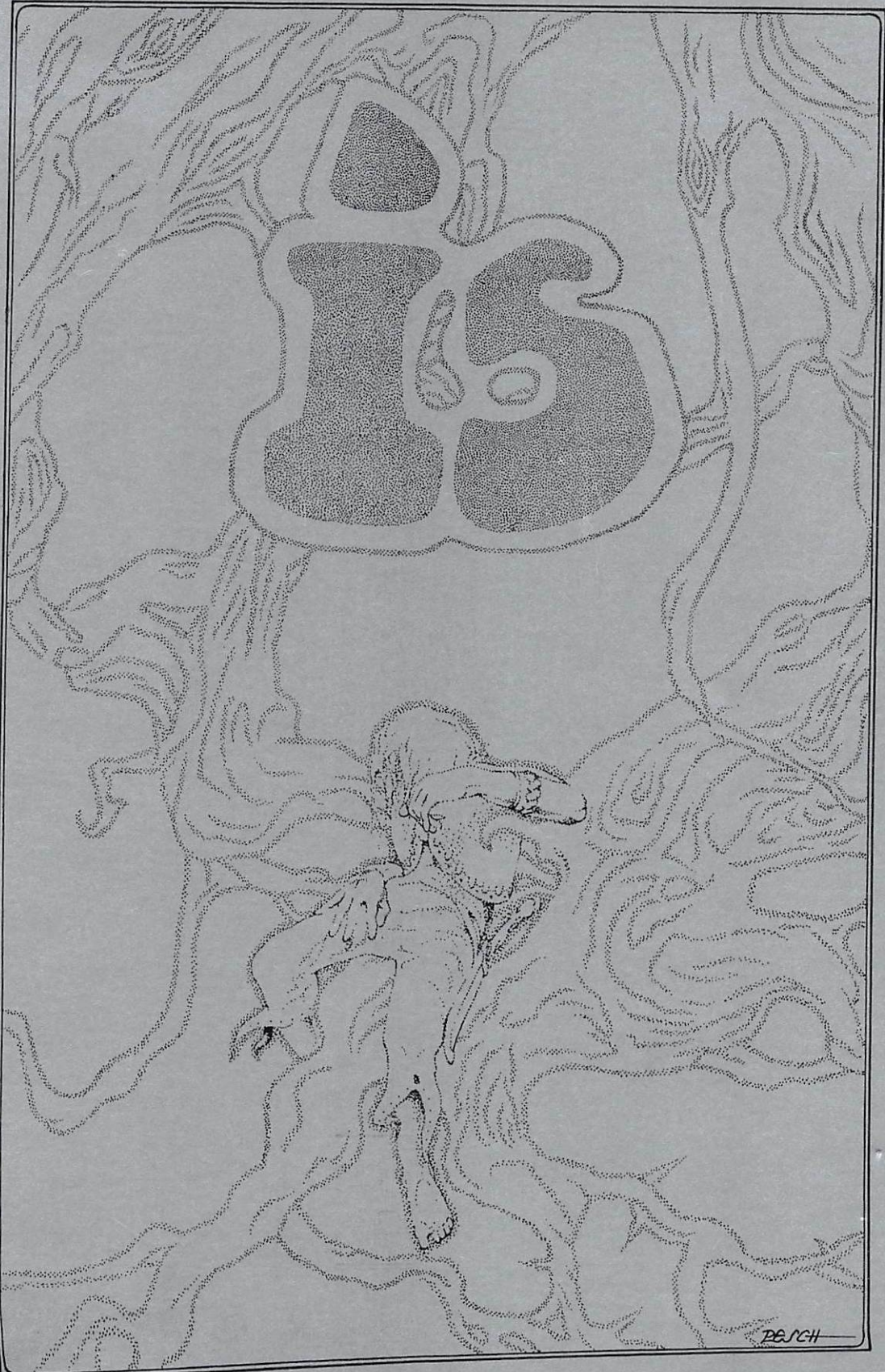


↳ UNDERSTAND YOU MUST GO DOWN  
TO THE VERY ROOTS...



DE SCH





NO ONE NOW REMEMBERS for sure exactly what happened that Sunday afternoon in Dover, N.J. twenty-five years ago, not the number of the teenagers involved, nor who actually made the happy suggestion for a name. All the participants admit to remembering is that it was only yesterday, but a yesterday they seem to find oddly remote.

X.J. Kennedy, a poet and formerly an editor of the Paris Review, confesses he now looks back on those days as "alien." George Fox has forgotten his participation almost entirely. It was a joke, a take-off on the prestigious Fantasy Amateur Press Association, hardly likely to have had even a first mailing, much less a hundred. Kennedy, at 18, was oldest of the group; FAPA in its majesty ignored them. So certain of scorn were they that they took the offensive and named themselves SAPS--the Spectator Amateur Press Society.

Now almost all are gone, those Big Name Fans of long ago. A report says the invalid Tom Jewett died in Ohio. Lee Jacobs who wrote the "Ballard Chronicles" (filmed in Los Angeles as The Musquite Kid), Vernon McCaine, Charles Lee Riddle, Roy Drummond have also passed on. The others? Cockroft, Maddox, Storer, Streiff, Budoff, Winne, Black, et al. have vanished. If you have any clues to the location of fans named herein, please let me know.

Gone, too, are many of the old traditions. The SAPS gavel, which Karen Anderson had and passed on, has vanished. Nanshare's Ignatz is a ghod unwoshipped any more by those who throw brickbats at the establishment. Art Rapp's beaver-ghod Roscoe goes untoasted on Labor Day. The fierce rivalry between faanish religious cults is forgotten.

Again a picture is presented, a mosaic of fading memories, this time upon the cheerful occasion of the silver anniversary of one of fandom's finest organizations. It is a remembrance of things past that proves, if proof be needed, how rotten our memories really are. But perhaps amid the conflict of detail some essential truth emerges, some sign of the frivolity and friendship which helped some of these contributors to grow up, and some of them to grow old. May all our memories be so fond as these, twenty-five years from now.

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No one in any category deserves a Hugo more than Bill Rotsler.

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Special thanks for helping with this issue go to a number of people who gave of their limited time in a kind effort to help make this issue a success. While they are in no way to blame if you don't like it, if there is anything of value here much of the credit must go to Ed and Anne Cox, Wrai and Carol Ballard, Karen Anderson who loaned me papers I kept long overtime, Richard Eney, Redd Boggs, Doreen Webbert, Forrest J Ackerman and Joe Kennedy, all of whom rooted through old files and old memories to help an importuning stranger. Rick Sneary in particular was an early and faithful ally.

Typing and all that by me again, printing and all by Ed O'Neal and his crew, working under pressure and the Fan Press imprint--history in the making. Proofreadnig by Sharla Tann, Monty Bank, Trudy Urschool, Ophelia Pulse, Aesop Ingwetowel and Edna Theline.

Typos in quotations from original documents are most likely deliberate reproduction. Spelling errors in original documents have been perpetuated.



the language . . .



. . . of science fiction











vastly dull field of utopian fiction. They are prophets of a world much larger than ours, where people did not know anywhere near as much about what was going on over the next hill. These stories never demand that much mental flip. They were exotic to disguise their didacticism or to present an adventure. Though their work is interesting in its own right and instructive as a forerunner of s-f, s-f it is not. They never took the common and ordinary and threw on it that intense, literal light that is the whole "reason" of s-f. It is that luminous reality that lends the sense of wonder to science fiction for me.

It was a new medium. A number of writers knew what it was. Of them, a smaller number were occasionally able to hit upon those anxiety projections that are thrown into particular relevance by the new, subjunctive illumination. Usually they are things that are too terrifying to consider overtly unless we keep ourselves safely at the new subjunctive distance, the dispassionate "It has not happened." (Childhood's End is a good example here.) Occasionally it was because the projection was too complicated if we approached any closer. (Asimov's Foundation Trilogy is the prime example.)

Both books, stimulating as they are, moving as they can be, are written with a style that makes Theodore Dreiser look like Vladimir Nabokov.

It was not until writers like Bester and Sturgeon that the language was literally broken down, in many cases, and reassembled to reflect as brightly as possible what shone in this new light. Working in the other direction, for much the same effect, Heinlein, by a sort of systematic delimitation of his ideas to the political and his language to the personal, managed to exhaust practically every nook and cranny of field that does not require a direct assault on the language. I think, for this reason, for a long time he will be the best introduction a new reader can have to science fiction. He also remains for the same reason the largest inducement for a reader not to go on beyond him into the more difficult, but more rewarding excellences of the field.

Over the same period, Bradbury got to the very necessary point of disassembling the language--and some of the fragments are inordinately lovely--but I don't think he ever really found a way to put it back together again at the same tension as either Sturgeon or Bester.

The science fiction of the last ten years, the last half dozen years, is so far and above the most exciting that the field has ever produced that I'm left in a more or less inarticulate babble of enthusiasm.



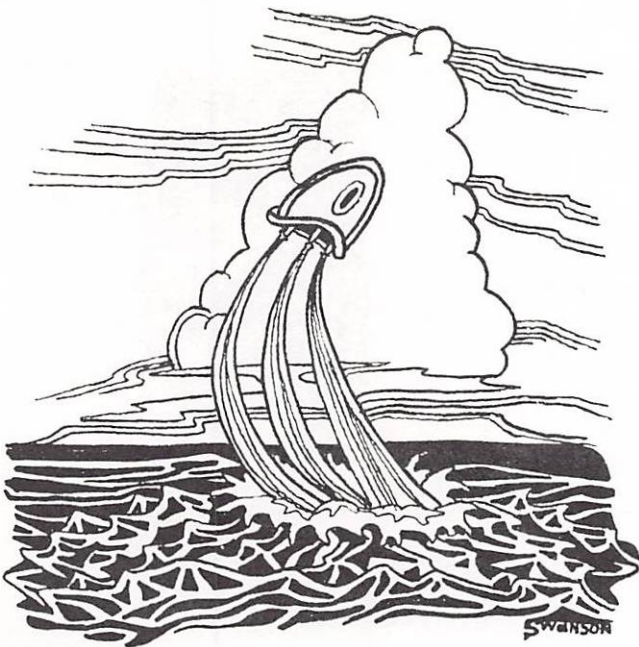
The American writers who began appearing in the sixties make a very impressive list. R. A. Lafferty, Larry Niven, Keith Laumer, Ursula K. Le Guin--each has picked out a precise area on the vast field that includes all that has not occurred, and written a body of work as highly individual as any of Cordwainer Smith or J.G. Ballard.

Just to make lists, one could find a dozen writers whose first work has appeared in the last five years who have produced interesting work: Dean R. Koontz, Brian Stableford, Bruce McAlister, Ed Bryant, George Effinger, Joan Bernott, Gerry Conway, Denis O'Neill. And the last decade has produced at least three writers who have already accomplished a body of work that has changed the boundaries of what s-f is. It has excited a good number of serious readers both inside and outside the field, and excitement among the writers contemporary with and younger than themselves is only just beginning to be reflected in s-f being written today.

Roger Zelazny's first full length novel, ...And Call me Conrad, appeared in 1965. After going on to tie for the Hugo award that year with Frank Herbert's Dune, it was released in paperback under the title This Immortal. But he had already written a series of novelets and novellas--

"A Rose for Ecclesiastes," "The Doors of His Face, the Lamps of His Mouth," "He Who Shapes," "The Graveyard Heart," and "The Moment of the Storm"--that are characterized by an immensely compressed language geared for eye speed. His early work is practically a catalogue for visualization. He is probably the most visual writer since Sturgeon. When Sturgeon's stories err, they err in the direction of sentimentality. Zelazny has been able to put a diamond light on every emotion he deals with--and he covers a great range.

The theme in almost all Zelazny's work is the double-faced one of suicide and immortality. His immortality, however, is presented from a unique view. The usual fantasy or s-f immortal, Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is traditionally a man cursed. The logic of the curse is that





eternal life must somehow be a burden because eventually nothing would be new, everything will have been experienced, boredom will conquer all. The underlying premise behind Zelazny's immortals takes the absolute opposing view, practically in the face of the whole Protestant ethic. As one grows older, posits Zelazny, the most common and ordinary experience becomes more and more fascinating because it can be cross-referenced and allowed to resonate with so much more--indeed, the whole of history, if one has experienced it first hand.

This is the reason behind the hallucinated and allusion crammed prose with which he paints a Martian desert, a cosmic thunderstorm, or moster hunt for a creature that is a cross between a football field and Moby Dick, or the life of the super jet set par excellence racketing non-stop and no return through time, allowed out of suspended animation one day a year for a never ending, soul-eroding party.

In 1967 Zelazny very consciously and conscientiously spit out the bright mouthfull of language with which he had written the most impressive s-f since Bester, and chose an incredibly distanced style to work in. In his own terms, "he gave up a low mimetic style for a high mimetic one." Mythology, which had always ornamented his work, became the central concern, particularly the complicated pantheons and parables of Hindi and Egyptian mythology.

The first novel he wrote in this style was Lord of Light. I think even his most enthusiastic readers, before, were put off by the comparative coldness of the new work. But the general s-f readership voted the book its Hugo, this time in a clean sweep. It is certainly a book that endures well, standing up to its third and fourth reading.

Since then, Zelazny has gone back and forth between these two voices, and has occasionally, as in "Isle of the Dead," combined them--even more successfully, I feel, in his most recent novel, Jack of Shadows, which postulates a world that has ceased rotating, where the light half is ruled by the laws of science and the dark half by the rules of magic. He uses the two voices developed through the earlier work to switch back and forth as he describes the adventures set in the two parts.

Of the three authors I want to discuss in detail, Joanna Russ probably has the smallest body of published work, but its near belligerent excellence may easily cause it to have the greatest effect.

Her first novel, Picnic on Paradise, appeared in 1967, and immediately cast backlight over a series of stories from the few years before detailing the adventures of the same character, a dark, wirey little barbarian woman named Alyx, from the outskirts of Greece. It is hard to read the novel and not search out the previous stories, but the novel and the novelet which concludes Alyx' adventures, "The Other Inquisition," are the high points.

Scruffy little Alyx is one day lifted bodily into the future some thousand or so years ahead of our time, and presented with a super healthy but super decadent bunch of tourists to lead across the frozen face of a planet called Paradise. Nine people must get from point A to point B; the situation is as stark as that. But Miss Russ turns an almost classical adventure structure into an intense psychological drama. First the primitive consciousness and the futuristic consciousness is meticulously evoked, and then they are clashed at each outcrop of rock, each ice crack. The results are murder, betrayal, madness, as well as a sleeping bag sex scene that is, besides being a delight in its own right, such a one-upmanship job on For Whom the Bell Tolls that no one who reads He mingway should miss it.

Her second novel, And Chaos Died, was published at the beginning of 1970. Her first novel more or less reiterated what Conrad had done for the adventure novel fifty years before --it showed that the superstructure of the physical adventure story can, with an exceptionally sensitive writer, be a good vantage from which to look at the psychological depths. Her second novel does what, until it appeared, one might easily have said many s-f novels have done more or less successfully, or at least interestingly. It explores telepathy and telekinesis.

The first assumption Miss Russ makes, is that the ability to perceive matter at a distance (and secondarily, being able to influence it) directly, without any intervening electro-physical exchange, like light or sound, is akin to an entirely new sense as different as sound from sight, or sight from touch or smell. Her attempt, which again and again in her books drives the language almost beyond the comprehensible (in much the same structures that the description of color might be incomprehensible to a blind man) slowly renders what seemed obscure limpidly clear.

Her ambition in the book is to recreate the sensations, if not the effect, that being a telepath would produce, in the reader! It is quite an experience. She completely shakes off the classic and clumsy analogs of the telepath as the voice inside the head, or vision like a movie on the inside of the mind's eye for clairvoyance. If only because of its acknowledgement of the real complexities of

such a subject, besides being a splendidly successful work of art, one could make just as good a case for saying it's the first time s-f has approached the subject of telepathy from a scientific point of view--if you consider perceptual psychology a science.

As I said, Miss Russ's body of work is not large--two novels and perhaps a book worth of short stories not yet collected. She is supposed to be nearing the end of a third novel, and after the first two, there simply is no prospect more exciting in the field.







Besides being a writer of fiction, Thomas Disch is also a poet. His poems have appeared in the *Paris Review*, *Poetry* (Chicago) and the *Transatlantic Review*, among many others. His first stories appeared in 1962. His first novel was The Genocides, and I don't think a first s-f novel has ever drawn such a combination of raves and damns.

At this date, looking back on all that, I think the furor had more to do with the state of s-f as a whole than it did with Disch's novel. The one line that lingers, however, from one of the more appreciative reviews: "...This is a book for those who have been yearning for a science fiction novel that is written"--'written' was in capital italics.

To my own mind, Disch's stories from this period are even more impressive than the book: "Descending," a vision of hell as an endless escalator that never stops going down; "The Squirrel Cage," in which a man, trapped in a bare, white room, creates a meaningful inner life out of the most rarified intellectual play; "Problems of Creativity," a rather hellish examination of the relationship between over-population and the pursuit of the intellectual life.

Disch's novel most recently available in this country in paperback, Camp Concentration is certainly the most impressive political novel I have read, inside or outside the field of s-f, in a dozen years. The book is cast in the form of a journal by a poet who, at some unspecified time in the near future when the war in Southeast Asia is still going on, is removed from the jail where he is serving out a sentence for being a conscientious objector and put into a jail where the army is using live guinea pigs for experimentation. The experiments ought to be quite humane--they are looking for ways to maximise the learning process, and the men are volunteers from the army brig, the sociopathic ditritus of our society.

It is a harrowing book, a terribly moving one. It is an oddly religious book, and avoids, almost as though they didn't exist, the propaganda pits one would be almost sure that such a work would fall into.

The book was originally published in England in the British Art Council-subsidized magazine, *New Worlds*, after being rejected by the American publisher who had commissioned the book on the grounds that it was just much too controversial. Actually, it's impossible to talk about American s-f of the past ten years without spending a good deal of time on the British scene. Most of Disch's work and a sizable amount of Zelazny's appeared in England before it appeared here.

Disch's work since Camp Concentration is just as exciting. There is the short novel The Asian Shore that is a study of the most insidious sort of racism, cultural shock and psychological disintegration. The brilliance of the story lies in its insight into the complicated relation between them. It is the story of a young art historian in Istanbul who is absorbed into the landscape--literally, it turns out. And I still don't think I've spoiled anything for you.

The story I mentioned, "Problems of Creativity," has become the base for a series of stories set in a consistent future. This is a favorite s-f form, by the way, the interlocked series of novels, novelets and stories. The first Joanna Russ books were part of such a series, and any widely read s-f reader could name half a dozen, a dozen more.

In the "366" stories of Tom Disch 366 is the number of a mega-apartment in New York city perhaps forty years from now, government sponsored, and housing hundreds of thousands of inhabitants in, as I said, a consistent future. And lets look at that future. It is a time when men and men, women and women, as well as men and women are legally allowed to marry and raise children. It is a time when working mothers, by a simple transplant operation, can have their wombs transfered into the fathers, who may bear the child if they wish. It is a time where there are two or three specialized pornography chanelns on television. It is a time when the major killer is a fatal disease terribly rare today, Lupus Erytheamatosi, but which has become over 500% more common in the last eight years, and seems to bear a somewhat similar statistical relation to stimulant drugs, like pot, acid, amphetamines, that lung cancer bears to tobacco.

A thriving business in black market corpses is run out of the city hospital, not for illegal transplants, but for necrophilia, a perversion hugely on the upswing. It is a future where soldiers are sterilized, where three quarters of the population works for the government, where the overriding aesthetic sensibility is called "The New Sentimentality," and where each intellectual chooses some historical period and, with the help of drugs, spends a certain amount of time each week living in it.

The most recent story in the series appeared about a month ago in the American *New World's* quarterly, the most recent incarnation of the British magazine I mentioned. It's called "Angouleme."

On the West Coast where I was living before, three friends of mine who, as far as I know, don't even read s-f as a rule called me up in the space of a week to ask me whether I had read the story or knew anything about the author. (They assumed that since it was s-f, I guess, I might know something about it.) *New Worlds* One



seems to have already become the sort of book that people pass around from friend to friend whispering, "Hey, read this one."

Angouleme, by the way, as you will discover when you read it, is the name the French gave to America when they discovered it. It is about a group of very brilliant children in a special school for brilliant children who, one day, decide to commit murder

Read it.

\* \* \*

The s-f world is very small, inter-knit and even incestuous. One of the things that rather pleases me, is that with all three writers I'm talking about, I read their work and was excited by it at least a year before I met them. Indeed, I was rather happy that our world was so small, because I could meet the people who had been such reading turn-ons for me.

I figured out two years ago that there are probably forty original books of s-f published in the U.S. alone each month. That does not take into account the magazines. I suspect since I made that estimate, the number is even higher. That's probably over five hundred books a year now. And, to return to my original statement, most of it is bad--as is true with the majority of the production in any form--poetry, the novel, painting.

I wouldn't be surprised if less of it were bad than a good many other fields. It is in a state of growth and change right now that makes much of it, while it may or may not have permanent value, certainly interesting. But winnowing by merit has to occur sometime, and that is essentially a process of the comparison of individual readers' excitement. I have tried to give you the benefit of what has excited me the most since I've been in the field...a very short time in comparison with many others.

Science fiction is a different medium than ordinary fiction, if only because of that different level of subjunctivity or mental attention. Paradoxically, I think it is only when its writers become intensely aware of that, that they can muster the tools to redefine the medium, to break down its edges--which is the other thing that characterizes so much of the best current s-f. It is bringing in much from outside the field, and much outside the field is affecting it. If, in the worst of what's being written today, this is due to a blurriness of intent or lack of talented achievement, it still seems to indicate a healthy attitude, open to change and experimentation.

At its best, which is finally all that seriously concerns us in any art, it is because the writers have reached new levels of eclectic complexity. I think we all, readers and writers, are much the richer for it.



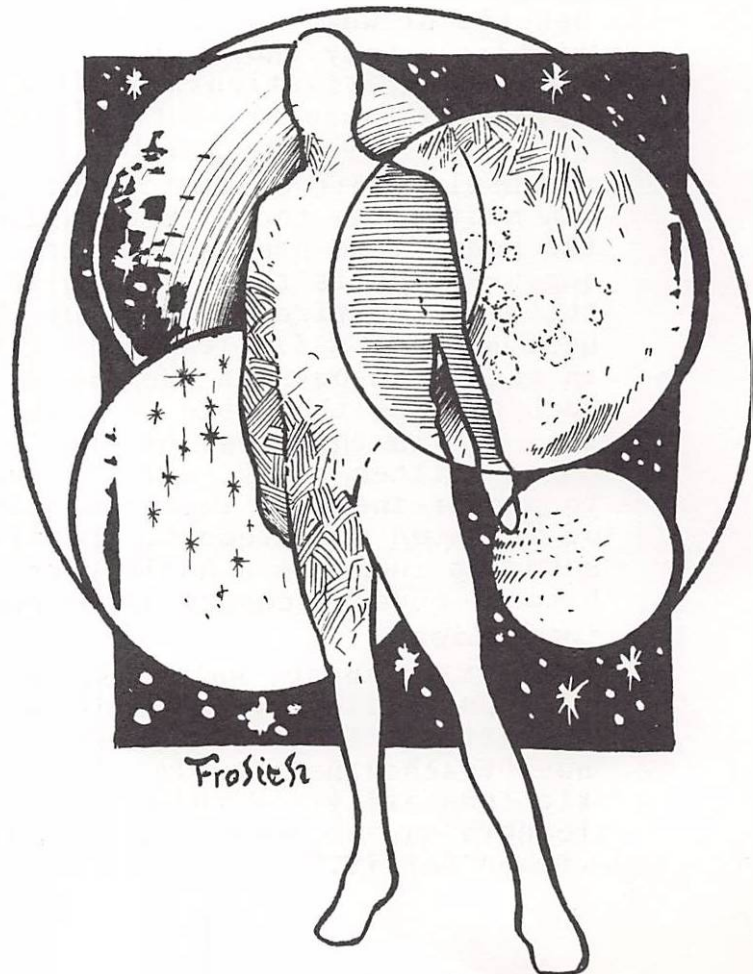
As I may or not have told you at Boston (I told somebody anyhow) The Devil is Dead is part of a trilogy. There is also Archipelago which is written but not sold, and More than Melchisedech which is neither written nor sold. Many of the characters in these books have real existence outside of the books. This was neither my intention nor doing; it is spooky reality.

Now then, after Devil was accepted, I became uneasy about the break between chapters 10 and 11; the story had its back broken there, there's no way out of that. I attempted to introduce a section called "Interglossia" to bridge this gap. Either I was too late with it or it wasn't liked. It was left out and the book still has a broken back

The section "Interglossia" contains comments by five persons who knew Finnegan quite well. Several small snatches that were there are being absorbed into Archipelago, which I am rewriting once more. I'll give you here that of Absalom Stein. His was the longest. He is the only one there's much possibility of your having met. This is it:

# Interglossia to The Devil is Dead

By R.A. Lafferty





'FINNEGAN SEEKS DEATH and does not find it. That is the main point of his puzzling quest. His own fleece is named thanatos and not mallion. Finnegan did not die in the ward in the hospital in the Philippines. But somebody died there in his name; and an army doctor friend of mine wrote me that Finnegan did die there in his presence, which letter I received the same day that Finnegan arrived in St. Louis. This amazed me, but it didn't seem to amaze Finnegan when I showed him the letter.

'Finnegan did not, apparently, die on the landing at Naxos, though X swears that there were not seven but eight bodies in that lantern-lit square on the cobbles, and that one of the bodies was Finnegan's. But X himself spent the latter part of that same week in Finnegan's company. A thing like that would not bother X, but it bothers me.

'Finnegan did not die in that very early encounter in the cabin of Brunhilde, but someone died there at the hands of Papadiabolous. Finnegan did not die at Tangiers with Don Lewis, though Marie Courtois believed that she had killed them both and left them together in the bottom of the tell.

'("All I can say, Stein, is that I seem to remember these things differently," he told me in explanation the last time I saw him. "I don't remember getting killed any of those times, except for a very hazy impression of Papadiabolous bending down to kill me in the cabin of the Brunhilde. But that was before I came on to the Brunhilde that first time.")

