



SAND

in the

BEER



SAND IN THE BEER is a collection of poetry by  
Arthur H. Rapp, published as a Gesture of pity  
toward you poor people in FAPA and OMPA who  
don't get them in regular mailings the way  
the SAPS do. Operation Crifanac CLIII.

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Women have the right to be free....  
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Extracted from SPACEWARP and the mailings of  
the Spectator Amateur Press Society.

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...but they prefer to be expensive.  
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#### LIFE AMONG THE CRITICS

Once a stfan, full of rage,  
Scattered eyetracks, page by page,  
All his blood a-boiling green  
As he scanned a magazine.

Forthwith to his typer went,  
Off a scathing message sent:  
Called the cuts and covers frowsy,  
Stories uniformly lousy,

Editor, most inefficient,  
Drunk, or mentally deficient.  
(He liked the following issue better:  
Of course he did ---

they used his letter!)

\* \* \*

Art by younger fans enjoyed  
Is packed with symbols straight from Freud  
Older stfnists, with simplicity  
Prefer authenticity.

## RESPECTABILITY

A miraculous change is upon us, I vow,  
For fandom is almost respectable now!  
No bombs and no beanies, and not many drunk,  
How low has the light of tradition done sunk!

The wave of the future we once that we rode  
With our Siglers and Deglers to carry the load  
But if these from the World of Tomorrow we cull  
I'm afraid that Tomorrow is gonna be dull!

\* \* \*

## EXPERIENCE

Tell me not in accents mournful  
Fandom is a tub of tripes:  
None but ex-fans are so scornful,  
None so hate the beanie types.

Fandom's real, and fans are merry,  
Egoboo they highly prize;  
Criticism salutary  
Brings on looks of hurt surprise.

Let us then be actifannish,  
With a zine for every fan:  
Subzine, oneshot, super-annish;  
Leave us publish all we can.

Famous fanzines all remind us  
We may make our mags so great  
Neofen will imitate us  
-- Roscoe! What a ghastly fate!

\* \* \*

## COMPENSATION

An intricate system of balance and checks  
Appears throughout Nature's variations.  
Consider: if it weren't for Sex,  
We'd miss having Postal Regulations!

## CRIFANAC

In the spring the covers brighten  
on the stfzines far and near;  
In the spring an old fan's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of beer;  
While the young fen ogle Finlays  
and read on of zaps and thuds  
Old fen skip the pulpish pages  
and indulge their taste for suds.

For a rocket is a rocket  
and a Martian is a BEM  
And the passing of the seasons  
causes little change in them;  
But the fans grow gray and thirsty,  
they are cynical and few,  
And seek solitary solace  
in their steins of amber brew.

So they drink and think of Forry  
and the Futuremen of yore  
And the One Who Spoke for Boskone,  
and they wince and drink some more.  
Then they think how fandom started  
and they visualize its fate  
And, shuddering, they switch from beer  
to double whiskeys, straight.

There's a moral to this story  
for young fen with starry eyes:  
Do not make a lifelong hobby  
of this fiction of the skies;  
For if science catches up to stf  
before you all outgrow it  
What difference will it make?  
You'll be too doggone drunk to know it!

\* \* \*

If all deemers snork  
And all snorks are gibble  
The gibbling of deemers  
Is inevitibbie.

QED