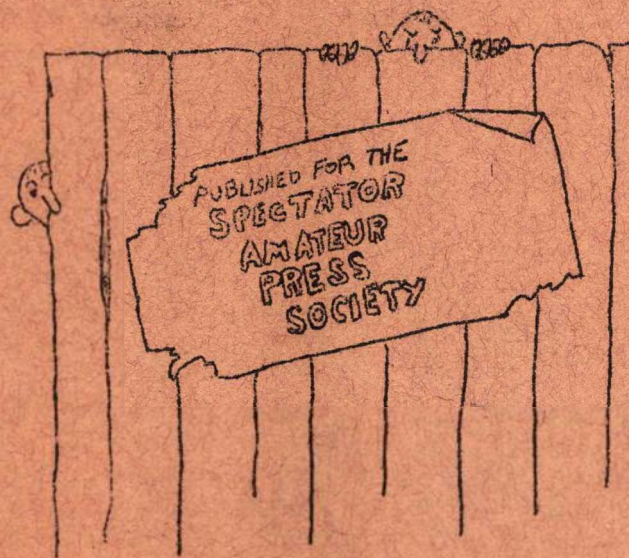


Outsiders

THE OUTSIDERS



Fourth Anniversary Issue

Number 14

A 200th FANDOM PUBLICATION
de garren haa det gut

OUTSIDERS

OUTSIDERS #14 A quarterly publication, timidly published on the Heyer sleeping bomb by one W. Webster Ballard, for the edification and amusement of all members of the SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY, including himself. It is intended for the 26th SAPS mailing, in the month of December, 1953.

This is a 200th FANDOM PUBLICATION and living, or at least documented proof de garren haa det gut.

The editor of this sterling rag, me, I mean, wishes to state emphatically that he is not in the least responsible for statements made in this mag, particularly statements not his own. At the moment he is not responsible for some of his own statements, for after all some of this was written two months ago, and you can't expect a mind to remain static for two months, can you now? And besides I haven't read some of this mag since it was stenciled long ago, and can't remember what I did so, so am forced to be cautious.

By the way if the double cover looks familiar to you, let me explain. OUTSIDERS is having an anniversary, or at least I am having an anniversary. The first OUTSIDERS appeared in the winter mailing four years ago, and the miniature cover is a reproduction of the first cover, the cover format before Pederson. For a while in a sentimental mood I thought of reprinting the entire OUTSIDERS #1, mimeoing it, which would make it legal as page credit, since no one could have read the first dimly seen hecto'd issue. But I mentioned this to Bill, and he wrote back with suspicious haste, asking if I was tired of rating high in the SAPS polls that I'd think of doing a thing like that. Somehow reading between the lines, I got the idea he didn't think it would be a good idea to reprint OUTSIDERS #1, and this suspicion was solidified by reading the lines. So you get the cover, which is timely, appropriate, and within my feeble artistic capabilities.

All material this time is by people! Next issue may see a column or something by XOE Black. Gordon is busy at school, too busy to stay in SAPS, but wishes to stay in contact with the organization that was once his pride and joy. He also is an ROTC Cadet, and I have the suspicion his only reason for joining the Air Corps is so at some time he can get the chance to fly above Detroit, lean out and spit.

The back page pic, by Mr. Reany, is the kind contribution of my colleague and right-hand woman, Nan Gerding. Knowing cutting art-work murders me, and being a super magnificent type...and no monkey business added, she cut this picture and sent the stencil to me. I know it says page 32 on it, but you see she had originally intended it to be page 32 of NANDU. This zine, OUTSIDERS does not have 32 pages, it only has 27, but she cut the pic with "page 32" on it, and I am not going to try to improve upon her stencil cutting. So don't think I am trying to fool anyone. Besides if Nance Share can have 33 pages in a 28 page subzine, why should I be expected to be any better at arithmetic. Don't you believe in equality of the sexes?

This year I do not intend to send out any Christmas cards, so now I wish you all a wonderful Christmas and a new year that will have you telling your grandchildren how perfect things were in the good old days

of 1954. May try to send a telepathic Christmas greeting to you.... Christmas day I'll take the roster and go down it, doing my best to beam my good wishes to each of you. So if any of you get the feeling someone is in the room with you, don't be alarmed, it will only be me.

As seems the habit with me lately, part of this page goes to an apology to all who should be getting a letter from me. Made an attempt to get caught up, and keep up, but failed miserably. After the mailing though, I'll have more time, for with most the hay hauled in, snow on the ground and the ground frozen, there is only so much that can be done on a farm, which should leave me much more time. Appreciate your letters, several days in a row without hearing from at least one friend leaves me feeling slightly desperate, but still haven't been able to keep up with the letters this fall. Promise to be 100% caught up with letters by the first of the year...or at least only a couple days behind. And then hope to stay no more than a few days behind until May or later, if possible.

There was a joking attempt by Irene, and compounded by Nan to set up a fund to import me to the Frisco. Flattering even though humor, I must admit, and it did make me far more interested in making an attempt to get to the convention. Farming being what it is, at the moment I have only the desire to go, and a very doubtful chance of making it. But rather than have any of you take the "fund" idea seriously, I better let it be known that Ballard, if he goes to the convention, will be solely subsidized by the Blanchard SF and Appreciation of Wrai Ballard Society, which is made up of me. Felt I better make this clear, because there are so many in fandom who might take such a gag fund seriously, either from natural generosity or for a chance to gripe.

Never having been to a convention, I am not sure what a good convention would be, but chances are I'd find the Frisco Convention more than satisfying. Simply because like most of you, I'd be going to meet people I know and like, and to get to know and like them better. Thinking of the convention, I never think of the program, but only of the friends who will be there. If I could make one friendship stronger, or make one more good friend, the convention would be successful to me. To hell with stf, I like people. About the only thing that could cause me to feel disappointment, would be missing friends who couldn't go and missing friends who were at the convention. Being the naturally and at times unreasonably optimistic type, all I can say about the convention, is I hope to be seeing you there.

Unaccustomed as I am to plugging a subzine, just got the latest issue of HODGE PODGE, and recommend it to any of you. Published by the OCS of SAPS (she has been trying to cow me with her moods, but I am bulling my way through, steering a steadfast path) Nancy Share and sister ML. One of the outstanding things in this issue #4 was the letter by Redd Boggs, who claimed that the slant of HODGE PODGE is love. This simplifies the problem of what to write for HODGE PODGE, a problem that has been bothering me for quite some time. So perhaps if I can get it done in time, the next issue will have an article by me entitled THE MATING CRY OF THE BULL FAN. Very unfannish bit of writing, really.

This has been OUTSIDERS #14, Ballard SAPS zine number 18, or maybe since this zine actually doesn't become legal until after the mailing goes out, Ballard SAPS zine number 19. Coslet aint the only one who can count that way!

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GENIUSES OF THE WORLD, ARISE!

(You have nothing to lose but your brains)

Art Rapp

Most people, even fans, have heard the old saying about how, if you build a better path to your door, people will come down it to sell you mousetraps. But on the whole, I am afraid inventors are concentrating on the wrong inventions.

Take atom-smashing machines for example. Inventors are always building new cyclotrons or betatrons or whatnotatrons, whereas it seems to me there are lots of other things which would be more useful to people. By "people" I mean, naturally, fans. Some people are fans, even if not all fans are people. Ray Nelson and Ben Singer are certainly un-people type fans, and to call George Young a member of the human race probably violates the UN agreement against genocide.

There are many simple inventions which would delight fandom no end. In fact, some are so simple they are idiotic. But still I would like to see them make--

A beer pipeline. Surely you have had the demoralizing experience of settling down for a hard evening at the mimeo or the TV set, and suddenly realized there was no beer in the house? How nerve shattering it is to have to change from your comfortable attire into something in which you dare appear in public, go all the way to the store, and then have to tote you beer back in bottles or cans which have the habit of accumulating in incredible quantities when empty. Wouldn't it be simpler to have a faucet in the kitchen from which you could fill your stein? Maybe they could put a coin-in-the-slot mechanism on it to make the financial side less agonizing. Besides, I like draft beer!