'Finnegan did not die at the hand of Saxon X. Seaworthy on Galveston Island, though Doll Delancy found (on West Beach) a body which she swears was Finnegan's; and Miss Delancy knew Finnegan. And possibly Finnegan did not die on the Marianao Coast near Havana. I believe, in spite of all reports, that he is still alive. I also believe that I have run athwart several tall-story artists, not the least of whom are that army doctor friend of mine, Doll Delancy and Finnegan himself. But the death-quest has always been there.

'Finnegan is a double phougaro or funnel, the link between several different worlds. Yet there are characters (X, Biloxi Brannagan, Doll Delancy, and others) who have verifiable existence in at least two of those worlds. Finnegan himself believed that he was subject to topographical inversion; he believed that one of the worlds was always interior to him and another one exterior, and that they sometimes changed their places. But where does that leave us who live in either of the worlds? Are we not sometimes reduced to being no more than items in the mind of Finnegan?

'Is the Brunhilde the first ship? Or the third? Is it the original Argo? Or is it a latter and unsanctified appearance of that ship, following the Barque in time? We have also the question of superimposed levels of experience in the Cruise of the Brunhilde. X says that not all the events of this voyage happened to Finnegan in the first decade of the second interbellum period: he says that a strong substratum of them happened to Giulio Solli (the monster forgotten, the father of Finnegan) in the decade before World War One, and that Finnegan has filial memory of them. The atmosphere



Frosick

of that period does sometimes break sometimes break in strongly on the voyage. But so much of our information depends on X who is not to be depended on.

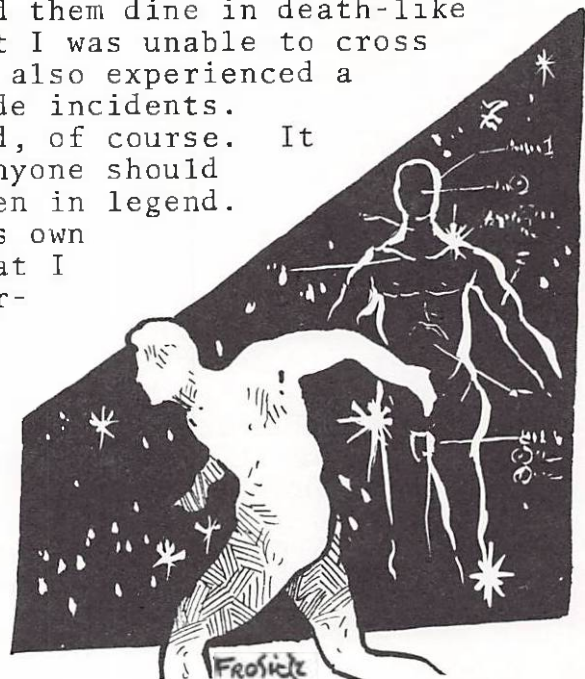
'Carr states that the characters of the Brunhilde are not true archetypes. Why, then they are false archetypes, and these also have their being. Kidd believes that X himself is in the process of becoming the Third Evil to fill the void left by the insufficiency of Papadiabolous and Seaworthy in the roles of devils. But Kidd is Joycean. To complicate matters, Lafferty (damn, I will have to keep a tighter reign on my own creations!) swears that Finn is in no way Joycean, that he is nine hundred years earlier, out of the Yellow Book of Lecan (the Tain Bo Cuailinge), a character out of the Tain. This presupposes that Finnegan is identical with Fionn McCool as well as with the more derivative fingal, and also with Cu Chulainn. Well, Finnegan is capable of being all. To those interest in this line I recommend Thurneysen's Die Irische Helden- und Konigsage.

'I myself was present at several episodes (whether in the flesh or out of the flesh I do not know, God knows): I was present at one meeting of Don Lewis and Manuel of which Finnegan knew nothing, so this could not have come from his mind. I was present and watched them dine in death-like glitter on the Grand Canary, but I was unable to cross the room to them. John Schultz also experienced a rapport with one of the Brunhilde incidents.

'We are all of us in legend, of course. It is absolutely impossible that anyone should be in life who has not first been in legend. But no one of us understands his own legend. Mary Schaeffer says that I am the Wandering Jew, particularly in my writing style.

'I have not at all determined the exact and complete relationship of the Argo Legend to the Finnegan Cycle.'

Notes on the Finnegan  
Cycle --Absalom Stein





and now a word from our Founders



# fanspeak

THE PECULIAR MADNESS which is Fandom, the world of the science fiction fan, cannot be reduced to a page, and the argot which has common currency among fans cannot be easily defined apart from that context. However...

Apa--An acronym for amateur publishing association. Borrowing from mundane amateur fans began banding together to encourage production back in 1937, when FAPA was formed.

An apa is a group of people who exchange publications with each other on some supposedly regular basis. Everyone sends their work to an editor who then mails out bundles to everyone. Some apas which are not primarily conducted by mail have "distributions"

Ajay--amateur journalism.

Mundane--not stfnal

FAPA--the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, large, old, prestigious, and still full of pros and long time fans, many no longer known to fandom at large. Famous for its waiting list.

Pro--or "filthy pro." A paid writer, artist or editor.

Fanzine--any of a number of publications by fans. Depending on content they may be genzines, personalzines, commentzines, etc. They are not prozines, however, because they are a labor of love, although one often fails to see why. Apazines are for apas. If a zine takes science fiction (or itself) seriously it is likely to be labeled sercon, which tends to be derogatory in some circles. "Faanish" which implies more interest in fans and fandom than in science fiction is a derogatory term in other circles. Supposedly there is a feud going on between the two groups.

OE--Official Editor

EO--Emergency Officer

GAFIA--Getting away from it all; dropping out. Gafiation hits many fans at an early age.

Fanac--what a fan does. Critical fanac is crifanac.

BNF--That singular anomaly, a Big Name Fan.

Fugghead--derogatory term. A loudmouth, especially one either stupid or wrong, if not both.

Stf--Scientifiction, the old term.



## a sense of wonder

MULLING OVER THE NEWS that SAPS is about to turn 25, I've little reaction but dumb wonderment. It's like hearing on a recent news-cast of a Frenchwoman who just died at the age of a hundred, who, when she was born, was declared by the physician-in-charge "not fit to throw in the dog's dish."

SAPS didn't have much meat on it to begin with either; but if Seth McEvoy is going to reprint my squib about the club's nativity, I might's well keep mum. Those previous remarks, being closer to the fact, are no doubt more trustworthy. In my present senility I'd try to turn it all into myth. And all it was was a bunch of bright juveniles asserting themselves and defying such imposing father-figures as FAPA and Sam Moskowitz.

The only items in my SAPS mailings I've ever kept (and they are now somewhere in my parents' attic in Dover, N.J.) are all the issues of Lloyd Alpaugh's SUN SHINE. I broke them out and reread them just the other year; they still seemed hilarious. For a time, while various original founders of SAPS kept disappearing into the army, navy and air force during the Korean fracas, Alpaugh kept up an agreeably obscene column of letters from "Our Boys in Service," until the draft got him in his turn. Any more, I'm in touch only with him, with George Fox (whose novel Without Music, Holt, 1971, is a gas), and with Ron Christensen.

If Rick Sneary, Walt Coslet, Joe Schaumburger or any other old cronies happen to see this, well, saluds and hearty cheers to them.

Joe Kennedy

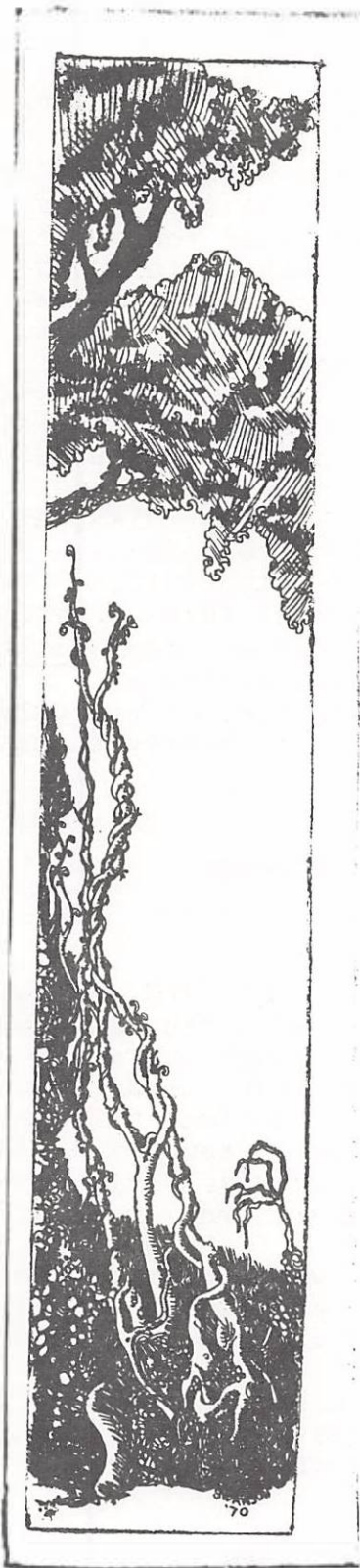
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'd almost forgotten about SAPS. Afraid I can't provide much in the way of anecdotes. As I recall, I was only in the organization for two or three mailings, at most. The guiding powers were Lloyd Alpaugh and Joe Kennedy. I do remember that, at the meeting of the Spectators where the idea was conceived, the members initially called it the Spectator Amateur Press Association--until someone brought up the fact that the initials would lead to ridicule. "Society" was substituted in order to beat carping future critics at their own game.

Personal data: I've been a free lance writer for the past several years (non s-f). Have had articles and stories in Playboy, Esquire, other magazines, done some movie work, published a novel last year. Married, two kids (11 and 6).

Ron Christensen lives nearby. He's the chairman of the language department of a junior high school, also owns and operates a publishing house specializing in language teaching aids.

George Fox

## a fable



IN THE BEGINNING was Ron, the Mad Ox, known unto mortals as Ron Maddox of Prince Street in Manhattan.

And it came to pass that Ron the Mad Ox gathered unto himself a band of six disciples. The First Disciple's name was Joe Kennedy, and he was a BNF. Then there were Lloyd Alpaugh and Ron Christensen, both MNFs, and three SNFs, to wit: Phil Froeder, George Fox and Joe Schaumburger.

Now the purpose of this evil band was to attend the monthly ESFA meeting in Newark, NJ, and sit in the back and discuss matters of import among themselves. And it came unto the attention of the head of ESFA, the awesome Sam Moskowitz (the very same!) that there was this munch of youngish fans sitting in the back and not Giving Their Full Attention.

And SaM said unto the masses: "What this club needs is people willing to pitch in and work, not a bunch of goddam spectators!"

And the masses agreed heartily, and fixed the evil band with steely glances, not to mention a few boos and hisses.

The evil band ignored the whole thing.

However, on the way home, Ron the Mad Ox proposed that the EB sort of incorporate and call themselves the Spectators, since the Great SaM himself had thus named them.

Thus was formed the Fellowship of the Spectators, and if they had only had a magic ring to get rid of, there's no telling how far they might have gone.

In the fullness of time, Ron the Mad Ox looked upon the fan world and saw that all was darkness and chaos. And he spoke a word. And the word was "fanzine." And Lo! Unto him a fanzine was born, and it was called the Spectator.

And all the other Spectators decided that they would do their bit, and those of them who had no fanzines produced them posthaste. And it was decided to form an apa.



"Let us call it SAPA," saith the wise Josephus Q.X. Kennedy, "or Spectator Amateur Press Association."

"Better yet," saith the cool Alpaugh, "let us call it SAPS, thus not only indicating the Spectator Amateur Press Society, but also labelling the participants."

And so it came to pass.

Joe Schaumburger

## ghod in the wilderness

I WAS AWARE that SAPS was still in existence. The fact that 25 years have passed comes as something of a shock. The only person from those days that I am still in contact with is Joe Kennedy; we exchange Christmas cards and now and then a letter. I last saw George Fox in New York City in 1964 or 1966; he was then the editor of a group of men's magazines. The others involved in SAPS have long since vanished from my ken.

The following reminiscences are based on a possibly faulty memory. SAPS was founded on a Sunday afternoon at Joe Kennedy's home in Dover, N.J. Present were myself, Kennedy, George Fox, Ron Maddox; probably Joe Gross, Ron Christensen, Phil Froeder; maybe Leatrice Budoff and Gilda Blitzer. Some of us had thought about joining the Fantasy Amateur Press Association but had found that FAPA had a waiting list and was also a very serious group.

This latter fact did not go well with our general attitude toward science fiction fandom--being a fan was fun but fannish activity was not the center of our existence. I think that we had the ability to look at science fiction and science fiction fandom objectively. We recognized the asininity and pomposity of fannish politics, for example. We were interested in reading s-f and fantasy and in discussing them with others. At the same time, we were amused by and sceptical of much of the activity which went on in the name of fandom. In short, we did not take ourselves seriously.

So it was with the founding of SAPS. Someone suggested that we found our own amateur press association. A moment later we had agreed to do this. While discussing our new organization, someone mentioned that we were spectators rather than participants as far as much fan activity was concerned. It was immediately evident that Spectator Amateur Press Association was a good name for our group. Someone then observed that if we made it Society rather than association, we would all be SAPS. The name Spectator Amateur Press Society was adopted by acclamation.

I don't remember how long I was a member of SAPS. I think my magazine was named Sunshine, for some presumably humorous but long-forgotten reason. The group mentioned above began to break

up shortly after SAPS was founded. Some lost interest in fandom; some went to college. I think Kennedy and I were in SAPS longer than any of the others. I guess it was in 1950 or 1951 that I dropped out of fandom entirely. I was drafted in 1952 and assigned to the U.S. Army Signal Corps. After finishing the Radar Repair School at Ft. Monmouth, N.J., I was assigned to Sandia Base in Albuquerque, N.M. Once there, my job description was changed to Fixed-Station Radio Teletype Transmitter Repairman. In actuality I was a glorified night watchman who checked the transmitters hourly to make sure they were on frequency, tuned them if they drifted off frequency and noted any repairs that needed to be made for the day crew to do. I was discharged from the army in 1954.

I was married in 1953, had two children, and was divorced in 1961. After discharge from the army I attended the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and earned a BA in English literature and an MA in creative writing. I went to work for Sandia Laboratories in July, 1958 and am still there. I am a technical writer.

Sandia Laboratories is a prime contractor to the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and its primary mission (excuse the corporate jargon) is the design and development of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons. For the past six or seven years my primary work has been with the Aerospace Nuclear Safety group at Sandia. This group was mainly concerned with the safety aspects of the radioisotope thermoelectric generator (RTG) which provides electrical power for the experiments left on the lunar surface by the Apollo missions. The theoretical work done by the aerospace group was vindicated by the aborted Apollo 13 mission when the RTG's radioactive fuel re-entered the earth's atmosphere and survived without causing any harm to anyone.

Perhaps I should explain a little about the RTG. As a radioactive material decays, it generates heat. The RTG simply converts this heat to electricity. On an Apollo mission, the RTG is carried in the lunar module's experiment bay. The radioactive fuel is in a capsule which is clamped to the outside of the lunar module. After landing on the moon, the astronaut gets the RTG and its associated experiments out of the bay and emplaces them. Then he gets the fuel capsule from the module and takes it to the RTG. Using a special tool, he pulls the radioactive fuel out of the capsule and inserts it into the RTG; the RTG then powers the experiments.

As an ex-fan and still occasional reader of science fiction, I was naturally fascinated to be working on a part, however small, of our lunar explorations. But who, in his wildest imaginings, would have thought that the first manned spacecraft to land on the moon would be the spindly-legged, boxy, junky looking thing it is?

Unfortunately for me, the aerospace nuclear safety program has been transferred to another AEC contractor, and, alas, I no longer feel I am part of the space program.

To complete my chronology--I married again in 1969. My daughter was married in July last year and will make me a grandfather

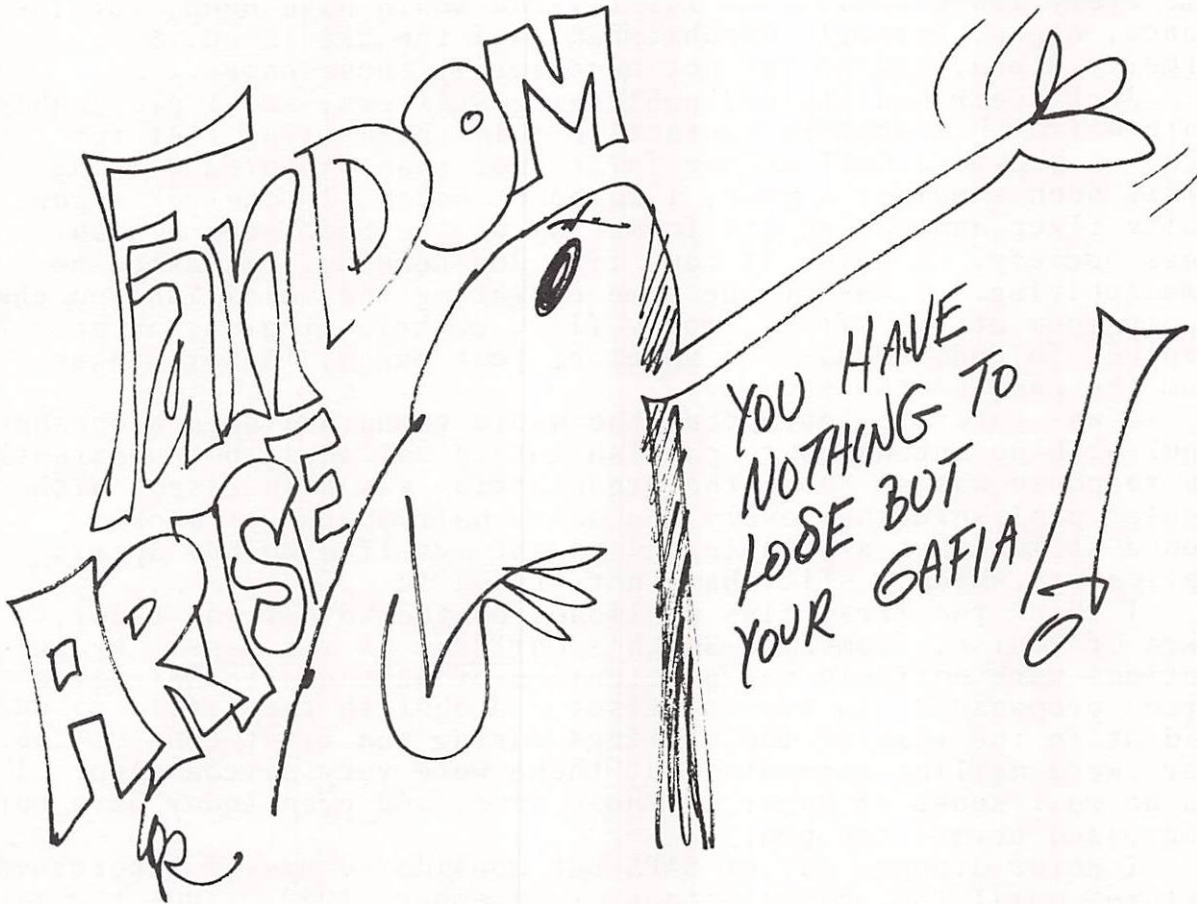


this September. (Gad--to be a grandfather at 43.) My son is 16 and reads science fiction and fantasy; he prefers heroic fantasy and his favorite stories are the Conan books. He has not as yet shown any desire to become an active fan. My stepson does not read science fiction.

As mentioned above, I occasionally read s-f books. I don't buy any s-f magazines. My s-f reading is indiscriminate insofar as authors are concerned. Harlan Ellison is probably the most interesting s-f writer around. Star Trek was the best tv s-f show ever, especially its first season. The Outer Limits was also a very good tv show.

I am beginning to pontificate, so it is time to stop.

Lloyd Alpaugh



STILL AVAILABLE

IS:4, a memorial for the late August Derleth. Original articles by Forrest J Ackermann, Jacques Bergier, Bill Blackbeard, Robert Bloch, Ray Bradbury, Joseph Payne Brennan, Ramsey Campbell, Lin Carter, Avram Davidson, Dean Dickensheet, Fritz Leiber, Frank Belknap Long, Robert A.W. Lowndes, Roderic Meng, Emil Petaja, E. Hoffman Price, Peter Ruber, Mark Shorer, A.E. Van Vogt, Harry Warner Jr, Manly Wade Wellman, Wade Wellman, Colin Wilson, Gahan Wilson. Additional contributions from Larry Niven, Fred Patten, Frank Utpatel and Sprague de Camp. Artwork by Helmut Pesch, Joel Beck, Tim Kirk, Terry Jeeves, Bill Rotsler, Hans Holbein and others. \$3 each from Tom Collins, 4305 Balcones Dr. Austin, Texas 78731.

# how I became involved with SAPS

THIS REQUIRES MENTION OF my whole entry into fandom. I heard of Henry Elsner's Black Star and the club it was for. I also heard of the NFFF, but didn't know its address. So I joined the former and from him learned whom to contact for the latter, which I joined just before Elsner's group merged with NFFF. I heard rumors of FAPA when I was trying to work out details for a genzine to be titled...Formerly... (the intention of which was to change the name every issue--thus, the first issue would have been, for instance, Alpha, Formerly Unpublished, and the 2nd issue, Beta, Formerly Alpha, and so on--not necessarily those names.

Jack Speer had started publishing Stefnews, and I presumably learned from him whom to contact to join the waiting list for FAPA. I became a full member far sooner than expected. I had hardly been a member a year, I suppose, before I received a publicity flyer announcing the formation of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. I think it came from Joe Kennedy. I wasted no time applying. I was at the time operating the multilith and the supply room at the office, so my first contribution was an unstapled, folded, legal-size sheet of four pages, 'Tator, taken from the name of the society.

I was later to learn that the whole thing had been a oneshot prank with no intention to publish future mailings, but apparently the response was so good, the organization was a success. With regular publishing now every one and a half months, I looked around at machines available and bought myself a Wolber Spirit Duplicator, which I still have not traded in.

I think the first zine published on the Wolber was Ploor, taken of course, from E.E. Smith's Children of the Lens. My intentions were entirely the publication of what has to be called sercon propaganda, to try to offset and abolish the trivia so much evident in the rest of the mailings during the first ten. Of course there were mailing comments, but these were very sercon also. I had no real sense of humor in those days, and even today have hardly progressed beyond the pun.

I never dropped out of SAPS but considered myself a permanent fixture, until the angina attack of December, 1962. Thus the first mailing I missed was the first one of 1963. I hoped SAPS would miss me, but the only overtures were efforts to buy my back SAPSmailings. I had no intention ever to break up my collection by selling off any integral part of it and was not at the time inclined to write any letters and certainly not wrap and mail packages, so I doubt I even deigned to answer the requests with more than an offer to buy any SAPS mailings available, should some ever be on the market.

I have had several offers to buy my whole collection, which is the only way I would ever care to sell it, but mostly they bogged down with the legal contract. After all, the permanent price of \$20,000 is not easy to come by. No one ever offered me any SAPS mailings, so I am completely out of touch with just about a decade of SAPS history.



down the vista of years

The efforts to organize SAPS proceeded to have its most success after the tenth mailing when most of the original group dropped out and Wrai Ballard, congeniality himself, found his way into the group. I felt more at ease from then on, and felt my persistence for something worth reading every mailing had paid off.

It was not every mailing that was perfect from then on, of course, but it was a progressive group; the main point of difference I had at the time was based on the idea that I wanted a larger readership, but after the one enlargement from 25 to 35 members, no one else would consider further expansion. A shame when I felt we had such a good thing going.

It is not always that one has such a way of life going for so long without change, but when change comes it is often violent and not intentional. Such it was with me and SAPS. And now what? Am I really coming back to SAPS? I would like to....

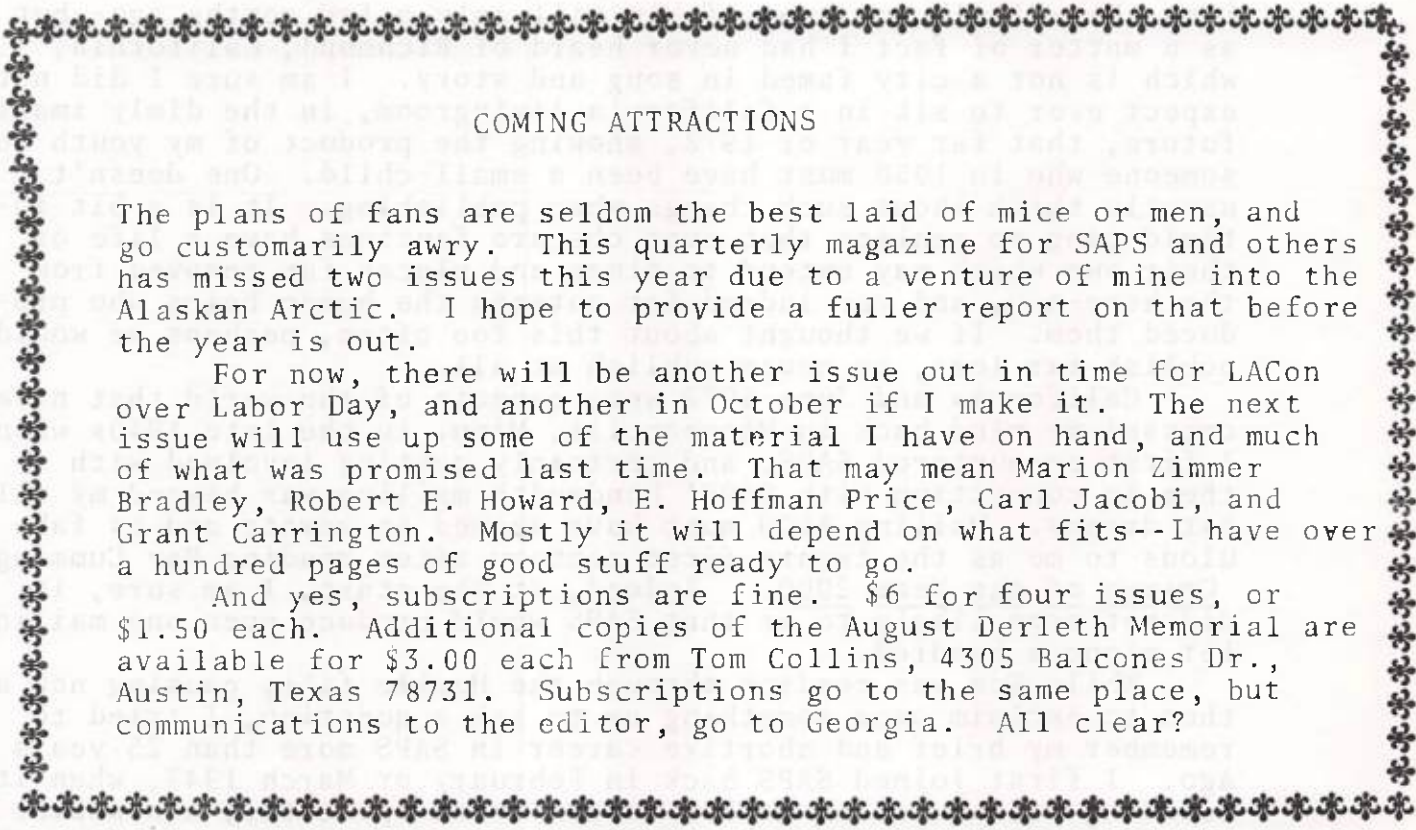
Walter A. Coslet

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The plans of fans are seldom the best laid of mice or men, and go customarily awry. This quarterly magazine for SAPS and others has missed two issues this year due to a venture of mine into the Alaskan Arctic. I hope to provide a fuller report on that before the year is out.

