Let Coswal total it up." You, Art, were really the first SAPS OE to present a mailing contents listing of any value. Maddox didn't do anything but list the titles of the zines, Alpaugh did little else, Spelman wasn't much better though I think at times he did put in individual zine-sizes.

Skipping over some enjoyable material, we come to your comments on fan-poetry in Pipesmoke. Art, I have nothing whatsoever against anyone printing fan-poetry, so long as I'm not expected to read and/or comment on it. The trouble is that so much of it is terrible stuff. I except much of your work, however--you're the most consistently excellent fan poet I know of.

WAFTAGE #1 (Ryan): How did you manage to get such good reproduction with this zine, Vic, when you have so much trouble with Bane? Perhaps the shorter runs have something to do with it? Anyway, Welcome To SAPS! Now that you've openly put the finger on me for getting you interested initially, I wonder how many more mailings I'll be privileged to use SAPS as my mouthpiece. Actually, I'm responsible for a good number of ^{people} being in SAPS, or on its waitlist. Such members as Don Durward, you and Arv Underman are my fault; and on the waitlist, I can claim at least partial blame for Andy Main, Dick Schultz, Craig Cochran, and Jerry Knight. OEney: does the expulsion rule established by the Busboys still hold? That is, a 100% vote of the members in favor of one's expulsion will expell the hapless member.

CRITICAL MESS

You must really have gotten a bad copy of EQUATION #1, because my copy, aside from being rather messy and all, was mostly very easy to read. It's unfortunate however that in both issues the stuff by Stanbery is the only material really worth bothering with. I am waiting anxiously for Paul to get out the rest of the second issue, which will contain all sorts of writing about his imaginary land of Coventry.

I believe that Johnny Bowles puts that legal-length abomination of his through the AAPA and possibly also the UAPA (American and United, respectively). Buck's use of "fanazines" for the productions that go through these apas is probably out of habit. Actually the things are termed "papers" and aren't always so terribly reproduced. In fact, some rather lovely printing can be found in mundane apa groups. However, the material is usually rotten and not worth even a first glance. Quite a few fans were at one time or another a member of a mundane apa. I know for certain that Laney, Koenig, Wollheim, Daugherty, Crozetti and Danner were all members of NAPA, the National APA which is the oldest mundane group in existence (currently over 80 years old).

Though I don't own any copies of SFAdvertiser, I've had an opportunity to leaf through Sneary's collection of them. They feature some lovely artwork and what seemed to be readable material but mostly they're ads, naturally. The early issues, put out by Willmorth, were mimeographed; after six of these mimeoed issues, the zine metamorphosed over to offset and remained in that format throughout the rest of its existence.

Ghod, what an unSAPSish thing for you to do, Ryar -- don't you know you're not supposed to badger Ballard about his typing mistakes? Wrai's typing mistakes are there and there's nothing you can do about it. Outsiders wouldn't be the same if it were as carefully proofread as an issue of Skyhook.

This was a fine first issue, Vic. Enjoyed the faan-fiction and even liked Mike's review of Psycho which is very unusual because it wasn't really long enough to do much of a job of actually reviewing the picture.

IGNATZ #26 (Shars): Congratulations on what I hope is merely the first in a series of con reports by yourself. For a first try, this read like a tenth try, it was quite good. I notice on the bottom of the second page of the report an allusion to the Dairy Dell places back east. When I was living in Cleveland back in the 40s and very early 50s, there was one of these establishments not far from where our house was. They carried Dell comic books and it wasn't until quite a few years later that little five-year-old me could get it straight that the Dairy Dell and the Dell comics were not related enterprises.

SAPLING #5 (Farwilleger): I see you've discovered Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind". Personally, my favourite poem in that collection is the droll and very humorous "Dog". This struck me as a beautiful social commentary. Other poems were equally amusing, but not in just the same way. However, most of this beat poetry I can leave alone. I like most of my stuff to rhyme.

Of course mundane life is pleasant. Since coming to college, I've had more and more interesting mundane experiences. In fact, I'm getting my notions about fandom more into perspective again. If I sound grotchy here and elsewhere, it's because of it. For instance, these people who claim that something perfectly normal is "un-fannish" particularly annoy me (one member of SAPS will be sweating it at this point). Fandom is just a goddamned hobby, but it's a little more than that, really. You can't get over-involved though, or you lose your sense of perspective. *ai*

This was an interesting, readable sort of zine, Guy, but unfortunately one that inspires little further comment. I hope you keep publishing along this line as long as you find it enjoyable.