Picture-postcard envelopes. I was gazing idly at the stack of mail in the "out" basket on my desk the other day. On top was a picture postcard, only I thought, from the way it was lying on another letter, that it was an envelope with a picture occupying the entire front. "Gads, what a clever idea!" I muttered to myself. "Just the thing for people you would like to send a postcard to, only you want to write such a long message that you can't get it on an ordinary postcard unless you go out and hire it done by one of those disreputable characters who sit around worlds' fairs engraving all thirteen verses of 'The Bastard King of England' on the head of a pin." (Hah, you didn't think I'd remember to close that quote after all that wordage! Fooled ya, didn't I?)

Visible-feed staplers. Who has not been a victim of the sudden lack of ammunition which renders the ordinary stapler out-of-action at critical moments in the assembly of an epochal SAPSazine? It is always when you are at a vast distance from a source of supply, or entangled in holding several sheets of paper delicately in place in order to fasten them with microscopic precision, that the firing pin of your stapler snaps down on an empty chamber. If they could design the M-1 rifle so that the clip twangs out to signal that the final round has been fired, surely it would be a simple matter for stapler manufacturers to add a transparent plastic panel at the crucial point of their machine, so you could see how many staples remain to be expended.

A pocket postage meter. In both my fannish and military facets I am annoyed by the mechanics of affixing postage to outgoing mail. Usually you find only 6¢ stamps available when you need to put 3¢ postage on a letter, or worse yet, find all your stamps gummed firmly back-to-back by humid weather. Not to mention that when you have to mail a tiny but heavy package, and happen to have only 3¢ stamps available, the problem is to get all the stamps glued on, and still leave room for the address. In fact, this whole postal problem is a mess. There should be a concerted attack upon it by inventors, resulting in a gadget which combines in one compact unit: (a) A clear-cut summary of postal regulations, complete enough for you to calculate the necessary postage on ordinary first class, air- and fourth-class mail; (b) A means of indicating what class of mail you are sending. (When you want to airmail something, you can never find those striped envelopes that are always available on other occasions.); (c) A postage meter that will save you slurping through acres of government muckilage in order to get out the latest issue of your fanzine. These meters might be merely a modification of current commercial types, but should have several added features, such as: (1) A cost of \$10 or less, so that they would fit into fannish budgets; (2) Non-tamperability of course; (3) At least a \$5 capacity; (4) A built-in postal scales, to solve that vital problem of whether you can send that fanzine article manuscript for 3¢ or have to put on excess postage.

A low-cost photographic process. Something akin to photolithography, I mean. Every fan would like to show his fannish snapshots to other fans via his fanzine, but who can afford to photolith the stuff, except rash young neofans who order the minimum commercial lot of 500 copies and find that they are getting awfully tired of the same cover as they try to use it up on a 50-copy circulation fanzine. It should preferably be an improvement on the existent process for reproducing photos on mimeo stencils (where would fandom be if the mimeo had never been invented?), but the cost should be down within reasonable bounds -- i.e., 50¢ per stencil or so. If the same expert in graphic arts could devise a really practical color duplication process, the gratitude of fandom would be unbounded, perhaps even unexpressed. Yes, I know about Ditto, but red, blue, purple, green and black hardly covers the entire spectrum, especially with only one shade of each.

A TV accessory. A gadget that would eliminate those ghastly moments when, just as the heavyweight title fight becomes interesting, a cute cartoon of a moron gazing into a smouldering switch-board descends upon your screen, together with the legend: TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES, or INTERRUPTION IN OUR TELEPHONE FACILITIES. Perhaps we could get the telephone company to sue the TV stations for libel and thus avoid the present difficulties? Blood, sweat, and tears in unlimited quantities should be expended on any avenue of research which holds promise of solving this problem. The whole fate of our present day civilization may depend upon it.

A new STF plot. Oh well, I can dream, can't I?

In summary -- you think I'm kidding?

THE TINY ACORN

OE Rapp settled into harness easily with Mailing #11, and the bulk of the mailing was, as usual, filled by members still active in SAPS. Members still active are Ballard, Briggs, Calabrese, Coslet, Cox, Higgs, Jacobs, Rapp and Toth. Waiting listers who later became rather well known were Martin Alger, and our recent OE, Mr. Gordon Black. These paragons of persistancy published 122 of the mailing's 177 pages and contributed 20 of the 27 items... items running from 2 pages to Higgs' 15 page SAPIANII-4, the giant of the mailing.

The election proved a huge success with Rapp winning a close election by an unanimous vote. It was passed that the SAPS mailings be sent to prozines for review, and 20 out of 27 members voted. Rapp, still being gentle with us, set up other topics of voting. This time although SAPS was three members under its quota and only had six members on its waiting list, one topic was to raise the membership to 35, and the other was the drastic step of raising the page requirements from 4 per six months to six per six months. Rapp appointed Wrai Ballard as teller in the election in what later events prove might possibly have been an attempt to build him up politically.

The noteworthy paragraph of the SPECTATOR is this: "Do you realize SAPS hasn't had a femme in it since Astra Zimmer (Now Marion Z. Bradley..Ed) dropped out? And yet the mailings of the early days had the reputation for sexiness, while those of recent years have been relatively sedate. Chivalry forbids me to carry this syllogism to its conclusion, but the results would be fascinating." I have often thought so myself, and this is one of the reasons I'd like to see a detailed review and comment on the early mailings. Another line of note is: Total pages (including postmailings) of the winter 49 FAPA mailing: 189. Total pages of the winter SAPS mailing: 190." Our little fledgling club was stretching its wings and crowing.

Higgs hit the mailing twice, missing a mailing did not stop the Higgs of that period from turning out a mag for each mailing. The first was 12 pages and had a cover picture of a nude woman of decidedly callipygian assets being menaced by a large hand. This picture illustrated a story, sort of, that was replete with freudian overtones....and now I wonder if I have a dirty mind for I can only get one deffination of the symbolism of that story. Now that I've upped the resale value of that mailing, lets look at more of this issue.

HOW TO CAMP was a satire on camping and told how not to enjoy your camping trip. It was rather ordinary, but another little satire entitled SAILBAD THE SINNER was rather good. This, in the tone of an Arabian Nights story told how after working for years, the slave of the caretaker of a temple was given his freedom, and with a donkey started on a trip. On the way the donkey died, and the slave buried it. Passing pilgrims asked who was buried in the grave, and the slave told them a saint. They gave him money to raise a temple, and for years he acted as caretaker, getting rich off donations. Finally Sailbad, his old master came along and asked what saint had died here? The slave swore him to secrecy, and then told him it was the donkey Sailbad had given him. He then remebered he had never asked the name of the saint in Sailbad's temple, and Sailbad replied, "The saint in ny temple is the father of your saint."

The second issue of SAPIAN although large was far from being as good. The material was

good but impersonal articles that somehow lack the interest the earlier zine had. I'd say the first was about one of the best zines Ray has done in SAPS, but the second just didn't click.

Cox did an 8 page Maine-Iac #4, well written, but it seems as if he were about to slip into a period of gafia. Most took the form of mailing comment, but reading them now gives me the feeling his heart was really not in it. After finishing the mailing comments he perked up and told about a day in his life. Quite a bit of the Cox of this time can be gleaned from this short bit. He worked in his father's bakery and got up at 3:AM to go to work. After work he usually went home or to stores owned by people-with-blonde-daughters-or-brunette-sisters. His excuse was that he had to go to these places to get records or gooey soda-fountain messes. He also went to the drug-stores to look for stf zines, and this proves he was still a fan because the drug store owners didn't seem to have any sisters or daughters. From there home to read, write, and/or play Stan Kenton records. He ended by saying this would change quite a bit, for his interest in photography had increased, and his interest in fandom was decreasing in proportion.

He then commented about Rapp's "pre-fandom zine" and retaliated by digging up some jokes of his own, claiming Art only published his article as an excuse to unload some corn. One of Cox's jokes was, "Did you know they can't hang a man with a wooden leg in Texas? You didn't? Hell no, they use a rope. He also told the true story of a local jokester who just got married. After the reception he said to his blushing (and shy) young bride: 'Come on, lets go to bed now!'" He ended the mag with the very fannish thought of the day when he could retire and spend his time reading the accumulated pile of mags. The dreamer!

Coslet had in two mags, totalling six pages. THE THRILL BOOK was naturally a single shooter devoted to a description of an issue of THRILL BOOK. Interestingly done, in that it lists the names and titles and opening sentence from each story or article. His other mag was BLOB Coslet introduced himself as the collector in the Old High House on the Hill, described the fantasy attic, and passed on to mailing comments. These mailing comments come mighty close to rambling, although they were not only rambling. Call them rambling comment for they sort of faded into each other. Interesting, but nothing of special note at this late date.

