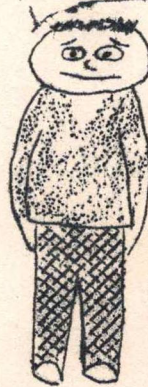
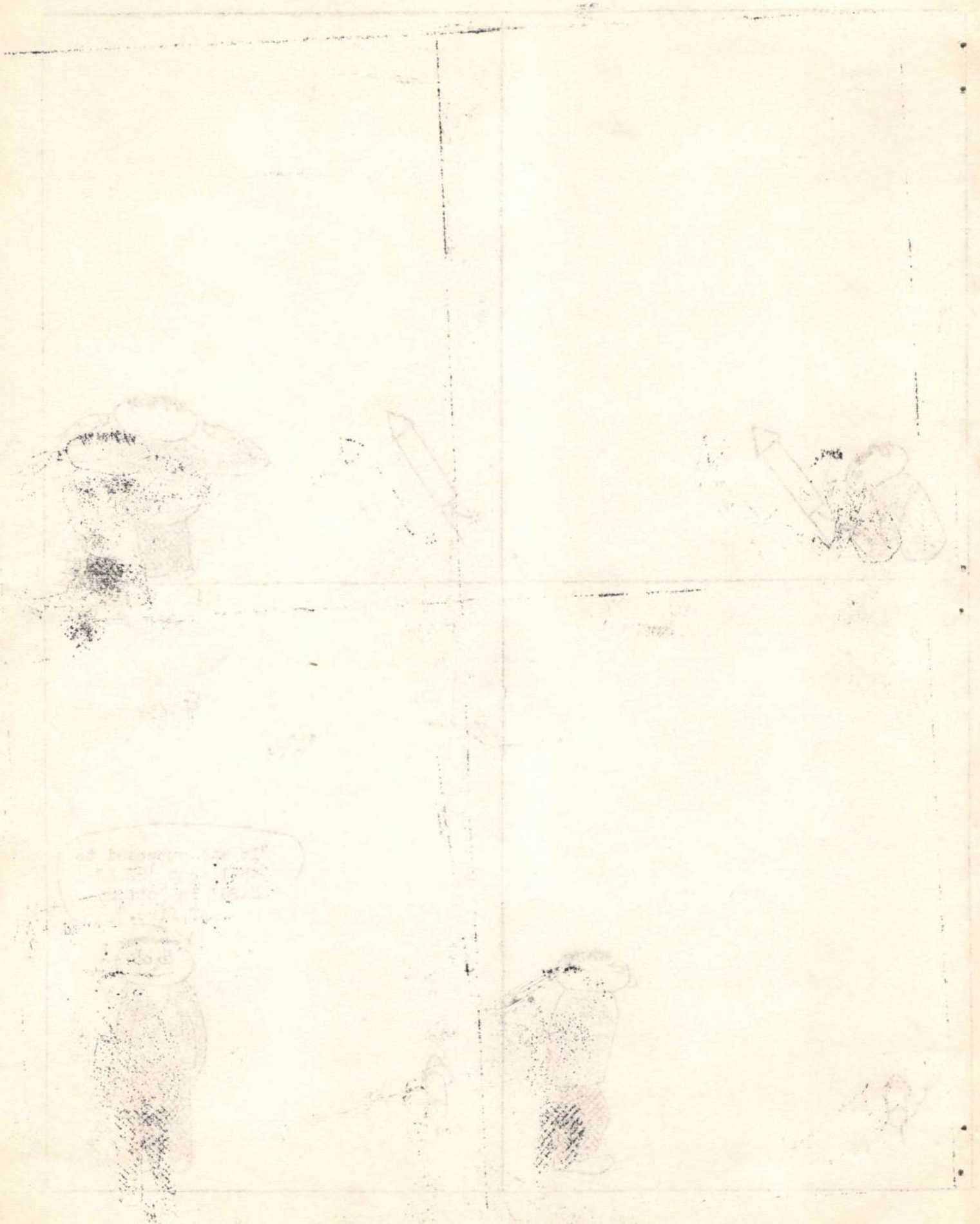


"It was supposed to spell out 'HELLO SAPS' in letters of fire."





was produced for the 50th SAPS mailing by Ted Johnstone, whom you should all know resides at 1503 Rollin St, South Pasadena, California, U S & A. If your looking for your own egoboo right away, you'll find all the zines in alphabetical order by the names of their editors. If there's more than one zine by a particular editor, they'll be alphabetically arranged. If there's more than one editor on a zine, it'll go to the first alphabetically. And I've got a copy of the alphabet right here, you guys, so no cheating, see?

////////////////////

D A D D R U F F

(for anyone whose mind isn't up to esotericism, these comments are off the top of my head)

ADAMS -- Missed the mailing. For shame! Just because you we moving up to Yale and starting another semester of college is no reason to let the most important part of your existance go by the board. Tsk!

ANDERSON -- And double tsk! You have no valid excuse for missing the mailing; all you have is a family to take care of. Surely you can pour some of your genius onto some stencils during the space of three months.

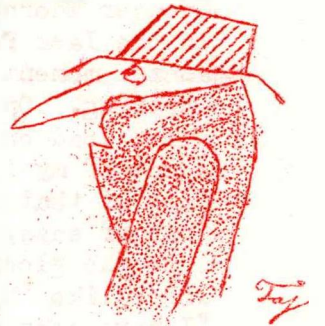
D UTSIDERS #37 (Wrai Ballard) -- I think, from reading SPEC, that E.O.T. O.S. stands for Endorser Of The Official Slogan (see 'Law' Sec. 9), but by now you've probably figured that out. Personally I liked Busby's E.I.E.I.O.## As a matter of fact, pigs are smart -- the thing is that their specie personality is different. Most of the monkey family has a very strong motivation of curiosity; cats have their own motivations, part independence, part other things; pigs usually don't have much in the way of motivation. A creature doesn't have to be stupid to enjoy lying around, doing absolutely nothing, though to man- (or monkey-)kind a life of total indolence would be terrible.## Haven't seen WHotsler doing much fanning in the last few months, tho he shows up at an occasional party and sends out his kteic letters (I saw one, once; read it over John Trimble's shoulder until he caught me and said they were for the eyes of FAPAns only and I wasn't even on the waiting list. I wonder if I should join the rush into the apas and start getting on waiting lists.)## Recently in a letter from LeeHoffwoman she mentioned that a lot of the N'Yawk folkniks are digging the Go-Karts. I quote without permission: "...the Karting business offers to be open all winter, with a local club lining up indoor quarters for weekly racing. Some friends and I are building a Kart and expect to be in those races ourselves." Apparently she's given up on horses, at least for a while. I guess Go-Karts are more practical in a place like N'Yawk too.## Sorry, Wrai, you're not unique yet -- I believe Harry Warner Jr has been in fandom something like twenty-five years without attending a single convention as far as I know.## 'Scuse me, but I'm a Roscoite too -- have been ever since I read Art Rapp's inspiring verse in HYPHEN lo these many years ago.## Dawgone! This idea of pubbing a genzine specifically for reports started, as far as I know, with the immortal ZAP! #1 back in May '57. But I still haven't put out the second issue. You know how it is; what with one thing and another...

Gee, I've got just enough space here to mention that this is page number 4.



OT POURRI #8 (The Goon' Berry) -- By an interesting coincidence, John, this semester at Pasadena City College we have a new campus policeman, by name of Samuel Adams, who worked for several years on the Belfast Police Force. But there the coincidence ends -- he told me he'd never met a John Berry of the fingerprint department, but that he'd left Belfast about eight years ago. He mentioned having worked out in Bangor, but said he didn't recall a crossing guard named Charters either. Oh well... I dig these adventure yarns of yours at least as much as your faaanish stuff, and most of the time I'd sooner read them. Larry Mitchell seems to have more than the average Eye -- reminds me a little of a recent series of American paperbacks about one Morrocco Jones. Morrocco is just one of an organisation, but the members generally work on their own. Besides being expert in hand-to-hand fighting (in one scene he, unarmed and single-handed, puts away four Syndicate hoods armed to the teeth) he's got enough sense a) to add up clues and ask for help when he needs it and b) not to jump into bed with every girl in the plot. Every second girl, maybe... He still lacks the sense of humor of Shell Scott, tho. For samples of this, incidentally, I refer you to PRA #4. Shell Scott isn't that funny all the time, but often enough to keep things from getting dull.