FLABBERGASTING #16 (Toskey): Yes, you're right about eggs being little chickens only if the eggs are fertilized (or rather the hen that laid them). However, did you know that there are some people who actually eat little chicken children when they're still in the embryo state. In fact, it's considered a delicacy.

I've not fallen in love with any of my teachers, yet. However, this semester (which will be over by the time you read this) I had the unusual situation of having a French professor who is cuter than all but one of the girl-type students in her class. This could very easily develop into something like a TV situation comedy if I wanted to, but I don't really. She's in her 30's, but she doesn't look it, I can tell you.

Clive Jackson's "Swordsmen of Varnis" appeared in Slant #3 before it was reprinted in Other Worlds. In fact, if a magazine such as Slant were still being published, you would have a ready market for much of the stuff you've printed in your compendiums, Toskey. A lot of the stories in "V" were on the order of your Professor Ames stories. (Did you ever receive "V" when you were active during the early 50's?)

I'm above leering at actresses in movies now, except as a sideline. I've taken up leering at college girls, who are not only just as pretty but in closer proximity. I can see why you'd be attracted to some of your students, Tosk, if they're as pretty as some of the lovely creatures roaming around our campus in Westwood.

Bruce tells me that he plans to B*L*A*S*T you for this review of Tolkien's work, but I shall do nothing so drastic. In fact, I think Bruce is getting carried away over your review, when it's perfectly obvious to me that you did it all with tongue firmly inserted in cheek. Even so, I will agree that there could have been more and more interesting female characters in the Books--this is one place that "Silverlock" outdoes TLoT by a good margin.

SPIANATO #1 (Undermen): Welcome to SAPS at long last, Arv! There's very little I can say about this issue, since I covered most of it with you before you left for Stanford, but it was as you may have guessed thoroughly enjoyable. I'm wondering what overall reaction to it will be: as you know, I can read between the lines of what you write and imagine what you'd say if you were speaking so your writing is much more funny to me.

My own contribution to this issue is a case of an article that petered out with a brilliant filler at the end to save the day. From now on, I'll keep out of your zine, unless I can write something as good as you.

Despite this praise of your writing, your spelling, grammar, and proofreading could use some work. I presume this is because you were in a Great, Big Hurry, though, so won't complain unless it continues in further issues.

---Well, people, here concludes the first column of New-Type Lichtman Mailing Comments. Now that you've read, I presume, through them, it might be a good idea to explain how they are designed.

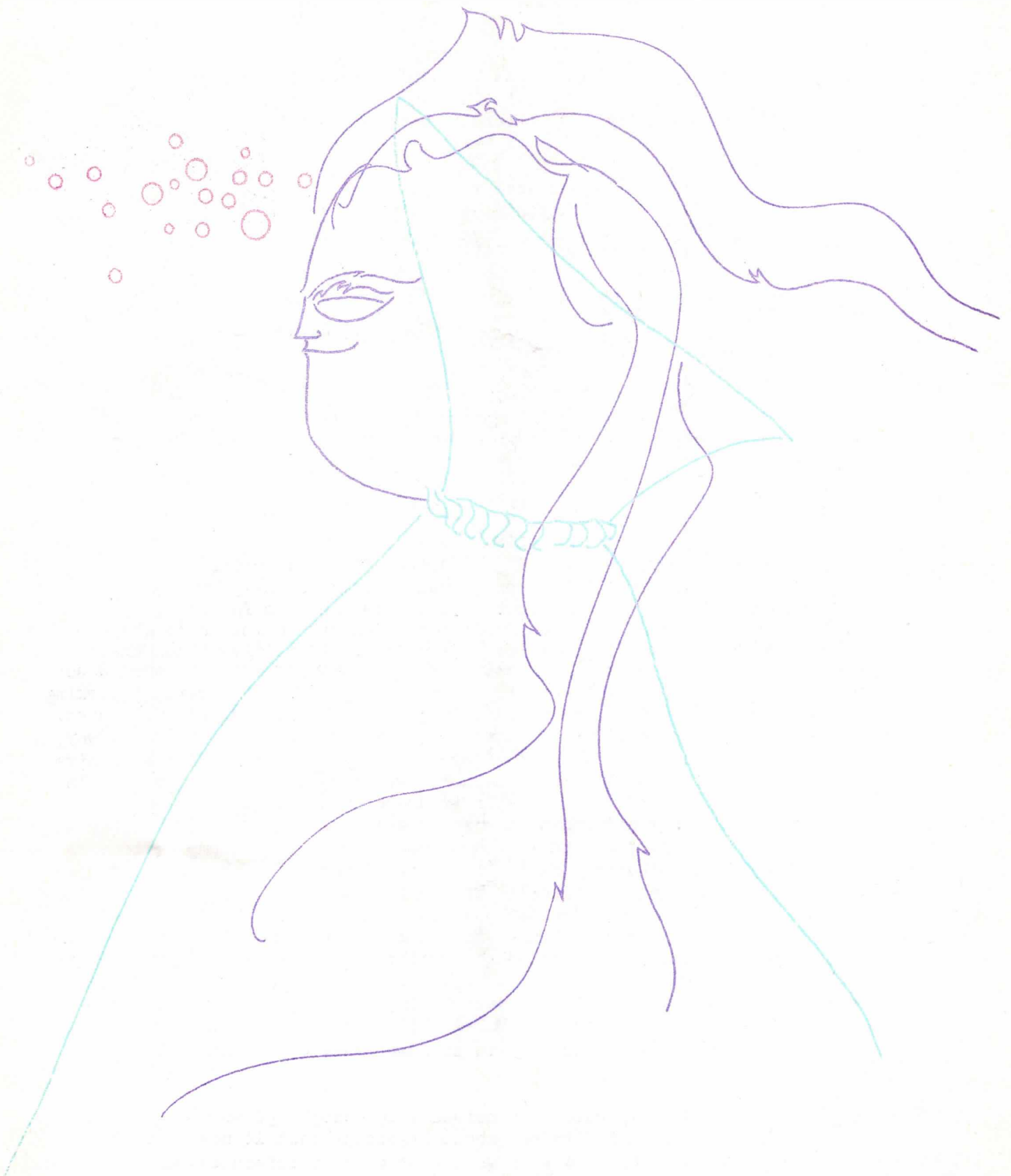
You see, rather than commenting on every little thing like I've been doing in the past, I try to limit myself to comments on major subjects of interest in the zines. If, as in the case of a number of magazines in this mailing, there is nothing specific to say, I merely don't say anything. Usually, in these cases you can be certain that I enjoyed the magazine in question. If I didn't, I would most assuredly say so and offer suggestions for improvement.