But the last two pages were something different. It is such an original idea that I almost felt like reprinting it. Tell me, can you think of anything that would be more of a surprise to you than to see the FAPA constitution published in SAPS? Well get the 11th mailing and you'll see just that. All two pages of it. At the time this was just accepted as a matter of course, and doubt of anyone even mentioned it the following mailing. Somehow what is lacking when reporting a Coslet zine is its special flavor, an enjoyable quality than can not be traced or pinned down.

Toth was around a couple takes too. The first was a postcard sized affair published on Johnny Blyler's PC Mimeo. Originally it was intended for FAPA, but there were two seperate versions of the front cover and not enough of them matched enough to get by the FAPA 68 identical copy-rule. Coslet, the FAPA OE turned it down for this reason, and there was a minor feud over the matter. Coslet then picked out enough identical copies to cover SAPS and sent it in to Rapp. MATRIX contained several poems and a mood story that I suspect were good, but the best part was Toth editorializing like Toth. A bit sub-quad, even when explaining that he had never seen a girl built like a

Bergey girl and maybe he had just never lived. Don't know if it was the format or thought of FAPA that cramped Al, but it lacks his freedom, and isn't the Toth I've written to for so many years.

FANROBEL

was far more up to his present stuff...The way Toth flows along makes it hard to review his mag, so the best I can do is quote a few bits and mention a few of his turns. Speaking of new mags and covers, mentioning the first FANTASTIC STORIES QUARTERLY he says, "looks like a parody of all Bergey covers -- the dame with her open mouth & stupid costume (her drawers are obviously drooping): The stupid guy with the determined look (being a clean minded guy I won't suggest wot he is determining, but he sure has a grip on the girl)" Al also doubted very much that all those cries for a reprint mag that Merwin always talked about were really cried.

In passing Al swiped at Shaver, Palmer, and FATE, not to mention the ones (like himself) who read FATE. He then wrote with a slight feeling of anger at the news-paper men who would giggle and sneer in a smart-alec fashion at any report of a Flying Saucer. Speaking of Colonel Robert McCormick, Al describes hearing him... "bunbling, mumbling way of speaking, weighing every unimportant word mightily. I couldn't make out more than every fifth word but gee wot fun to hear him." Reports of what a reporter said of the Convention with Tothian asides, and futher a report on radio commenters which draws and quarters them ends the mag, except for a quote from Pogo Possum, which must have been among the earliest in fandom. Toth, were you a pioneer?

The 9

page TIMEWARP was graced with a hecto/mimeo combination cover that had originally appeared on the August 1949 SPACEWARP. It had a man sitting gazing into a campfire, and it was only after you looked at it for a while you notice with a shock you are looking at him between the legs of a clawed monster. One of the better WARP covers..by Ray Nelson.

Art had this to say in answer to Coslet's views on the dividing line between stf and fantasy. "I'd say stf is a story laid in the present or the future, and based on present day science or an extension there-of. This suffers from the fact that "science" is a very loosely-used term. According to astrologers, astrology is a science, and they'd probably call a story based on it as stf, whereas I'd regard it, among other less printable things, as fantasy. 'He walked Around the Horses', I'd say was fantasy. Caveman stories, Atlantis stories, and how-Terra-was-colonized-by-the-Martians stories would all come under the heading of fantasy in my opinion. In fact any story with a non-human intelligence would be called fantasy. Does that leave anything to be called stf? Well such things as BEYOND THIS HORIZON, GATHER DARKNESS!, CHRISTMAS TREE, MATURITY, ARK OF FIRE, IN HIDING and so on. And the vast majority of the rest of what is usually called science-fiction would fit into a 'fantasy-stf' classification. They're neither stf under my defination, or are they outright fantasy. Fantasy requires the reader to accept for the purpose of the story, beleifs which he does not normally hold."

In line with this piece in his mailing comments, Rapp later had a one page article entitled IT'S FANTASY, IS IT? in which he deplores the habit of some publishers who dig into the old magazines to get uninspired stories by authors who have improved immeasurably, and this way cashing in on their names and yet save money that a new story would cost. But this wasn't the main purpose of the article. The main purpose was criticism of the habit of fen collecting anything that could be called fantasy. As he says, Sea Story fans do not buy a book just because in chapter IV the hero takes a ride on the

Brooklyn Ferry, but there are enough stfen "to make it profitable for a publisher to sell a book on its fantasy content alone, with no regard whether they are well written, interesting or worth buying."

The next two pages contained the mailable parts of the SPICY STF STUFF that recently graced our mailing. Devore used none of this Official Song of the DSFL, why not I'll never know, for it was far better than what he did use.

In MUMBLINGS Rapp mentioned that in the three years up to 1950 he had listed the names of 140 fanzines, very few which were one-shots. The list of zines currently published contained 30 titles, which showed the odds against a successful career for a fanzine. He also griped at the way movies gave free dishes to women, but not to bachelors, and at characters who became experts on stf after writing two or three stories, and denouncing it as not being great literature in an attempt to bring fen into other fields. Art also listed his three requisites for good stf writing. Briefly they were: Sincerity, in which the author must convince himself that the environment of which he writes is possible. Originality, where a plot may be old, but the author must attempt to see it from a new angle, and finally realism.

At this time the bomb had just gone off in Detroit, and the insurgents and the DSFL were feuding all over fandom. It was the pleasant habit of the insurgents to put a zine into the SAPS mailing everytime some one visited them, so the next few mags in the mailing could legitimately be tied together. THE MAHAFFY CON was slated to be a one-shot put out by Miss Mahaffy and the Wolverine Insurgents to celebrate her visit to Saginaw. To make certain there would be no gate-crashing members of the DSFL present, the insurgents sent each a card saying they were not welcome unless invited. So as Bea, Rapp and Bill Groover were running this cover, there arrived a dozen or two Detroiters. Blood was not shed, and an uneasy peace was negotiated. Part of the terms was the destruction of the Michigan version of AH SWEET IDIOCY, which was to have appeared in the SAPS mailing. But the one shot was not done, except for the cover and the reverse side telling why it had not been done.

Two issues of THE MICHIGAN FANTASITE, the bulletin of the Wolverine Insurgents, were included in the mailing. The insurgents were the most active fan club in fandom because they wasted no time on purposeless red-tape, and because Art Rapp was the guiding spirit. They were 100% Norwescon, 100% NFFF, and 100% certain that local fan clubs were warts on the nose of progress. They had no officers, treasury, reports of the last meeting, no new or old business. Their only purpose was enjoying themselves and sniping at the DSFL.

#2 of THE MICHIGAN FANTASITE accused the DSFL of stealing its cover, and what is worse, using it before THE MICHIGAN FANTASITE came out. It also told of the chicanery and double-dealing of the DSFL which would send out notices of meetings to the insurgents, but misaddress them so they'd always arrive too late. On one page was printed a letter they had gotten which castigated them for their disrupting the michifen, and they tore it apart in much the manner Merwin used in the Aug. 1950 FRYING PAN when he tore apart the OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OTTERID SCIENCE FANTASY LEAGUE AND TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CALCIMINE INSURGENTS.

Two more items would by default fall into the DSFL/Insurgent feud, for both of them were really the result of the feud. BAR RAG was the best of the early SAPS one-shots, put out when SAPS Rapp, Fluette, Ray Nelson, Arnim Seielstad and Young, and soon to be SAPS Bill Groover

gathered at Saginaw. The cover showed Seilstad with his soft drink, Rapp with his pipe, Young with a bomb, etc. Inside people wrote until they tired, passed out or were beamed by a flying bottle. One topic of conversation was Ben Singer, and what to do with him. Inserting an electric curling iron into his rectum and plugging it into the nearest wall socket was one suggestion, and that he follow the Lemming's advice to humans was another. Ray Nelson said, "One does not think about such things as Ben Singer."

Naturally no one-shot session would be complete without limericks and poetry. One was "Lives of great men all remind us." etc., ending with "Footprints on some little blones bathmat", while Rapp was being not-poetic even in those days before not-poetry with: Breathes there a fan with sould so dull

He sounds his "A" without the null?
Fen look aghast at all such antics
Because they are not good semantics.

This BAR RAG ends with Ray Nelson's INGRID BERGMAN, REAL LIFE HEROINE In which Ray cheers for Ingrid Bergman who had just done so much to further the Sexocratic cause.