The thing is, most of the best scenes can't be taken out of context. Tho Rich has done a pretty good job. Actually about a third of the funny sequences in The Squink Blogg Caper are his own, and all the adaptations are his -- this boy doesn't take nearly enough credit. But I'm supposed to be talking about John Berry. John, do you get these crazy pbs over there in North Ireland? You're interested in how I saw my only flying saucer? Well, it was this way: back in 1955 I was spending my Saturday afternoons and evenings standing lonely watch on a Ground Observer Post located about 12 miles from my home. (There were other posts closer, but this one needed volunteers.) Seven posts shared a common telephone line into the Filter Center (which, incidentally, covered all of Southern California and part of Arizona) so that any report made by one could be heard by all. Here, then, is a rough map if the was the 19 Cluster was set up, vaguely to



scale. A is Pasadena, B-Alhambra, C-Ontario, D-La Habra, G-Pomona, H-Azusa, and I-Monrovia where I was located. The time was about seven p.m. when the

first call came in from Ontario -- one unidentified aircraft, about a mile south of her post and going west. She added that all she could see was a white light. In a bit less than a minute, Pomona was on the wire to report the light about three miles north. It was less than 100 seconds before Azusa reported the light, and added that through their 7x50 binoculars no details could be made out. As they rang off, I looked to the south and east -- and there it was. Now, the post was on one of the foothills with a tremendous view over the vally from an altitude of about 700 feet. From this I could estimate that if the distance south of me was less than five miles, it was less than five thousand feet up. And it was still going like mad. I phoned it in and listened as the Pasadena post got it. All in all, whatever it was covered about thirty miles in less than four minutes -- that means a speed in excess of 450 mph -- at a fairly low altitude without any noticeable sound. So maybe our Air Force has silent jets, or maybe it was some sort of atmospheric phenomena; I didn't see it land or talk to the pilot or fly to Venus and back, but for my money it was a 'flying saucer'.

.....and PP#9 (JB) -- Liked your description of Elinor Busby. I only met her at the Solacon, before I was anything, so it didn't count. But in the course of exchanging tape-letters with the family, a friend of mine (Paul Stanbery -- remember the name, you'll hear more of him) has fallen in love with her voice.

DOOOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #4 (A/3c Rich Brown) -- Good Lord! What happened to the back page?? When I ran off the zine we definitely had six sheets there... Is nothing sacred to Squink Blog? I guess not. Therefore I lack the courage to relate what is on the extra copy I ran off and kept, lest SB seek it out and destroy it. And/Or me! Indeed, mum's the word. ## Bwah, you are too modest about your story's humor -- I, who am well-acquainted with the adventures of Shell Scott, find that at least a third, maybe half, of the gags in The Squink Blog(g) <<Is it one or two g's?>> Caper are your own original stuff. But you've got the style down pat. ## Don't let Uncle Sam gafiate you, boy; keep fanning.

FENDENIZEN #14 (E. Busby) -- For personal egoboo, Elinor, note my comment on Pot Paurri 9 on previous page. ## Not everybody in the United States got a bottle of Mr. Clean -- unless Southern California has seceded from the Union as it has been threatening to do. I've never used the stuff, but I've been told that it's not much. S'pose it's been pointed out how much Comrade Kruschchev looks like Mr. Clean -- Jack Paar was having some fun with that this summer. Out of context, I'm cutting this stencil on November 10th -- last August 17 Dr. Spencer Thornton, a professional surgeon and part-time prognosticator, predicted on the Jack Paar show that Mauna Loa would erupt violently on this date. It is, at the moment I type this, exactly 2 p.m. in Honolulu and I still haven't heard anything. On the same show, by the way, he predicted that the USA would land the first load on the moon on October 3rd. Hoo-boy, was he wrong there! ## On poetry: one of my favorite books is The Wonderful O by James Thurber, and the opening line of that ranks as a monument. A lesser man would have said "It was midnight." Thurber says, "Somewhere a ponderous tower clock slowly dropped a dozen strokes into the gloom." And you didn't mention Don Marquis as a poet. The author of lines like "My heart has followed all my days/something I cannot name..." and "I have seen beauty as a morning star/Too pale to stay the coming dawn..." and so on deserves to be remembered for more than Archie and Mehitabel. Read Dreams And Dust, if you can find a copy. ## You mention dirty books, and how the dirt is only sometimes there, so I may as well drop in another quote. After a great deal of searching I located a copy of Jurgen (by James Branch Cabell) in a local library. I'd heard alternately that it was 'lewd' or a 'classic fantasy', but almost everybody seemed to think it was a great book. So now I've read it. Indeed, there are some parts that a dirty mind like mine can read very explicit things into but... I quote from the preface, where King Jurgen is on trial to be sentenced to limbo, and one of the witnesses against him is a tumblebug. As it enters...

With the creature came pages, in black and white, bearing a sword, a staff and a lance.

This insect looked at Jurgen, and its pincers rose erect in horror. The bug cried to the three judges, "Now, by St. Anthony! this Jurgen must forthwith be relegated to limbo, for he is offensive and lewd and lascivious and indecent."

"And how can that be?" says Jurgen.

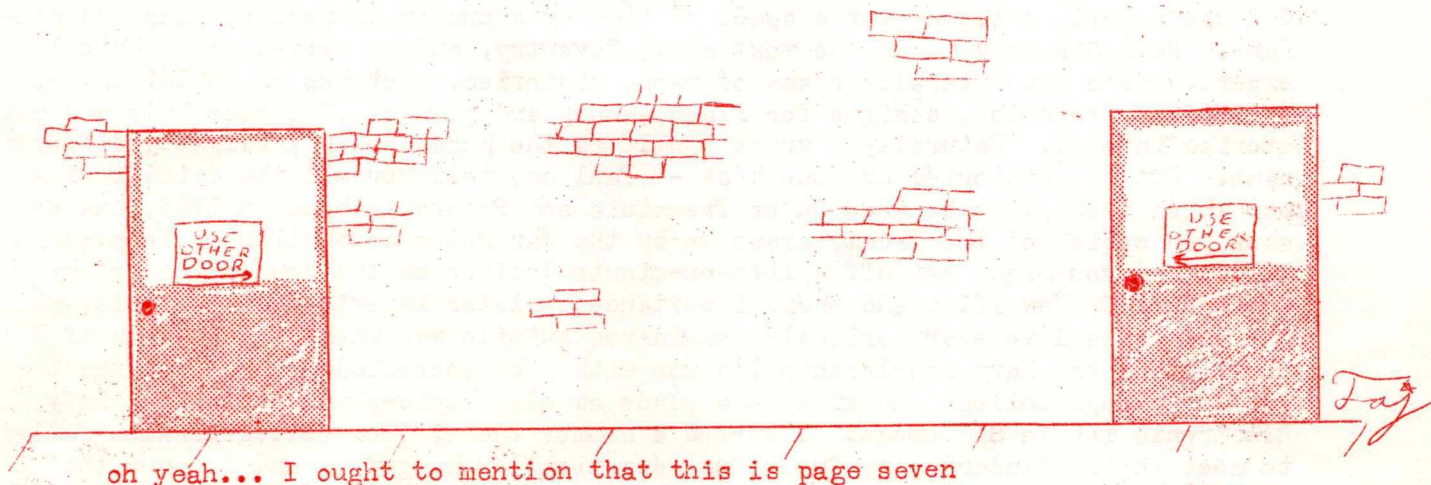
"You are offensive," the bug replied, "because this page has a sword which I choose to say is not a sword. You are lewd because that page has a lance which I prefer to think is not a lance. You are lascivious because yonder page has a staff which I elect to declare is not a staff. And finally, you are indecent for reasons of which a description would be objectionable to me, and which therefore I must decline to reveal to anybody."

"Well, that sounds logical," says Jurgen, "but still, at the same time, it would be no worse for an admixture of common-sense. For you gentlemen can see for yourselves, considering these pages fairly and as a whole, that these pages bear a sword and a lance and a staff, and nothing else whatever; and you will

deduce, I hope, that all the lewdness is in the insectival mind of him who itches to be calling these things by other names."

But they refuse to look, and say that the tumblebug must certainly have its reasons. And, eventually, Jurgen is sent to Limbo, but you can't keep a good hero anyplace and after a while he's back on the way up again. But be that as it may, I consider that particular bit of dialogue, and the two pages following, an excellent commentary on censorship in general, literary in particular; or at least most of it. ## I feel kind of left out -- I never had any flying dreams as far as I know, and I can remember about 2/3 of my dreams the next day. ## I agree with you completely and also felt rather grotched at all the awards it won -- Bell, Book and Candle had far better photography, and I thot the song from A Certain Smile was much better (or was that in a different year? I'm not in touch with the field as much as I should be). ## I seem to recall that 'seva-gram' is the Hindustani word for village, and to them the village is the universe. Van Vogt tossed the term into the tail end of The Weapon Makers, later admitted it came from a speech by Ghandi. According to the super-race that pops in and looks over humanity, this is the race that 'will rule the Sevagram'. No, I'm not really so erudite -- I just happen to have a copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA II handy. ## Ah yes, the recorder. I got one for Christmas when I was fourteen and since then I've worn out two mouthpieces. It's just a little alto, and tends to get squeaky in the upper registers after playing for twenty minutes or so, but it is a great comfort to me, as is my guitar. ## Now, now, Elianor; you're partly right about civilization booming where the living is easy, but if it's too easy you'll never get anywhere either. If life is too tough, like for the Eskimos, tho they have a comparatively high racial IQ they must spend every moment of existance battling their environment. On the other hand, places where life is soft don't give any drive. Look at the Polynesian -- idyllic existance, perfectly happy people; they don't need civilization. The places where your great cultures will spring up -- European, Chinese, Mayan, et al -- are places where you have a bad enough climate to keep the people active, but enough nice weather to give them leasure time to develop themselves and, incidentally, a culture. Dig? The ol' Digger Indians in California led a peaceful life, and scarecly bothered to learn how to weave baskets. ## Daggone, here I've spent almost a whole page on one 30 --page zine! And here I'm trying to keep this zine down to a budget. If I don't watch out I'll be running into supplies I bought for The Willis Papers.