For now, there will be another issue out in time for LACon over Labor Day, and another in October if I make it. The next issue will use up some of the material I have on hand, and much of what was promised last time. That may mean Marion Zimmer Bradley, Robert E. Howard, E. Hoffman Price, Carl Jacobi, and Grant Carrington. Mostly it will depend on what fits--I have over a hundred pages of good stuff ready to go.

And yes, subscriptions are fine. \$6 for four issues, or \$1.50 each. Additional copies of the August Derleth Memorial are available for \$3.00 each from Tom Collins, 4305 Balcones Dr., Austin, Texas 78731. Subscriptions go to the same place, but communications to the editor, go to Georgia. All clear?



## down the vista of years

ON THE FIRST SUNDAY of June, 1972, I drove to the neighboring city of Richmond, Calif., to meet Tom Collins, who was in the Bay area for a few days en route from Alaska to Georgia. He had already told me the croggling news that SAPS was about to hatch its hundredth mailing a month or so hence, and at his request I brought with me the slender file of Hurkle, my SAPS publication of 1950-3.

While he thumbed through it I idly contemplated the scene from the livingroom window. I glimpsed, some distance off, a highway full of cars, dull-colored and glittering, rushing back and forth, and just beyond the highway, on the calm surface of the bay, the flotillas of Sunday sailors out in their small scudding sailboats. It was a tranquil scene, with the California sunshine, on this mild and quiet morning, just beginning to break through the fog cover, and the mood of the moment was far removed from that which attended the production of Hurkle two decades ago.

It seemed strange to watch Tom leaf through the file of Hurkle in such a setting, which I could hardly have imagined when I was publishing the magazine. Not only had I never heard of Tom Collins then--I did not know of him till only a few months ago--but as a matter of fact I had never heard of Richmond, California, which is not a city famed in song and story. I am sure I did not expect ever to sit in a California livingroom, in the dimly imagined future, that far year of 1972, showing the product of my youth to someone who in 1950 must have been a small child. One doesn't usually think about such things when publishing. It is a bit intimidating to realize that even obscure fanzines have a life of their own which may extend to times and places far removed from the here-now, and may indeed far outspan the human being who produced them. If we thought about this too often, perhaps we would publish far less, or never publish at all.

California and June 1972 were aspects of the world that never crossed my mind back in Minneapolis, Minn. in the late 1940s when I first encountered SAPS, and certainly getting involved with them in connection with SAPS' hundredth mailing was beyond my wildest dreams. Mailing #100 must have seemed as remote and as fabulous to me as the twenty-first century after reading Ray Cummings' Crimes of the Year 2000. Indeed, at the start, I am sure, it did not seem likely to me that SAPS would produce even one mailing, let alone a hundred.

While Tom was reading through the Hurkle file, pausing now and then to exclaim over something or to ask a question, I tried to remember my brief and abortive career in SAPS more than 25 years ago. I first joined SAPS back in February or March 1947, when its founding was announced in Ron Maddox's Fan Spectator, a newszine (or "newsie," as we called them then) as remote in spirit from the current Charlie Brown Locus as it is in time. I sent in my name



and, no doubt, my first year's dues (which probably amounted to all of 25¢ or 35¢, for such was the cost of fan memberships in those long-ago days), but there was no response from the other end. No inaugural mailing of SAPS forthcame, and neither was there any word as to the status of that infant organization. I had been a fan long enough not to be surprised, and wasted little time waiting with bated breath.

Instead, having learned that there were openings in FAPA at the time, I applied for membership in that organization, and was duly accepted. Even though the "senior apa"--as it was soon to be--had fallen on evil times, from which Burbee and Lancy rescued it during the following year, I did receive word promptly, under the date of 9 July 1947, from Art Widner Jr, FAPA's gafiating secretary, that I was now "a grand exalted member of FAPA." He added that my membership would begin with the July mailing--provided, he cautioned me, that he sent his report in on time. Unfortunately, he didn't, and therefore two or three months passed before I received my first FAPA mailing, #41, October 1947.

About the same time that my first FAPA bundle came at last--whether it was earlier or later, I don't remember, but it must have been a matter of weeks either way--I received my first SAPS mailing. This mailing, expected momentarily since spring, burst--if that is not too strong a term for it--upon a somewhat bemused fandom sometime in the autumn of 1947, and in the first Spectator my name was listed among the members. Nothing by me, however, appeared in the first bundle.

I call it a "bundle" only because that is the conventional term for an apa mailing. In this case it was, as Joe Kennedy was to call it later, "a bright envelopeful of airy little nothings:" ten skimpy magazines, a grand total of perhaps 50 pages in all, published mainly by the New Jersey founding fathers--Joe Kennedy himself, Ron Maddox, George Fox, Lloyd Alpaugh Jr., and Ron Christensen--but also including items by Harold W. Cheney, Jr., John Cockroft, Boff Perry, and Walter A. Coslet.

I'm afraid I was not very impressed with the first mailing. Kennedy's Spacehound's Gazette was perhaps the most interesting of the bunch of "airy little nothings." The second mailing, in December 1947, was considerably bigger, but not much better. This time such people as Rick Sneary, Joe Schaumburger, Andy Lyon, Telis Streiff, Henry Spelman III, Van Splawn, Norm Storer, Phil Froeder, and Rex E. Ward were represented in addition to most of the fans in mailing #1. Many of these people were BNFs of 1947, but most of them have been gone from our ken for many a year, and I'm afraid most of their names are unknown to many SAPS members in 1972.

FAPA in the autumn of 1947 was not at its best, either. It was still suffering from the slump that predated the Insurgent era just then beginning, but at least it was more interesting than SAPS, or I found it so, and it was not long before I dropped out of SAPS in order to devote more time to FAPA. According to Hurkle #1, I resigned in the spring of 1948, and I will take my younger self's

word for it, although I would suppose at this remove that after two mailings I would have been dropped for "lacktivity" (although I don't think we called it that in those days). At any rate, I severed ties with SAPS early in 1948, and I no longer recall whether I saw the fourth mailing or not, or even the third. I saw no more of SAPS till the ninth mailing, in October 1949.

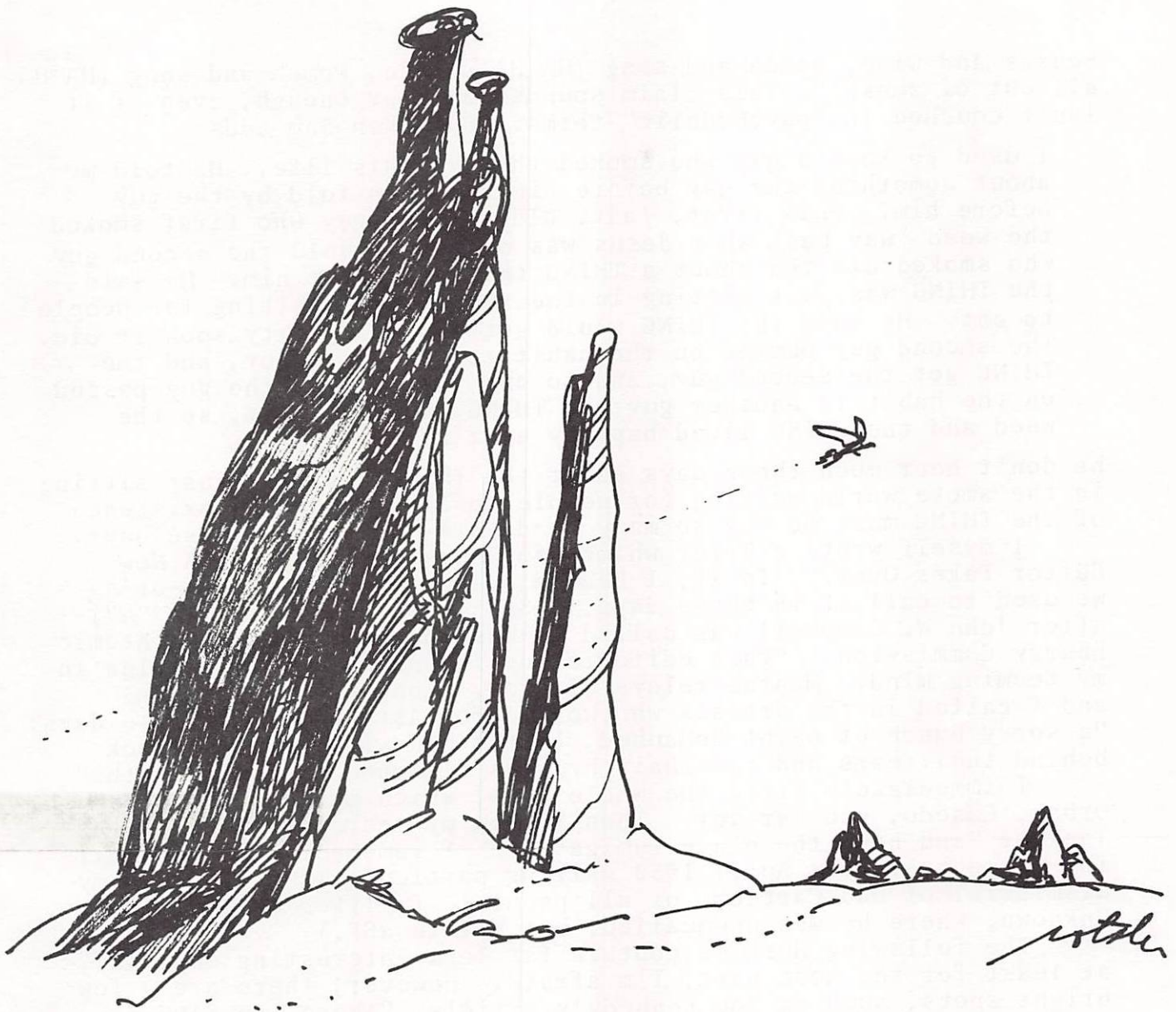
My only stir of activity during my first incarnation as a SAPS member was a partially published Sapszine, Ad Lib, intended for Mailing #2, but never circulated in or out of any mailing except for a single copy. That one I sent Walter A. Coslet later, at his request, so that it could be listed among the "X" listings of Sapszines "intended for the mailing [that] for some reason never made it," in Coswal's original SAPS Index (Mailing #13, October 1950). I no longer remember what was in Ad Lib, but perversely I remember it was published on buff-colored paper and run off on my first mimeograph. That modest "stencil duplicator," as they called it then, since "Mimeograph" was still a registered trademark of A.B. Dick, was bought from Montgomery Ward for \$19.75, and later sold to Arthur H. Rapp for \$10 or \$12.

Not till the worldcon of 1949, the Cinventon, did I decide to return to the Sapsish fold. Unbelievably, SAPS had by this time fallen into the hands of a Harvard man. The OE then was Henry M. Spelman III, known variously as "Three Eye" or "the Third," who was an undergraduate at Harvard, and it was he who persuaded me during a convention at the con to rejoin SAPS. I cannot account for my decision now, but I suppose at the time I might have explained it by saying I had forgotten to take a semantic pause.

By the time I actually published something for SAPS, the January 1950 mailing, Arthur H. Rapp had become OE. It was also r-tRapp (as he used to be called, although he may not like to be reminded of it), now in his facet as Spacewarp Services (offering mimeography-for-hire), who actually ran off the stencils for Hurkle #1. Thus, by a small coincidence, Hurkle was published on the samw machine as my abortive Ad Lib, since Art was by now the owner of my old Monkey Ward duplicator. He did it on blue paper as I asked him, in order to conform to the dictum of Theodore Sturgeon, who in the first issue of F&SF (called The Magazine of Fantasy then) had told us, "The prettiest of the Hurkle are blue." All but one of the ten following issues of Hurkle (which I ran off myself) were also done on blue paper. The second issue was not, merely because I didn't have any blue paper on hand at the time.

I have just been looking over Hurkle #1, January 1950, and it seems to me--though I don't know whether Tom concurred when he leafed through the file the other day--that the first Hurkle was also the best. Among other things it contained a short piece by Ray Nelson called "Heirloom," which must have been one of the very first "weed" or "grass" stories to appear in a fanzine.

The writer of the piece says, "I remember the guy who gave me my first stick of tea. Name was Sam and he was a very tall, tall, tall guy, tall and pale from smoking the weed." Sam tells the writer that "the weed" will "make you a new world out of smoke and make the old world seem like new. They make trees and lights and



HOMeward

*esther*



houses and wine, women and song (HA HA), wine, women and song (HA HA all out of smoke." This claim sounds familiar enough, even if it isn't couched in "psychedelic" terms. But then Sam adds:

I used to know a guy who smoked them all his life. He told me about something the guy before him had been told by the guy before him. This first, last, oldest guy, guy who first smoked the weed 'way back when Jesus was on earth, told the second guy who smoked his tea about a THING that was after him. He said the THING was just sitting in the smoke world waiting for people to eat. He said the THING would get him and pretty soon it did. The second guy passed on the habit to the third guy, and the THING got the second guy, and so on. As soon as the guy passed on the habit to another guy the THING would get him, so the weed and the THING lived happily ever after.

We don't hear much these days about the THING that is "just sitting in the smoke world waiting for people to eat." But the existence of the THING must be why so many heads are "paranoid" these days.

I myself wrote a brief whimsy for Hurkle #1 called "A New Editor Takes Over." In it, I became editor of Astounding--or as we used to call it in those days, "aSF" (note the miniscule "a")--after John W. Campbell was called to Washington to head the Atomic Energy Commission. "Vast editorial decisions spun like nebulae in my teeming mind. Mental relays clicked. Conductors hissed"--and I called in the artists who worked for Astounding in those days: "a sorry bunch of paint-bedaubed, little men with pencils stuck behind their ears and camelhair brushes clenched in their teeth."

I immediately fired the whole crew, which included Quackenbush, Orban, Canedo, and Cartier. Then I told my secretary to call the janitor "and have the place fumigated." I remember that the mailing comments in the April 1950 mailing particularly criticized my dismissal of Edd Cartier, of all people! (I liked Cartier in Unknown, where he was unequalled, but not in aSF.)

The following Hurkles contain far less interesting material, at least for the most part, I'm afraid. However, there are a few bright spots, such as Joe Kennedy's article, "Where the SAPS Came From" in #7; a "sonnet reversed" in #9; and a rather overly-emotional but still commendable sketch, "Letter to a Flying Saucer,"

There was a single interlineation per issue after #1, and some of these seem to refer to prozine stories from the early 1950s, which I suppose have long since been forgotten: "The puudlies are budding early this year;" "I thought I killed a farn beast but it was a farm animal;" and "The man from tomorrow is only RAP from yesterday." I only vaguely remember what these remarks refer to. But the interlineations in #2 and #7 still strike me as pointed and amusing: "Defy the deroes with dianetics" and "The good old days when auditing was an accounting term." Remember that this was during the period in which L. Ron Hubbard discovered fire or invented the wheel or whatever it was.

The largest Hurkle ran only a mere 9 pages; several issues were only four pages long. Through Hurkle I discovered the joys of publishing a small, relaxed and frequent fanzine as opposed to a large, formal, and relatively infrequent journal like Sky Hook. In after years, nearly all my publishing has been in the Hurkle vein, and both the subzine I published (1959-62), Discord, and my still-current FAPA title, Bete Noire, have closely resembled Hurkle in general content and format. The last Hurkle, #11, was intended for the December 1952 mailing, but eventually was mailed separately, late in March 1953.

Accompanying it was a half-page explanation titled So Long!, which says in part, "As most of you easily inferred from past Hurkles, I was never too enthusiastic about SAPS, and frequently thought of giving up my membership. Nevertheless, I enjoyed SAPS quite a lot, and I am a little sorry to be leaving you now.... Goodbye, and the best to you always." That was the last direct communication I ever had with SAPS till now, and even after 19 years, I am moved to repeat those sentiments.

When I remember SAPS again, after such a long time, I chiefly recall the people who were members when I was. A few are still around, and a few are still members--or members again, having re-joined after an interval. I am told that Art and Nancy Rapp are still members. Those are names which bring back many happy memories, as are the names of Ed and Anne Cox, and the name of Wrai Ballard (I've never met or read the writings of Carol, who, I understand, is also a member nowadays--my loss, surely). Perhaps there are a few other oldtimers still around--hail to them!--but just now my memory dwells happily on recollections of people who quit SAPS many years ago and (so far as I know) have been lost to us forever, either through death or through being swallowed up in the vast ocean of nonfannish humanity.

Most of these people are nearly forgotten today except by a few figurative greybeards like myself. I remember Bill Venable, for example, a very talented fellow from Pittsburgh; John Grossman, one of the best artists ever to appear in fandom, who lived in Des Moines in 1950, when he was a member; Richard Elsberry, Ben Singer, Everett Winne, Nan Gerding, Henry Chabot, Martin Alger, Hal Shapiro, G.M. Carr, and of course many others. Unfortunately the activity of some of the most distinguished SAPS members did not overlap mine: that of the admirable Karen Anderson, the indefatigable Marion Z. Bradley, the unequalled Dean A. Grennell, and others whose names would come to me if I just thought a minute.

I remember the tragedy connected with some of the people who were on the SAPS roster when I was a member. Death has taken Vernon L. McCain, who was a good man; and also Lee Jacobs, who was likewise; and even (according to report) Tom Jewett, less well remembered, but even so a good man too. Others have experienced great difficulties in life, such as Meg Johns, who published the winsome Alpha and Omega, beginning in July 1950, and who sometime after she left SAPS was "hit in the tail by a truck" while crossing a street, and made an invalid. This was perhaps particularly heart-wrenching in her case because she was a professional dancer in nonfannish life.



Personal handicaps, however, are not unknown to various other SAPS members, past and present, whom I have met. While it is sad to think of this, it is encouraging to recall that these people have often lived happy lives despite the cruelties of fate, and part of the reason for this is the existence of groups like SAPS.

How pleasant it is to remember all these people whose thoughts and ideas were important to me in the past. How pleasant it is to remember them still, after so long an interval--here in the summer of 1972, on the brink of SAPS' one-hundredth mailing!

Redd Boggs



## the first mailing of SAPS

THERE IS NO WAY to know where the seed of an idea comes from. From a need. From other developments. From environmental backgrounds, or pure inspiration. But as far as I know, the first person talking about the SAPS was Joe Kennedy, of 84 Baker Ave., Dover, N.J.

In 1945, when I was starting into Fandom, Joe was the Active Young Fan on the East Coast. He was editing QX the Cardzine--a penny postal card newszine that really did compress the news of Fandom to a postcard, for I believe something like six for 10 cents.

He went on to edit Vampire and Fantasy Review. Vampire was the focal point fanzine of Fourth Fandom in the mid-40s. Its simple but ordered style influenced other fanzines. Lee Hoffman has credited it with being the biggest influence on the appearance of Quandary.

The issues of Fantasy Review that Joe edited were the best yearbooks of the field that have appeared. They were made up of articles written by various fans and covered all the events of the Pro and Fan fields during the year. Joe was a good writer, clever cartoonist and gifted editor and organizer--easily one of the dozen fans who have had a major influence on the shaping of Fandom.

Joe was, of course, active in local fandom, and especially the young Fan group who called themselves The Spectators. I don't know when he may have first suggested his ideas to them, but on August 9, 1946, he wrote me a letter of comment on the first issue of my letterzine, G-G, in which he said:

Chris's letter contains some good points. Couple months ago I was seriously considering forming another Amateur Press Association--don't laugh--with a basis primarily stfish. I even drafted a constitution, rather frankly modeled after that of VAPA, and designed to include only a bare minimum of red tape. I still prefer VAPA's system of having one central manager to handle all the club business, with a board of advisors to represent the membership at large. I don't care for VAPA's system of electing only the one officer each year; it makes it too easy for one bunch to remain in control of the works. However, VAPA has much less dispute over the constitution than the FAPA, and functions with a minimum of waste energy.

At any rate, I even picked a name for my proposed APA-- the Comet Amateur Press Association, CAPA of course (pronounced kapa, not sapa, incidentally). I briefly mentioned the idea in a letter to Kay-Mar Carlson. He seemed favorably impressed. But when I began to consider the amount of work which would be involved in getting such an organization on its feet, and also the fact that it would require a large amount of cooperation on the part of the scattered minions of fandom from coast-to-coast (gads, but I'm full of trick phrases today). Then it occurred to me that I wanted to belong to a fantasy apa more than I wanted to organize one. At the time I was already in VAPA--but I still prefer the fanzine field, as distinguished from the semi-literary efforts. Lack of time and an unwillingness to take on more fan activities than I could handle combined to force me to drop plans for CAPA. The final decision was to wait another year or two and maybe by then I'd at long last be in FAPA.

Praise the Gods, the FAPA waiting list seems to be moving along very briskly of late, and I am now in FAPA, having received the Summer mailing last week. Chris is mistaken in his remark about 'newcomers who can't even get on the waiting list of FAPA...' To get on the waiting list, a candidate for Fap membership has but to file his name with the Secretary-Treasurer and sit back and wait. FAPA requires that applicants have some experience in the fanzine field, either through editing, publishing, or writing. The present Secy-Tres is Ashley, tho an election is now on which will put either Laney or Widner into the office.

Yet somehow the enthusiasm and ambition of the new fan makes the idea of another stfish APA an intriguing one. Despite sloppy duplication, crappy material, and general technical ineptitude--I still think the first efforts of fans are much more enjoyable than some of the heavy-weight, carefully polished attempts at super-intellectuality produced by the old guard. There's a certain something found only in the newfan publications--and, moreover, fans of one or two years' standing are usually still vitally interested in stfantasy. It makes a difference.

So, although I dunno if anything will come of it, I still think the concept of a brand new APA which would throw its gates wide open to the new fans is an idea with intriguing possibilities. It might not be literary, it might not be intellectual, two thirds of its publications might stink to high heaven, but it would probably be a heck of a lot of fun!

The two page proposed constitution consisted of plans for a membership limit of 50, dues \$1, four pages activity a year, and mailings the first day of March, June, September and December.

I do not remember how things developed from there, but on Feb. 7, 1947, Ron Maddox of New York City wrote me a letter talking about the idea of forming a new apa and discussing some of the problems. We were apparently still talking about it, and Ron was offering to help. Kennedy did seem to feel too busy to carry through the organization himself.

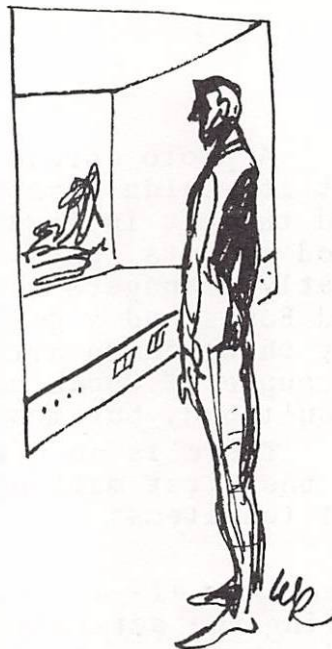
But on the 25th of February Ron send me a card which ends, "If you want to join the new amateur press better hurry. Infor is in the second Spec. We already hav 15 of a limited 25, but u can still make it, too b sure."

Then on March 18th there was a last card from Ron saying, "There is yet time for u to be included in the 1st. mailing of the saps. I'm extending the mailing dae a couple of weeks in order that as many as possible may be included in the first mailing. Twon't cost much to first class 30 copies of a one page zine." And there it is, odd spelling, typos and all.

I do not know when the first mailing actually did come out. The Spectator Vol. 1, No. 1 has no date on it, but was edited by Maddox that once. He was leaving shortly for Ethopia, where his father was to do something for the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and Ron was planning to edit the first fanzine from Africa. The fanzines in the mailing are little help either. 'Tator by Coswal is dated March; Kennedy's The Spacehound's Gazette is listed as for the May mailing, and Harold W. Cheney Jr. (that was the fanzine title) is listed as "Summer." I'm sure it came out some time before October as I seem to remember that there were more than the usual three months between the first and the second mailings. The announced deadline for the second one was to be December 15th, but a post-Christmas mailing date was projected to avoid the jam and it is dated January, 1948.

I don't remember how members were recruited, but it is fairly clear from looking at the first 15 (as well as the 24, as of the second mailing) that two circles of fans were the main source. The Spectators (the local fan group of New Jersey-New York young fans) and those across the country who were organizing and joining Young Fandom, a sort of junior NFFF, the same year: in particular, John Cockroft, Telis Streiff, Tom Jewett and myself. More of each group joined later, not because membership was highly restricted, but because these groups were both highly active in the same circles and had good lines of communication to each other.

Redd Boggs, Walter Coslet (Coswal) and Van Splawn were not of either group, but more active in fandom than anyone of the others except Kennedy. They may have been a little older than the average too. I never knew the exact age of the members, but I believe most were between 18 and 21.