THE outhouse on the asteroid, was, I beleive, the reason why Alger joined SAPS. He had this idea for a title and tried to get some member of the DSFL to write a story to go with it. No DSFL member did, so when he mentioned this on a visit to the Wolverine Insurgents, they of course swooped into action. The story is of Spacerat Spike who owns an asteroid with the only privy in 115,000,000 miles (Equipped with a coin-in-the-slot lock) He was getting rich, but unfortunately the ediface had been moved so many times there was not enough room on the asteroid for another hole. This would have ruined Spike's business, only he happened to hear of a contra-terrene indivicual who had the same problem. The used each other's privy, and the see-tee matter cancelled out the atoms of the awefull offal, and both were left happy, and with a sewage disposal job taken care of.

Briggs' first time in a mailing produced ZAP, a 10 page zine of what GM Carr later labeled, "wordless drawings". These mostly were satire of fans and Fandom and perhaps the best was one of a couple eyes peering out of a box, and a hand holding the lid. The box is labeled "Fandom" and in a vocal type baloon above are the imortal words, "People are just no good." Another one had a sad-eyed fan reading a stf pulp, and saying, "Fans are above sex." Bob also had THE WASHINGTON DISPATCH CASE, a page an a half of interesting mailing commnet. but it is to abbreviated to go into, unless I went back to his sources of comment.

In GLOP, Calabrese tried a new title. The cover and first page of his mailing comments were excellent, but a story by Elsberry and poems by Augustine and Shaumberger brought down the quality a lot. Bill too knew corny jokes. Witness: It seems there was a young man who stutted. One day while playing golf he was introduced to a young lady who also stutted. She asked his name.

"M-my name is Paul", said he,
"but that doesn't mean I'm a s-s- saint."
"M-my name is Mary, Said she,
"but that doesn't mean I'm a v-v- very good player."

THE OUTSIDERS had much the same cover as before...and the first cover is reproduced on this issue...but a squirrel, representing Fred Remus was standing on the fence. As the second issue of a hecto'd zine, its only improvement was that it could be read without too much eye-

strain, but I am not sure it would be worth the trouble. Outstanding thing in this was a story by Bill, who had just finished reading the first 3 or 4 Lensman Stories. Just what his reaction to them as literature was, I wouldn't know, but YOUNG INTERGALACTIC DOCTOR OF MEDICAL ENDEAVOR MALONEY was most certainly influenced by EESmith. Take for example this paragraph, "All over the ship, dotting its numerous chambers, passages and elevators were high officials. But of the star grade personnel there were but ten, the pick of the intelligensia of a dozen galaxies. These now spun the verniers of their motivated transportable excrassilators, and disappeared, to materialize in the private operating room of the most famous of all living medical men." Ah yes, this was stf in the fourties! Mailing comments were longer than those in the average SAPSzine, but nothing worth mentioning this late.

Lee Jacobs Came Forth from DC with PROJECT ONE. He tells that he was not exactly a neo-fan for he had been a member of the LASFS in 1943(Right out in print he tells us!)and had his first letter published in a 1943 SUPER SCIENCE.(Looked it up, Feb 1943 in case you are interested) Lee, in the Army then, as he was during most his SAPS career, got by easily on his first zine, for the DC group evidently forced supplies, help and manuscripts on him. One article by Chick Derry touches on the failure of fan projects, a failure he felt is brought on by everone having a notion what the finished product should be, but hardly anyone wanting to do the labor of manufacturing the finished product. He also says that "F.Tovmer Laney would be proud of Lee Jacobs, who is in short, an intergrated fan, what ever the hell that is." Jerome Bartlett has an article entitled UNCONVENTIONAL and I must admit I don't understand quite what it is about. Like Leacock's Knight, he is riding off madly in all directions. If he has a point, I've missed it, but he is against the advancement of fandom because he prefers the older fandom. He also prefers the small 200-500 actifan group, and also, tongue in cheek advises that fen should be educated scientifically. No, he didn't mean the advancement of fandom meant the instruction of fandom...in fact I don't know what he meant, but reading his article seven or eight times was fine mental exersize. Lee ended with a couple poems, one by Meg Johns, and the other by himself. Its "Vasten my children and you shall skren - The trials of a newborn apafen," opening is, I think, a fannish classic.

This review, in leaving out the work people no longer members, passes up a lot of excellent work, but even so, seen in retrospect this mailing was unsatisfying. Perhaps there were to many short zines, but many of the members were just getting into publishing and seemed a bit diffident. The unsatisfying part is noticable only after years, for it is only that so few of the members made any real use of their potentialities. A few zines were evidently little more than an attempt to get in the requirements, naturally, but most were an attempt at having a good mag...and to be honest as far as they went most did good, but few seemed to know just what they wanted in a SAPSzine. I place myself in this last catagory, for while I did about the best I was capable of doing, and made an attempt at a good zine, still it resembles nothing so much as 8 pages written to get in a zine for the mailing.

This is an unfair criticism, for in effect I'm unsatisfied with SAPS of 1950 because it was not SAPS of 1953. Still this mailing in comparison was not as satisfying as the mailing before it or after it. Perhaps it is part of a transition period. But even a mailing I find usatisfying now, was a good mailing. Could be I am prejudiced...this was written at a period when I had gotten no mail for four days...enough to sour and embitter any SAPS.

THE POETRY HATERS CORNER

A MAGICAL INCANTATION TO RECITE WHILE PREPARING AN AJAYZINE
FOR AN AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY THAT SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS.

Double, double, toil and trouble.
Mimeo turn and obliterate bubble.
Eye of a Neut and touch of a star
(I wonder if it will satisfy Carr?).
Dragon's fang and one rat's hair
(I think that it will please Nanshare).
Two frog's legs and the bill of a mallard
(I sincerely hope it will sneak by Ballard).
Sprinkle gently one damned soul.
(I hope it ranks first on the Laureate poll).
Whisper a prayer to the great Saint Rapp--
Oh hell, its good enough for a Sap...

-Lee Jacobs

THE CYNIC

"Let fandom know what is in store for them
at the Twelfth (and best!) Annual Science Fic-
tion Convention." --Propaganda recently rec'd.

O, fannishly frolic for Frisco
The land of the fruits and the nuts
Where the Little Men march for their chowder
And hate all the other fans' guts.

They're calling all fandom to Frisco,
They claim it will be a great day,
(And they hope you will buy their fine promag,
Like G, Swarthout and Samuel Kaye).

The boys from L.A. will be present
(You may love them -- and they will love you),
They'll import all the pros from the Philcon
(It's the least, in return, they can do)

There'll be all kinds of fun on the program
(Won't you give them a plug in your zine?)
There'll be NO smoke-filled rooms in the offing
(Fans might get in, under its screen)

Shall we all take a trip out to Frisco
And watch while they publicize stf?
(Count me out -- I can act just as fannish
Writing letters to TNFF).

-Art Rapp

UNTITLED NOT-POEM #3

There was once a young fan
Who read and wrote and published stuff
And really thought he knew enough
Until one day he met a girl
Who really set him in a whirl.
So they went out one night
Under the moon so bright....
This fan is now a man!

-Demund

IF

by Art Rapp
the Woodyard Kipling

If you can pub your zine when all about you
Are folding theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can be a loyal thane of Roscoe,
Nor heed the shrieking of the slaves of ghu;
If you can write six pages in an evening
To get the credit that you need in SAPS;
If you can wrangle looks at FAPA mailings
And sneeringly refrain from joining FAPS;
If you can talk all year of "pro conventions"
Yet go to cons and warmly greet each pro,
If you can get a new fan in a corner
And brag to him of authors that you know;
If you use words like "BNF" and "typer"
And sometime in the past have formed a club,
--Get out of here, and take your stfzines wit'cha;
We don't allow no fans around here, bub!

THOTS ON MOUNTAINS

Mountain when I slide
Down your rough and rocky side
I have one superlatively important question to
Ask you
Speaking of my pants and legs hairy
I ask, "Was that rip necessary?"

THOTS ON THOTS

Thots by that thinker,
Mr. John Davis.

Little squirming thots that run
Till they're done
Round and up and through that
Dull skull
Where people are seen as pictures and lectures
And Prefectures

Demund's Recipe for Cockroach Egg Roll

Long heralded as one of the most tasty of dishes in the annals of cookery, I feel that this gourmet's delight has been too long neglected in this country.