Aw heck -- I don't feel like going straight into another zine. Think I'll knock off and drop an illo in here.



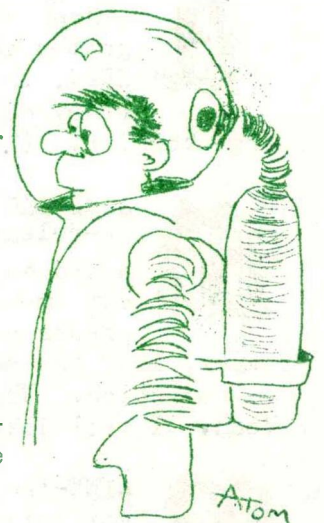
When I said 'knock off' at the end of the last page, of course I didn't mean permanently, nor even for a day or so. I just stopped, sput the illo and the fancy letters and got a drink of water. (I've finally mastered the trick, by the way; I can drink a quart of water in one breath. My only trick...)

A ETROMINGENT #14 -- (Ferenc Molnar Busby) -- I laugh (ha ha) at all who in their comments on mlg 48 mention standing in awe of a mere 592 pages. And I ask what, pray tell, do you do for a 704 page mailing? Curl up in collapse? I don't blame you. Well, don't forget that almost 1/3 of this 704 is made up of Toskey and Pelz. If it was spread among the whole membership there would be more to comment on, thus more comments, thus a bigger next mailing, thus... etc etc ad infinitum. GAHHH! ## I've never seen Dirty Gertie Carr in action, and the only copies of GZ I've seen were nice, but she's done unkind things to people I do know and like, so I suppose I shall join in the general bully-ragging. On the trip home from the Detention we were having a jolly session between Denver and Salt Lake City -- Bruce Pelz, Jack Harness, Ernie Wheatly, Jim Caughran and I put together seven verses to the tune of Sam Hall, about "Her name it is Gem Carr, it is Gem Carr; Oh her name it is Gem Carr, she's despised both near and far, fetch the feathers and the tar, damn her eyes, damn her eyes..." I'd put the whole thing in here, but Bruce took first SAPS rights to it. ## About a year ago I predicted that World War III will see the U.S. and Russia together with Red China as a common enemy. Now I would make only one change in this high-handed prognostication -- the U.S. might not even be in the running by then. Unless some thing can miraculously get our missile program off the ground, we will be right out of it in a few more years. ## Shux, Buz, I guess a lot of us genius types would do well on tests and fall down in school work. In my HiSchl Chemistry class I hit a qualifying exam for an ACS (American Chemical Society) state-wide test, went with the school team to the test-center at USC, eventually found I'd scored 52nd out of the entire state, each hischl sending five, makes maybe 2 or 3 thousand, I guess. So the proud instructor dropped an A into the record book for 1/3 of my grade. My yearly project, which also counted 1/3, never got off the drawing board; and between my lab work (good) and class work (bad) I averaged a C, so that's what I got for a final. Fact is, I am a brilliant lazy bum. Heigh ho... ## Ba-LOW this math -- I gave up on the bloody business after being a physics/math major through a year and a half of college and was going down in Calculus for the second time when a psychometrest saved me, and right now I don't care if I never see a vector again. Probably I'm just bitter over having found I'd spent -- well, high school too -- almost six years beating my head against a stone wall. But in the whole time I only had one teacher I liked -- taught Trig over at LACC -- in his class I got an A. Made me feel a little better... ## Planet-designing takes time to be done properly but can be very rewarding. See my little occasionality, GIMBLE. It comes out with FANAC because that's an easy route to a good mailing list. In G I use a world created over a space of time by a number of people, fans and non-fans. Paul Stanbery knows the most about Coventry, and so serves as technical expert. He's got literally reams of maps, histories, sketches of buildings, constitutions, treaties, designs for flags, money and stamps... I take this and put stories into it. Naturally I write myself as the hero, under a slightly different name. But the histories are the best -- Paul can tell you all the details of a war which took place between Outer Trensina and Pomerania back in 1783, and can show you copies of the Treaty drawn up by the War Rules Convention at Yerevan in 1800. And you might set off a fifteen-minute lecture on the boundaries set by the Conference Of New Ilium and their importance in later imperialistic policies. ## The only time I've ever seriously considered suicide was when it looked as if I might loose the Navy scholarship I'd won with such incredible luck -- it was to put me through college and give me a place as electronic-physicist at the Navy Electronic Lab in San Diego. I worked a summer there, then college grades failed to meet their standards, my future was drastically changed... and I found that I survived after all. ## Good grief, another page gone? But I can't afford stencils and paper for all the comments I have to make. I'll just have to fill up every stencil and every page with as many words as I can possibly squeeze on to them.



-- #3 -- (Terry and Miriam Carr) -- Is the era of the low-budget fanzine with us again? It has been many years, more or less, since the idea of dittoing on second-sheeting has been discarded. However, it looks good, blue on yellow is quite legible, and the stuff is quite absorbent. In fact, if you tear each sheet into quarters, you can use it for other things than reading. But it would break up the complete mailing, so I suppose I shall have to stick to the Sears-Roebuck Catalogue and back issues of Other Worlds.

##I can't comment on your fiction/article/poem/etc; it still reads like Carl Brandon and I still don't dig Carl Brandon. Of course this puts me outside, but while I can objectively appreciate the ideas, style, and so on, there seems to be an overpowering miasma of cynicism to practically everything he/you write(s). Sort of confuses me too. I used to know Miriam, and though I've only met Terry a couple of times both of you seemed to be more positive-minded people. Guess I can't call 'em like I thought I could. But like I say, I don't dig cynicism. I s'pose it's as much a way of life as anything, but it strikes no responsive cord in me. I probably haven't had enough experience in that ways of the word. Maybe in a few years I too will be old and hard.##By this time you may have heard a little more about Learner & Lowe's new musical... I was completely croggled when I ran across an advance rumor, but this has since been confirmed. They are indeed in the process of writing a musical based on The Once And Future King, by T.H.White. The mind reels. This one dreads the opening, but perhaps the genii who made an acceptable musical from Shaw's Pygmalion can do the impossible and make White's masterpiece come alive on the stage, and with music too. I'm not making any bets, but I'm hoping...##I could tell you all about my appendectomy, giving it as another evidence of the efficiency of my own guardian angel, but I'm running 'way over my allotted space already, and I've got most of a mailing to go.##All in all, Ancient Egypt was a pretty quiet place. According to 'Happy Jack' Anderson (Hist.Eur.Civ.1A), "Egyptian civilization lasted approximately 5000 years, and for 5000 years nothing happened." He added that "you can get a fair idea of the Egyptian culture by the fact that the only science they excelled in was embalming."##Whaddya mean, "nonsense" concerning my remark re FAPA? That wasn't what I ment. Maybe I was so succinct as to loose some meaning. What I meant was more pressure for intra-apa communication, with a firm hand to keep it rolling rather than bogging down in technicalities like little exclusion acts and what have you. And as to which is better, I like SAPS better because it stresses reciprocal communication rather than a mutual appreciation society where the point is just to show everybody in the little in-group what a high-quality fan you are instead of sharing this great talent with the rest of fandom.##Irregularising on science-fiction and fantasy is much easier than you seem to think. I shall always remember the thrill I got when I found internal connection between the Conan series and The Lord Of The Rings. It also helped confirm my dating of LotR, and sets it about 1000-5000 years before Conan, which seems to take place in the Eastern Lands beyond Rhun.##"Drinking quinine water is like taking an enema..."? How do you drink quinine water? Or how do you take enemas??##"fans united for cosmic knowledge" sounds like a sister organisation to the Fantastic Universal Cosmic Knights. Miriam used to be a charter member of on of the subsidiaries, the Pacific Interplanetary Society for Scientists. Every member had a specialty. Milo had ufology, Miri had Butterflyism, I took Psneerotics (because I could psneer with my eyes crossed), and Rich Stephens could never remember what his specialty was.##The ending of S-- fascinated and frustrated me. The pages ran ...30,31,31,30 and stopped. Was there more, or did you end in the middle of a sentence on Speleobem? If you did, why add the extra copy of the page? If you didn't, what are my chances of getting a complete copy?