A photo spread of the first mailings might be interesting, but it wouldn't be very impressive. You would hardly credit how bad the art in fanzines was in those days. There were a few good artists, but not anything like today. And also, SAPS were mostly teenagers without very high demands or standards. Kennedy and Boggs had a good graphic sense, but Van Splawn was the nearest thing to an artist around. In the second mailing there are a couple of woodblock style covers, and one rerun offset that wasn't bad, but mostly it was cartoon or crud.

There is no Official Listing of the magazines that were sent in the first mailing, so I can only suppose I received them all... all ten items:

Spectator #1--a single page by Ron Maddox, listing the membership, giving the activity requirements (four 8 1/2 x 11 pages per year) and who the next OE was--Lloyd Alpaugh, who held the job long enough that the saying "Alpaugh is Ghod" was started.

Ebony #1--edited by Alpaugh, ran seven sheets, but only 8 sides were mimeographed on. There was an introduction, two pages of a fan fiction take-off on Van Vogt's The World of Null-A, two book reviews (one of a new James Branch Cabell book), a column on the current s-f field, and a final editorial. It was poorly stenciled, but it apparently was the first fanzine edited by the future OE.

Infinitesimal--Benson "Boff" Perry. This was his second issue, since the first appeared in VAPA, and obviously is here even though he was not listed as a member until the next mailing. Boff was publishing Cygni so knew more about fanzines and produced a neater result. The first three pages are editorial and reviews of current prozines, including Vortex, the semi-pro fanzine. There is a brief "article" by Bob Tucker, about a scientist who wanted to use old submarines as spaceships, an unsigned article (probably by Perry) attacking the "Bud Gregory, Hillbilly Scientist" series, and a bit of fan-fiction by Joe Kennedy.

And...--four pages from George Fox, the cover merely rubber stamped. The rest was an introduction to the editor, a fictional fan biography and a nearly unreadable bunch of suggestions on how to improve the prozine Comet--apparently by James Taurasi.

Harold W. Cheney, Jr.--that was the fanzine title as well as the editor's name; it ran six pages. There was a poorly done monster cover by John Cockroft. There is a well done three page article on collecting, a bit of fan fiction about the re-use of manila envelopes, and a back page expression of regrets at the report of Vampire being folded.

'Tator--was by Walt Coslet, and 4 pages, on one 8 1/2 x 14 sheet, folded. There is an introduction and a page and a half of comment on the current Avon Fantasy Reader and candy bars, as well as two pages recounting a fantasy dream he had. Coswal was a fairly interesting writer, so this reads better than it sounds.

Homo Sap--an all dittozine running eight 4 1/2 x 11 pages, from John Cockroft. John was actually a fair artist for the times, but it is rarely shown in his fanzine work. There was a poor monster cover by him, an editorial and comment on the future of SAPS, a poem by Telis Streiff, and some flatlander s-f adventures by Raj Rehm. (There was a fad for strange sounding first names, then as now.)

SAPonification--by Ron Christensen was a single, mimeoed sheet folded over to make four pages, with juvenile "art" on the cover and back and an equally bad play inside. Clearly the crudest zine in the mailing, though not by much. Most of the Spectator group, excepting Kennedy, were still mainly local club fans, while the Y.F. group were mostly letter hacks and more into fanzine fandom already. There is only a slight difference noticable, and it leveled out soon as the less interested were replaced by a wider and more experienced group who showed the way. But still, the prime influence was:

The Spacehound's Gazette--by Joe Kennedy. This issue ran only pages, and a cartoonish cover doesn't make it look any better than the rest, but inside there is a serious four page article on SAPS and its future. JoKe says the current trend in fan publishing, away from genzines toward the smaller, more personal zine, is one reason for another apa. FAPA is an excellent outlet for these personalized zines but he feels it is dominated by a handful of top-flight writers who carry on weighty discussions, usually on topics other than science fiction, which is what the new fan is most interested in. The result, he felt, was the young FAPAns were a little overawed, and held off on production. But in SAPS there could be more informality. With membership held to only 25 there could be more experimentation and a faster turnover.

It is interesting to note his choice of words as he looks forward and says, "In this fashion, the SAPS should become in time a steadily active and productive l'il apa, composed of people who are really interested in the stfanzine field." (emphasis mine) He makes the suggestion that maybe it would be all right to let fanzines which had received prior circulation elsewhere go through SAPS, but without any activity credit being allowed for them. He still felt one officer was sufficient.

The issue also had a one page article by Tom Jewett, on possible uses for the mini-jet then on the market, and a biography of Ron Maddox by JoKe, who was unaware Maddox was leaving for Ethiopia.

Afriganza--one page by Maddox which repeats the news of the change of editor and the treasurer's report, crowded out of the Spectator. They had taken in \$3.75 in dues and estimated the expense of the first mailing as \$2.94....Shows you how long ago 25 years was.

I did send something for the first mailing, but being too much of a neo at that time I didn't know that carbon copies would not go through a printed matter. So I made five masters and four carbons of a two sheet, two page thing I called Tripe and Trivia. I rambled on about SAPS--a suggestion that more talented fan writers write letters to the pro-zines to draw readers into writing to them and becoming fans, the possibility of Fantasy Review being made a group effort since Kennedy was not planning another one, and a terrible (clean and fannish) limerick. I closed with the slogan "Golden Gate in 48!" because of a vague hope that San Francisco would get a Worldcon in 1948. They didn't, but the slogan was catchy enough to be revised into "South Gate in 58!" and helped bring a worldcon to Los Angeles.

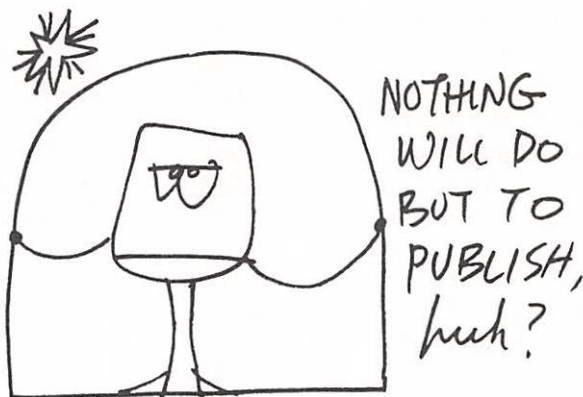
Maddox, of course, did not send this out, and I had forgotten what I called it, since my zine in the second mailing was Arcturus. But just by chance while going through an old file only last week, I found a dim copy which I have added to my mailing, making it the only complete mailing in existence unless Maddox put a copy in his, and someone still has it....

Other people did my publishing for me, and I never did really like being an editor; I didn't care much for the work or the expense when I could get just as much response by writing letters. As a result, I never amounted to much as a SAPS member. Two zines and co-editorship did me for the less than three years before I dropped out. By then I was president of both FAPA and NFFF as well as cofounder of the Outlander Society, and there was much to do. I never really felt part of SAPS, and dropped out after doing mostly minac.

In that brief time it had already changed from the crude collection of crudzines that made up the first issue. The mailings, setting there on my shelf in a little row, get obviously thicker even in that brief span. The contents changed from juvenile chatter to something with more polish (with a drunken one-shot thrown in now and then). but it never seems to have gotten as serious as FAPA.

It is rather remarkable how even today it still seems to hold to that vision Joe Kennedy had of it. While I never did anything to further that goal, I am glad I was there. It has always been one of my fannish honors that I was a charter member of the Spectator Amateur Press Society.

Rick Sneary





# the later history of SAPS



By Ted White

why

I won't

(and never

did)

join

SAPS

WHEN TOM MENTIONED to me, at last year's Philcon, that the 100th mailing of SAPS was coming up, I had two more or less unconnected thoughts. One was the question, "Oh, is there still a SAPS?" And the other was a flash on FAPA's 100th mailing, which came out, if memory serves me well, almost exactly ten years ago. SAPS was always about ten years behind FAPA--and a little to one side of it in most things as well.

We got to talking about SAPS and I mentioned that I'd almost been a member, back in the late fifties, and that I'd participated in a number of mailings during that period. Tom Tactfully suggested that I might do a few reminiscences for the 100th SAPS mailing. I agreed and, as I am wont to do in the heat of a convention, promptly forgot the whole thing. Tom's eleventh hour phone call has restimulated me however, so I'd like to talk a little, with no formal structure to speak of, about my tangential association with SAPS.

First, I should explain the title of this piece. It is not intended--at this stage--antagonistically. It was coined around 1956 or 1957 for my running column of SAPS mailing comments, about which I'll have more to say shortly. It is in the interests of tradition and tidiness that I resurrect it (in amended fashion) here.

I should begin with a little personal fanhistory. I entered fandom late in 1951, in a hesitant fashion. I was thirteen years old and none too sure of myself. I hovered on the fringes and contributed mostly to the poorer fanzines which also frequented the fringes of fandom, for my first year or two. It wasn't until 1954 that, already a charter member of two new, younger-fan-oriented apas, the Cult and WAPA, I applied to FAPA. I was accepted into FAPA in the spring of 1955.

Now I'd known about SAPS as well, but I knew less about it. I had bought old fanzines from dealers like Dick Witter, and had some idea about what was going on, but SAPS at that time (and later, for the most part) never boasted the sort of zines FAPA was fielding to general fandom--like Grue or Skyhook. SAPS had a lower profile. So for several years I simply never investigated SAPS that much. However in the fall of 1954 I finally discovered and joined the local (Washington, D.C.) fangroup, the WSFA. This will give you a measure of my hesitancy: I had been a fan for three years and a fanzine editor for two years before I made any real attempt to contact local fandom.

Anyway, to shorten a long story, in WSFA I found several long-



term fans with sizable collections of fanzines they'd loaned me to read. Among these fans was Robert Glenn Briggs. I want you to savor that name. Roll it over your tongue a few times: Robert Glenn Briggs. It's a good, resonant name, and Bob Briggs was in his own very quiet way, a brilliant fan. He was also the first active member of SAPS I met. Of course, when I say "active" you must understand that I mean 'presently a member in good standing!' Bob was not one of your hyperactive, sixty pages in every mailing sort of fans. Not by then, anyway, and never while I knew him.

However, Bob loaned me several recent SAPS mailings to read. As I recall they were in the early thirties--mailings 33 to 35, say. Several fans whose work I greatly valued, like Vernon McCain and Dean Grennell, were then members--and if I'm not mistaken, so was Redd Boggs. They didn't put large zines into the mailings, but they participated. When Bob told me they'd recently dropped out, I shelved my plans for writing to be put on SAPS waiting list therewith.

That ended my first, glancing contact with SAPS. Nothing came of it, for SAPS or for me. It was also nearly my last contact with Bob. He was an erratic attendee at club meetings and about three years later he sold me his mimeoscope and took off for Florida, never to be seen, by these eyes at least, any more.

I still have the mimeoscope, by the way. I used it almost exclusively throughout the time I put out VOID and I've used it on what fanzines I've published ever since...I still use it today when doing cover mechanicals for my magazine. Periodically I think about Robert Glenn Briggs, with his tightly wavy bright red hair, his eyes which often glinted with glee, and his essentially laid-back, ultra-fannish attitudes, and wonder whatever became of him. Almost always, when I think of him (which is usually while I'm using the mimeoscope) I think about SAPS.

Another SAPS member I think of, by a directly associated train of thought, is Jack Harness. Jack was the one who most directly involved me with SAPS.

I met Jack at the 1955 Clevention. It was my first convention, and I was rather lost and alone during large chunks of it. I really didn't know anyone by sight and I belonged at that time to no ready-made cliques of fans. I sort of hung on the fringes of the 7th Fandom group which Harlan headed up, both because Harlan held me (and most fans) in some sort of thrall, and because I'd gotten a ride to the con with John Magnus, who was a buddy of Harlan's and part of the self-proclaimed 7th Fandom group also. (John's preoccupations, once at the con, were with a girl whom I shall not name, and although we ostensibly shared a room, I saw him only rarely during the con.)

Well, anyway. Jack Harness was then best known as one of several fanartists associated with 7th Fandom, so we inevitably crossed paths. Jack was probably not much better at socializing than I was, and we tended to gravitate together as the con went on. Periodically he'd take out some literature he'd gotten through the mail about Scientology (or maybe Dianetics) and mumble incoherently about it, but aside from that minor quirk, I found him likable. If I thought about the Dianetics stuff it was merely to marvel that anyone took



it seriously. (This was 1955, after all, and the initial furor over Dianetics had by then died down.)

About a month after the con, Jack phoned me to tell me he was now living in Washington, in a residence hotel a few blocks north of Dupont Circle, and was here to become a practicing Scientologist. Subsequently we became close friends. I introduced him to the WSFA and he in turn introduced me to two others who were involving themselves in Scientology and who were neofans, Bob Burleson and Phil Castora. We all became good friends and spent much of our free time together.

Jack was also an active member of SAPS, and for Jack I was a ghodsend because I had a mimeo. We had a working relationship whereby I ran off all his various apazines (he was then in FAPA, the Cult and SAPS) and he did copious amounts of art for my fanzines. We both profited.

Jack was one of the early multi-apan types and enthusiastic about every apa he was in. We shared two; it was inevitable that he'd try to involve me in the third as well.

As a direct result of Jack's evangelical actions, Phil Castora did join SAPS (and the Cult; I don't think he went for FAPA) and so, I think, did Bob Burleson, a quietly funny, almost Lichty-esque looking fellow who drew cartoons and didn't write a lot. We were something of an inter-cooperative cell; we were all active together. I ran everybody's stuff off--I also did Dick Eney's for a spell--and we all contributed to each other's zines.

It was inevitable that I would start reading Jack's (or Phil's on occasion) SAPS mailings, and that once I began reading them I'd itch to do mailing comments, despite the fact that I had no desire to add another apa to my list of obligations.

There was also this: in the interim between the mailings Bob Briggs had shown me and those in which Jack was publishing, SAPS had suffered a heavy turnover in its membership and, I think, several political spasms, including at least one coup. Since SAPS' OE was virtual dictator, with the right to formulate what rules he chose, the temperament of SAPS' OEs during that period determined much of the tone and makeup of the apa. Perhaps this is still so.

McCain, Grennell and Boggs, as I said, had left. Rushing in to fill the vacuum of their departure were a whole bunch of strange Seattle types, the three who seemed most active being F.M. and Elmore Busby, and Burnett Toskey. One of these three was usually the OE for the next few years (say, 1956-58, at a guess) and they dominated SAPS.

The Busbys intrigued me. Toskey annoyed me. Toskey's attitudes seemed to be at least 90° askew from those I accepted at that time and he was outspoken in expressing them. He was, for instance, one of the very few fans of my knowledge who not only defended, but publicly longed for the return of the days (and the fiction) of Palmer's Amazing and Fantastic Adventures, circa 1943....

It was as much to puncture Toskey's ego as anything that I became involved in SAPS. This may sound conceited of me when I put it that baldly, since I've since been the target of others who wanted

to puncture my ego, but at that time, 18 years old and still flexing my muscles as a fan, I wanted to go out and tilt at fuggheads. In Burnett Toskey I recognized a rare bird-- a "fugghead" from my point of view, but not a weak one. He had the verbal strength to back his opinions and he made a good opponent, in the sense of two-prize fighters stalking each other and feeling each other out. I didn't want to attack him as a person; I felt no personal animosity towards him, but I did recognize him as a spokesman for a position I wanted to debate. As I became more involved in debate with him, in subsequent mailings, I came to respect him more and more, although I never could accept most of his views. But that is one of the things I then valued about fandom.

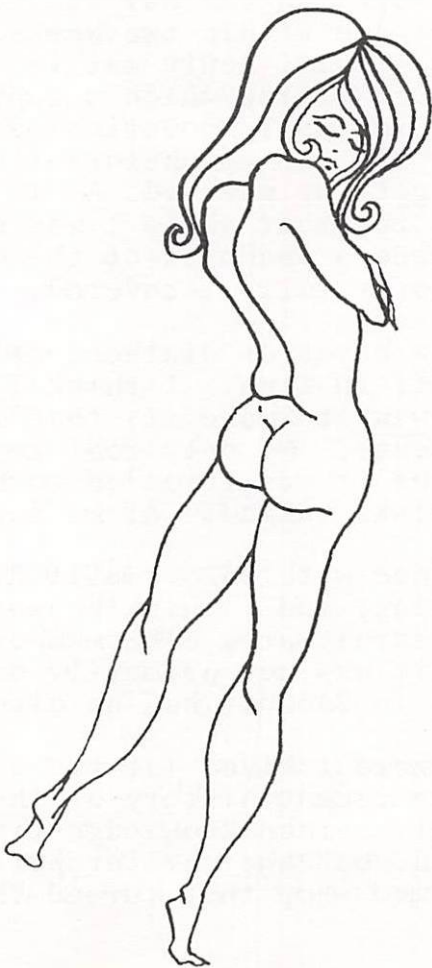
So I began doing mailing comments for SAPS. Sometimes they appeared in Jack's zine; sometimes in Phil's. I no longer recall where they all appeared, or how many there were. Half a dozen or more I'd guess. I called the column "Why I Won't Join SAPS." Ostensibly my comments would justify my disdain for the group. In fact, they were never that hostile.

At the 1957 Midwestcon, by the way (my first Midwestcon, I should add), I met Buz and Elinor. I didn't see as much of them as I would have liked, due to a couple of other circumstances we've since kidded about, but it was enough to start a long-term friendship which persists to this day. I doubt I should have felt motivated to meet the Busbys at all had I not already just become acquainted with them in SAPS.

In 1958 someone suggested that I really ought to join SAPS; I was a practicing member anyway, wasn't I? So, with a show of reluctance, I allowed my name to go on the short waiting list, and Wrai Ballard announced that he was so pleased to see me becoming a member that he was going to put up my first year's dues. I was quite flattered.

But also in 1958 a lot of other things happened which were to get in the way of my membership. One was that the gang that hung around the Elmwood (or "The Wormwood" as we called it), the residence hotel where the Scientologists all stayed, began to break up.

The first to leave was Jack Harness, who went out to Los Angeles. This followed very shortly after he got me fired from my job by bringing around the stencils for his SAPS zine



and leaving them where the boss could find and read them. I've never been entirely sure that the two events weren't in some way connected. With Jack's loss, the energy input was cut drastically. He'd been the Prime Mover in things SAPSish. I think I continued my column for Phil's zine at this point, but Phil also decided to leave soon thereafter to return to Pittsburgh to drive a cab or some such. (Later he moved to LA and reactivated himself on a local level.) That left Bob Burleson and me--and we were more interested in recording experimental piano music than in SAPS. It was probably about then that I put in for membership.

However, that same summer of 1958 I moved to Baltimore to share an apartment with John Magnus his first-wife-to-be, and Dick Wingate, a quasi-fan whose life story is more fascinating than any of this, but would make too great a digression to include here. At the Solacon that year I met my first-wife-to-be, Sylvia Dees, and the months immediately following were largely occupied with our personal relationship and marriage. As I recall, my entrance to SAPS occurred a month or so after we'd gotten married and moved into our own apartment (three doors down the street), and fell at a none too propitious time during which most of my fanzine activity had fallen off. You know how these things go.

At that time SAPS had a requirement that new members publish immediately in their first mailing. I looked up one day and suddenly realized that my first SAPSzine was due within two weeks. It was a shattering realization. I was, as I said, newly married. In addition, I had a job in the Baltimore post office which occupied 80% of my waking hours (lots of overtime for us Temporaries) and the job of being OE for FAPA (a position I'd run for before I'd known I would be moving to Baltimore or getting married. As it turned out my last mailing had to be put together while I was moving to New York later that year--1959--and made a shambles of the office from which neither I nor certain FAPAns ever fully recovered, \*sigh\*).

Well, I tried. I put together a few pages of blather, called it TEST STENCIL, and didn't get it run off in time. I think I knew I couldn't make it. I suspect I didn't want to make it, that I was happier in my role as SAPS' devil's advocate. My only real regret was Wrai Ballard's several dollars; I hope it was refunded to him, and if it wasn't, I hope he no longer thinks unkindly of me for it.

That was the end of my first dalliance with SAPS. Bill Rickhardt stayed with us off and on that spring, and I think he was in SAPS, (He knew George Young and other Detroit-area SAPS members, in any case.) but our involvement with him was not primarily oriented towards fanzine publishing and if he was in SAPS it had no direct effect upon me.

That summer we moved to New York, where I lived (at two addresses) for the next eleven years. The more recent history of the Fanoclasts and New York fandom is probably common knowledge (in some form, undoubtedly garbled) to most of you, but the earlier period, when I lived in the Village and ran a mimeo shop that turned into a





have you ever seen a more 'Terry Carr' cover than that?" He hadn't either.

Other things were starting to happen then. The breakup of my marriage to Sylvia. The Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund, which was then culminating in the Willises' trip to the '62 Chicon. The remodeling of my huge but run down apartment. The beginning of my s-f sales, several in collaboration with Terry. FAPA's 100th mailing. SAPS fell by the wayside, forgotten.

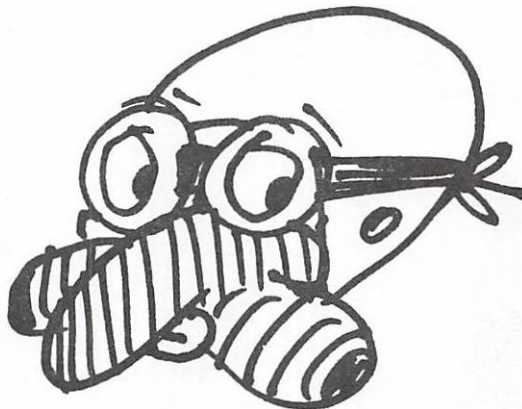
Recently I remarked in FAPA that that apa has drifted almost entirely outside the mainstream of fandom. I remain active in general fandom, but the overlap between those I know in "outer" fandom and those I know in FAPA is all but non-existent. (Only FAPA's newest members are fans still known to fandom at large.)

I'm told this has also happened to the Cult. George Scithers sent me some Cultzines a year or so ago; I found them almost totally alien despite my sense of deja vu over their contents-- which hasn't changed much since 1954, \*sigh\*. Although I'm almost completely ignorant of SAPS' present membership, I suspect it has happened here as well.

Fandom has grown too large, and the backwater eddies are becoming increasingly isolated. Mention Wrai Ballard or the Ballard Chronicles (or, for that matter, their author, Lee Jacobs) to most contemporary fans and they will only shake their heads in puzzlement. Mention Coswal; hint at how he shook up SAPS in the mid-fifties, and you (or, rather, I) will be met with a blank stare. "SAPS? Is that one of the new secret apas?"

So perhaps my own query, "Is SAPS still alive?" is less foolish. I'm curious: what has happened to SAPS over the last decade? Are any of the "old timers" left? Is Nandu still around? ArTrapp? Has anyone heard anything recently from Robert Glenn Briggs?

Well, hell. Congratulations on your 100th mailing, SAPS members-- I'm glad I can say I knew you when.



# a promise to SAPS

By Harry Warner, Jr.

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN a member of FAPA practically forever, and you've never been a member of SAPS, it's hard to compare the two groups. But I've acquired scattered complete mailings and individual publications on a bootleg basis as a non-SAPS member, and I've forgotten much of the things I once knew about FAPA, so maybe the discrepancy isn't as great as it seems.

The most obvious difference between the two apa groups is the way they started. FAPA's first members were the mainstream of fanzine fandom during the 1930s and these early members took themselves more seriously in FAPA than they did outside it. They solemnly invented the office of official critic, they referred to one another as Mr. in communiques to the official organ, and they conspired over elections as if they were a polishing school for world domination. SAPS began a dozen years later as a deliberate of the seriousness that still remained in diluted form in FAPA, as a group where a fellow needn't act intellectual and needn't even own a mimeograph, thanks to the low membership limit which was within the grasp of hecto editions.

That difference has been disintegrating ever since. Some of the early SAPS members matured within the organizations, while others dropped out and were replaced by less frantic types. FAPA lost most of the members who considered it a training ground for fan politics or the means for converting the world to a different way of thinking. A person who was just discovering fandom and knew none of its traditions or fans wouldn't have found much real difference in a SAPS mailing and a FAPA bundle by the time the 1960s had arrived.

Of course, SAPS owes its basic nature to FAPA: the quarterly schedule of mailings, the need for activity credits to retain membership, the emphasis on mailing comments for continuity between mailings, and several other aspects which differ from the mundane amateur journalism groups. It's easy to overlook several ways in which SAPS influenced FAPA over the years. FAPA borrowed from SAPS its requirement for new members to produce activity within their first two mailings, and the need for waiting listers to give some evidence of continuing interest to remain on that waiting list.

With all this in mind, the natural question arises: why should FAPA and SAPS have continued to be separate organizations, after both had completed the growing pains era? Hardly anyone remembers now that a merger proposal really did gain some strength at one time many years ago. A merger would have saved a lot of extra trouble for the numerous fans who were a member of both groups and might have created magnificent mailings from a 100-member combined group. Strangely, the people who belonged to both SAPS and FAPA did the most to kill the proposal. I don't recall that it ever reached a membership vote in either organization.



The reason I stayed in FAPA and never joined SAPS had nothing to do with people or quality. FAPA just happened to be there first, and by the time SAPS came along I was too inactive in general fandom to take on additional apa obligations. I might have switched to SAPS a decade ago when the Edgar Allan Martin mess did permanent damage to my respect for FAPA, but by then there was a waiting list for SAPS and I didn't have much patience for standing in line.

The thing I missed most by never joining SAPS, I suppose, are the great atmosphere of comradeship that permeated SAPS for many years and regular receipt of the apa publications of certain fans who were never in FAPA or didn't publish much as FAPA members. Nan Gerding, Burnett Toskey, Art Rapp and Max Keasler are examples of the fans who somehow never joined FAPA or felt totally comfortable in it.

On the other hand, I would have missed certain things if I'd switched organizations during the late 1950s or early 1960s. FAPAs one big selling point is its ability to retain members who can't or won't be active frequently. This has caused it to gain its reputation as an old folks' home for paralyzed fans and a large amount of semi-deadwood. But it has also caused to come into being some wonderful quality from people who aren't high on quantity and couldn't meet the more frequent activity which SAPS requires: Lee Hoffman, Elmer Perdue, Bob Lemman and Bob Silverberg come to mind immediately in this category.