I am therefore taking it upon myself to at last open the door to this delectable adventure in taste. Save this recipe, for I'm sure you'll want to use it again and again.

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1 4-ounce can of mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 dozen (or more) cockroaches
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 hard cooked egg, chopped
1 package pastry mix

(Editor's note: If I learn of anyone using margarine, oh what foul-ups they'll find in their SAPS record!)

Melt butter; add flour and stir to a smooth paste. Drain the mushrooms and add the liquid to the flour mixture. Add Tabasco, salt and onions. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Cool.

While it is cooling, prepare the cockroaches. Now before you try this recipe for the first time, a word of warning. First secure the cockroaches, alive if possible. The bigger they are, the juicier and more tasty the meat. This also determines the number of cockroaches needed for the recipe. To get them alive is most important. The usual method of killing them is a callous, wasteful act. Stomping them, splattering their tender body all over your shoe and the floor, smearing tangy body-juices is horrendous waste. So trap them alive. Keep them in a flat container. For if left in a jar, they would try to climb the sides of the jar and needlessly lose weight.

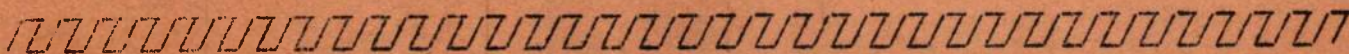
Now to the most important part of the preparations. You must take the cockroach (don't be squeamish about the squirmings) between a finger and a thumb and with your other hand, take his head and give it a quick flick. This is the most humane and the roach dies quickly. This also removes the long feelers which have no nutritious value and would be rather hard to swallow. Then you pull off the legs. Unless you were lucky and got fat roaches, the legs will be too skinny and of no value. Since they would be hard to chew, you dispose of these. Now, be very careful! You must next remove the wing-plates and body armor. Be careful not to rip the firm white meat and not to rupture the body else you will lose the rich body fluids. The true gourmet will, at this stage, have to resist popping the now denuded body into his mouth and munching away, happily humming a tune of sheer delight as he chews with gusto the delicious cockroach meat.

By the time you finish readying the roaches, the mixture should be cooled. Now put mushrooms through the food chopper and with the roaches, add to the flour mixture with the parsley and egg. Mix well. Now prepare the pastry according to the package directions. Divide the

pastry mix in half and roll each half into a 12 inch square. Spread with the filling. Place the cockroaches as evenly as possible while adding the filling, the cut each square in half lengthwise. Roll all four oblongs as you would for a jelly-roll. Cut each roll into as many pieces, up to six, without cutting into the cockroaches (which are determined by the lumps in the roll).

Now place on a baking sheet-pan and brush rolls lightly with milk. Bake in a hot oven at about 425 degrees F. for 20 to 25 minutes, or untill browned. Yield: One to two dozen.

I am sure that once you have tried this delightful dish, you'll want to experience this tasty treat again and again. I envy you for your wonderful experience of partaking of the Cockroach Egg Roll for the first time!



N A N D I D N ' T

The rest of this page is not OUTSIDERS, it is an extension of NAN-
DU. You see the EO of this sterling organization has the habit of using some interesting little word-plays entitled "Hinkie-pinkies". Her source of these "Hinkie-pinkies" a chap by the name of Hirschhorn loused, and NANDU proper was finished without those puzzles. After it had been finished, Mr. Hirschhorn sent in a set of new ones to Nan, and she asked if OUTSIDERS would have room for them. OUTSIDERS did not, for it is a fine upstanding zine, mindfull of the laws and ethics of amateur publishing and does not steal departments or standard fare of other zines. Therefor this is NANDIDN'T. I insist it is NANDIDN'T although it could be BERTDIDN'T, but BERTDIDN'T lacks the necessary esotric meaning, even if he didn't. Here are the "Hinkie-pinkies":

1. inebriated hoodlum
2. television tax
3. bunny's customs
4. insect airoplane
5. nut doctor's children

Sitting here, filled with a Ghodlike power since I am working on another zine and therefor do not have to worry about the postal department throwing out my mag, I am struck with an idea for a short but moving and immoral article. This article is certainly enough to start feuds in SAPS, or start something! Marion Z. Bradley could point a finger labeled "truth" at the SAPS den of iniquity...Burbee would be shocked.

But Nan would be among the first to disown me for doing this to her zine, and so my friends, you just missed out on one of the most shocking and enlightening 3 minutes of your life just because Nan wouldn't want a zine that controversial. All complaints must be adressed to her. Only her attitude sttod between you and an article you couldn't read to your Sunday School class. In fact I am a bit peeved at her myself, because knowing she wouldn't let me use the article in her mag, I won't even try to write it, and I'd sure like to have been able to read it myself and learn something.

End of NANDIDN'T...OUTSIDERS resumes next page.

DEPARTMENT OF BACKSCRATCHING

The attitude of the OE seems a bit different from his attitude before attaining such heights. Normally susceptible to the enthusiasm of others, as OE last time I naturally was the recipient of a lot of enthusiasm, which led to my doing a much larger zine than I really had time for. Now again, though quite a while before the deadline, the enthusiasm of members seems to be hitting a crescendo, and naturally mine along with them. The difference now....I see the mags come in and during the first barren two months get to wondering if I am the only interested member, and as a result am slow at getting started on my own mag. As OE I miss out on the enjoyment of the well known psychological impact, for I am unable to just scan the mags as they arrive, and as a result, by deadline time many of the mags are nearly memorized. This loss of impact is more than counterbalanced by the natural phenomenon that AS OE you are automatically on the inside of nearly everything going on, and in a fine position to take advantage of your position.

SPECTATOR #25 The stamped numbers and total came about this way: On the deadline date I received a telegram saying that Karen's zine was on the way. Since the mailing could not go out before Monday, and by mailing them in Hillsboro they'd go out hours earlier, I cut stencils using what information I had and ran them Sunday Morning Monday as soon as the mail had arrived in Blanchard, but hours before the Rural delivery, I drove into Blanchard and picked up the mail, which included the air-mailed Zed.. Came home, stamped in the numbers, shoved those copies into the bundles, and headed to Hillsboro. But will not make it a habit to wait for mags, or accepting for the current bundle any mags that come in after the deadline unless it happens I can work it this way and lose no time. Try to get your zines in well before the deadlines, for I hope to mail the bundles out the first mail after the deadline...barring impossible weather.

Think I'll innovate and comment on the mags in the reverse order of their listing in the OO.

Zed Sorry for the use of a non-approved abbreviation Karen. Too late to correct it last time you know. This was minute but appreciated. Is this a good place to say that if it is at all possible, I'll be at the Frisco Convention? Feel it will be entirely enjoyable...or if not entirely enjoyable, it will at least be enjoyable to me.

Art and I have dirty minds for our thoughts on Phthalo? But may I say your explanation sounds too pat and just a wee bit of scrambling for an innocent explanation? Am pleased to hear that my dirty mind will never allow me to reach the Blue Beeradise of Phthalo. There is a bright side to everything. Even in this punishment for my sins.

CRIMP #1 How does a coal bin go about being abandoned? Since you were putting out a fanzine in it, it was abandoned in the sense that it was given up entirely. This means it was shamelessly profligate, which is somehow hard to imagine a coal bin being...unless we look up profligate.. "abandoned to vice". True, true, see your meaning now. You are putting out a Sapszine in there, which is a type of vice, vice meaning "substitute"...and therefore you are substituting Sapszine publishing for coal in your bin. See, if I had looked it up first I wouldn't have had to ask you how a coal bin went about being abandoned.

An excellent con report...only you take 2½ pages to get there and only stay for a bit more than a page. Enjoyed this a lot when I read it, but find it hard to say anything except a mention of my enjoyment. Might quote the words of an anonymous non-SAPS correspondent..."...and this was the newcomer whose name was only vaguely familiar, Wally Weber with his CREEP. This guy is terrific!" Got several other letters saying the same thing in different words.

TRANTOR #3 The "This is the last issue of TRANTOR" business has me worried. Hate to see the mag go, even if you both plan on continuing membership, but if either or both of you drop it will be catastrophic. Irene, Eney's description of me was partially true anyway. I do wear glasses. Would like to agree with the whole description, but hope to attend the Frisco, and if I went about claiming to be six feet tall, blond and handsome and with a magnificent physique before the con, after I got there I'd be liable to have a hard time convincing people I was me. Pure modesty on my part for after all I am not far from six feet tall, blond and handsome with a marvelous physique, and I say this not from conceit, but from a doubt that I'll be able to make the convention. Why disillusion anyone until they are forcibly disillusioned by facts, I always say. Besides handsomeness is a matter of opinion, and I'll always accept my mother's opinion.