Good grief. I've only commented on seven zines, and this is already page 9!

TIME OUT FOR SIDE-NOTES: There was quite a time-lapse between pages 8 and 9. I finished 8 on November 10, and I started 9 yesterday which is now December 19, today being the 20th. I noted on page 6 that Dr. Spencer Thornton had predicted that Mauna Loa would erupt on the 10th of Nov, and it didn't... History has followed him after all, only a bit off -- Kilauea Iki, a volcano on the same island, erupted on November 14. I guess Spence was calling it pretty close.##For another thing, I am going to have to cut down on my commenting for the rest of the zine. If I commented with as high a page-ratio as I have been doing, this would end up with about 25 pages and I don't have that many stencils or paper. Now we have some shorter zines, like:

C HE BIBLE COLLECTOR #2 (Coswal) -- I seem to have missed the beginnings of a swingin' discussion here; wasn't Christ a Jew? If not, what was he? Why? Does it matter? As long as he was, whatever he was; like Gautauma (did I spell that right?) or Socrates or who-have-you, somebody who had a message for humanity, even if he was dropped from a flying saucer.##I don't know whether 90% of the religions of the world are gone or not, but I know most of 'em are pretty far out. Since I missed the mailing under comment I don't know if Nan tried to define 'religion' or not -- if you count all the primitive religions, fire-worship, nature-gods, anthropomorphic images, totemistic religions and nature-symbol-worship set-ups that have been around since the year Dot, rising and falling with whatever obscure-tribe may have practiced them, you'll probably find rather less than 1% still functioning and active.##Actually, Cos, you've got an excellent point there -- N3F is wrong, quite wrong. It should be NF³, but that's awfully hard to do on a typer. Do you think NF³ would do? No? Oh well...## Ah. Bell, Book and Candle. I enjoyed the book and the movie, but there was nothing in the former which could approximate the photography in the latter. Here is a rare instance of a book being unchanged and yet improved in translation to the screen. By the way, I haven't heard anybody notice that 'Sidney Redlitch' (also oholic world traveller and writer on witchcraft) was an obvious copy of the real-life William H. Seabrook (author of "Witchcraft -- Its Power In The World Today" Look it up if your interested in the actual practice of the dark arts). In fact, tho I just now noticed it when I looked in my copy to check the spelling of Redlitch, the book is dedicated, "To W.H.S. With thanks for all your help, and for living through it from the beginning." Now, apparently Seabrook served Van Druten as a technical adviser in the production of the original script, tho I doubt if it was actually drawn from some of his experiences. But...## Oh, as long as I have it handy, I can tell Eva that the pb was published by Bantam (Remember the Rooster That Wore Red Pants?), at 25 W. 45th St, New York 36, N.Y. Hokay?##I like that green dittoing.

B ANZINE FOR JOHN BERRY, ESQ. (EdCo)-- I can't think of a thing to say, but thank you anyway, but it's a little out of date.##By the way -- we've just gotten an FM reciever, so I no longer have an excuse for not subscribing to KPFK, the highbrow-plus-ultra station in LA that lives off its listeners who (they hope) send in money to keep them going in return for a bi-weekly program booklet. (Yeah, Ed, I realise you know all this, but maybe they don't.)

M AINE-IAC #18 (EdCo again?) -- Yaggoth saves...what?##I'd heard about planned re-release of 5,000 Fingers Of Dr. T under title of 'Crazy Music!', but hadn't heard anything more about it. Did it come?##Ehnnh! No trouble to roll your own smokes -- if you've got one of these little gadgets wherein you lay the proper amount of tobacco, close it, give it a twirl, slip in a cigarette paper, lick the edge, give another twirl, open, and you've got a genuine hand-made cancer-stick. Why, I can do it with one hand, and I can't even spell tobaccoco!## Yeah. I feel like a whisky myself right now...##

M AINE-IAC #19 (Good grief, More EdCo) -- Aw, I can't tackle this tonight. I've got only three ore lines on the stencil, barely enough room for the lettering, it's after one ack emma, it's drizzling rain, I've got to get up early tomorrow to go Christmas shopping, and I've got to make my bed before I can climb into it. So I'll get back to you in a couple of days, I hope, maybe tomorrow.

Today is 22 Dec. Yesterday was wasted, as far as stencil-cutting goes. I rose at 9, dressed, got this stencil rolled into the typer and squared off, and found that the family was about to go Christmas shopping and expected me to go with them. We returned at 7 pay enma and I had just enough time to wash the mundane dust from myself and get ready to go out with a gal whom I am directing into the paths of trufandom. So this stencil has a curl in it, gained from roughly 24 hours wrapped around the platen of my typer. But now I have ascertained that nothing important will come up, I have disconnected the television, set the FM to a back-ground music station and gotten down the SAPS mailing again. And so I find myself continuing comments on: MAINE-IAC 19, the third consecutive Coxine in this mailing.

I never could see film stencils. They're harder to read as you type, they're awkward to make corrections on (I just slap on some corflu and go on, returning to retype when I think of it; that's why my corrections are sometimes off the line like this.) So I have to stop and clean out my o's and e's and a's and g's every couple of pages -- I don't mind. ((The bent lines up there are again the fault of the typer -- it sometimes doesn't advance the film as far as it does t he backing sheet. . Yeah, it al so skips spaces in the middle of words sometimes.)) I too listen to music all day when I can. It's gotten so it bothers me if the house is quiet -- sitten there listening to my guts gurgle. I still don't have a decent taper, tho Rich Brown left me his battered 3.75 Ampro when he went into the Air Farce the motor's shot, the speed wanders, and now a wire to the speaker is broken. Could fix it if I had a soldering iron. Tried it with a match to melt the solder, but I had to hold the wire with one hand, the match with another hand, the solder with another hand, and the connection with another hand. I gave up after burning my fingers and setting the insulation on fire.##Mayhap we have different attitudes, Ed; Shaver's "LIFE" doesn't turn me on either -- it breaks me up. I thought it was a beautiful bit of way-out humor. No?

PENCIL POINT #2 (de Tal) -- Not enough to say to justify an illustrated letter. It seems rather dis-organized; almost as if a whole bunch of people were tossing in non sequitur comments. Cleaver tho. Noted.

COLLECTOR #? (Cardius Maximus Devore) -- I wouldn't have objected if you'd kept using the big wide-spaced type. 'Twas a durn site easier to read than the elite you shifted to. I never trusted elite on a ditto anyway. Pica On ditto for filling space, elite on stencil for saying a lot in a smaller space. In fact, sometimes I've considered using a typer we've got in the Chem Lab at college for space-filling -- the type is half an inch high and it spaces in proportion. One page of regular typing will fill at least four pages on that machine.##Eugene Sieger -- you mean somebody who reads that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?? You know they're all nuts!##Yeah, congratulations, Howard. At least the Detention was the second best con I've attended (I'm still prejudiced in favor of the Solacon), and nobody actually expected it to be any more organised.##MORDOR IN '64!

BUMP #1 (LNF Durward) -- Your plane-shanging problems in Chicago remind me of my own. I could go into ghastly detail, but I spent a page and a half in the last issue of OUTWORLDS relating what happened when my non-sched flite from LA got into Midway (Chi) four hours late and I had to wait from 11:30 p.m. till 7:25 the next morning. And I didn't have any place to go in Chicago, couldn't find a bus and couldn't afford a taxi anyway.##Envy all over, you boppin' around the country and meeting all these fabulous fannish people in their natural habitats. I occasionally see tham at conventions but they ignore me then. Guess I'll just stay home and write, until I can afford or am lucky enuf to travel from fan to fan.

CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR (Durward & Lichtman) -- Gad! A fabulous FAPA-type one-shot. Oops, I mean a fabulous SAPS-type one-shot. It reads as if it had been concieved in a moment of madness and dleivered with bheer as a fuel. Outside of What Does The Title Signify, my only comment is:
*D*O*N*F*O*R*D* *F*O*R* *T*Λ*F*F*. Of course it doesn't make any differenc now...
(oh yeah, mustn't forget. This is page eleven.)

SPY RAY OF S&PS (Faltering Eney) -- A mist has faded from before me; I had somehow sort of thot that Wrai Ballard, as head of the Secret Police of S&PS, had taken this as a sort of pun -- y'know, Spy Wrai? I still think it might be clever. Why don't you give him the title?##As I recall, a Kmkle is a happy beast, according to a Sturgeon stury.## And I don't care how unlikely a deeply-tanned blond is; I like it. Maybe the sun is fading the hair, or she's a hi-bred who can take the sun, or she takes these -what are they- tablets that make one tan without burning, but it's a wild effect.##Lovely story. How many like it have I missed? Where can I find copies of them? Old mailings? Excellent.