There's no doubt about the most serious mistake I made in my judgement of SAPS. I never thought it could survive many years without at least three or four elected officials. Pretty soon, I reasoned, its one real officer would get angry with everyone or would need the treasury to meet the next payment on the mortgage, and when both the funds and the magazines for the next bundle disappeared, the organization would self-destruct. Of course, nothing like that ever happened, and the occasional threats to SAPS' continued existence haven't been any more severe than the two or three crises when it seemed that FAPA might never have another mailing.

What about the future of both organizations? Here I'm on the shakiest ground of all, because it's almost impossible to gain any real insight into the general attitude of an apa's membership without being a member. I know that SAPS' recent history hasn't had the enormous mailings and endless waiting lists that prevailed further back. FAPA is currently divided into two fairly equal camps: those who are sure that the organization will die and those who think it's either as good as it used to be or heading for greater realms of supernal glory real soon now.

One thing is obvious: younger fans, the ones who are the life-blood of any apa as replacements, aren't as patient as they used to be. They don't like to wait four or five months between completion



of an apazine and receipt of comments on it. This has caused small apas with more frequent distributions to gain sharply in popularity over the past decade. There's a less obvious problem for both SAPS and FAPA: the enormous growth of fandom and the tendency for many fans to specialize in one particular subdivision of fandom like sword and sorcery, or Star Trek. The next three people eligible to join FAPA or SAPS at any given time may have quite different interests and may not find as many things to talk about as they would have had a generation ago when everyone knew everyone else in fandom and read pretty much the same books and magazines.

If both SAPS and FAPA should decline during the next year or two, it might be well to think again about that merger idea. If they manage to hold their own in interest displayed by members and quality of publications, they might thrive separately and mightily about a decade in the future, when the hordes of new fans who have sprung up in the past few years have become old and tired enough to enjoy the leisurely pace of a quarterly apa.

I have a particular reason for hoping they both survive and remain high in quality. If I should hold down a regular job until mandatory retirement age, the last FAPA mailing I'd receive before retirement would be FAPA's gala 200th mailing. That would inspire me so much that I would on impulse apply for membership in SAPS so I could devote to it some of the newly acquired leisure time of retirement. It would be a shame if either organization or I myself should ruin the prospect by dropping dead between now and then.



# some lessons I learned

UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE almost totally dropped out of fandom and science fiction, having retained only a very few friends from that (my) era. Even they were retained as people, not as fans. I can't help locate anyone, but it was a pleasure learning that lots of old friends are still hanging in there with SAPS...the Coxes (special flashing memories of hurried meetings, sweaty with road grime and a terrific new Volvo), Rapps (late nigh bull sessions, mostly about mind-control and propagandized AmeriKa, Eney (a blessed face, a nice apartment, and a non-fannish weekend in Saigon, not stoned), Dear Burnette, the most evil OE Toskey ever conceived...Jack Chalker...the Ballards.

I had a thoroughly delightful time of residence in SAPS. It was filled with frantic activity and lots of running around (The Midwest Nomads; I've not thought of that non-club in ten years) and multilithing and collating and politicking and conventioning and disillusionment. I would not have missed it for anything. Through that whole impossible time, I met and shared experiences with a very large number of very fine people.

And the other kind. The kind I could do without.

A wide social-awareness was overtaking me, playing freaky games with my consciousness, turning my thoughts inward, forcing broad-sweeping re-evaluations of all my values, goals, priorities.

There I was, supposedly a full-grown man, but all I really was was a fucked-up piece of assembly line plastic that toed the party line and absorbed propaganda like fodder and believed most of the things I saw or read (especially in text books). About four people forced the issue for me, but none of them knew the reaction I was having to their existence. And they forced me out of fandom and away from science fiction.

One of them, working in a totally impossible double-route fashion, was Robert A. Heinlein. He alone has probably done more good things for me than any man alive. He forced me, through Stranger, to open my mind up to the realities of individualism, and to the necessity for helping others open theirs. Nothing can ever change the goodness he gave to me; I am so sorry he hasn't been able to do the same thing for himself. I shudder at the prospect of rereading Stranger, out of context with the time and the position my head was in when it did so much for me.

So I moved out into the real world, I thought. I still think so. I began by enriching my mental life as much as possible and by unselfishly sharing myself with others who were capable of accepting that and reciprocating. Some of them were fans, or former fans. I did an extreme amount of traveling, to the most improbable and fanciful places I could locate. I experienced some far-out things, from the ridiculous to the chillingly undiscussable. Yet I feel that each of them did something good for me, if nothing less than to allow me to move forward one more step.



What I did discover, capsulized, is that all of us are programmed and force-fed with the most incredible mindfuck data, and that it is already far too late to do anything about it within the boundaries of this nation and within the concepts of the civilization that we think we know exists. Or: absolutely nothing is the way you think it is. The new tax reforms which surfaced immediately after Nixon's inauguration will be the first dawn's light to far too many deluded citizens.

A concept of "this area" (a quote from Firesign of course) or "my country" further makes continuing existence impossible. This is now one world, and planetary concepts will have to be observed in order to salvage any of us. We can no longer pretend to be a power operating off a bankrupt foundation with worthless company script. No amount of imprisoning political dissidents will change that fact. No amount of indiscriminate murder, here or anywhere else in the world, can prolong the tenuous existence of "this administration."

Bitter--not nearly so much as you'd suppose. Sad--incredibly so. The data, the facts are all here, every day, overriding the controlled news reportage...only most people prefer not to see/understand them.

In my frustration, my inability to do anything about two decades of senseless murdering in Asia and being burdened with an ever-increasing world view into these United States. I had no alternative except to leave same in silent fashion.

Some two years ago I made my home in a quiet little Indian village some 25 miles from the Guadalajara International airport. A totally peaceful place for retrospection and contemplation, for recuperation and relaxation. Unfortunately, legal hassles have kept me away from home for long stretches at a time and will continue to do so for quite some time to come, at least pending appeal on one rather important and incomprehensible matter. Pending that appeal I cannot discuss any of the disgustingly illegal aspects.

Once I thought that fandom, SAPS was an end to all, and I would have fought to support that position long and vigorously. Now, that is nothing less than struggling infant steps. I would like to think that most of the current membership is older (in the head, not in years) than I was at a corresponding point in time. I would like to think that they are smarter and more questioning than I was, and that they will never cease to grow, to learn, and to experience, and to become richer for their own inevitable evolution.

There are several books that spell most of it out very clearly. I assume you've already had much discussion in SAPS of Future Shock, and do not need my urging to persuade you to read it. I would, however, like to call your attention to The Limits to Growth, and a little economics shocker called Investing in Mexico.

I also want to leave you with something that is only as valuable as you make it, and that is the earnest hope that you will

never allow any person, thing or administration to make of you anything less than what you really are. Each individual person is uniquely separate from all others and houses within themselves a very, very real being, devoid of all force-fed, artificial, untrue data. Be just that, be real.

And, may all your colors fade in correctly, all your joys be shared totally, all your rips roaring, and all in

peace, Earl Kemp

## SAPS as I disremembers it

THERE ISN'T A LOT I can say about SAPS. It's been so long since I was a member that I'm out of touch with affairs and Burning Issues today, so I can't relate my eldritch experiences with the SAPS of today. I was active enough in the past however....

In the early, early days, a copy of the SAPS bundle was occasionally sent to the Merwin Thrilling Wonder/Startling Stories for review along with the other fanzines of the day. Sigh. In the Pulp era, when fandom was smaller and prodom was larger, and there was paper for such things as letterhacking in the prozines --Sargent Saturn, where are you?!?!--there was time and paper for fanzine reviews in some of the prozines. It was in Merwin's zines that the epithet that SAPS was a set of "Interlocking Mailboxes" was originated, and I think over the years this description has proved to be accurate.

FAPA, for example, was a distinctly literate apa. Harry Warner, Jr., Redd Boggs, and later Dean A. Grennell, had impeccable mimeography and excellent material. We had Bob Silverberg and Gregg Calkins in FAPA, along with Lee Hoffman, Bob Tucker, and briefly, Robert Bloch.

But SAPS was a discussion apa, with requirements designed to galvanize action; not the eight pages per year of FAPA, but six pages every six months. Along with others, I churned out reams of mailing comments that were chatter and fluff. I seemed a typical SAP. Of course, since I was doing pages and pages of artwork for fanzines at the time I'd get page-long requests from Wrai Ballard and shorter letters from others (make that a page and a half request from Ballard; he was long winded.)

Logorrhea wasn't limited to Wrai. Eventually, longer Sapszines appeared and there was a contest by some to come up with the largest SAPSzine in history. Wrai did about a hundred pages and was only topped by a slightly brobdignagian effort from a newcomer, Bruce Pelz, from Florida.

I called my zine Sap Roller (the best of several very bad alternatives; look in the dictionary under S-A-P and see for yourself) and my comment section "The Mailbox Interlocator." I somehow managed to maintain schedule in SAPS as well as FAPA, using sometimes the college chemistry mimeo (this was with permission, but I still don't know why Prof. Calvelti let me-- maybe he thought it was something for the college--and Bill Daner's mimeo when I was home in Pittsburgh.

(Bill was a misanthrope who happened to live not too far from me in Pittsburgh. He printed a half-size zine, Stefantasy, for FAPA, a leftover from the Lowndes/Blish apa Vanguard, which folded after maybe a dozen mailings.)

When I finished college I went to Washington, D.C. for training in Scientology and stayed on to work at the Center there, using Ted White's mimeo over in Falls Church, a car drive away, from 1955-1958. In 1958 I moved to the Los Angeles Scientology organization and used its mimeo until LASFS got its first Gestetner under the Bjo Renaissance. Eventually SAPS, and later FAPA, palled on me and I remained active only periodically in the Cult. Me, who was once the first omni-apan! SAPS, FAPA, Cult, OMPA, Ipso! I was in 'em all.

Nowadays, I am an old fan of 38, poring over my fanzine collection. Not to read it with fond memories. I'm poring over it to see where the heck I can sell off the last of that darn stuff so I won't be bothered by it in case I move. Hey! Anyone want to buy old SAPSazines? FAPAZines? Bundles? But I digress.

The smaller number of SAPS, 35 then, made it possible to combine the work of the four FAPA officials into one person. There was, of course, the backup Emergency Officer. The only time I saw this come into play was one time when Nan Gerding was OE and Walter A. Coslet (a long time member but becoming less active) EO. Nan was highly respected and well liked; everyone assumed her reign would be competent and uneventful. But she suddenly mailed out an announcement that she was moving out West immediately and that Coslet would be OE.

Coslet had, I believe, been a former OE. But he was getting more involved in collecting Bibles than in fanac. His SAPSazines were often lists of his Bibles and related subjects rather than the usual SAPS fare. He mailed out his revised rules of SAPS which were intolerable. There would be Instant Membership and a variable number of zines would be required, depending on how many Instant Members there were as opposed to dropouts. The membership was no longer fixed at 35; all was adrift. Coswal put up no interference when someone else put out the next mailing in revolt. His scheme, transparent tho it was, succeeded.

There later, in the early 60s, grew up a tradition of dirty politicking for the OEs ship. Howard DeVore, in Detroit, said that he would refuse to turn over the SAPS treasury to the next OE if it wasn't his candidate in Detroit that was elected. He'd spent it all on booze, you see, so he "needed time" to "pay it back" and if his candidate were elected, he could do it gradually enough, but he couldn't do it in a lump sum if it went out of the city. We



somehow refused to believe his threat. It was about this time that DeVore went bald, losing his hair along with his fannish ethics, as it were.

Bruce Pelz continued the crooked politicking, adding new twists to the basic strategy of "Dirty Trick" DeVore. Bruce got to be OE and did a competent job with it. In fact, he managed to have so many local fans that could pick up the bundle at LASFS that the dues were more than enough to pay expenses, and in fact we were showing a hefty balance. So in order to reduce that he declared a dividend one mailing and got the requisite number of one dollar bills fresh and in a series, and included one bill with each bundle. The waiting listers who purchased the extra bundles for a dollar that time got the dollar bill included in the bundle....If they chose to take it out and spend it, they got a free bundle.

Possibly I could disremember more, but time is running out. Like a Dali watch, the time is out of joint,

hoping you are the same,  
Jack Harness

## 1954 was a long time ago

MEMORY FALTERS, BUT I think that was about the point in the timestream when the Spectator Amateur Press Society englobed me for a few mailings, before we went our respective separate paths and probably with little more than token mutual regrets.

Some short while previously, I had joined FAPA, to which membership I have somehow clung tenaciously as the decades flickered past. Several of the members of FAPA also were in SAPS and, being frightfully gung-ho on apas in those days, I figured there just wasn't any such thing as belonging to too many of them.

SAPS had, I noted, a different flavor and atmosphere than did FAPA; perhaps this still may be true. Understand, please, I do not say that one is better than the other; only that they are not the same.

I presume SAPS still retains its fairly stringent activity requirements: six pages every six months, wasn't it? This may be a noble and high-minded concept, but it fitted poorly with my lifestyle of that era, and would be even more sadly out of joint today. There have been many years--and I hope there will be others--when it was an immense drag to strain out my eight pages per year for FAPA.

One of the premier publications of SAPS in those days was called Spacewarp, and again, this may still be the case; I would hope so. In a fit of puckish whimsy, I settled upon Spacewoof as the title of my sapszine. Somewhere amid the welter of movers'

packing boxes I must still have all or most of the issues of S'woof that I extruded during my brief membership, but I can't find them so I can but draw upon a memory whose erratic proclivities are a legend on at least eight continents. If you disagree with what I say here, you may be right.

One of the issues had a Jack Harness coverillo which showed a kid in a spacesuit proffering a bone to a dog in a spacesuit. The expression on the dog's face indicated that he was aware of the difficulty of getting at the bone through the plastic bubble over his head. The dog appeared to be barking vociferously, which must've been deafening to the poor creature. It was, at least, admirably representational of the 'zine's title.

Another issue of S'woof had a coverillo by ESHM. That was Ron Fleshman, who used the initials to sign his work because Ed "EMSH" Emshwiller was very big in the pro art field those days. (Whatever became of EMSH, anyway?) (Or ESHM, for that matter?)

The ish with the ESHM cover was noteworthy, I like to think, for one small feat of legerdemain. It was my own small protest in a day before protesting had become so fashionable. You see, I have long felt that in cutting mimeo stencils on a typewriter, flush-right margins are not justified; rather, the time, patience, effort and dedication required are not offset (perhaps counter-balanced would be the better term, since I can hear people winding up to scream, "But you said it was MIMEO'D!") by the minor improvement in aesthetic appeal. This is, I think, especially true if the typing is rife with big gaps where many spaces were skipped to make the margin come out straight.

I think someone may have chided me for failing to take the effort to justify my margins and I--having just a bit of available time in those days--programmed more hours than it was really worth into preparing an impudent little reductio ad absurdum. That particular issue of S'woof not only had justified right-hand margins: it even had justified paragraphs! The bottom line of every single paragraph marched bravely toward the brink and, in each instance, stopped with a precision of alignment that would have made the Radio City Rockettes (what ever became of them, come to think of it?) catch their collective girlish breaths.

It would be nice to report that this singular feat croggled all of sapdom into a coma by its sheer virtuosity; but it would not be true. In fact, I don't recall that it was even noticed.

If it will help to fix the era in the memories of veteran Saps, I was a member about the time when Wrai Ballard was confiding the recipe for making Cockroach Egg Roll. Someone, it may have been Art Rapp, confiding that "The right to buy women is the right to be free!" Roscoe, the Benevolent Beaver, was very big in the SAPS of that time (and still may be for all I know).

Someone had designed a coat of arms, or crest, for SAPS and, curiously enough, I seem to recall that it carried the letters FAPA across the shield: reversed-out white against a black bend sinister in lip-service to the apocryphal belief that this is the universal hallmark of illegitimate descent. Feel free to disagree, but it often struck me that there was some substantial amount of bad regard

toward FAPA detectable in the SAPS of the mid-50s. I'm not sure as to the relevance, if any, but I can hardly recall ever hearing SAPS mentioned in FAPA. This despite the fact that the two groups have long had some overlapping members; "biapans" is the term for such souls, I seem to recall.

Small firefly flickers of ancient Sapish ritual continue to coruscate feebly on the horizon, however; sort of like heat lightning from two states away. A week has not passed since a postcard (or, as we once were wont to put it, 'pocdsarcd' hove into my p.o. box with its return address footnoted, "Where they hardly ever bite at all." Thus did Redd Boggs renew the fading memory of Maril Shrewsbury. Maril was a Sapess when I was a member and, at that time, she made her lair in Aransas Pass, Texas--on the Gulf coast, just north of Corpus Christi--and some p.r. type had dreamed up this slogan for the town: "Where they bite every day!" Maril had adopted that as a sort of personal trademark of her own, using it in contributions to prozine letter-cols and in her apazines. She traveled with a small circus or carny and her zines were memorable for accounts of life on the road, as seen from the inside.

There is a chance, as I think of it, that my memory is playing me fast and loose here: Maril may've been in FAPA and not in SAPS.

In any case, doubtless she can use the egoboo--or could if she knew it had been published. No one seems to have heard of her in years.

I'm glad to hear of the continuing presence in SAPS of numerous old and fondly regarded names, with some of whom I'm still in touch. Sadly, SAPS did not turn me very far on, and I'm sure the feeling was more than mutual. I'm glad the rest of you, with a keener eye for subtle nuances, have stuck it out through the patient years. You have my awe, my profound respect and my

Cordial best wishes  
Dean A. Grennell

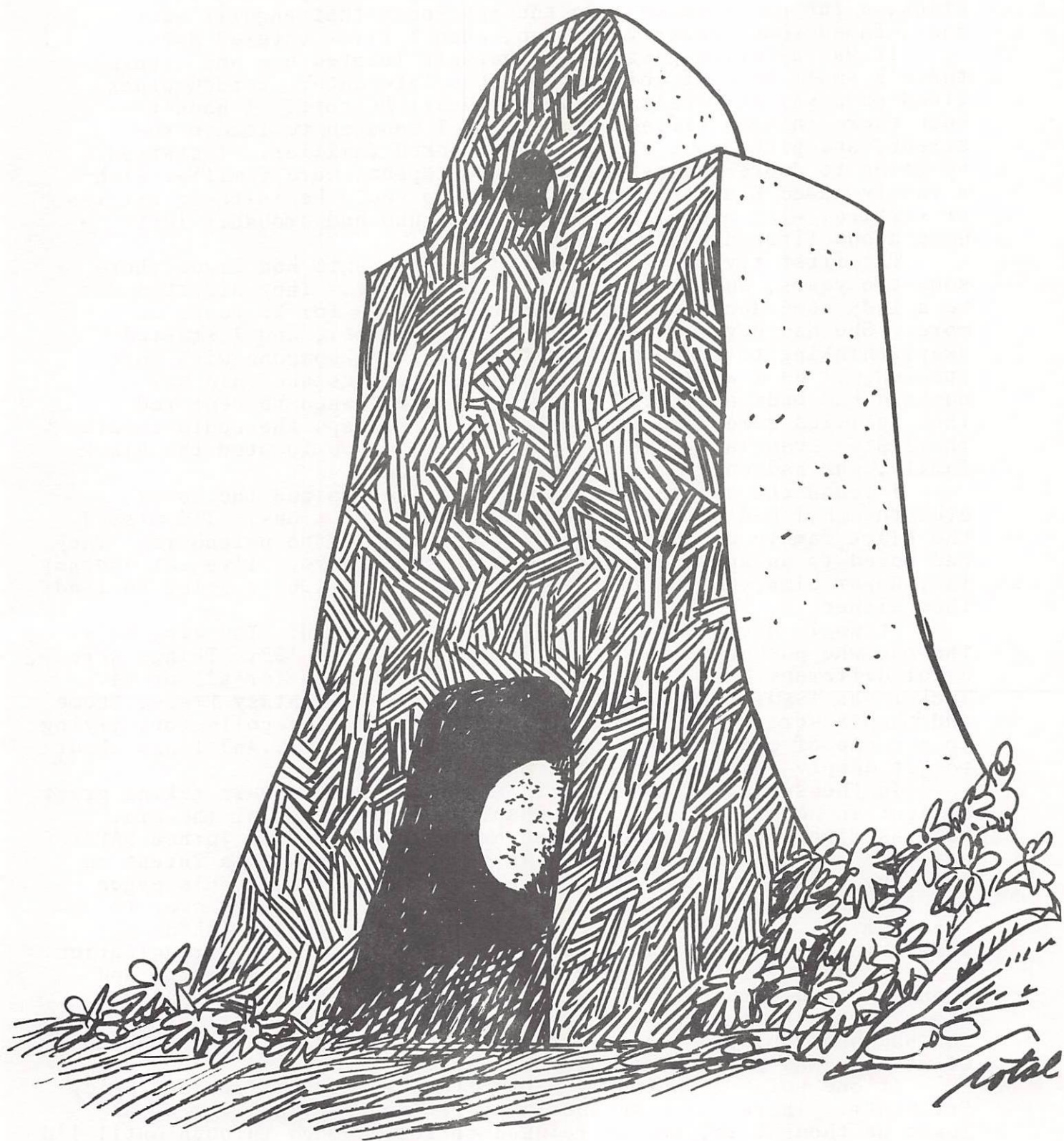
## a giant mailing

MY OWN OESHIP WAS rather undistinguished, though I did create the Emergency Officer and, more or less, organized the first SAPS mailing to break 200 pages. (That was considered noteworthy even for FAPA in the 1950s.)

Reason I say "more or less" is that I got all gung ho and put a gold-star sticker by the names of the contributors in their copies of the Spectator. (Incidentally, our official organ has flipped back and forth between Spectator and The Spectator; some enterprising fanhistorian could get an essay out of that, perhaps.)

Then the next mailing Coslet pointed out that, since everybody who contributed got a star in a different place and non-contributors didn't get any, we shouldn't claim to have broken 200 pages, because the OO itself was non-uniform and not eligible for credit.





# the search for Gordon Black

LATE IN MAY OF 1972 I went hunting an old time fan, one Gordon Black, a fan who's faded into the blackness that engulfs most fans, famed some twenty years ago, when I first entered SAPS.

It was a futile gesture. I haven't located him and I think there's small hope of doing so at this late date. Gordon Black lived on a street, Rosemary, in northeast Detroit. I hadn't been there in some fifteen years, but I managed to locate the street, and picked out a block that looked familiar. I started by going to doors and asking if the occupants were familiar with a family named Black, a man and wife who would be in their fifties or sixties, with one child named Gordon who had probably left home about fifteen years ago.

The first try was a failure. The occupants had lived there some ten years, but never heard of the family. They directed me to a lady some doors away who had lived there for 25 years or more. She had never heard of the family either, and I started away, thinking to try every house until I hit someone with more knowledge. As I walked away she called me back and said her husband had made a list of registered voters when he ventured into politics some time in the fifties. Perhaps she could locate the list. Eventually she did just that, and we located the Black family, who had once lived in the next block.

I found the address and immediately recognized the house, even though I had only been there four or five times. I'd missed the Black family by about a year, according to the neighbors. They had moved to an apartment, only nobody knew where. I've set another fan, Roger Sims, on the track, but I don't think he's going to find them either.

It would have been nice to meet Gordon again. You see, he's the one who pushed me into SAPS in the summer of '52. Things were a lot different back then. S-f still had thrills for all of us. Tucker was issuing the Bloomington Newsletter; Fantasy Press, Gnome and Shasta were running well. I was a very active collector, trying to get one of everything from all over the world....And I was about to get deeply involved with the publishing world.

In the spring of 1952 Martin Alger and myself were taking great delight in needling one Harold Shapiro, another fan of the era. Hal was fighting back and issuing broadsides. He had joined SAPS sometime in the recent past and as I recall it now, was intent on blasting both of us in SAPS. He had already turned in his pages for the coming mailing and Black phoned to invite me over to see them. I asked if it were possible for me to publish an answer in the same mailing and was advised to join the organization.

I either joined at that time, or Black franked my entry and then I joined with the following mailing. I recall that Nancy Share had just come in because I remember seeing one of her fanzines. She had hand colored the covers and Black disqualified them because of it. He was a stickler for the rules.

At one point I wanted to reprint an old Misfit fanzine, Spicy Stf Stuff. There was some questionable language involved or at least he thought so, and he refused to let them go through until I'd cleared them with the Post Office. Eventually I showed the original to a postal inspector who refused to give an opinion, other than



to suggest that I remove some of the language. I plan on re-printing this once more, when it will be obvious that it is nothing offensive by today's standards.

Oh, it was a good summer. Alger and I gave Hal his lumps pretty regularly. Shapiro used to boast that he owned the second largest collection of Pornography in Michigan. (It really wasn't much.) At that time his sister and brother-in-law were taking over the local club and in a very offensive manner. We disliked them intensely, and soon discovered the brother-in-law was selling the same sex material in the factory where he worked. We had Ray Nelson draw us a series of cartoons. One featured the sister, her husband, child and family dog, with a silly smirk on the face of each. We carefully labeled it. We have the first largest collection.

Late that summer I moved to Dearborn. I did not own a car, and it was a two hour bus ride to Eastern Detroit, so I rarely saw Gordon Black from that time forward. A phone call two or three times a year was all, and no personal contact until he had dropped out of SAPS.

I never knew him very well; I don't think anybody did. Originally I lived only three or four blocks from him, and had met him through the local fan club. He was probably 15-17 at the time, and seemed like somewhat of an introvert, as so many fans are. But he had become interested in SAPS and had run for OE. In those days, anyone foolish enough to announce for the job was very likely to wind up with it. Few of us ever met him--Rt Rapp, Nancy Share, Wrai Ballard, Rich Eney and myself.

It was Black who once took the ink pad from a mimeograph, removed his shoes and socks, then carefully stepped onto the pad and then onto virgin sheets of paper. It's the first and last time I've ever heard of anyone sending out a footprint as identification.

My fanzines are long gone, but I would imagine that he served his year as OE, then quietly slipped into limbo. It was obvious there was friction at home. I once visited there when Gordon wasn't home, and during a conversation with his mother I was asked point blank if Martin Alger was queer.

His family tolerated fandom, but had no great love for it. I may have been an exception to some small extent. I was 27 years old, married with a family, and they could overlook the fact that I still fooled with the same thing as their teenager, as long as I didn't fool with the teenager.