Rich, I apologise for calling you the "Ray Cummings of the present generation. Ray Cummings would come in fifth in a two man race with you. WORLD OF Q was a fine legally acceptable bit of writing. The moral evidently being, "Travel in time only when you have a head-cold.

Sorry neither of you published a con report, even though the report would have been scathing or disillusioning. Would like to learn just why the con was no good...thought a few convivial friends would be all it takes to make an enjoyable con, and surely there were a few around. Sure from reports I've gotten the actual convention programming was rather poor, but how much does the program have to do with the enjoyment you get? Heck Bob, you enjoyed yourself in New Orleans, and never said a thing about the program. This missing con could be a blow to your enjoyment...couldn't think of anything worse than going to a convention and finding only a few friends.

Irene, if you want me to be straight man to give you an excuse to print anything, just let me know by private letter and I will make the suitable leading remark in my zines. Thanks for the info on the Gryff-in cartoon. Never knew that about Gryffins, but knew the old superstition about a virgin attracting unicorns. Which was a mite confusing for if you invited a girl to go unicorn hunting in the woods with you, you never knew if she was confident of being able to bring a unicorn or what. Come to think of it I've never heard of anyone finding a unicorn, so it must have been pretty much a case of "or what."

MŌ SUKOSHI KABU Ed, did Nance pay you that 25¢ she owed you. If not she is a prophet without honor. Shy is also a lousy prophet, but I cannot help but admire her for her enthusiasm. No other prophet in SAPS history was so far off as she, although I must admit #25 surprised me a bit by its small size.

But Nance, keep on doubting my Virgin cows story and I'll be forced

to send you proof that I doubt you'll hang in your room. Perhaps the bill for such services, or maybe a receipt. At any rate this was one time when I was completely serious...and I find it odd that most of the ones questioning and doubting my word are female. Cripes here men(Bulls at least)are being surplanted, and you'd think the opposition would be the first to know about it. It sure isn't like that in stf stories... there the women try to keep such things secret from the men and gradually hope to eliminate them. Hey HEY HEYHEYHEY!! By Ghod all this doubt and unbeleif seems fishy. Are us guys being plotted against? Man, I'm worrying, I'm too young to be obsoleted.

YDMOS Pleased to see the mailing comments Mike...hope this means a gradual swing to more SAPSish things of that nature. Found myself a bit shocked at what you said about my review of THE WAR OF THE PURPLE GAS. Unless you mean I ruined the story for you, the idea of taking a review as a substitute for reading a story, and calling reading the story "trouble", is something I find hard to imagine. Cripes Mike, reading stories in mags you collect should never be a trouble, although some naturally arn't worth reading. But as a story THE WORLD OF THE PURPLE GAS was not so bad, have read many worse. Out of date, naturally, but if that bothered me I wouldn't collect Argosy and don't think you would either. Perhaps my reviews do give away the story more than they should, but I try to give away the story, for those reviews are written more for the people who'd never get the mag and who might like to see how those old stories were. If it happened to inspire them to collect Argosy, fine, I like to see others sharing my interests. If as also happens my reviews make fen feel Argosy is not worth collecting, that is also a very fine thing, for competiton only drives up the cost of an article.

Who's Baron? Drool when you say that Mr.

DODO #1 Nice start Vee. Nice to have a youngster like you in our midsts. Not long ago...Oh well quite some time ago I found myself interested in watching a hill of ants. Got practically on top of them watching to see what they were doing, and I think the whole batch were just plain crazy for they kept running in all directions. Busy, sure, but the type of busy where one fellow digs holes and the other fills them. Ants are over-rated in my books, and I defy them to take over the world. But it was fun to watch them, until I happened to notice a gopher watching me with a puzzled expression, which made me so self-conscious I had to nonchalantly whistle my way back to the house, muttering something about "where did I lose that blasted mumble mumble". Got some mighty sophisticated gophers around here.

Someday I want to go back to Illinois and see the old places where I lived. Dad was there a few years ago and says it has changed unbelievably(in close to 20 years)but the places I'd most want to see are in the country, the woods and creeks around which I played. Always wanted to revisit, and someday I will...and SAPS will probably get an article about it too.

Nan mentioning "Blanchard - home of the Bard" leads me to complete that quotation, "and the land of the freeze."

ATTENTION FEN Your fault then before that Agnes' Spectator was sent back to me? Most likely she hadn't walked all they way back to **Detroit** by the time it got there. Your cross bow will be for naught after the bombs fall, as you will plainly see if I ever do the article I've planned for over a year. I sir, will philanthropically make public the plans of the real weapon to use after the bombs fall and until factories are going which can produce the Remington Rider Rolling Block Rifle.

BARSOOM BUGLE #2 Lovely cover. The model for it evidently has TV. It is also fine to see you accept the correct social uses and are using them correctly. Hope Rapp did not suffer too much.

This foul plot of seventh fandom will fail Mr. Anderson. Simply because you do not know of the Rosconian secret service. Not only did I send a spy, fifth columnist and paper feed out to take care of that end, but the Wrai you got was merely a double...since naturally your bogus Coslet would get the wrong man. Besides you didn't know this, but I'd just as soon drink rattler juice as beer. In addition, your cowpony must prance on his hind legs and hold his front ones horizontally in front of him...the only way he could carry "me" "over the shanks of his favorite cow pony" as you describe it. Perhaps this is what you meant...seventh fandom is producing some awesome things and perhaps a horse running on his hindlegs with a body draped over his front ones is not too much to expect. You understand of course that this story constitutes a virtual declaration of war between Roscoites and Seventh Fandom? Hope you'll be a regular Larry. Liked this mag.

GEM TONES Well if not elsewhere, at least I can call this a FRAGMENT OF GEM TONES in my own mag, although this really doesn't apply for this section has a completed appearance. Your editorial was interesting and true. Don't know the end results or if it will be perfectly satisfactory, but I'm certain even at this early date that we'll soon find out how much result your editorial will have. One thing you mentioned, about new members on the waiting list practically following old members around waiting for them to drop seems mighty true, I'm pleased to say. Personally I find myself well pleased with SAPSish enthusiasm, and feel SAPS will continue to be enjoyable, no matter what happens as long as so many members are enthusiastic.

Am perfectly willing to be rated behind the girls in mag listings. They deserve a high place in any ratings and SAPS would be liable to be a dull place without them. No, not dull exactly, for SAPS has too many members both male and female(either one or the other I mean, no omnibus ratings in this mag)who are never dull, but it would take the extra edge of enjoyment from the mailings if we went back to the 1947 sex wars when a woman in fandom had to maintain a defensive attitude at all times and had a second class rating just because she was a woman. SAPS should be evidence of woman's place in fandom, and I wouldn't be the least afraid to intrust the OEs to a member of that reasonably fair sex when my term is up.

Hey I read that about Cox's wife being blown up by a jealous OE who resented her interest in crifanac. Never did suspect Ed of such a Machiavellian plot. By Ghod this the last term as OE I am going to have for a while...someone else can handle the dynamite. If I can't fight temptation I can at least run away.

BOOK OF PTOTH #2 Pleased to see the improved mimeoing Al. Mimeoing just takes practice and experience as Nance Share can tell. You will no doubt be pleased to hear I did not see HOUSE OF WAX. In fact that is only one of the complete list of 3D movies I never saw. The only one I have seen was the experimental job of perhaps a dozen years ago...just a short subject. But like you would perhaps like the Can Can better than the movie. Find too many movies seem too inconsistent for me to enjoy, and recently in a letter wondered if reading stf wouldn't make you notice inconsistencies all the more. Sure stf uses a screwy logic at times, but as a rule the logic is consistent with the story. Of course all the movies I've seen lately are on TV, and have come to the conclusion that B westerns are often poorly written.

Found WHEN SHE KISSED THEM THEY KNEW IT rather consistent all the way through and it would make a fine movie. With or without 3D. Really enjoyed this Al. Am a sucker for sentiment.