BRONC #14 (EvaF) -- Regarding references in 'Conqueror's Isle', apparently Bond just chose to mention real disappearances to lend an air of versimillitude to the story. The 'author and traveler', for instance, was obviously Richard Halliburton -- who, incidentally, was one of my heros. I remember being very grieved and upset when I was told that he'd disappeared in the Pacific some years before.##Nope; no mention of a 'Clayfeet County' in Enchanted Duplicator. Must be original with Graham.##Thanks for saying nice things -- I love compliments.## The 50th Mailing was supposed to have 50 pages from each member (a staggering total of 1750 pages) but I doubt if more than a dozen will. Tosk will have more, many will have less (like me, for instance), but we ought to run about 600 pages, give or take fifty.##That idea about the earth being a giant mollusk was, as you probably know, lifted from 'The Day The World Screamed', by Conan Doyle. Seems the unstoppable Professor Challenger decided to make the planet itself wake up and take notice of him, so he dug down to the living flesh under the eight-mile-thick husk and sort of stuck a pin in it. Worked, too.##If your hand shakes when cutting an illo on a stencil, don't tense up so. Have your arm resting on the surface, cut with short smooth strokes, don't worry about following a curve exactly, just roughly approximate it.

DANDU #23 (NanGee) -- Doggone, it reads like another fabulous ~~V&P~~S&PS-type oneshot, only even more so. Imagine having all those fans in your very own home, eating your food, cutting your stencils, bending your ears with fannish conversation; why, it'd be almost as good as a convention of your own. And easier on the nerves.##A thousand thanks for reprinting some of the sacred writings of Roscoe. I was converted some years back when the Book I was reprinted in HYPHEN, but had never seen any more. Brother Rick has told me a little about the basis of Roscoism, and I have been proselytizing here and there, with some small success. Since my recent election as Directator of the LASFS, I have been working on that august organization to swing its weight behind the Faith, but there is an incredible inertia in the group.##From the sublime to the ridiculous, we descend to Ass End. (No insult intended -- just a pun.) Not much I can say; I'd wait until I could see more of you at once. But you're missing a beat in the last line of your closing limerick -- or else you have to accent 'a', the second word, which doesn't sound so good.

SAP ROLLER #17 (Scribe J.H.) -- Since I'm devoting this many lines to a single work of fiction, I must use the space to point up a few errors. For one thing, you got pages 5 and 6 reversed in my copy, and I didn't realise it until I started page 7. You should make things like this more obvious. For another thing, a 'plonker' is the gun itself. The missile it shoots is called a 'plonk'.##The only thing I can say about your descriptions of Simpson's pad is that you make it sound imaginary. I who have been there know -- that you aren't exaggerating. (You did forget about the entrance through the bar; for use only if the washera are all in use and Dr. Vipermouth is open for business. Don doesn't reccommend that way though -- you need to be completely sober to navigate within the Building, and this bar is such that it is impossible to walk through without loosing some equilibrium.##You were wrong, wrong, wrong about who is Really in control of Squink Blogg; Rick Brown knew, and wrote of it, and is gone from L&Fandom; I know and shall remain silent. If SB can mutilate a S&PSzine, what could he do to me? Our only hope is if the last pages of PR #4 were not destroyed.....

HO-DJEE #2 (Arthayes) -- Good heavens, man, how did you run off that zine? I was thoroly confused the first three times I attempted to read it, until I finally saw the pattern to the pagination. But 1,2,3,4,5,8,7,10,9,6,11,12,13,14 is really too much. I could understand yourhaving 5&6 reversed, or 7&8, or other things on reverse sides of the correct sheet, but 5&8, 7&10, and 9&6 had me completely croggled. Tell me, is there a method in your madness or was it an accident? Orson Welles invaded the earth from Mars on October 30, 1938. I've got a record (Audio Rarities LP#2355) taken from the wirerecorded transcription of that immortal broadcast. Like, wow! It's still effective. Chicken Or The Egg was a fairly novel idea, but I guessed the punch line half-way down page 10. This is a telegraphed punch, and plays hob with the effectiveness of the story. Unfortunately, in this particular yarn, there doesn't seem to be any way of avoiding it, because as soon as the problem is stated, the answer is obvious. Unless you could pull a switch ending. Article on Uranium in '42 very interesting.

HICKMAN -- You missed the mailing? Hmph. You should be ashamed of yourself, you immoral member of the Toilet Roll. Lack you the energy to produce a mere six pages, 40 copies each? Tut.

RAOC #3 (Loc K6EYH Jacobs) -- The first word on page 28 in "-" 11, to you, Lee. My name was not in MRaOC anywhere, despite what you said on the front page. I wnet through the zine forwards, backwards, vertically and in spirals; I even worked it in anagrams and couldn't find my name anywhere. Sob. You should have planned ahead far enough to include the top four or five names on the waiting list. Many thanks for the very fine communications. Old Men and Young Ladies; I hope to see you again soon. Good luck on long-distance contacts and very best regards." Y'know, this could replace Ackermanese. How can you spend more than half a page on 'off-color' songs without mentioning Oscar Brand? His five or six albums of "Bawdy Songs And Back-Room Ballads" usually go over well at the fannish parties I've heard them at. They're all fairly authentic folk melodies, tho more recent than the Elizabethiam songs in "When Dalliance Was In Flower (And Maidens Lost Their Heads)". We usually end up seated on the floor around the record player singing along with the chori ((is that the plural of chorus?)) in a nice feeling of camaraderie. Some are dated as late as 1940 by references to such as Hermann Goering. And here you mention recorded satire for a whole paragraph without mentioning Stan Freberg. Hmmm. Maybe you are purposely ignoring the artistes that have gained the widest mundane acceptance, and I am being unforgivably gauche by bringing them up, neine? Don't know why I'm in SAPS exactly. Same reason I'm in fandom, I guess; I've spent most of my life in looking for an in-group which will accept me. Besdies this, of course, are the additional features of being able to express myself and hold 30-way conversations like this with people who share my interests and who can't hit me if I insult them. I am an Easygoing Young Man; I don't believe that military service is quite as compulsory as it would appear to be. In my own little way, I figure if they really want me they will damn well have to come and drag me off. Until then, I shall work on getting myself declared strategic materiel, and live the life of a Trufan and a Roscoite. This is the poet laureate of SAPS? If these blasphemeing words rot the paper they are run on, I must say His Meter Slips Half A Dozen Times! But I must also say (and I'll type it in hyperbole too) that Tho Some Of His Rhymes Are Weak His Content And Imagery Are Excellent. Who am I to criticize The Poet Laureat Of SAPS? Well, someplace in this nameless zine, when all the mailing comments are finished, there will be a page or so headed "Words Without Music Dept." and there you will have a target of mine to poke holes in. 'S only fair. But be warned: I may try to capture second place on the poetry section of the pillar pole. Liked the con report; probably the shortest one I've seen, if not the most detailed. Watch for the one in Shangri L'affaires and the one in Bob Lichtman's latest, OUTWORLDS. Here will be details you can pick your teeth with! (You didn't mention that with his brilliant blue cape, Jack Harness wore a brilliant red shirt; physiologically, the eye cannot focus on the two colors at once; the effect was outre indeed.) Gad, what a comment-on-able zine! I hope I can be briefer now.

because, Ghod 'elp us, we're on page thirteen already.

Today is December 24th. I've just been out with my Mother taking a couple of boxes of food to the needy (she's Welfare Chairman for the school where she teaches) and seeing the holiday traffic. A day of rain hasn't helped the driving conditions any, and in 15 miles along Olympic Blvd we saw three wrecks, one involving three cars. The rain has washed the sky tho, and the sun as it set, was shining almost horizontally and lighting the buildings in the city and the snow-covered peaks of the mountains to the East with a rosy light. 'Twas beautiful; tho not really very Christmassy. By the way; Rich Brown is back in town for a couple of weeks before he has to report to his final assignment (final in the sense of 'permanent') at Tyndall AFB in Florida. It's a good trade for Bruce Pelz...

And now back to the mailing.



SAFARI #3 (Ol' Earl Kemp) -- Jazz, jazz, jazz... Wish I could think of some sort of comment, but I can't. I sort of like some jazz, but I don't know much about it; one glaring gap in my otherwise wide education.##The Two Deaths Of Christopher Martin sounds too good to be true. I suspect it of being another hoax, but perhaps, like Jurgen, Gormonghast, The Moswell Plan and The Golden Archer it is one of these totally indescribably/intricate chunks of atmosphere which cannot be remotely suggested in a review except by quoting page upon page of the text. I'll look for it.##Chicago in '62 IF Mordor in '64.##KEE-RIST! What is that on page 21?? Toskey? Ghod, he looks more like L. Garcone on an off day. Phoo! Pardon me, but I have an engram or something against great big bugs like that.##You took a long trip all around the south, all that time, and didn't stop off to see a single fan? Tchah. That's what fans are for -- to meet.##I learned to ice-skate this last spring. It's great fun! Once in a while somebody takes a header and bashes his scalp and bleeds all over the ice, but if he's a sincere skater he'll just spring to his feet and take off again. Ah, there's nothing like whizzing around the rink, in a low crouch, with the logs working like the pistons of a well-oiled machine, skimming past people, banking into the turns and usually pulling out in time...