We blew the whole bit one evening. Black was hosting a meeting for the Misfits. We assembled a motley crew of a dozen or more and were in the process of consuming food his parents had left for us when one of the boys decided to play with his fire crackers. He lit one and, not wishing to hold it, put it down in a glass ash tray. The cracker went off, the ash tray exploded...and his parents walked in the front door at the same time.

We were never really welcome there from that time on, and never had another meeting in his home.



It **must** have been about 1955 that I stopped at the house and spoke to his mother. She told me he had finished school and moved away. I got the impression there were hurt feelings involved. She did not volunteer any new address, and may not have known it.

I felt no inclination to follow up on it at the time, but I seem to recall I did contact him somehow in 1956 to put his name on the waiting list. He had no real interest in rejoining, but I needed his name for a private joke I was pulling on Nancy Share Rapp, and he agreed to let me use it.

To the best of my knowledge I've neither seen nor hear of him since. He must be approaching 40 now, and I wonder what's happened to him the the last 15 years, but I think he's gone for good, like so many others from the old days.

It's a long way to Gordon Blackfoot,

It's a long way to go....

Howard DeVore

## an early femfan

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I joined SAPS, but I was a very young fan, certainly no more than sixteen. I regarded it, as many people then did, as something to do while I was on the FAPA waiting list. I remember mostly that enormous numbers of the zines in it were overwhelmingly juvenile, with titles which were puns on the acronym.

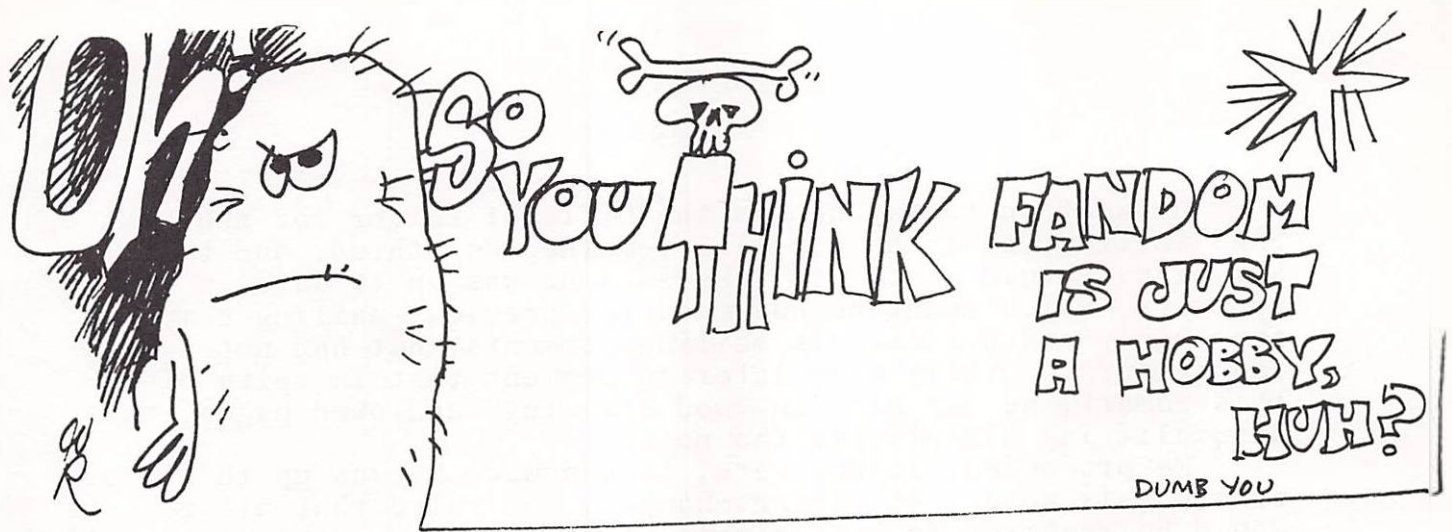
We were rather defensive. I remember Lloyd Alpaugh referring to the fact that everyone would speak of "that sappy little apa." Titles included such things as SAPsides, and I fear my own contribution was called SAPterranean or something like that.

I no longer have copies of half the junk I wrote for fanzines in my teens and early twenties, and I live with the knowledge that should I ever become really famous, write a Nebula winner or a best seller, someone will probably make himself notorious by digging up the "Collected Early Works of MZB" for fandom's dubious benefit.

The only edification which would be provided by such a collection would be that a lot of teenage fans would be encouraged to think "My gosh, if she wrote junk like that when she was a fan, maybe there's hope for me," so I suppose I'll take no steps to prevent it happening. The fannish writings of Ray Bradbury, H.P. Lovecraft, Henry Kuttner and Bob Silverberg give no hints of their coming talents either.

In those days I was almost the only active femfan. In fact I believe I was the only one who came in without a brother or husband to sponsor her. Even when I first started selling as a pro, I was about the only one to use a female name except Judith Merrill. Leigh Brackett was thought by many to be a man, and few knew that C.L. Moore was Catherine. That was 1951--how the world, microcosm and macrocosm, changes.

Marion Zimmer Bradley



## the great revolt of 1955

By Tom Collins

EMERGENCY ACTION was Walter Coslet's 43rd Sapszine, Coswalzine 118. It was dated January 17, 1955, and postmailed to the 30th mailing, "officially and fully at SAPS expense by the Ultra Emergency and (it is hoped) Temporary Official Editor." It began with a sense of excitement as urgen as Walter Winchell in his prime:

This is no hoax. This afternoon I received an airmail letter from Nan Gerding in Denver. Dated January 16, 11 A.M., it says in part:

...I have no choice. There has arisen an emergency, and I didn't know who else to turn to. It's quite simply this: if I can't find someone to take the OEship--preferably permanently, but even temporarily--then there will be no March mlg. I am in transit... I have no mimeo, I don't even have a typer. I don't think I need to spell it out any further. As for Wrai...emergency officer...I wrote to him...asking if he'd at least take the March mlg. but I imagine he'll refuse...He's back in Blanchard by the way...I'll spare you the grisly details. Wrai may furnish them if he wishes...

In any case, that's it in a nutshell. If you can't help me out, then there's trouble on the horizon. I don't know yet what my change of address will be...If nothing else, could you at least send out a circular to the Saps members asking them to hold all contributions for the next mailing... ((from coming to the Denver address)). That at least would help....

[parentheses and tantalizing ellipsi  
in the original]

He went on to say he was the Official Editor for the 31st SAPS mailing, that the deadline remained as stated, and that all zines should go to him. He said he was up to date in SAPS activity, which meant he had read the previous mailing comments thoroughly and drafted his mailing comments, but had not typed the masters. Others were later to comment that in spite of this remark, he was not "in good standing" and owed pages, thus disqualifying himself for the post."

He proceeded, at any rate, to announce he was up to his old tricks (his words) of making changes, and ruled that all members would be required to participate in all mailings, the waiting list would be scrapped in favor of instant membership, and there would be a fluctuating copy requirement from quarter to quarter. The editor-publisher was to receive credit for a magazine, even if he did not write it all himself. All this was to take place after the 31st mailing.

That was Jan. 17. Four days later Karen Anderson and Irene Baron sent out a letter to the other members, beginning "Dear Vice President." (In SAPS, everyone except the president--an honorary title--is a vice president.) It said:

According to the rules of SAPS, the OE is all-powerful. In recent times, OEs have not abused this privilege by taking arbitrary and capricious action, but have for the most part wielded their powers wisely. Under this regime, SAPS has prospered and successfully met emergencies.

Mr. Walter Coslet, upon his sudden appointment as OE, immediately flung himself into such capricious and arbitrary actions as to alter completely the nature of SAPS, including some of our oldest traditions. His unnecessarily complicated membership system, his unpredictably fluctuating membership, and his over-stringent mailing requirements violate our longest standing rules. If SAPS is to remain the intimate and friendly organization we have known in the past, immediate action must be taken.

We highly recommend that the Vice Presidents of SAPA acclaim Sergeant Arthur H. Rapp temporary OE. Sergeant Rapp has constantly, in contrast to the gaffed Mr. Coslet, devoted much time and effort to SAPS. ~~SPACEWARD~~ has been a joy and credit to SAPS for as long as many of us have been members, and his OEs hip is remembered most favorably. We feel that Art Rapp's leadership would be infinitely preferable to the uncertainties of publishing under the Coslet dictatorship....

On January 29th SFC Arthur Rapp replied from Houston, Texas, where he was stationed:

Aha, now I see what Irene meant by her hitherto cryptic remark that she hoped I wouldn't be too shocked when I saw the bulletin you were publishing.

Nope, I'm not shocked. Startled, maybe, but fandom has lost the capacity to shock me, at least most of the time. I'm also pleased, overwhelmed, etc. with



the complimentary remarks which accompanied the announcement of your program--or should I say pogrom?

BUT...

...it's impractical to mail the bundles out from here. However I wouldn't want you to think I'm being unhelpful, so against my inclinations ("inclinations" should be interpreted as anything which interferes with my natural laziness) I'll agree to become the OE, but with the understanding that I'll put some dictatorial rules of my own into effect:

- (1) One of you ambitious females will be burdened with the thankless task of assembling and dispatching the bundles; and
- (2) Between the March bundle and the one following, there'll be an election to pick an OE in the normal manner.

In other words, my duties as OE will consist only of dictating the rules, and publishing SPECTATOR. (Which, incidently, will mean a week or so delay after deadline while I find out from you how much each member has in the mailing, and get SPECTATOR run off.)

Sounds complicated, doesn't it? Wouldn't it be simpler for one of you to become OE?

He further suggested that it might be better to have Coswal take over for the one mailing, since the papers and funds of SAPS had probably been turned over to him, and then hold an election. He nominated Ballard.

Those remarks were typed just one day before Howard DeVore of Dearborn, Mich. gathered together Saps from miles around and produced a one stencil one-shot titled "The Wisdom of an Ass." They said,

We are of the opinion that Mr. Coswal should change his rulings to conform with SAPS opinion or tender his resignation in favor of Someone more adaptable. We are agreeable to Art Rapp's OEsip.

They concluded:

We strongly urge that Mr. Walter Coslet resind all of his new rules and notify us immediately to that effect. If we do not hear before February 15th we shall consider shipping our material to Arthur H. Rapp, whom we shall consider the new O.E.

P.S. Duck, Rapp. You're about to catch hell.

This statement included a brief analysis by Gordon Black ("Flash Ebony") whom Jack Harness remembers as "the founder of SAPS" and whom he once met in a con bar. The former OE argued that within SAPS

Precedents actually established what amounts to a strong minor system of common law. It has been the custom for a SAPA OE to submit major changes such as Coswal suggests to a vote of the membership. Therefore, the members are justified, by this common law in taking the necessary action to remedy the situation.

The same group, incidentally, sat down later that same evening and wrote a letter to the two determined Berkeleyans. Martin Alger,

too late for the one-shot, claimed he saw it coming "and was smart enough to leave SAPS, entering FAPA where we have no bible-toting, godlike beings." George Young, after a long bus ride, complained, "I came two hundred miles and now that damned Sims and DeVore drank up all the Jack Daniels. It's too late now to get another ghod too." Roger Sims claimed "It's all a lie, I never had a drop. Howard got the bottle first, passed it to George and when I got it it was all gone." DeVore responded, "I'm tired of the two of them telling lies, in the first place they had it all, and it wasn't Jack Daniels, it was some cheap wine they brought out here."

Actually, Coswal's plan was an interesting one, and would make an interesting experiment some time. Most of the members even expressed an interest in one or another part of it, but most also considered that such radical changes, as fiat from the top, were too much. Several threatened resignation. Pvt. Richard Eney provided a historical note in a letter dated 31 Jan 55:

I disremember whether you were in SAPS last time Coswal was OE. That time he proposed to let SAPS be absorbed by FAPA (the matter went as far as the setting up of a committee/Coswal, Rapp, Boggs, and Laney if memory serves/ to implement the meld) and invited our votes--that is, if we wanted to prepare our own ballots; he didn't want to spend the treasury on postals to vote on. We voted it down by about 2-1.

On January 27, Coslet responded to the challenge of his authority

I can't quite make up my mind whether your action is based on fully understanding that I undertook such thorough reforms so that if there was someone else willing to become emergency OE, he would step forward and immediately maintain such status quo as he believed in-- or if such a thought never occurred to you.

Anyway, I remain thoroughly willing to abide by the decision of Saps, and will turn everything over to Rapp should he be willing and in accord with your mandate.

It's funny though, that if it means so much to you, you are unwilling to take over the job of OE yourself. Did you discuss this with Rapp before drafting him?

I assure you I am not eager to remain OE with all my other activity, but if Saps so wish, I will continue as long as some one else does not want the job.

He stood his ground on the changes though, and said he had discussed them with Boggs and, he thought, Sam Martinez (an officer of FAPA at the time.) Although it would have been necessary to have something in every mailing, two pages would be sufficient, whereas the challengers, he pointed out, were defending six in two mailings, which was more.

Are you objecting to an increase in membership above 35 or just the fluctuation? Never let it be said that I am trying to alter the intimacy of SAPS--I would not have that changed, I would have more enjoy it. And whether you believe it or not, it was with Rapp in mind, that I endeavored to enlarge Saps. He's the one my memory says first set the precedent of enlarging the organization.

He says he is not above trying to make a rumpus to liven things up, and that "variety is the spice of life." He adds that his hide is tough enough to weather the storm. It was, in short, all a giant put on. In a recent letter, Coswal remarks of the whole affair:

Until I became a do-nothing thanks to angina, I was very interested in complicating things. Why be satisfied with a simple operation when you can have fun with details? I confess to having been always intrigued with details, altho to some extent I have used the interest for a form of humor. You can take it as you please as to how sercon I was with rule complications. The evidence mostly speaks for itself.

Whether it was a royal plot to get out of the OEship or not, the replies flooded into Berkeley. By February 20 Rapp sent a postcard to Karen, saying "You have undoubtedly saved SAPS from a fate worse than dishonest by volunteering as Temporary OE. I've got 29 pages run off so far, so far, so you are assured of at least the nucleus of a bundle." Apparently the decision had been reached. A postcard from Berkeley told the story:

**SO ALL SAPS:** Replies to Irene's and my letter will be summarized in the next Spectator. Rapp is unable to be OE, and I am taking over at his suggestion. An election will be held next mailing; any interested parties notify me at once.

Respectfully yours

*Karen*  
Karen Anderson

On March 1, Nangee sent a money order for \$46.88 to Berkeley. There was also a note from Coslet, dated Feb. 22: "Thanks for taking over as OE." He suggested she number the Spectator "volume 12" to preserve the numbering system he started at least as far back as his index to the first 12 mailings--changing the volume number with each OE. I haven't the Eney SAPS index at hand, so am unable to check whether it contains a volume 11, #0 as Coswal suggested, for his Emergency Action.



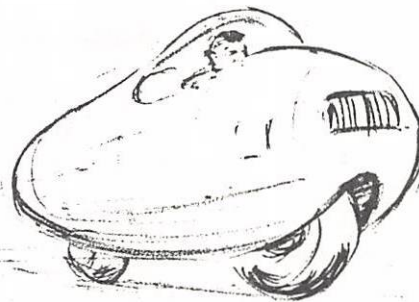
Apparently the transition went smoothly from then on. The mailing came out a week late, and Karen announced a general change in deadlines from the second Saturday in March, June, September and December, to the third Saturday in those months. (It is now the fifteenth of April, July, October and December.)

There were 325 pages, with G.M. Carr and Nan Gerding resigning. The waiting list, at 13 was considered outrageously long, and there was a proposition to cut it off at ten. Apparently the move failed along with the other proposition, to expand the membership to 40. Art Rapp selected three pages worth of response to the original manifesto, showing what everyone thought. George Young, a newcomer, Claude Hall, Coslet ("I have a notion to run on my platform of changes just to see myself defeated.") and W. M. O'C ("why me, of course") ran for OE. The latter--Karen--won.

Aside from all the other business, there had also been a poll to determine the Pillars of Saps. Rapp swept best magazine, best editor, best article writer, best fiction writer, best humorist, best versifier. He came in second best in mailing comments, after Wrai Ballard. Harness got the art award. Spacewarp was followed by Outsiders (Ballard), Nandu (Gerding), Maine-iac (Ed Cox) and Spacewoof (Dean Grennell).

Ah, the joys of yesteryear! Those zines which yet survive are but shadows of their former selves. Ed Cox is up to his neck in Westercon; Wrai is working days and teaching nights; Art Rapp and Nancy Share Rapp are working to get a care center for the aged in their community....

Eventually the bad feelings went away, and everyone grew older. Once Alpaugh was Ghod, and Shaumburger was his Prophet. Then the OE became Ghod ex-officio. But in 1955 the principle was established that the SAPS OE is one ghod subject to being overruled by its subjects. And so it has been, yeah, even unto the present generation.



(All quotations above strictly sic.)

# Sap rising

By Doreen Webbert

THE SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY (hereafter to be known as SAPS) has never been a very serious organization. At times when one member has taken another too seriously there have been arguments, and in one or two cases a "little joke" has gotten out of hand, and one or both members have dropped, but that will happen anywhere.

SAPS has a lot of fun, and very few rules. There are rules limiting the membership and the amount of activity required of members, but the main rule is that the Official Editor (the OE) is Ghod.

Some of the traditions in SAPS have been dying out from lack of usage, or from the fact that newer members know nothing of them. Much of this was related to typos which have gone unnoticed, such as the small bribe for the poll taker that turned into "a small bride." No one has offered a bride to the poll taker for some time. Then there was Wrai Ballard with his typer that didn't work all the time, so his words came out like this: I8m, don8t, won8t, and so forth. He now has a new typer and we've lost those words. I seem to remember a typer that had a bean can tied to the carriage. The weight of the can made the carriage move as the typing was done. That's gone too.

There have been a good many in-apa jokes, like Nancy Share (now Rapp) and her Bitcher Knife. Owing pages in a mailing makes you immoral, and missing a mailing puts you on the "toilet roll," so it isn't too strange that the present OE claims to be a witch. From what is said from time to time, the entire membership believes her--enough so that no one has dropped from the membership in the last two mailings. After all, who really wants to be a frog?

In April 1960, Earl Kemp didn't put out his usual SaFari, but instead surprised all of SAPS and fandom with a little publication called "Who Killed Science Fiction?" which went on to win a Hugo for best fanzine. It's 107 pages long, and there were 125 copies.

Wrai Ballard holds the honor for putting out the Official Organ (OO) with three different deadline dates in it. He didn't realize it until the mailings started coming in along with notes asking which was the right date.

I can remember reading my first SAPS mailing with the thought that no one in their right mind would be doing this kind of thing, but after reading several more it seemed like a fun thing to get into. A hoax was dreamed up--Karen Leafgreen--and "she" got on the waiting list. The next thing I knew, I was on the waiting list too. Karen was #4, and I was #19. I thought this was a bit much, so I told all, and was allowed to take her place. The first thing I knew I was in SAPS. So far I've been in every mailing, the 100th being my 55th.

Through SAPS I've met many people who have become good friends, and it was through SAPS I met my husband. True, it was a round-about

type of thing, but he became an instant member when we got married and has missed only one mailing since then. It would seem that the bug that makes you want to make each and every mailing is catching. Now the kids are talking about doing zines. Where will it all end?

It was somewhat of a surprise to me when I said I'd run for the office of OE. I felt safe enough at the time, since I had several ex-OEs handy to call on in case of trouble. It didn't quite work out like that. I ran and was elected, but then we were caught in the large lay-off at Boeing and ended up moving to Akron, Ohio, where there weren't any other SAPSites, let alone ex-OEs. So I've had to be nasty on my own. Jim has helped at times to calm me down and has on more than one occasion made me change a ruling; if I've ever been soft, blame Jim.

When we sent out our first mailing in July 1970, it was without a full membership or a waiting list. I sent a notice to Locus and got some interest started (including the editor of IS). I also found myself twisting the arms of local fans. I'd say that something has worked, since we have a full membership now, and a waiting list of 13 anxious fans.

Actually, several members have held the office more than once, but as far as I know, Bruce Pelz and I are the only two to have held it more than two years without passing the OEship to another member. Bruce held it for five years, and I was just elected for the third time--on a write-in vote!

It looks as if SAPS is starting into an upswing period again if this mailing doesn't wear us all out, or turn us into tired old fans. And speaking of old fans, the oldest (in SAPStime) is Art Rapp, who joined in mailing #5. Close on his heels are Wrai Ballard, mailing #10, and Dick Eney, mailing #12. The rest of us are all Johnny-come-latelies.

Ed Cox has been in and out of SAPS more than anyone I can think of, due to outside activities taking up all his time, but it was his idea to put 100 pages per member in the 100th mailing, perhaps based on a suggestion by Guy Terwilleger in October, 1959, to put 50 pages in the fiftieth mailing. More reasonable fans are pushing for 100% of the membership in the 100th mailing. As OE, I'd rather see the latter.

If SAPS can make it through the next two mailings without folding up, it will no doubt last forever.





SAPS members have made their mark on fandom, more so than fans might think for such a casual origin--

## Fancylopedia II

Operation Crifanac CXLIV      It's Eney's Fault

(But the selections were chosen by Doreen Webbert)

BALLARD CHRONICLES--(Lee Jacobs) Tales of SAPS in parody pulp-style, featuring Wrai Ballard as the Resourceful Hero and other SAPS in characteristic supporting roles. First chronicle was a Spillaneish "Wrai Ballard, Private Eye," while the second featured "Six-Gun Ballard, the Musquite Kid." SAPS got a kick out of them while they lasted, and adopted nicknames for them with glee ("sweet unspoiled Miss Nanshare," "Dude Jawn Davis" etc.). It's all part of SAPS' private joke-world.

BALLARD CODE FOR FAN FEUDS--Lee Hoffman reprinted, while the Bradley-Laney censorship fracas was going on, a condensation of The Code of Honor, a set of genuine old-Southern rules of duelling. Wrai Ballard revised this for fan use, laying down such complicated rules that it was practically impossible to offend anyone under the Ballard Code.

BARRACKS-BAG PRESS--Art Rapp's mimeo, because it can be and has been broken down to be carried in that container. In fact, Art was doing just that at the time of the Greenlease kidnapping, and had horrid visions of trying to explain to the police that what he had in that bulgy bag was actually a mimeograph and not ransom money.

BAWDY BRIGADE--(Jacobs) The feminine members of SAPS on account of their contempt for the sensitivities of males in matters of language. Especially males like Post Office Inspectors.

BEERFANDOM--No, not fans who drink beer. Art Rapp founded and Detroiters continued this group of connoisseurs of the labels on beer bottles. The goal of the beerfan is to illustrate an APazine with beer labels provided by his personal consumption during the period of publication; APAs require all copies of a magazine submitted to them to be identical, which adds a touch of business to the pleasure. Rapp has presented drawings of odd or local brand labels as a beerfannish activity.

BIG HEARTED HOWARD--Howard DeVore, of Detroit. Don't let the name fool you.

BITCHER KNIFE--Don't provoke Nancy Share to use hers on you.

MORGAN BOTTS--One of the leading figures of the fan world in the last half of the Twentieth Century, and later a BNF of post-Blowup fandom, according to the way he tells it in 2000 AD. Central character in an immensely popular fan fiction series by Art Rapp. The Morgan Botts Foundation, however, is a Detroitfan chatter and bheer group.

BUILT LIKE A GORILLA--Femfemfans are supposed to prefer this sort of physique, rare among sedentary types like us. Wrai Ballard is rumored to possess the qualifications, as Art Widner did of old, and Willis points out that Tucker has at least one: his knuckles brush the ground when he walks....

EO--Emergency officer, a post in SAPS. This group has only one functional officer, the Official Editor; the Emergency Officer's duty is to act as a replacement in case the OE is drafted, bombed, or disenchanting.

FANNE--(pronounced "fan"). A female fan; also femfemfan. Nancy Share tried to introduce Firl but this didn't catch on. Feminine objection to this term is caused by clods giving the silent E full value (cf Fanspeak).

GREEN HORNET--Ed Cox' 1950 Buick, which has permanently marred with Dynaflo fluid, he claims, more fan garages than any two other vehicles

HOME OF THE ORIGINAL HELICOPTER BEANIE--The Michigan area. The MSFL-DSFL. Ray Nelson discovered it to fandom here, George Young wore it to conventions, and Art Rapp's SPACEWARP ran Nelson's cartoons popularizing it.

IGNATZ--(Herriman: Share) The rat in the old comic strip, Krazy Kat. Nancy Share has granted him divine honors and many confess that the strip partakes of the ghodlike.

MAILING COMMENTS--are comments--i.e. short notes as distinguished from formal reviews or criticism--on the contents of a previous mailing of an APA and published in a later mailing (rather than, say, mailed direct to the members concerned). Reviewing a mailing in a magazine postmailed to the same mailing is frowned upon.

Jack Speer began this custom in the third FAPA mailing and mightily was the success thereof. A few of the unenlightened who maintain that comments on comments are too much like diminishing spirals for their taste have been adequately dealt with by Vernon McCain, who remarked that if they never commented on comments it must be pretty difficult to carry on a conversation with them.

Since, from their nature, all the intended audience may be assumed to know what they're about, MCs can easily become a very inner-circle feature of an APA, and commentzines or sections may often make the short descent to mere collections of notes. Mailing comments were the feature that led Sam Merwin to describe SAPS as a system of interlocking mailboxes.

PILLAR POLL--Pillar of SAPS was Bob Briggs' term for those essential to the society's success. The annual Pillar Poll now chooses these by acclamation, with the top fan becoming titular President of SAPS.

SAPS--The Spectator Amateur Press Society, second oldest of the principally fannish APAs. Half the size of FAPA (30-35 members) it is little if any less active owing to its higher activity requirements (6 pages on entry, and 6 every 6 months thereafter).

Originally, SAPS was brainstormed at a tendril-session at Joe Kennedy's where many members of the Spectators ("a kind of New Jersey version of the Futurian Society, only without Social Consciousness") were present. Ron Maddox, who was to be the first OE coined the name Spectator Amateur Press Association, but then Lee Budoff had the inspiration to change the last name to Society so the initials would spell you-know-what.