Also find it quite touching to find how many SAPS are offering advice on how to get rid of Ed Cox's wife. Shows we will all work together and I must say I find your method the best so far, and the most untracable. Perhaps I will appoint you EOCRRW (Emergency Officer in Charge of Removing Recalcitrant Wives) This will of course be a secret service and not listed in the OO. You will not have to do the deed yourself naturally, but merely decide on the best method for the case and instruct the proper person. Expenses to be paid by assessment.

By the way Al, MASTER sells ink with a pouring spout. Only this is just a spout added so they can use it as a point in their sales literature. It doesn't pour out of the spout. It doesn't even trickle or dribble. It merely fills the spout to the end and stays there. To get it to work at all as a spout you must cut it down to a nubbin, then loosen the cap so air can get in to replace the ink coming out, and then tip the can up over the cylinder opening. The cap falls off and the ink pours out...but not from a spout. I now use Heyers 999.

SPACEWARP Roscoe smiled and made me OE of SAPS at a time like that? What in Christ territory you trying to do Art, shake my allegiance to Roscoe? No, you didn't but watch it. I prefer to think I got the job because I leave such trustworthy footprints.

Wish I had written an article entitled I WISH I HAD DONE THAT... only think as I could, I could think of nothing fannishwise that I wish I had done, or done differently. Try a hoax and let people think I was a femme type fan? Well I've had plenty opportunity to do that, for up until several years ago I got a number of letters each year asking if Wrai was "Female or male", and most of them didn't write again when I said male. Several friends almost begged me to try to lead them on, but never wanted to try to fool anyone that way...even if I could which I couldn't. The reward would not be worth the labor, and the possibility of hurting someone would rule out the whole hoax.

Am not in the least sorry I never published a fanzine either. I appreciate the efforts a fanzine editor/publisher must put into his zine and am just too lazy to work that hard myself. Further my interests never lie with fandom as a large sprawling group, but are always tied up with a smaller circle...and this small circle I find sufficient. As long as my friends know me when I am a fan, I don't care about being history.

Would not even have wished that I had been responsible for **SPACE-WARP**. Enjoyed the mag far too much for that, and if anyone else had published it, it would not be **SPACEWARP** any more than the last two subscription issues were. I might go so far as to say I'm glad Jacobs didn't do that either. Could wish I had saved and collected mags since the early days instead of waiting till 1939 or 1940 before starting to hold on to issues as I got them. In those early days I was indifferent to the idea of collecting, mainly I suppose because a boy not yet into, or just barely in his teens does not swing enough weight to get himself storage space. Later when we moved to a house on the outskirts of town I had my own room, but in a missionary spirit gave back issues of stf mags, **GOLDEN FLEECE**, etc. to friends so they too could enjoy this greater literature. It was only when FFM with its continued Merrittales came that I started collecting, and even on that had to dig into a pile of mags in the cellar of a friend to get a couple issues when the great notion that I might want to reread these someday struck me. By the way I only have a few of those original mags saved from the far off days...Astonishing, Super Science and some FFM and FN. Others went on some of my many trades...the most for Argosy, I beleive.

Had a hard time picking the best bit of versifying, but the honor goes to the Shaggy Doggerel, **COMPLETIST**.

PELEGIC SPARK was of course by Boucher and in one of the bed-sheet sized ASF I beleive. DeCamp also had some letters at least, about Nostradamus in **UNKNOWN** if not elsewhere. Incedently how did you know the paper on the back cover of #12 is called "Cream of Tomato Soup?"

REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT Nice cover. As for mimeo supplies...well buying them around here is impossible. First to get supplies I must take an 80 mile round trip to Fargo, and there supplies are high...20 lb. mimeo colored bond at \$2.70 a ream...or more. Ink is high, stencils...well the cheapest I've seen were well over \$3.00 a quire so I never even bothered to ask. 10 X 13 envelopes like I used last mailing they asked 10¢ each for, and I talked them down to 6¢ each. Only charged SAPS what the cost would be if I hadn't been so lazy though. So I sent to MASTER for most my supplies...envelopes 4¢ each and stencils at \$2.90 now. The ink I had been using, MASTER SUPER TONE is about \$1.44 a lb in 5 lb lots, but now I have a supply of HEYER 999 at about the same price, but a better ink, I beleive. Paper...well to get by one needs buy in 10 ream lots at about \$15 for ten reams. A bit high, but still they pay postage, so it really isn't at all bad.

Nice drawing of the Remington Rolling Block. Now you should do a phantom view showing how the action works. By the way, do the large caliber models have as an efficient ejector as my little .22?

ARCHIVES #1 Nice start Larry. Can't say much about SF PLUS except I got the first two issues, read them and haven't bothered since. Oh sure also got the third issue, but never read it. Can't be fair and objective about the mag for it embodies practically every trait I dislike in my early WONDER. If the story isn't dry the way they handle them makes them seem so. When I have more time will get a recent issue and try again, but I wont like it.

You haven't been in SAPS long Larry if you fear you'll be condemned for tootling a horn for a non-stf mag like Blue Book. But you were

writing of the modern Blue Book of the last couple years. Well I just dropped my subscription to that magazine, it is no longer Blue Book. You know once we had some good general fiction magazines. Then True which was good although non-fiction decided to become a minor league Esquire. It was successful and Argosy which had been rather ruined by Popular but which was making a comeback decided to imitate True. Now the old standby Blue Book has pulled an imitation of Argosy. As a result I no longer get Esquire (Not worth getting and who can afford it) True, Argosy or Blue Book. If you want some good issues of Blue Book try the ones from 1930 through 1943. Now days Blue Book has a couple good issues, then as many poor ones, and then maybe another fair issue.

UP-SIDE-UP Man would I like to take a bookstore tour like you do.

Afraid what would happen if I started for a stfcon in a car would be that I'd stop at various bookstores along the way and be so lucky I'd be broke before I got half way and have to turn home. Be fun though for I've never seen a book store selling second hand books and magazines. You might say I've never lived.

Cos, honor is where you find it, and how do you know the fellow couldn't be wrestling with honorable intentions if he followed 6D. Unlikely I admit, but his intentions could be honorable. You wouldn't be advocating the use of violence in such duels would you? Wrestling would be far more friendly, and undoubtably make for a more lasting friendship after the end of the duel. Forgot to mention in a mixed duel no seconds should be in attendance, and the duel should be held in a quiet, preferably dark place where others would see it and get the wrong impression. Boy am I going to be an insulting cuss just before the convention if I go...no woman with any self respect will be unable to challenge me. This idea patented and I will think unkindly of others doing the same thing.

OUTSIDERS #13 Like that high issue number. One reason I hate to miss a mailing; so hard to build up a high issue number fast that you need hit them all to make any progress.

SPRING HAS? This parody is a burlesque. A travesty caricaturing a great not-art form. This deriding buffoonery has skirted the edges of farce. My attitude towards the perpetrator of this scurrilous satire is entirely in keeping with the crime. To her I have only one thing to say. Shall we neck?

IGNATZ #4 No, it was impossible for me to make use of a large family in getting a new mimeo. Of course 2/3 of the ones at home insisted I get this one when I planned for a while to get a lower priced and less efficient (the ads hinted) model, but that's about all. But I did get a new mimeo and not long after you. Still I know the wonderful feeling you get when you aquire your first mimeo...the feeling that lasts even after you try to use it the second time. First time almost always seems nice...it is you making those marks with your own machine...that is enough. Second time though you are more critical and expect to read those marks.

OK so you made a lucky stab in the dark and guessed close to the correct number of pages in #24. Shows how I've lost my skill in

predicting, for I was impressed with this skill and passed on my torch. But By Ghod the Faux Pas (Pronounced Foxey Pass) you made this time dashed enough cold water on you to extinguish the torch for good. You are nothing but a flash in the pan, and a Cassandra now forever. You can make your predictions, but no one will ever accept them.

Nance, our cows are mostly "pure" black and white cows, but I won't explain more until there is more need of explaining. I must say though that your doubt of the replacement of males by scientific methods is indeed heartwarming.

Am-so poetry...well you keep trying, must say that for you. Best was the Spring has sprung the grass has rizz I wunner where the flowers iz am-so poetry ...next best was the poetic A THORN TO YOU. You will note I am accepting am-so poems as a definite type of verse (Longfellow Keats, Wordsworth, stop spinning in your graves boys, I'm just kidding) Am forced to, if not some people might think them not-poetry.