Still, commenting as I've done this time (for the most part) hasn't covered all the topics in the mailing on which I wish to comment. So, after going through the mailing comments, I go back through and note the topics I didn't write about on purpose. These are destined to end up as either articles or parts of the rambling sort of editorial you've already encountered if you read this zine from front to back.

Maybe this isn't the most satisfactory way of conducting a SAPSzine, but for the duration it'll have to do. If it becomes impossible for me to do a set of complete mailing comments, I will probably do a zine composed almost entirely of an editorial-column much like the one in this issue.

It seems the most fannish way to go about it.

--Bob Lichtman



bergeron

26 A SHORT VISIT TO USHER'S TARN



Let's start off this issue's lettercol with a letter from someone who has appeared so often in these pages that he's almost a co-editor. (Which wouldn't be a bad idea.) In the event you are thinking that I'm tired of getting his letters, you have another think coming, for I always enjoy hearing from...

HARRY WARNER: I think that the high school reminiscences interested me more than anything else in this issue. Maybe from your boredom with the student government meetings you can get some ~~of~~ what I suffer in my work. It's bad enough to sit through sessions of people you know when they're doing something that doesn't interest you. But try to survive a similar process with people whom you don't know, followed by the need to write something about it, and you are really in trouble. Lately I've fallen into a bad habit of dozing off at meetings on which I'm supposed to be reporting and that's even worse because at the end I have trouble disentangling what really happened from what I dreamed. The Bergeron illustrations were a big help with this issue; they look somehow more fantasy in nature when they're done on the ditto machine, in comparison with the strong and sharp contrast that mimeographing his illustrations provides. (The ones in this issue are even more fantasy, I think, with the addition of additional detail work and extra color in most of them.) Spending \$4,500 for an Oldsmobile is as incredible a thought to me as paying \$2 for a roast beef sandwich as Elinor Busby claims to have done. It's no longer in the military secret category to explain that I plunked down \$1,200 in August, 1950, for the 1947 Olds that I'm still driving. It's still giving pretty good service, except for burning about a quart of oil every 200 miles, but that's not altogether money wasted because it avoids the need for changing the oil every thousand miles. I am sadistic enough towards machinery to intend to get another two years of service out of it, if possible; by the end of that time, I calculate, the big car and little car and compact car situation should have settled down enough so that I'll know what I want as a replacement. Incidentally, the going rate at parking lots within walking distance of Forbes Field during the World Series was five bucks. (What do you define as walking distance, however? That could be a considerable way, in my book. How considerable would depend on my wanting to see the Series.) You're probably right about the cost of issuing commemorative stamps. The postal officials claim that stamp collectors make it profitable to do so, but I'd bet that any paper profits are removed by all the extra detail work in thousands of post offices across the nation. Probably the theory behind the commemoratives is that stamp collectors might stop collecting United States stamps in favor of those from Russia or somewhere (San Marino? Monaco? Grand Fenwick?) if new issues weren't constantly coming out. I do know that congressmen and senators and such things must spend large hunks of time that is needed for important things, fighting for influential constituents who want a new commemorative stamp issued to celebrate the salting of the first herring on the Atlantic Seaboard or some such thing. (Looking over my current mail stack, I notice commemoratives celebrating Gustaf Mannerheim, The Liberator of Finland; Mexican Independence 1810-1960; Pony Express 1860-1960; United States-Japan 1860-1960; and something called Wheels of Freedom. Quite an assortment of trivial things, I would say.)