LEE --Somebody else who missed the mailing? ## Rich Brown just drifted in to supply me with a ride to L.S.F.S, so in best SAPPish tradition, I have asked him to say a few words.:

Ted kindly asked me to say a few words in his S.I.P.Szine, mainly because my own will be so small this mailing...if, indeed, it gets out at all. Now, Ted has been kind enough to give me this space, not knowing what I intend to say, and as much as it may displease him, I would like to give my true opinion of and say Willis Gen Carr fakefan a bunch of lousy bast if you really want to know. Fuggheads amn like a crock of And so I sign my self with much gust. --rich brown

Ted Johnstone once again: ordinarily I don't believe in literary censorship, but in certain cases it is advisable. This is one of them. Rich has had several months in the air force to settle some opinions, and he apparently decided to use this way of expressing them. I'm sure he will become re-adjusted later on.

Now,
back to the mailing.

LEMAN *- And another mailing-misser! But you do have an excuse, what with moving and getting re-settled and all. You know by now, of course, that you just left Denver in time to avoid being descended upon by a mob of L.I.S.Fen on the way home from Detroit? It was probably best for us too; we were told your hospitality combines Charles Burbee and Dean Grennell, and we lost half a day in the happy fannish atmosphere with the latter, and we just barely made it to L.A. in time for school or work Monday as it was. Still, would liked to have met you.

No room to begin comments on Bob Lichtman here, see next page. Today 25 Dec, Merry Christmas. Don't have space or time (or energy, but that doesn't matter) to say more.

except that this here now is page 14 already. Whow!

HERE THERE BE SAPS #1 (3op Lichtman) -- That should teach you to try to predict mailing sizes. 465 indeed! But to show you my head's in the wrong place instead of my heart, I will predict 625 plus/minus 50 pages in the 50th mailing. Be it noted.## Childhood ambitions? Well, when I was little I wanted to be an astronomer, but realized at a very early age that the pay was lousy and there were very few openings in the field, so I shifted to physics. I stayed on Physics all the way through High School and into college, where I found out I couldn't handle the math. I hadn't been getting these poor grades all along because I was "uninterested"; I just couldn't handle it. So I shifted to Journalism and stumbled with the usual incredible luck into Radio Broadcasting, where I seem to have found a niche. How it came about... I was signing up for all the writing-type classes I could, and one of them was Radio Station Writing (Speech 15). I showed up for the first class, and the instructor told me I couldn't take it unless I'd had a semester of Radio Broadcasting. So I transferred into the B'cast class. Turned out I had a modicum of ability, and I was announcing on the school FM station ("KPCS... your FM station of student stars... 89.3 megacycles on your FM dial") the next week, and by mid-semester I had my own half-hour show, The World Of Records. Now I'm also getting background experience with an hour-long show on KAFM, an AM carrier current station in Altadena that pushes 10 watts and has a radius of half a mile on a clear day, and I'm starting engineering on KPPC, a non-commercial AM station in Pasadena that runs a whole 100 watt and can be heard for 20 miles easily. ((Whoops; type there; I meant 'can be heard')) Now I'm majoring in Radio B'cast & Production, and doing fine. Great fun, too.## Actually, Bob, you got pretty poor repro, at least in the copy I got, film or no film. As I believe I commented to somebody else on a previous page, I don't believe in film stencil. Nonsense. Waste of time. Humbug. Bah.## 15¢ an air-mail-ounce overseas? Yeah? What post office do you go through for this rate? Whenever I've tried it, they've charged me 15¢ for a 1/2 oz.## Sacred Roscoe; the stencil certainly slipped this time. I've got to get a new platen on this lousy mill.## Aw heck, everybody seems to be doing this, so I guess I'll go through the SPEC and see who I've met in SAPS. I've seen Karen Anderson, but couldn't say I've really met her; I spoke to John Berry at the Detention but he might not remember it. Rich Brown; him and me are like close buddies; I met Buz and Elinor, but it was at the Solacon before I mattered, so it doesn't count, but Rich and I have been tapresponding with them. I brought Miriam Carr into fandom, and I've met Terry a couple of times; see Ed Cox at the LASFS once in a while; met Howard at the Detention, but not formally -- he swore at me. Don I've met a couple times; Dick Eney at the Detention; Jack of course I know at LASFS. Lynn Hickman I encountered briefly in Detroit; Lee Jacobs I've met around here a few times; saw but didn't meet Earl at the Detention. Bob I know of course; Alan J. I met at Detroit and we had a long talk on what Bjo is really like; Bruce I spent most of a week travelling back to LA with 7 other fen with. Met Art Rapp at the Detention; met Tosk and Weber both at Solacon and Detention; see Bjo whenever she comes down to LASFS or when I go up to her pad to use the LASFS tetner. On the waiting list I know Djinn, Trimble, Arv, Nick, Bill, Steve, Eric Grunther (who I hear has been dropped). I've met Marty, Jim, and Hal. Heym y'know, that's a fairly large percentage there. I didn't know I'd met so many people.## Maybe first-drafting my m.c.s would give better results, Bob, but I've gotten used to going directly on stencil -- it's faster, for one thing, and for another it captures that informal, delightfully natural tendency for me to make an ass of myself.## Yeah, Parkinson's Disease is real, unfortunately. Besdies, it's the origin of the famous line: "I've got Parkinson's Disease -- and he's got mine."## Shaving is a nuisance. I'm getting to the stage where I have to shave every day or I start looking unkempt. The hard thing is that my beard is blond, so it doesn't look as if I am developing a 5 O'clock shadow, I just look vaguely messy. Fortunately I have gotten to the stage where I no longer care about such things and just continue my messy way and shave twice a week unless something special comes up. Y'see, I'm really a slob at heart. I would love to be able to sit around the house all day in a floppy bathrobe, listening to music, reading, cutting stencils and drinking beer, but the mundane world is still very much with us and demands a modicum of cleanliness and conformity.## Must close off now and get to work up at KAFM. I go on the air in a little over an hour. Stanbery has lined up a show for me, and I'll either write the script just before I go on or while I'm on the air.

and this here now thing is page fifteen. Should have an illo...

#1
WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP (Al Lewis?) -- I remember well the old Tom Swift series -- still have a couple books left. Think my favorite one of the lot was Tom Swift And His Electric Organ.. ## That Laney anthology sounds like a capital idea for the publishers of The Incomplete Burbee. Without too much more trouble, one could have an entire Insurgent Library -- a sort of five-foot shelf (on a smaller scale) of the Last Of The L.A. Splinter Groups. Which reminds me to sneak in a plug for the first volume of a projected five-inch shelf of Walter Alexander Willis -- The Willis Papers are now about half stencilled, and the first 22 pages are run off. Looks pretty good, if I do say so myself. Orders are starting to trickle in already, so if you want to be sure and get a good fresh new clean copy, send money. Hard covers (fairly hard, anyway) are \$1, paperbacked (messy impermanent things) 70¢. End of commercial. ## No mailing comments, not too much to hang comments on. Just as well -- it's January already, and I'm going to just barely beat this down to the deadline as it is.

PELEOBEM #5 (BeeP) -- Oh ye Ghods. Here I am with only eight more stencils to fill, just another couple of days until I have to have this zine mailed to Tosk, and you come up with 102 -count 'em- 102 pages for me to comment on. Hells bells; I couldn't even read 102 pages in two days. I guess the only thing I can do is sort of leaf through and hope to spot comment-worthy things, and not too many of those. ## But 102 pages?? You will at least go down in history -- and you did beat Tosk for biggest zine, even tho he had 124 pp in the mailing. ## I take it that's Dee on the cover? And you left Tampa to come to LA? You fool! I know we have Bjo, but look at all the competition here. Ah well, Rich Brown is going to Tyndall AFB, so he'll only be a few hundred miles from her. ## Drat. I promised you a doup-skelp in answer to your vembletroons, but I didn't get a chance to write one. So here I'll dash one off; it's not so good in content, but it's got the meter and rhyme-pattern.

Of all the fannish groups we see -- a few,
The S&PS are tops we should agree
Especially with our great OE -- like Tosk.