SAPS had no fixed body of rules, the OE being omnicompetent except insofar as custom and the threat of revolution limits him; he is the only functioning officer, taking care of the treasury, membership roster, constitutional interpretation and mailing management. An Emergency Officer is designated to take over in the event of his or her death or disenchantment; the first place in the annual Pillar Poll carries the titular presidency with it. All other members are titular vice presidents, signifying their chance of succeeding to the higher post. (This last office was actually adopted as a gesture of whimsy). Ballot-counters and Pillar Poll takers are appointed as appropriate and necessary: The Busbys during their OEs had all sorts of weird offices like EEO and EIEIO and Chief of Secret Police which we will note and pass by.

Historically, SAPS exhibits a predilection for fan humor of the lighter and broader sort, and during its early years maintained a tradition of sniping at FAPA ("SAPS is the fan club FAPA would be if FAPA dared") which, significantly, is more or less abandoned during periods when Sapszines' quality begins to approach the FAPA standard in earnest.

SECOND LARGEST COLLECTION--"Hal Shapiro and I," Martin Alger explains, "were having a feud (largely artificial) in SAPS and were trading insults in our fanzines. Hal boasted of having the second largest pornography collection in the city of Detroit." This was true at the time as most of the stfnists were not yet interested in women. Actually, appraises connoisseur Howard DeVore, it was a very poor collection of the type. "A deck of cards and a few nude studies, as I recall."

SARGENT SATURN--The lettercolumn editor of the Standard mags for a best-forgotten period; invented by Mort Weisinger. Doubtless a progenitor of the Beanie Brigade, he exhibited the eccentricities of language ("killed another Xeno jug...open the bomb bay doors, Wartey we're approaching New York...you may expect a VV [vaporized venom] rocket by return mail...") identified with the more frenetic segment of fandom. Merwin started to clean up the xeno jive-talk in '46, and killed the Sargent off in late '47.



SPACEWARP--Something that when you go into it in a straight line you come out a different place, and/or going in a different direction, than you should according to Newtonian physics. Fans are always wandering into such things in strange cities and getting lost. A slightly different affair was the turntable on which the Shirley-Savoy in Denver was mounted, so that the DenVentio attendees could start near the hotel, walk for blocks and blocks, and still be near the hotel. Mention we must Art Rapp's fanzine of this name, keystone of Fifth Fandom, which introduced such things as Steinpix, the helicopter beanie, and R\*O\*S\*C\*O\*E to fandom.

SQUINK BLOG--The Seattle SAPS members (Wally Weber chief culprit) published a series of almost unbelievably bad stories under this pen name, claiming it to be the nom de plume of a "stf writer whose name you'd recognize instantly." Tho probably meant for humor, they were so appalling that they weren't even successful as burlesques.

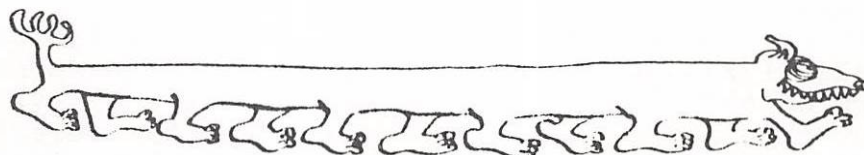
STEINPIX--The hektographed artwork that appeared in SPACEWARP around 1947 was distinctive in that hekto-ink painting was used to give rich, solid colors after which line drawing was mimeoed in. The system was actually suggested by Vaughn Greene, but Bob Stein was its greatest practitioner.

TOILET ROLL--(FM Busby) The list of the dishonored in SAPS who didn't make a contribution to the mailing.

200th FANDOM--The ultimate fandom, indefinite in nature, but Utopian in prospect. Phrase coined by Wrai Ballard; those who rallied to his standard soon added the emblem and motto, "De garren ha det gut." This was finally revealed to be Norse for "The crazy have it good."

VIRGIN COWS--An intense discussion of artificial insemination of cattle arose during Ballard's term as OE of SAPS, after Wrai (a farmer by trade) happened to mention some aspect of modern barnyard technology which had previously been unsuspected by many city-dwelling SAPS. Feminine members mostly seemed of the opinion that the cows were being cheated.

And that about does it for SAPStype mentions in Fancyyclopedia II. I hope this will help one and all in their neverending search for the T R U T H. --DW



CORTEN

A real scoop for SAPS occurred when Harold Cheney distributed a small but genuine book in an early mailing, a bound collection of good amateur fiction, 32 pages of ozaloid reproduction, The Hands and Others.

--Harry Warner, Jr. in All Our Yesterdays

## the hands

By James Llewellyn

THE MAN ACROSS THE AISLE of the Pullman car twisted in his seat again, and I had the annoying impression that he was trying to get a better view of the newspaper I was holding. The thought was not a pleasant one. I felt silly enough, holding the unweildy mass of paper open at the society page, and did not care for a witness to my foolishness--but I had read everything else in the paper...The train swayed a little, and the headlines danced under my eyes, giving a confused impression of woman's teaparties, publicity-man debs, dances, divorces, lectures, concerts--

The man leaned over and spoke apologetically. "Your pardon," he said. "I--I should not look at your paper, but I see that you read of Maestro Rosani, and I wonder if perhaps you go to the symphony some time?"

I admitted that I had been to some of the concerts. He was visibly pleased. "So, so...That is the Gazette, ja? a beautiful picture of him!"

I took this opportunity to scan the page more closely, hoping to discover what the fellow was talking about. There was a picture and beneath it was the printed story; the sudden death by heart failure of Maestro Antoni Rosani, late conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony, at the close of the season's last concert. The cut showed a grave, kind-faced man in evening dress, with the great flowing black tie affected by some musicians.

"Maybe, then, you have me also seen," the man went on. I looked at him, for the first time aware of an elusive familiarity; then it came to me that I had seen this strong face with the short dark beard showing behind a violin, just below and to the right of Maestro Rosani at the concerts.

"You are a player," I began uncertainly, "Yes--the first violin. Is that right?"

"Ja!" He was delighted. You listen with the ears, and eyes also, no? Ja, I am konzertmeister--first violin you say--Von Helm. The same year as the Maestro, I came also to the Philharmonic. Zwan--twenty years already, it has been. But he was not young then, and I was only a bursche - a youth." His voice trailed off reminiscently and he stared at the untidy headlines, seeing nothing, I waited, a little uncomfortable, as the pause lengthened.

"It must have been a loss for you," I finally ventured. "I suppose---that is, you were good friends?"

"He was to everybody a friend...Himself, that did not matter. He--how you say?---he did not count. It was music, that was his life; and we were musicians, so we were his life also. A great man!"

I mentioned a well-known conductor.

"Him? Ach, no, his music he knows, and the correct motions he makes, but it does not hurt him. The Maestro, "---the eager voice lowered a little--" he gave all, everything in him, to it; he would also his blood give, if it would make better music. Ilasco and Barbini are so, too. But only one, two others... Easy? I tell you, Herr, the conductor's is of the orchestra the hardest place. It is not just to wave a stick. It is as if the orchestra like an instrument he played. And what you hear, for it he is responsible...Oh, Ja, the tympanist he stand up and hit upon his drums, and the bass player pull a log of wood for a bow and he hold up that big viol; but between the drums are rests of a thousand bars often, and if the bass play wrong, nobody hear him. But if the concerts are not good, it is the conductor which the papers shout at. I have watched him for I am close; and the strain, I know it. Maybe he move the baton a little, but he move the orchestra a great way, and with every muscle he must do it. And I have seen this for years coming. But not--" he checked.

I looked at him, wondering. "Not so soon, you mean? Why, he seemed all of seventy!"

"I do not mean that. Of course you do not know. Only a few know, and we--" he peered into my face "--we---it is not to say to everybody."

"You don't mean, well---" I fumbled for words, hesitant to put a thing so bluntly, "Perhaps foul play?"

"NO! That is not it. The Herr Doktor says it was heart failure, and he was right. It was of the excitement and the strain he died. But--you were not at the last concert attending?"

"It was a pop concert--you know, all pieces that people have heard so many times that they know them, and so they like them-- and the last number was for a little showing-off. You know the Danse Macabre? By Saint-Saens written? Ja. We had learned it without the score to play--no, it is not so hard like you think, but only takes a little time--and we would play it in the dark, and a little chill the people give..."

"The concert, he went without any trouble, and the Maestro, he is having the time of his life. It is fun, to play those things you know like that; they play themselves. But after one hour, I could see. The strain, and the years all those things, they are showing in his face where I had not seen him before together. But he is---how you say?---oldtimer; and if his arm drop off, still the concert would go on.

"Then it is time for the Danse Macabre. The lights go very dim, and out, and one small spot light---so dim, and greenish, shine straight down, so you see the Maestro's hands only. That



way he would conduct us, not like those band leaders who use in the baton a flashlight...No baton?...Bah, only boys need a stick for conduct! Arturelli, Toroff, the Maestro---they use the stick for the crowd, but when it is most music they want, they put it away...You know that flautist, with a little symphony-- does he ever use a baton? Nein Doch!...where was I saying?

"Ach, I remember. So...the green spot shine on the Maestro's hands, and we are ready to play...You know the Danse Macabre how it is opening? First the clock strike twelve; that is french-horns and harp, with the strings to fill in; then some notes moving from here to there, then silence while Death tune his fiddle. That is me--Ja, the konzertmeister, with his E string let down, to give the idea--abendliche--of decay, you say. And he appears many times in the piece, with his little sobbing tune...me once again. Ja...So---it is dark, and I see the Maestro's hand in the down-beat for begin. I have nothing to do for twenty-four bars and I tune down my E string, half a tone.

"Then it seem to me I feel something come on my foot, not heavy, but a little push, like. I move it, my right foot, a little, but it comes out not from under. So I think, pah, it is that faulpiez who is beside me on the stand, and his clumsy hands have been with The music careless, like many times already, and when he close the folder it is on the edge. And now it is on my foot fallen. No matter, I think and then I am busy, for I see the Maestro's hands, giving me the cue---the signal--that it is nearly time, and the beat comes and I am playing.

"Ach, how I play that night--and we all! We play good all evening, but not like this, for now we have been to the work warmed and the Maestro, he is magnificent!.....Und we play, and it is not we, but something greater. Und my violin sing those little solos like a spirit in the night crying, and the xylophone iss not a xylophone but rattling bones---like the composer said it should be---and the mass of first violins and second violins play their swift rushing passages like one instrument. And all the time the Maestro leads us on--and up, more and more music to give; that is conducting.

"Ach, I leaf the story. Well, to the end we played, and the cock he crowed--that is Putger with his oboe--and the spirits in the piece all sighed and died one by one, back to the grave, like the composer said it should be. And we finish, and the lights came on little and little.

"And I saw the podium in front of me, and the music on it was. So I looked to see what on my foot was laying."

"And there was laying-- you read it in the papers--there was laying the body of the Maestro, and his shoulder on my foot!"

# the humanoids of Nizam

By Redd Boggs

FROM A HISTORY OF Galactic Explorations, Vol. XXXIV, compiled by the Farrel Foundation, Capital City, Terra, 2641 ADT:

"The most scandalous episode in the entire annals of Galaxy Survey occurred between 2360 and 2364. Expedition #97 consisted of twenty spacecraft, made planetfall on an obscure binary sun system in Sector TV-852\*VR, and immediately reported via ultraradio the discovery of a "humanoid race." In fact, the Expedition anthropologists appended a preliminary opinion that we Terrestrials and the people of Nizam (as the planet was named) were descendents of a distant, but common ancestor. A later report described the Nizamians as "The most beautiful women in the galaxy." No further report from Expedition #97 was forwarded to the public until four Earths years later, when Terra Base admitted "some trouble" had occurred between members of Expedition #97 and the Nizam race.----"

(I)

Diza was set and the sky grew cold. Festival Night was at hand, From the dome I could see the snow blowing in endless waves down from the air sled barn.

Aes was crying, "No, no. We want you to stay, at least for the night. It's cold out--so very cold." It didn't look at me but at the barn, which was blurring as Waza sank into thick scudding clouds.

"And Aphar?" I said. "Where is Aphar? Couldn't it get a Festival furlough?"

"Aphar was killed three aifs ago, on Satellite Two," Aes said. It kept its hand folded, half hidden by the winter robe, as though it feared to let them move, and peered out of the frosty window. "Hyton blasters, and a piece of D-Bomb." Its old face twisted, then turned expressionless.

For a moment, I might have thought Aea was frightened. I thumbed loose a caffeine jot and tounded it, trying to think of something to say, somehow remembering a piece of arm that went flying lazily away from me during the battle for Satellite City.

Aphar used to trim me handily in footraces at Festival Time in Li. We knew a restaurant on Teir 26..."Aphar, too," I said. "It seems only last cycle we snared water-snakes over on the bay. It doesn't seem possible."

Old Aes saw me trying to return my caffeine roll to my uniform pocket, and put it away for me. Aes said, "You're welcome to stay. We have meat for breakfast." It hurried off to the kitchen.

I paced the room. A solidopic of Aphar on a creaky shelf. A chronometer that chimed the dylas. A diagram of matyr-vibrations! "Back the Brave Patrol!" A star-rose dying in a little cracked vase. There was something else, too, that I almost overlooked. It was pushed down into a crack in the wall---a silver identification disc. "Hal B. Rawlings, Gal. Surv. Corps, 974."

Aes came back into the room wiping its hands on a ragged towel.

It said, "Aphar always liked star-roses. Reminded it of Durur and the propigation institute there." Aes poured a little water from a pitcher into the vase.

Afraid. Yet the house was quiet.

Aes straightened the solidopic. "Nira, my offspring, still lives with me. It will be glad to see you, when it returns from Li. We have paki in the cellar." Paki be curst, I thought, I wondered if Nira would bring home some xyll wine. I sat down suddenly in a hard chair.

It said, "Yes, you better sit down." It looked at my sleeve, "D-Bomb? You're lucky it didn't blow your head off."

Always the war. The Earth Devils! The Nizam devils, too, for we are almost as much to blame, some of us. Aes must think I'm off. They all look at you like.....

It leaned forward. "I hate the cold weather. The winter pains are already in my bones.."

I jumped when I heard the long ripping sound of an airsled close overhead, then the thrum of landing jets.

Soon I could hear Aes talking to young Nira, out in the kitchen. The house snapped in the creeping frost. I heard Nira kick its boots into a corner.

Nira fumbled at my left hand and managed to press it. "Happy to see you again, Lys, Alphar is buried at Duror." The high wind hissed at the corner of the house.

"Yes, and they had to cut off the rest of my arm. They will strap on a metal hand, I got out before it was healed, just before the battle near Diza XII."

"So terrible," whispered Nira. "You think the Earthmen will leave soon?"

I looked at Nira. Its voice was strange. "They're safe for a score of cycles. When our D-Bomb factories get into full production, we'll make them fall back."

Nira's young face was expressionless, but Aes' eyes reflected the volcanic hate I felt in my breasts.

## II

I got up and walked about my room, because my arm ached and the bed was too narrow and hard. Aphar's snake-traps still hung inside the closet door. The dusty sea-tigar horns, mounted on red cloth, seemed somehow less frightening when you looked at them by lamblight. But I shut the door because I felt uneasy.

I heard someone walking around downstairs. I snapped off the lamp and tiptoed to the window.

Festival Night had indeed fallen. The sky, however, had cleared, and the mottled stars curved like a great white blade overhead. Looking out into the shadowy peaceful scene, one found it hard to think that an inter-planetary war was raging--a war being fought across two star-systems. Aphar and I had been reluctant to go, when it started. The Earthmen came ten aifs ago, when I was very young. The war had begun six aifs later, and then it was a case for Aphar and me of fighting or starving. Their space-



ships oozed past Diza IX the first aif. D-Bomb flashes marked battle zones in the sky. The war went on beyond ordinary sight now. The Earthmen were fighting from bases on Lansh II.

I was thinking that while I fished my diminishing caffeine roll from my pocket. But I didn't partake of it. Instead I watched young Nira slip from the back door of the dome and plod through the snowdrifts to the airsled barn. Presently the wind rose again and sighed against the window-pane like a voice.

### III

At first-breakfast I remarked, "It's a long time since I've tasted real meat. It sure looks good." Nira and Aes were too quiet. Nira's face looked pale beneath its long smooth hair. I glanced past it and out of the windows toward the barn.

I had thought Nira preoccupied. Now I saw it was looking at me. The realization struck me that Nira was keeping something secret, and that old Aes knew of it and was worried.

Nira finished its meat hurreidly and pushed its bowl aside. "A jet on the air sled is plugged," it said. "I have to fix that now." As it got up, I said, "Mind if I go with you to the barn and look at the sled?" Its face lost its pallor, but it said, "You'd best put on your heaviest robe."

We waded out of the kitchen door through the snow. Some of the stars were hidden by little silver clouds sailing swiftly before the gale, but there was enough light to see by. Nira got out some tools and tinkered with the air sled jets, muttering to itself. I wandered around, poking into rubbish that littered the big shed. A rear room of the building was locked. Nira did not look up as I rattled the door with a heavy hand, I turned away and sucked a jot while it repaired the air machine.

### IV

This was the third cycle of Festival night. I couldn't sleep. I arose and dressed in the dark, listening to the chronometer chiming dylas. From the window I watched the lithe young figure of Nira creeping out of the dome toward the barn. Once I might have seen a flicker of light at the window of the locked room, but I couldn't be sure.

Aes was startled when I walked noisily into the kitchen. It was a little drunk on xyll wine, but it looked frightened as I hauled my heavy robe over my quivering cold shoulders and opened the outer door to breast a thin storm of sleet. I had a Hyton belted under the robe--Aes hadn't seen me slip its weapon from the hook by the door, or hadn't cared--and when I entered the barn. I went directly to the locked door. A light blast made short work of the old-fashioned lock.

As I stepped into the toom, two dark figures loomed before me in the shadows. There was no lamp. I pressed forward, suddenly feeling the lethal tautness of a garrot-length at my throat. Palm-ing my short Hyton I blasted them both precisely, with the skill

of unending practice. Then I found the lamp and switched it on.

There wasn't much to see. Slim young Nira---and an Earthman, both crumpled to the floor. Parts of a wrecked atom-engine strewed the floor. Against one wall stood the silver wings of a Terrestrial skyplane, scarred a little by fire. The rest of the machine was wrecked beyond identification, except for a control-panel, smeared with a large brown stain and punctured by ragged Hyton-blast holes.

It would have meant death for Nira had the authorities known it was hiding a Male in the airsled-hanger.

I stood for awhile in the doorway, toungeing a caffeine jot, wishing that things had turned out differently, that Apha had lived and it was standing there readying the airsled for a trip to the bay to snare water-snakes. Then I wondered what strange compulsion had made Nira hide the Earth Male. I looked at the Male. My Hyton had burned his uniform off. I bent over him. He was not quite dead. He writhed a little and opened his dark eyes. With his last strength he suddenly stroked his cold hand over my pale hair that lay against his shoulder. "The most beautiful women in the universe..." he whispered and red fluid seeped from his lips.

I used the Hyton on him again, just to be sure.

I went back to the house. I wondered if Aes had known the secret of the airsled-barn. It read my face and the comprehension that lined its face made me pat my Hyton uncertainly. Aes shrugged. Nira called it---love," it said. "What is love?"

I turned away, and looked again at the barn under its thick hood of snow. "The cause of this war," I said, "but I don't know what it is." Sleet was filtering through a crack in the window, but Festival Night was almost over.

"---the 'trouble,' a later report stated, was caused by the fact that the Nizam race was composed entirely of females---extremely lovely women---who had 'progressed' beyond sexual reproduction to artificial propagation. The Nizamians hated all males, and all but a very few resented the ardent courtship paid them by members of Expedition #97.

The women-hungry men then overthrew their commanders and attempted to force entrance into Nizam. However, the Nizamians possessed spaceships, and soon gained knowledge of D-Bomb ordinance. The brief war was ended only when the mutineers of Expedition #97 were returned to Terra Base in custody of Terrestrial Police, by order of the Supreme Commander, Galactic Survey."

THE END

# master

By H. Cheney, Jr.

THE KEY TWISTED IN the lock, first one way, then the other. The man uttered an oath and gave the door a savage kick. He was tired, he thought to himself, of coaxing it like a child. With a quick, vicious twist the door opened.

The door of these acts entered the first door, then pushed at the second. This one opened at the first shove. The man uttered a friendly noise as one gives another who respects one's authority. He swung down the corridor, trying to maintain a cocky step while feeling his way down the dark passage way.

Suddenly, in the darkness, he collided with a misplaced chair. He fell painfully upon the floor. With inhuman power he snatched the chair and flung it down the hall 'till it landed with a splintering sound further along the way.

He continued. He could not limp. Too falter would let them know that he knew. He silently counted off the paces. When he felt sure that he had reached a certain point, he stopped and went for the wall. He groped blindly over the box that protruded there. His fingers vainly tried to act as eyes. After many tingling shocks he found the switch. He paused a moment. Now he would save face. He would show his power to these alien things that opposed him at every turn. With every proud fiber in his body he grasped the switch to throw it. He then flicked it into its slots--there was no sudden surge of light to drive the darkness into the shadowed corners. In this one brief moment all the fears he had ever held whelmed up to his soul. He wanted to scream- he wanted to run like a child.

Ever since he had been given the power of light by the gods of this place, he had reveled in it. He had gloated, taunted, and abused the chairs, the walls the tables, the doors, the hundred and one things that he made bow in obedience to him. Now his power failed to work. He had to run the gauntlet of those things that he had made his hating subjects, and that now had no barrier between them and him. His mind formed myriad pictures of the agonies that they would inflict on him--with his power stripped.

Emitting a shrill shriek, he ran down the hall, his hands flung protectively over his head. He collided with a fixture. He shuddered and collapsed at its feet, imploring forgiveness for his cruelty.

"There, there, Jennings; everything's all right. I'm here. What's wrong?" Thus spoke the man with whom he had collided. A man in white and with a cap inscribed, "Lakeview Asylum."

"It's all right Jennings, the power's just been disconnected for a few minutes. It's nothing to get excited about."

But the man groveling at his feet heard him not. He only babbled, "My power's gone---my power's gone. I'm at their mercy now!" As he spoke his voice rose to a scream as he looked at the man in white. "Oh god, save me from these things that live not!"



"Here's the file on Jennings, sir."

"Oh yes, let me see. 'Admitted one year ago. Acute fear of the dark. He was very cooperative in his treatments and seemed to want to face his fears. Three months ago he was given simple duties. His main one was to open the gym for the interneees at nights. Last week, when he was in the process of turning on the lights there, the power failed. When the lights blinked out, we remembered his fears and sent Dekkar over to see him and see how he was taking it: He ran into Dekkar and collapsed, a groveling wreck. He was put in a cell but several hours later we investigated strange noises coming from it. We found him laying battered, on the floor, his blood on all the furniture and woodwork, He was then placed in a padded cell, after being treated for minor bruises and loss of blood. The next morning his body was found on the floor, crushed under the bed which had been torn from the wall. It is assumed that he tore the bed from the wall and beat himself to death with it. His body was sent to a cousin in Los Angeles.' Well, what do you think of it, Fiske?"

"I suppose that it will do for the stupid directors. We know though, that even an extra strong man could never have torn that bed from the wall, and in his weakened condition it is absurd to think that he could have. The only solution that I can think of is that the bed tore itself from the wall, and having knocked him down, beat him to death."

"But that wouldn't have looked good alongside of Dekkar's report of Jenning's fear of furniture."

The superintendent merely grunted.

## Kharesh the visionary

By F.T. Laney

IN THE FAR OFF TIMES of which musty chronicles sometime speak, there lived near Sarnath-the-doomed in the land of Manr, a certain wealthy visionary named Kharesh. He dwelt in a magnificent palace built of snow white marble and jet-black obsidian, and whose halls and rooms were filled with luxurious furnishings and priceless tapestries worked with the designs of long dead calabists. The gardens surrounding the palace of Kharesh were filled with mummering music issuing from weirdly carved fountains, and planted with all manner of exotic plants and shrubs.

Here, in barbaric splendor, Kharesh dwelt alone save for his slaves, and the bevy of fair dancing girls who each eventide flited shadowy in the wavering light of flambeaux. Nor was Kharesh by any means satisfied with his many possessions, and his agents forever combed the bazzars of the world for the greatest and finest of art

--even going so far as Ulthar, beyond the River Skai. For of statuary was Kharesh passionately fond, and his greatest delight was to procure some new marvel of the sculptor's art.

All men envied Kharesh, the visionary, as he dwelt with his beautiful dancing girls amidst the statues in the marble and obsidian palace. Yet to Kharesh something was lacking, though indeed he himself scarce knew what. So he was accustomed to allow his eyes to rove afar across the rolling plains of Manr, as though searching for some mystic and unknown arrival.

One frosty morning, Kharesh stood on the highest tower of his palace, gazing as was his wont at the undulating plains, when he espied a faint cloud of dust far on the eastern horizon. Swept with a strange feeling of nostalgic urgency, he stood motionless for hours, his eyes drawn to the distant cloud of dust; nor would he eat his food that day, brushing aside his servants as though he were almost unconscious of their presence. As the hours slipped away one by one into the abyss of the unfathomable, Kharesh perceived great dromedaries in the midst of the swirling dust; and behind them, some dark object which he could not recognize.

As the darkness fell upon Manr, the distant caravan halted, and soon Kharesh could see the wavering lights of their camp fires. The feeling of compulsion held him enthralled, and all through the long night, Kharesh stood like one of his statues, watching the flickering fires die into a faint, reddish glow. Nor would he attend the entreaties of his beautiful dancing girls, who finally fled affrighted at his stoney immobility.

The first faint light of dawn showed Kharesh still standing on the obsidian and marble balcony, watching the distant caravan as it slowly drew nearer. As the morning wore away, Kharesh saw that the dark object behind the dromedaries was a great sledge, on which stood something envolved with weather-tattered linen.

Finally a great sigh stirred the bosom of Kharesh, as he saw the sledge turn towards his gate. Stiffly he left the balcony and went through the deserted halls of his palace towards the courtyard. The slaves and dancing girls crouched hidden, peering from concealment at Kharesh, for there was something untoward in their master's bearing. But he noted it not, for it seemed to him that his fulfilment was at last at hand.