in. Special Section (B.S.)

REDD BOGGS: Thanks for HTBS #6, which I received long enough ago to mislay. I can't remember what I wanted to say about it except that it was enjoyable, although of course it was difficult to know what some of your references meant in the mailing comments. (Understandably so; I'm trying to make the things more intelligible to outsiders who receive this, but won't go over too far because the comments aren't after all specifically for the non-SAPS in the audience. This isn't specifically a fault of SAPS mailing comments, either; I spot the same lack of knowledge of referents

A SHORT VISIT TO USHER'S TARN

when I read the FAPAazines that I receive. Of course, I probably get more of each FAPA mailing than you do of each SAPS mailing, so I haven't so much trouble figuring most of these references out.) I did like the rather lengthy report on your high school days. I trust some of your former teachers don't snag a copy of this and blow their tops at your descriptions of them (it might have been more prudent to disguise them behind pseudonyms); otherwise it was quite a fine job all the way, and I hope you do reminisce further in the next issue. ((I didn't use pseudonyms because there's no possible way for anyone in that high school to get ahold of the magazine with the report in it.)) However, since by now you're in college I rather doubt you'll want to. In contrast with college the high school must seem rather small and quaint and hardly worthy of notice. In many ways this magazine was more enjoyable than Psi-Phi, which indicates that you are overlooking a bet in not writing more for that magazine. ((I didn't continue the high school confidential in this issue merely because I ran out of space and funds. It may re-appear in the April issue, which issue might not have any mailing comments at all, due to an acute lack of fanning time during the quarter preceding the mailing.))

...That's about all the letters we received this quarter. If we did get any more, they must have been mislaid or something (most likely the last), because I didn't find any others in the envelope I usually chuck these things in. Remember, non-SAPS, that participation on your part is necessary to continue receiving this magazine. If you don't write or something, we'll ignore you.

WATLING STREET — concluded

ODDS ARE THE END:

Shortly before the national election last November, a rather amusing letter appeared in the pages of the Los Angeles Times, one of this fair city's Republican papers (all the papers in Los Angeles with any circulation are Republican). Captioned "What More?" by the editorial staff, it goes as follows: "Sen. Kennedy, who is striving for the Presidency, promises that he'll revolutionize the government so as to take care of us from the cradle to the grave. And Krushchev promises that he will bury us. ## What more could a body ask?" *** Things that should have appeared in this issue but didn't due to a lack of space include articles on a proposed College of Fandom, on my views towards fan-publishing (in answer to Chauvenet in Warhoon), more high school reminiscencing, a blast at creeping conformity, and an amusing interlude on how I handle correspondence. Noting these here will probably insure that I'll forget to write about them next time, but at least this way I can throw away my old set of notes and start anew. *** I didn't get that article from Speer mentioned in my comments on "TS SAPS". Jack did write, though, saying that "The idea of mailing comments originated with Dan McPhail. He mentioned it to me, and we both had comments in FAPA2. They differed greatly from present ones, of course; with no comments on the comments anticipated in reply, they were bound to. They rather resembled letters to prozine editors, in that they commented on what we liked (as Dan's still do). I don't remember the reaction. In FAPA100 I expect to reprint my first FAPAazines..."—jfs. *** Throwing aside a long out-of-date clipping concerning the PO's starting to use electronic facsimile speed-mail (I don't like this idea of not getting the original of the letter, do you?), we finish up my notes for once and all, and can appropriately bring this issue to a close, at last.

—Bob Lichtman





2) *Boyz*
What a
lovely sentence
purred
feeling
WAWUSH

bergeron