The lines each have gaelic names, but the only one whose meaning I can recall is the first line (in this case as far as 'see'), called the shaft, and the extra two syllables are called the point. Doup-skelp, I believe, means 'spear-verse', because of the design. ## I like the quotes from G&S, but why are so many of them from Ida, Iolanthe and Pirates, the three I don't know by heart? And some of the quotes are apt, but some of them don't seem to be -- like mine, for instance. I'm not the King Gama type, am I? That sounds more like Boyd Raeburn or somebody who pokes people in their soft-underbellies allatime and I'm not like that am I? Am I? I am?? ## Red ink on yellow paper... WHEW! ## I can find a few faults with your casting of Yecmen -- Tosk looks more like Jack Point than you do, and with Bjo playing Phoebe, I should think you'd enjoy the part of Wilfred Shadbold, whom you more resemble anyway. Actually, Berry's only qualifications for the role are his occupation of policeman. (Damn, that was ungrammatical -- that's what comes of composing on stencil.) ## Seemingly Pointless Story #5 is 'In An Anarchist's Garrett', of course. You left out Uncle Ivanovitch, but you recorded the fact that "Mama'a aim is bad, and the copskies all know Dad". Do I win a rubber cigar? ##

We even paragraph here to signal the appearance of Dee. And, judging from her coverfoto, it's quite an appearance! Tho I skimmed through your mentor's pages, yours I will read all through. ## SCUBA diving... wonderful fun, they tell me. I'd dearly love to try it sometime. Last week, up in the Monterey Peninsula area, I picked up a carven head of Kahona-Tiki, the Polynesian God of surf and sea, with a thin thong to wear around your neck, and now I've got to start doing things to justify the expense. He's a high-nosed, thin-lipped, narrow-skulled type, quite similar to the stylized sculpture found on Easter Island. ## Just out of idle curoosity, what happened to the scorpion that stung you? Did you tromple him or did he die of blood poisoning?

No, that wasn't very nice. If it wasn't that that was the closest thing to an insult I could think of on the spur of the moment, I'd cut it out. But if BP thinks I insult people, who am I to make him out a liar? ## Well! Are you a clear thinker born in the fair and lovely month of June? I am a clear thinker, born on a rainy Friday June 16th a little over 20 years ago. Hmmm. What else do we have in common? ## I can remember all of my past except for a traumatic year in the 5th grade and a long foggy period before my 3rd birthday. But nothing much happened then worth bragging about. ## The \$10,000 bill is the only one that doesn't have a picture of an ex-president on it -- it's got an old Secretary Of The Treasury -- wish I could remember his name... just a minute while I look in my wallett... no, I had my last one changed for cab fare this afternoon. You should have seen the cabbie's face! ## Your favorite comics are mine too, but I see no mention of B.C. or of Sir Bagby, or of Rick O'Shay -- but I don't have time to go into them in detail. Damn. Wish I did. ## I think I like Dee (1) better than Dee (2) -- if the 'joke' on the back page was the latter's. It bothers me to see girls telling dirty jokes -- and that one wasn't even especially funny. Aw hell -- if we ever get together, I'll bring my gee-tar and we'll sing Oscar Brand songs all night.

BOG #11 (Blotto Otto) -- Garn. Only six pages. A genuine minimum-Size zine, and from the Seattle gang too. But I can see how a guy would get snowed under with obligations to the rest of the world and be forced down to min-ac for a while. Why, if I wasn't letting a conreport and the next issue of Gimble just sit on the sidelines for a while, I might end up on the Toilet Roll for my very first mailing! And that would be definitely un-good. ## I've tried howling once or twice, but when I couldn't bowl my IQ, I decided I didn't stand a chance. Friend of mine is pretty good, tho... last time we went bowling he made 325. Scored all strikes and broke the pin-boy's leg with his last ball. ## Not many hooks for comment here either. (Bjo laughed at my comment on bowling my IQ, Al made a wise-crack about Bjo bowling in the high-fifties -- her IQ, and I said she couldn't bowl her bust measurement. She is now threatening to kill me, even tho I told her it was a compliment. ## Incidentally, I'm typing these last few stencils at Bjo's; there's an all-nite pubbing session going on for deadlined things.)

FAPA ECHO #5 (Artrapp) -- No illuminated letter -- I can't think of four lines of comments. I like the poetry; the SW checklist'll be handy if I ever start collecting them.

SPACEWARP #64 (Artrapp again) -- Well. So that was Murder Wears A Beanie. I've heard about it for years, and have never seen it before. For reprinting it, I thank you, S&PS thanks you, Fandom thanks you (or should). ## I read SW while we were all out at a nearby restaurant picking up strength to continue our great work, and now that I'm back, I can't find anything much to comment on. But I should thank you for the disproof of the verschlagen theorem regarding the triangle. Now if I ever run into the cat that gave me the problem, I can tell him off.

DONSET # (Ray-Shaef) -- Hmf. Another one of these min-ac zines. May I never be one of them. In fact, I doubt if I could do any mailing comments and keep down to six pages. If I couldn't do better than that, I'd skip the mailing. If I didn't dare skip the mailing for fear of being tossed out on my corflu... well, then I'd probably do six pages. I guess... ## I rather liked the bit by Shaver that Rich pubbed in PRA #5. Tho it may have been accidental, that twist on the end -- that bloody little punch-line, that quiet cackle of ghoulish glee -- I got a tremendous laugh out of it.

IGNATZ #22 (NanShare) -- Weeeell, your print came out nice and dark. In fact, it's sort of hard on the eyes. But those illustrations... *gasp* ...make up for the printing. ## In fact, I can't find any hooks on which to hang comments on here either. Maybe the fact that the deadline is looming up ahead of me is blinding my eyes to stencil-filling comments, but that's the way 'tis. Sorry.

LAR STONE -- One more toilet-roller. Ye Ghods. That's six whole people that missed the mailing this time. Ah well, they'll probably all (or mostly) be back in force for the Mighty 50th, having taken six whole months to prepare.

SAPLING #2 (Twig) -- Whew. At last some nice restful ditto. ## Re your comment to Lar' Stone: sure, the world will be at peace eventually -- when the sun is a dying ember and the whole planet is a chunk of ice with nothing moving on it but the dim reddish shadows of cosmic age. Life itself IS a struggle. From the first protozoa fighting against a cold current that threatens to freeze out the little spark of life, through the first amphibian to crawl out of the sea and fight for oxygen from a hostile element, to mankind fighting for survival in uncountable ways, and on through the unimaginable endless corridors of evolution into the future, life has been, is and will be an endless struggle. Hell; wouldn't it be boring if it wasn't? ## Regarding the 'Perfect State'; in his book, The Almost Perfect State, Don Marquis stated that it would take two million years to achieve the Perfect State -- one million to design the state, and another million to perfect the people to live in it. The point is, of course, that for a Perfect State you need Perfect People. ## That dream of yours is a classic example of... er... well, we have three or four amateur neo-Freudians sitting around here (me, Pelz and EdCo, with background chatter supplied by Bjo and a couple of Hired Guns) and we all agree that it certainly is... er... what I said. ## Victor Borge doesn't call that 'the coughing song' -- he calls it The Moonlight Sonata. ## What word do you use over and over in on-stencil comments? Well, just at first glance, without taking a statistical count, it appears to be 'I'... ## Tsk, tsk, Twigger. This being whom you refer to as a "Mysterious 'non-desirable'" is not so mysterious -- he is the one and only (thank Ghod) George Wetzel, better known as G----- W----- or G.W. for short. This is a lad who makes Gem Carr look like Mary Worth. Ah well, maybe someday you'll have a run-in with him... And may I mention that a silent treatment wouldn't affect him at all. ## Allright, so it's Clair De Lune, not Moonlight Sonata. I've got to get that memory bank of mine re-wired. ## And don't get me confused with Rich Brown -- he's the negative attitude. At least, he was at the time.

--S&PS is where middle-aged types go to die.--

FLABBERCON #2 (OEToskey) -- This is a conreport, so I'd better skip over it and get on to the rest of the mailing. But I'd better check through and see if I'm mentioned... Ho! Here I am. I'm not really very young and small (I'm 20, and 5'6" at 160 lbs), I just give that impression. Bjo is indeed a gal, but you seem to have overlooked the fact that she has a personality under all that raw sex she has a personality. But I am not the one to go into that... "Tall and heavy-built" scarcely describes Rich Eney. Herr von Pelz says "Mountainous would be more accurate". He is one fan, I think, who can be classed near Man Mountain Donaho.

FLABBERGASTING #12 (Alfred E. Toskey, Ph.D.) -- Here we go again. ## 'Hercules' was made in Italy by Italians with a low budget and a lot of scenery; 'Ulysses' was made in Italy by Americans with a high budget and actresses and actors who knew how to recite lines as well as flex their muscles. ## Yeah, KSL in Salt Lake City is powerful. It pushes 50,000 watts, which the FCC set as the top limit for commercial radio, and it's on a clear channel (no other station in the nation has the same frequency). KFI here in LA is the same -- 50 kw, clear channel. They have records of fair reception (late at night) in Florida. ## Odd... out of all those pages I couldn't find more to comment on.