Numberless little swarthy creatures swathed to the ears in tattered silk swarmed through the gate; servitors cowered in their hiding places, for it seemed to them that the little men were in some obscure way not quite human. Chattering, alien voices greeted Kharesh as he stalked into the courtyard, and the watchers could understand but little of what was said - save that one ancient kitchen-hag screeched with terror and made cryptic gestures when she thought she heard one of the drivers speak of the Mi-Go.

Then they saw Kharesh strip the wrappings from the object on the sledge. All the little men bowed down reverently, but Kharesh stood erect, gazing; at the peculiarly tinted, greenish-grey statue of unheard of shape. Scarce daring to breathe, the awed servitors groveled in the shadows of the courtyard; for though none could

say who or what the evil carving might depict, all could feel its soul-wrenching power and monstrous chill that emanated from the inanimate stone.

The watchers gasped as Kharesh stepped to the statue and made as if to pull at the carven tentacles. After several fumbling motions, a sharp click was heard and a panel opened in the center of the statue's bloated paunch. Kharesh reached deep into the body of the statue and drew forth a yellowed roll of parchment-like substance. None could say what the ancient scroll concerned, for the little swarthy men leaped upon their dromedaries and headed them back, on the run, from whence they had come, and Kharesh turned on his heel and stalked into the palace, bearing the scroll with him.

But all through that next night, they could hear the strained voice of Kharesh chanting wild ritual, and the trembling slaves did not like the accompanying crashes of thunder which rocked the palace to its very foundations and the mephitic odors whose charnel intensity kept the populace of Manr strangling and gaging through that night.

Nor did they like the wild tones and unknown languages their master used, for it sounded too much as though several different voices were talking at once, whereas they knew that Kharesh was alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the morning, Kharesh did not appear, and after several hours some of the bolder servents ventured to tap on his door. Though the silence that greeted them wilted their spirits, they finally summoned courage to open the portal. There lay Kharesh, the visionary, sleeping sprawled on the floor. Nor were their attempts to arouse the sleeping man successful, and for seven long days and nights Kharesh lay in a stupor.

When he finally awoke and made to resume his wonted habits, one by one his slaves fled from his palace, in terror, and in time, no man would venture to approach very close to him, for he seemed to have altered in many subtle ways since the night of unhallowed activity. Gradually men learned to leave Kharesh alone, and for many years he dwelt in the palace, unattended save by what specters and liches his necromancy could evoke.

Travelers who were forced to seek shelter from a storm with Kharesh said the he never spoke to them of his long coma, but often hinted monstrous things about the spaces between the stars, and the strange forms of life dwelling in the forbidden void.

And strong men's faces blanched with terror when they found that the eyes of Kharesh always glowed, like an animals', in the dark.



the isle of Calypso



Gozo, my child, is the isle of Calypso  
That naughty young woman who made egg flip so  
And all day long with a spoon did sip so  
And every more in the sea did dip so  
Whereupon Ulysses seeing her strip so  
And all her beautiful ringlets drip so  
From her beautiful head to her beautiful hip so  
Because her curls she would never clip so  
-- Took to staying away from his ship so  
For fear he should ever give her the slip so  
And she fed them chickens that had the pip so  
For fear he should ever give her the slip so  
And over the ocean start for a trip so  
Singing with peculiar sweetness -- "This is I who have  
Whedled the wily Ulysses  
With curls and cobwebs and custards and kisses  
Gip so, whip so, crip so, and quip so  
Fip so, bip so, rip so, and zip so  
Which made the little hills O Naughty Calypso!  
For to skip so!

Edward Lear  
April 22, 1866  
Corfu

# LETTERS

## *to the Editor*



Dear Tom,

The first impression I got of IS:4 was the sheer professionalism of its appearance...off hand, the nearest thing to this I can recall was way back in the late forties/early fifties, when Banister put out a very short-lived super fanzine titled 'Nekromantikon.' I still have and cherish all the copies. Where your mag is better, though, is in the art department. Such a superb collection of artwork I have not seen in many a long moon. And I even liked the Conan illo, which many would classify as 'porn' was so beautifully done that it caused no offence...to me at least.

The beautiful layout and excellent repro also make for an excellent zine, and the whacking great thick issue put the seal on it....

Terry Jeeves,  
England

Dear Tom:

I'm afraid that I'm still in no shape to comment at length; but can say that I managed to read IS:4 in dribs and drabs over the past few months and found it very good indeed. It was an honor to appear in it, for both the material as a whole and the production job were indeed first rate. It looks as if you've cracked the problem of how to put out a first class personal publication.

Robert A.W. Lowndes



Dear Mr. Collins:

Today I received the Derleth commemorative issue of IS and have spent a very pleasant few hours browsing through it. I think you have performed a great service by bringing out this publication. I was especially interested in the articles by those who had visited Derleth personally in situ, and most of all in Roderic Meng's account which gives us a picture of Derleth seen through the eyes of one who knew him intimately for many years of close association.

I met Augie in person on two occasions only, both during May of 1970. I had been in sporadic correspondence with him for ten years before that as an Arkham House customer, but had never gotten around to visiting him; now I feel very fortunate that I got to meet him, even though "late in the day." I'll give you verbatim the scanty notes I set down in my diary at the time:

May 9, 1970:...I went on to Sauk City and, after only one query (to a teenage girl in a restaurant) I found my way to Arkham House. August Derleth was out picking mushrooms so I got to spend three hours in his den reading. Read The House Above Cuzco, which I am sure is deeply autobiographical & which affected me strangely, & this led me to read Caitlin also. Derleth got back from picking mushrooms about 5:30, accompanied by two young friends, one a nice looking girl with enormous round spectacles, named Sarah Rath, and who writes poetry. I was invited out to supper with them, & Derleth drove us all to a nice restaurant in Prairie du Sac where we had a table by the window looking out over the Wisconsin River & the wooded hills beyond. Derleth limits himself to one glass of wine, but really puts the food away. (Later, he told me he has to take off 30 pounds in order to undergo a hernia operation.)

We returned to Derleth's place, which is a big old house built of limestone blocks which sits in a grove near a cemetery on the edge of Sauk City. Just the kind of place I expected Arkham House to be!

While Derleth bid farewell to the Raths, I was turned loose to browse in the Arkham warehouse! I picked out \$20.00 worth of books to buy--titles by Carl Jacobi, Whitehead & Derleth, including Caitlin and A House Above Cuzco.

Later Derleth & I went up to his study where I showed him slides I had taken of the homes of Robert E. Howard & Clark Ashton Smith, after which we sat up and talked till 10:15.

I find I have trouble relaxing around Derleth. He is a very forthright man--frank about the details of his life to an extent I could never be about mine.

My second entry concerning Derleth is dated May 29, 1970:

We (Kirby McCauley & I) drove up to Sauk City in the AM. First I showed him the "lonesome place," then we went out to Arkham House and saw Derleth. Kirby treated Augie and me to lunch at the "Firehouse" in Sac Prairie, after which we visited with Augie at his place for a couple of hours. Augie made sure we were filled in on all the details of his love life. We met Frank Utpatel there, too.

These sketchy notations don't even begin to round out my impressions of Derleth, and as I look back on my visits I realize I should have recorded them in far greater detail at the time.

I remember he was "Augie" right from the start, and though my arrival was on short notice (I think he'd received my letter only the day before) I was invited to join him and the Raths for supper. My impression is that all the young girls knew Augie very well. In the Firehouse it became evident that all the waitresses were on congenial, bantering terms with him. He joked with them all and, when we were ready to leave, asked our waitress if he could have an "Augie bag" for the portion of his steak that he had left unfinished.

Later, when I purchased several Arkham House books from him, he inscribed a copy of his Lonesome Places to me, and I was amazed to find that he had inscribed, "To Richard L. Tierney: perhaps my best Arkham House customer." I had followed his publishing venture for well over a decade with great enthusiasm, but never realized that I had impressed myself on his mind in this way.

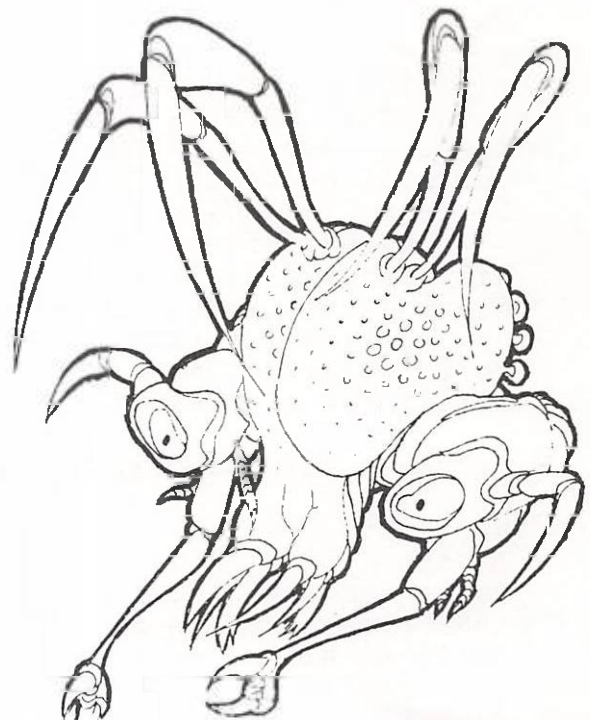
Richard L. Tierney

Dear Tom Collins,

I thank you very much for putting together your August Derleth memorial, for asking me to contribute, and for sending it to me (although your timing was lousy as, being unable to put the thing down, I had to do an advertising job in one morning instead of a day and one morning).

A perfectly fascinating combination of Mr. Derleth and of all those contributing. An astonishing demonstration of the Buddhists' Jiji Muge. All save the deadheads, and there seem to be a number, must be somewhat shaken by this new glimpse of themselves--all unexpected--in the mirror of a memoir. And it is interesting how convincing Mr. Derleth becomes viewed by all us little scramblers. How tall and fully-fleshed he looks when seen via all those sideward peeks you have presented. It's like seeing a portrait painting where I'm a color. I thank you again. I am in your debt for revelations.

Gahan Wilson



Dear Tom Collins:

IS came in, and I thank you for a very interesting, very readable, very nicely presented booklet. I only find it a pity that some people didn't know or recognize August for what he was--only for what they think he was....I'm not much on the next world, but if there is one--damme, but there's an interesting conversation or two going on right now!

I might advise you that a second Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos is in the offing, definitely....

I thought you might like to see the following. It's the heading from my latest mythos short, (Would you believe Swords & Sorcery?), and as you can see its translation was achieved by one Thelred Gustau! In fact I believe August Derleth "translated" one hell-of-a-lot for us, in one way or the other, and this is my way of saying so:

THE HOUSE OF CTHULHU by Brian Lumley

Where weirdly-angled ramparts loom,  
 Gaunt sentinels whose shadows gloom  
 Upon an undead hell-beast's tomb--  
     And gods and mortals fear to tread;  
 Where gateways to forbidden spheres  
 And times are closed, but monstrous fears  
 Await the passing of the years--  
     When that will wake which is not dead...

"Arlyeh," a fragment from  
 Teh Atht's Legends of the  
 Olden Runes, as translated  
 by Thelred Gustau from the  
 Theem'hdra Manuscripts.

Brian Lumley

Dear Tom Collins:

Thank you so much for sending the copies of the Derleth Memorial issue. And thank you, above and aside from that, for publishing the issue itself: I feel this is a notable and lasting tribute to Derleth, and will be a unique source of information and opinion about him in the years to come. My compliments and gratitude to you.

Robert Bloch



Dear Tom:

Thanks for your letter, although it makes me feel like I'm 110 and singing folksongs into a sociologist's tape recorder in the Ozarks. I thought you were in one of those places where they deliver mail only during the summer, which lasts from July 3 to July 5th. Anyway, it's good you like it. I can barely stand it here in New Jersey when it goes down to a chilly 32°, and as for snow, forget it. I liked it when I was a kid, but a few years of shoveling out my driveway has turned me off snow completely.

Your fan news was quite interesting, although I have no intention of getting active at present; my interests have turned into other channels. For example, I'm interested in learning languages right now. I've dabbled in French, German, Italian, Greek (ancient and modern) Hindi, and a couple of others.

I'm not very active in fandom any more for the reason above, and also because NY Fandom consists half and half of very young kids and stodgy old-timers. Since I can't communicate with the kids, and since the old-timers seem to be able to talk only about past conventions and not about s-f (which they never seem to read any more), I've given up on them.

Joe Schaumburger

Dear Tom:

I want to comment on IS:4, and in starting in I realize it will be only the personal opinions of a man who knows next to nothing about August Derleth.

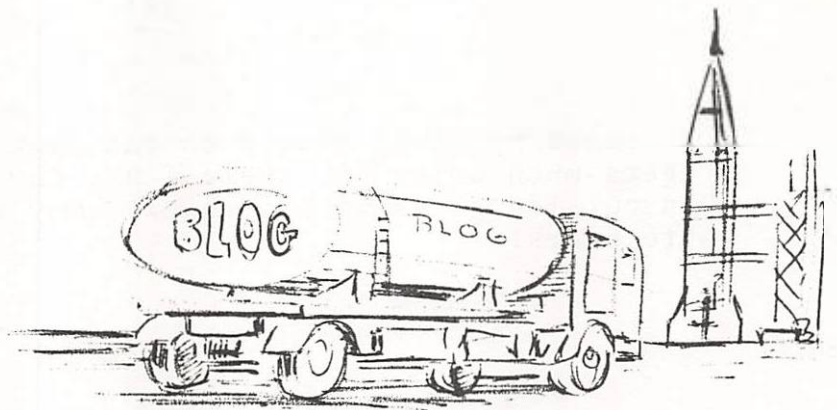
On Bloch, I think you will agree after having heard the tape you transcribed, that Bob sounds even better than this reads. Although he doesn't think so himself, I have always found Bloch's voice one of the most enjoyable in s-f-dom. One thing all the radio listening when I was a kid did for me was to give me a good ear for voices. There is something in the quality of Bloch's voice that makes him interesting and entertaining regardless of what he is saying.

Leiber's piece is sorrowfully brief. He too has an exceptional speaking voice, but as an actor this is more to be expected. It is a pity that such a fine person has had such a troubled life. A tall, handsome, gray old man not really old, he looks like my idea of the philosopher king. If Kings were like Fritz, I'd be a Tory.

The most interesting thing about the Roderic Meng article was clearing up the business about him only having come to work there a few months before Derleth's death as I read in a couple of reports. An 11 year association sounds a lot better for one taking over such a unique publishing venture.

You are to be congratulated on getting a piece from Frank Belknap Long, whom I cannot remember writing for fanzines before. It is strange, by the nature of what you must have had to organize for this publication, how each writer adds to and compliments the work of the others.

Ackerman throws some light on the troubles AD had with Fandom--another example of the troubles Forry was always getting into. How anyone working from good intent and innocent motives



could be so plagued by misunderstanding I'll never know. I can remember no case in which Ackerman was shown to have selfish or mean motives, yet he seemed always to be having trouble with his clients, mostly for something he hadn't done...or somehow they cheated him. I suppose the trouble was that he was so big-hearted he took on many marginal writers with more temperament than talent, and worked too hard on five dollar sales.

While not a fan of the darker worlds of Lovecraft and C.A. Smith, I do feel I share the 'understanding' which seems more important. Reviewers have long dismissed fantasy and s-f, and sometimes praised it for reasons we felt had nothing to do with the quality of the writing. Now we see movie and tv films that are expertly made and which should meet the highest standards of the "passionate few." Yet for me they ring false. I believe it is not a lack of trying, but a lack of belief. They haven't seen, through their own magic casement, the faery lands corlorn.

Regretfully, to date, none of us Believers has shown enough talent to do a believable job. Derleth was not unique in his dreams, mode of life, or even his talent when compared with many others in our field. Where he is outstanding is his ability to work toward practical goals and stick with the job. Most of the people I know are not living up to half their potential.

I don't like Lovecraft or drippy horror, and I'm not interested in rural America or the joys of birds in flight, but I'm sure I would have liked Derleth in person anyway. Gahan Wilson, perhaps, evoked the mood and feeling best, more than some who may have known Derleth too well to be able to write their true emotions, while Wilson could say all he felt. He brings forth the picture of this man as he must have been to many whose lives were only marginally touched by him and his ability to stir the imagination, instill trust and admiration. He speaks about his own youth, but does so in terms that let me at least see part of myself as well.

I was amazed at the variety of material in this magazine, yet it still manages to see the man from different viewpoints, a Citizen Kane approach. I think you did a remarkable job.

I'm glad to hear from Senaumburger that he did something for you, though his swearing me to back all his lies gives me to wonder what he said. I'm sure anything questionable would be only logical projections to cover lapses of memory. I definitely want to be counted in as part of that issue. Being one of the founders of SAPS is one of the few undisputable claims to a place in fan history.

Since my blood starts to run slow, and my spirits fall, when it gets much below 60° where I am, the thought of it being -60° even outside gives me a setback. May your home be safe from great white bears!

Rick Sneary

Dear Tom:

I've given vivid demonstrations of the quantity and enormity of my failings in recent months, but my masterpiece-in-reverse must be my silence since receiving two copies of IS nearly two months ago. This absolute silence is the worst kind of response to any fanzine, I know, but I can offer one small bit of evidence to the effect that I really was enormously impressed by this issue and that I'm not just buttering you up. I have some nice things to say about this issue in the fanzine review column of Riverside Quarterly which should have gone to the printers by now. I hope it brings you a lot of orders of the paid variety, and that they arrive before you're sold out.

In all my years in fandom, I can't think of anything rivaling this issue for a tribute to a deceased pro, for high quality of contributions, big name contributors, promptness and downright good reading. Its only rival that comes to memory is the Ackerman volume on Boris Karloff, but that was a professional publication and it showed evidence of haste much more plainly than your publication.

I can find only two things wrong with this issue. One is the inability of Derleth to read it. Maybe there should be a fannish law that the best possible memorial publication should be put together and published for each major figure in prodom as soon as he does something spectacular like winning his third Hugo or publishing his 100th book. That way he could bask in the egoboo for many years, and when he finally did die, it would be quick and easy to reprint the memorial volume.

The other difficulty is my own presence in it. If I'd known you would accumulate such a phenomenal collection of contributions by the most important people in the field, most of whom had close personal or postal contact with Derleth, I wouldn't have dared to send you a contribution. If you've read Act One, Moss Hart's autobiography, or if you've seen the movie made from it, you might remember how he felt the first time he walked into a party where all the guests were the most prominent writers in the nation, while he was just an unknown kid attempting to get a play script into stageworthy condition. I'm no kid, but otherwise I know now exactly how Moss felt that night.

Harry Warner, Jr.



Can Tho  
19 June 1972

Dear  
Tom:

If  
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Freddy's  
Cat  
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Buddha  
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Dick  
Eney



Dear Tom,

Now that I'm at home instead of the office, I can clarify a couple of points I was guessing on before. Hodgson did indeed write a short story titled "The Thing in the Weeds," which is reprinted in the Arkham House collection of his sea fantasies, Deep Waters, and which escaped my mind completely at the time I wrote to you. "La Chose dans les Algues" is an excellent translation of this title, since "algue" is French for seaweed (something I hadn't known until I got home to look it up; so my vocabulary is expanded), and the weed in the story is of course seaweed.

Fritz Leiber's Le Cycle des Epees is a conglomeration of the Ace Mouser/Fafhrd collections, Swords Against Wizardry, Swords in the mist, and The Swords of Lankmar. It's 503 pages, not counting a five page bibliography of Leiber's works published in France and a nine page scholarly foreword by Marcel Thaon. Published June, 1970 in a limited edition of 4,000 copies by the Club du Livre d'Anticipation, for about eight dollars.

Fred Patten

Dear Tom--

Alaska? 60° below zero? Above the Arctic Circle in winter? How? Why?

Your letter dated Jan 18 finally reached us here in our new home, a shake-covered 16-foot geodesic dome with a transparent top, in the mountains of Humboldt County, California. Our previous abode at Mountain Cove burned to the ground along with the Helbing Library, a quarter million words of prose, all the various objets d'art, the tools, supplies, toys, clothing, food, etc. that we'd collected over the years--everything except for the clothes on our backs and our copy of Gurdjieff's All and Everything.

Fresh start. From scratch. Borrowed a car and some money and migrated north. After getting stuck in a freak snowstorm and enduring a case of the flu in Marin County, we reached our new nest. Hope to grow some gardens and build a house here. The scenery is unbelievably beautiful, mountains and hills and valleys and trees....

Time to cut some firewood, but I'd rather sit here and write this letter, smoke another cigarette (hand-rolled Top tobacco) and drink another cup of coffee (India Plantation AA, ground in a Corona hand mill). I sincerely hope you never think you must "do meaningless work and become respectable and middle class" --your mind/spirit is much too valuable to be wasted in the deserts of the dollar.

How did we come to lose everything in a fire? We've been wondering about that ever since it happened, and we concluded that it was an Act of God. Our own experience has been one of purification, of simplification, and it's been a strange and wonderful High, one that some of our friends have had a great deal of trouble accepting and understanding.

I've always been rather Apocalyptic in outlook, but I guess it's one thing to rap about Revelations and Velikovski and quite another to speak of one's own purification by fire and see in my own eyes a reflection of the purifying flames. People are really attached to their possessions, I suppose, and to talk about the loss of all one's possessions as an uplifting experience can scare people.

None of my pre-fire writing was sold or published; most of it was a journal of life at Mt. Cove, some songs and poems, a couple of s-f novelettes, and a lot of sketches, background material, histories, genealogies, maps etc. about an Atlantis I was using as the setting for a novel I was about 25 thousand words into. You have all that survived.

Through our front window we can see snow capped Mount Lassen 130 miles away. The landscape folds away beneath us, greens blending with distance into blues and grays. Our dome is on a small wooded rise overlooking a gulley-carved meadow. On the south is a long ridge and over it is the spring from which we draw our water. We carry it in empty Red Mountain one gallon wine jugs.

We have a small, 3-burner one-oven stove and a medium-size butane bottle. Dirt floor. One circular room. More than a tent, not quite a house yet. Lots of deer, a few wandering half-wild goats. Hardly a trace left of the snow covering these mountains in two and three foot drifts when first we tried to reach this place. Days like early summer--clear skies, warm mornings....

Dreams and schemes to start a garden, build a tree house, raise livestock, write books, etc. It's a cool afternoon, clouds drifting in from the southwest, some of them carrying rain. A blob of bread dough rises in a bowl on the top of our metal woodstove. Jessica slumbers on the bed. And how have you been, dammit? Time to carry on a totally new correspondence--the old collection of letters I'd been saving got a fast editing by the fire. The piece I sent you is one of the few things to survive from a spurt of writing activity before the fire. O well. Carry on. Sail on. I think it's all starting to dawn on me now ....More later....Yes, it's...

Carl Helbing



Dear Tom:

Wow! Take care that my letter will reach you; take care not to wrestle with ice bears or penguins or other ferocious beasts!

I visited the annual convention of our sword-and-sorcery society, FOLLOW, which took place in February. You remember, also, I told you about our war game, Armageddon. Though I was not worthy to be admitted to the high ranks of the Lords I have been moved up from a simple nobleman and magician to a nobleman with an own clan, having two trustworthy followers now.

Besides the old worlds of Magira (the new name for our Armageddon world) that I talked about in IS, there are now a Western World (resembling a distorted map of North America) and an Eastern World (bearing resemblance to Asia with Indonesia). The first article has now become famous, something I never expected, having been published in USA (IS), Germany (Follow) and England (Midgard).

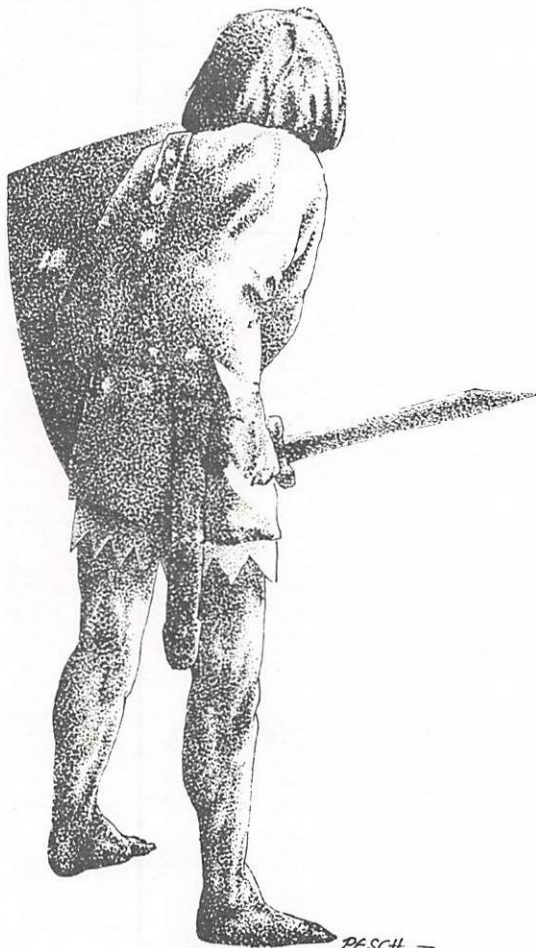
And there are still other lands about which rumors are spreading among the wise men and magicians, who are pointing with their bony fingers to the Southern hemisphere, telling tales of unknown shores and a giant continent as large as two of the known ones, and an archipelago where the peaks of a sunken land show themselves as isles of a new ocean.

But these are only rumors, told to me by a drunken priest of Xanadu in the hours of the dawn....

In the meantime, I have started my alternative service at a children's asylum of the Salvation Army--and though I do not agree with some of the opinions of those people and can share neither their naive faith nor their view of education, I can assure you that I prefer this kind of army by far!

By the way, Germany is not Greece, nor Spain (where you would be thrown into prison). There must be over 50,000 acknowledged conscientious objectors, and any of these will help you if you only know to ask him. When I started with my trial I felt like someone who is running against one of these famous s-f machine worlds, but you soon get to know that all the COs are sticking together (kind of fandom, huh?) and that you are not alone at all.

And the crowd is still increasing, around 40,000 by last December 30, of which 30-40% fail. Sound's impressive doesn't it? It's always fun to play with thousands, though there are still far too few.



Helmut Pesch,