THRILLING GREEN SCIENCE FICTION -- Now, do you think it was fair to drag that in just so as to out-page Pelz? I can't possibly read all this now. Noted...

SPECTATOR #49 (Tosk again) -- 704 pages... 704 pages. And do all you folks out there in S&PSland realize that of these 704 pages, approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ was by Toskey and Pelz?? This is staggering, to say the least.

and we have staggered to the end of page 18



REEP #n+1 (W.W. Weber) -- If this was not a) a S&Pazine and b) published by the nearly-legendary Wally Weber, I might say at first glance that this looked like a crudzine. But now I see, of course, that it is actually just your sensitive fannish personality showing through that makes it look so casual, so informal, so spontaneous, so... so... so-so. ## But on running the print past my sensitive photocell receptors, leaving blood-speckled eye-tracks across the paper, I find that this repro is only the fault of a flat-bed ditto. A falt-bed ditto?? Sacred Roscoe's tantalum teeth; I thought those things were outlawed along with the rack. But since I see you have been submitting to the torture to put out this zine, I shan't chastize you for having only six pages -- nay, I shall congratulate you for having as many as six pages. Congratulations. ## I can't say much for L. Garcone's artwork -- I can't say much against it either -- my vocabulary just sort of curls up in a catatonic ball and refuses to function on the subject, like the men in 'A Rose By Any Other Name' in the current aSF (pp 74-82). Yeah, I read that crazy 'Buck' Campbell stuff. Wanna make somethin' of it??



IM TREE #3 (Bjo) -- I just got a terrible shock; I picked up your fanzine and found bare grey metal under it. After a moment's psychic re-organization I recognized it as the surface of my desk, something which has not seen the light of day for over two months. At last my shaken spirit realized the full import of this -- THIS IS THE LAST ZINE IN THE MAILING!! And it's a kind o' purty one too. I'd sit here and admire that cover but I don't have time -- guess I'll have to file it away and come back to it when I have time, like reading all of the Pelzine. ## Report on your birthday sounds like it was fun. I got an invitation from Trimble which was forwarded to me back in Ohio, so I got it about three days after the party, but I RSVPed anyway and told him I didn't think I'd be able to make it. I waste pocsarcs on the darndest things... ## The only grounds on which I would willingly marry a witch would be if she would teach me some of her arcane arts. Besides the intellectual gratification, I'd be able to try to defend myself. Also, just for the record, in 'Bell, Book and Candle', Gillian Holroyd's cat was named Pyewacket, not Pywackit. Another interesting bit -- you recognized, of course, that the character of Sidney Redlitch was patterned after William Seabrook, alcoholic author of a number of interesting books, including 'Witchcraft -- Its Power In The World Today', a must for anyone seriously interested in the field. The book deals partly with the old traditional settings like Haiti and Central Africa, (including detailed instructions on the ritual of the 'Big Ouanga', or 'death-throwing' -- which works, by the way, but by nothing more arcane than power of suggestion, or 'sympathetic magic') and partly with the author's own experiences with Satanist cults in Paris, London and New York, and assorted types of witchcraft he found in actual use in these cities. The book, by the way, was written about 1940. And I noted that the dedication in the book (I have the Bantam pbreprint of the script) reads: "To W.H.S. With thanks for all your help, and for living through it from the beginning." Apparently Seabrook served as technical adviser on the script, but I don't know about that last bit. Maybe... Naw! It couldn't be... ## Fashion note yourself; I'm typing this in my pyjamas. They're bright red with arrow white stripes on the bottoms and bright white with narrow red stripes on the tops. ## Your dreams are more complicated than ol' Twigs. ## ((sneaky whisper: now I know who Don Fulano de Tal is, I do, I do. Heh, heh, heh.)) ## Heck with the fashion notes -- I'm still wearing what I was three lines ago. Do you change clothes every few minutes or do you type slowly? ## Tolliver's story noted -- but I'm not sure whose side he's on. Robin Hood seems to be a heroic type, but why doesn't he do something more heroic than blowing up cops who probably would eventually plug each other anyway? Is he avenging an Ancient Wrong or what?? Maybe it would help if I'd seen the cover... ## Speaking of covers, Wrotsler's is cute. Looks just like you. ##

LAST MINUTE NOTES -- T&FF results are in. News from Bennett's SKYHOOK via Trimble tonight; Don Ford won with 499, Terry Carr back in the low 300s and Bjo in the high 200s. Well, I'm sorry doll; I thot you'd make second place anyway. ## Time is now 1:30 a.m.; I watched The Creeping Unknown on the Late Show on TV. A perfect monster-movie; almost all the stock lines and characters; underplayed, dimly-lit, actually very well done.

WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC DEPARTMENT:

Now here are those poems I warned you about a number of pages ago. I'll give one page to each because a)it looks better, b)they're really too big to put two on a page, c)that way I'll come out even on the back page, and d)it'll give me more page-credit.

This first one was written for a one-shot to be called KMT-PHUR, but which, as far as I know, hasn't been published yet.

THE FANTASY COLLECTORS' SONG

To publishers we weep and moan
For Gormenghast and Titus Groan.
We bend the old bookseller's ear
For copies of The Lurking Fear
Or Eddison's Ouroboros
Or Long's The Hounds Of Tindalos.
We'll search bookshops from dawn to dawn
For the fabled Necronomicon;
We drive the salesmen all insane
For firsts of Weinbaum's Dawn Of Flame;
Instead of greeting clerks with "hello",
We ask, "Have you The King In Yellow?"
And all of us, unto a man,
Will beg, "Where is The Moswell Plan?"
And weep to hear the fellow say,
"We sold the last one yesterday."

--Taj

Have faith; the rest of 'em will be better. I'm just shooting in all I can as a last-minute entry in the Pillar Poll.

this, of course, could be naught else but page twenty

This one I'm fairly proud of; it was work! It doesn't rhyme, and the basic outline was lifted from somewhere else, but that didn't rhyme either.

4. NEO'S SOLILOQUY

To pub, or not to pub -- that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in a book to bury
The ramblings of your personality
Or to cut stencils on a well-worn typer
And by publishing, show them. To pub, to fan
Just once, and by that act to say we end
The headaches, and the thousand natural shocks
That ego falls to -- 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To pub -- to show...
To show? Perchance for review! Ay, there's the rub!
For to what class a faned may be doom'd
When he hath shuffled of some paltry stuff
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
A neo keep his typer and his thoughts.
For who would bear the want of egoboo,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The condescending looks of BNFs
When he himself might his quietus take
With typ'r and stencil? Who would sub to fmz?
Or keep ideas locked inside his head?
But that the critics might set forth reviews
Destroying all with aptly-chosen phrase.
'Tis this that makes the neo silence keep
And makes him rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damned.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all,
And thus the happy face of many a neo
Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of doubt
And faneds of great quality and humor
With this regard their talents turn awry
And loose the name of tru-fen.

--Taj
23 July, 1959

Last and Least: This was written with a completely blank mind in an effort to relieve a drive to create something... anything... one day. I finished it in 20 minutes and tacked on this quote from Horace's Satires (ii,7). It means "either the man is mad or he is making verses". Here are the verses -- decide for yourself. By the way; I amputated the first stanza -- it was complete gibberish anyway. The remaining stanzas have no meaning either, but the sound as if they might. Anyone for a spot analysis?

"AUT INSANIT HOMO AUT VERSUS FACIT"

Away across the tree-dark night
The star-filled fountain stands
Where every sip is faint with light
And glitters in your hands.
Beneath the waters shimmering
A star of silver lies
And sets aflame the liquid light
That glimmers in her eyes.
The ringing singing falling drops
That ripple 'cross the stars
Where mirrored lies the spangled sky
With swift concentric bars.

We heard the distant waters dream
Within the golden bowl
And watched the climbing brightness rise
As beckoning the soul
To blow the stars across the skies
And sink the scudding cloud
And make the moon a blue balloon
Above a calling loud;
To roll the sun across a hill
And singe the mountains dry,
And summon up the seas of sin
And drench the arid sky.

For rolling up and ringing on
And singing through the trees,
The minstrel sings of magic rings
With such foul rhymes as these.
With lute and flute and mandolin,
And tale and chant and song,
Across the wondering wandering land
He bears the song along.
For soon to sing no more we come
And bear no more a load;
We'll leave the lute, the flute, the song,
And tread a lonely road.

--Taj

"ashnazgdubatulukashnazgggimbatulashnazgthrakatulukaghburzum-ishikrimpatul. Izzat right Daddy?"

So here we are at the bottom of the last stencil. Tomoro (or later today, it now being about 2:30 ack emma) I hop over to Ejo's, get the key from a neighborlady who has been told to expect a Hobbit, and run off this zine and Rich Brown's, tack them pages together, wad them up in a mighty bundle, send them to Tosk and pray to the almighty Summerfield that they get to Seattle on time. M*O*R*D*O*R I*N '6*4 !*!