Find your sister Ethel fascinating. Not every non-fan that can inspire two such good fannish articles. I am waiting with baited breath for the next article that will logically trace Ethel's progress. Hope she doesn't keep us waiting too long. No fun looking at the illustrations in love pulps since the departed days back in the thirties when the Spicy Western, Mysteries etc. mags. Hey, just happened to think, howcome there was never a mag called SPICY LOVE STORIES? Would have been a natural. Anyone else remember those mags in that period before our present victorian era?

SIGNIFYING NOTHING continues to be a top quality column. Fen must have been different when I started, or else they are tougher on women. Back when I was just starting they seemed to prefer dropping their mag and stopping publication to turning you down. Never heard of anyone being sarcastic and rough in a rejection, and the few times I even heard of a rejection (and one time I got one) they seemed so sorry they couldn't use your bit, you felt like a heel for submitting it to them. They seemed, and this might seem hard to believe, thankful that you sent them anything even if they couldn't use it and in most cases appreciative of the trouble you took, even though the result was not to their wants. Guess it is just this younger generation that has grown up. Or some of them, rather. Would like to read that Mss about life in a crowded household...may not agree with it, but bet I'd enjoy it. Keep Marie-Louise writing, Nancy.

Good con reports in this too. The Beatly con seems better than the recent world cons, but the next time it may be different. Artwork fine, and the changes in style intriguing. Lovely drawing of Pan, but too late I learn it may be by an illegal method...dunt do it again! Your best issue so far Nancy.

THE BERGERON FOLLIES Might as well list this as a separate mag, for this is not exactly Nancy's Share of ego-boo. Sorry about the Spectator Rich, but my artistic talent and time are not up to a Blacklike job. Only thing that can be done to get some distinguished OO's is get an artist type stencil cutter as OE. I can't be beautiful, but I can at least be faithful is my motto. Will try to make up for my deficiencies by promptness. THE LITTLE ACORN will be a feature until SAPS gets tired of it, or until I tire of it, in which case I'll either turn it over to someone else, or start having guest writers. In fact I am thinking strongly of guest writers...if any of

you have the mailings and a good knowledge of SAPS of that period let me know what mailings you can do and perhaps we will have a guest shot. Prefer SAPS who were members during the period of which they are writing for it really should take a more intimate knowledge of SAPS than can be gained by just reading the mailings years later. Haven't fully decided on the format and the length is the deciding factor of how the review is to be written. Like to cover fully the portions that I do cover, and so limiting it to just the reviews of mags published by members still active is the only way it can be kept under controll. Still I've gotten at least one request to expand it or write of other members of the day. Any suggestions will be welcomed...

Just as a favor to you I've been watching Hopalong Cassidy movies, or at least as much of them as I could take, and have definately established that Robert Mitchum played bit parts in the early ones. In a recent one, seen recently I mean, HOPALONG CASSIDY SERVES A WRIT, Mitchum played the part of one of the minor villains. Was just important enough to have his name towards the bottom of the list of characters. Had a few lines and tangled with Hoppy twice. Most of the time he didn't seem sure what he was doing. Liked your comments Rich, hope you'll do them more regularly in the future.

MAINE-IAC #6 Was rather surprised to see Coslet's letter. For a while it looked like no one in SAPS read stf...except me and I don't read all by a longshot. Use more of Cos' letters Ed, that way at lest we can get more by him in the mailings. If you want help on the Anthologies...well I only have a few, but will if you like, list those so you can see if any are those you might need. Speaking of fould up subscriptions, never get a Del Rey mag on subscription...or if you do hope for better luck than me. Subbed to SPACE SF & SF ADVENTURES... Never got a copy of SPACE in a year, and get copies of some issues of SF ADVENTURES about a month or two after they are on the newsstands.. Would like to sub to FANTASY FICTION but don't care to risk it, and so have been getting it through the kind offices of Vernon McCain. The hinterlands hereabouts don't have them, and I get to Fargo too seldom to pick it up there. Hope you can be a four mailings a year regulr Ed.

FALLING PETALS This was admitted under extraordinary circumstances because Larry couldn't get a regular SAPSzine in in time. He was notified of his membership a short time before the deadline so so was allowed a bit of leeway. Hope many of you will find the mag worth stretching the rules a bit.

NANDU #4 I can't figure that henchwoman of mine. After every mailing she tells how she will be unable to be in the next mailing, maybe, or how she'll just put in a token mag. In fact she gets me feeling so sorry for her and so guilty I might be forcing her to work too hard that I'll probably write and tell her to do what she can and I won't be angry if it isn't a large mag...so then she sends in a 28 page mag like this, or says in a surprised tone that she has 25 pages gone for next time. I fall off my chair, crawl to the typer and ask howcome since her last letter she was only going to have in a few pages, she turns up with 25 pages. She answers in rather mild surprise, did she say 25 pages...she meant 35. I dunno, I can't understand it, but I enjoy such confusion. Every letter is an adventure, and I never know what to expect.

Speaking of confusion...Nan you have sabotodged my beleif in my own vocabulary. And what's worse you've used a stack of words not in my dictionary. In fact I think I'll write the publishers of my dictionary a dirty note and chance my middle name from Webster to Huh. Can tell you that the padishaw is not Roscoe by any stretch of the imagination for Roscoe is more of a beaver type. His plangorous expression probably reflects prior knowledge of my soon to be received elevation. Or perhaps he was just feeling blue.

"Hurkle is magnificent but it is not Skyhook." Received several letters which agreed with me wholeheartedly on that statement. Originally I meant that great oaks from tiny acorns grow, but you punned a better one and I can say the reviews were written by a fellow who at the time was just a sapling. Agree with you that it would be nice to see someone start a review of SAPS from the beginning, and it was only because no one else did that I started the reviews. The 9th mailing was the first I got, and so that's where I started.

Evidently, Nan I was a Puissant Porphyrogenite all the time and didn't know it....Are there any others in the crowd? There must be, there has to be...gee I scared myself, what if there isn't? What do you mean do I listen to Halls of Fantasy on Radio? What's radio?(Shows how fast us farm boys get sopbisticated)Early in life I deveoped the habit of remebering the names of authors I liked, and find it infuriating on TV when Favorite Stories or some other such program stages a story and then doesn't tell who wrote it. Even though I'll never read the story or another by the author I like to know. Thought remembering authors was an old fannish habit. Don't tell me my right hand woman is a fake fan!

Hey you got things a bit twisted...I was claiming credit for all the members Hal gathered because he more or less blamed...I mean gave me credit for getting him into SAPS. Still Rapp was working on him long ago, and Art and Al Toth must take some of the blame for me, so perhaps all the credit should go to Alpaugh or Kennedy. I am getting quite retroactive, am I not? Actually we all owe a vote of thanks to Hugo Garnsback. He is responsible for everything. Now then why did he have to go and louse things up by starting SF Plus?

Nan write reviews of anything you like or articles on anything you like. There is no rule in SAPS that says it must be about fandom or stf. As I see it fandom and stf are the ties that hold us together, and the reliable center of interest. But most of us are interested in what you have to say or like...within reason of course, and few read only stf. This here writing SAPS(me in other words)is more interested in you SAPS than in just stf. If I wasn't interested in what you had to say I wouldn't be in SAPS or even in fandom...I'd just be reading....reading? Except for a vacation I took to read a book that has been something I haven't done for a long time...pro-mags I mean. I must be a real fan now, I'm to busy being a fan to bother reading stf.

Find myself more than pleased at your enjoyment of the old **SPACE-WARP** but find myself rather suspicious of your claims of liking it. Howcome Nan, your typer doesn't print it in the proper fashion if you feel the same reverence? You evidently have not studied it enough, or written enough worshipfull words about it for your typer to become as reverent. On the other hand your typer isn't as old as mine nor has it been around fandom long enough to be anything but a souless machine. My typer has come to life. It has developed a soul. It is reverent to the subscription **SPACEWARP**. It also had a few loose screws.

If plagiarism is the way the person who accused you of it spelled the word, it could be a coined word, meaning you are pestering him with the same irritations as someone else. (Plague-plagarize)

Answers to four of your problems are snaps...Hard card, Sick pic, cedar eater, and sable table. But what in the dregs of beer is barrier nerve? That is impossible...and will prove so simple everyone will kick themselves for not getting it.

Gosh Nan I never meant for you to use a razor blade to cut stencil. Honest I'd never think of playing a dirty trick like that on you. I meant that advice for Nancy Share. Hope the result wasn't too serious.

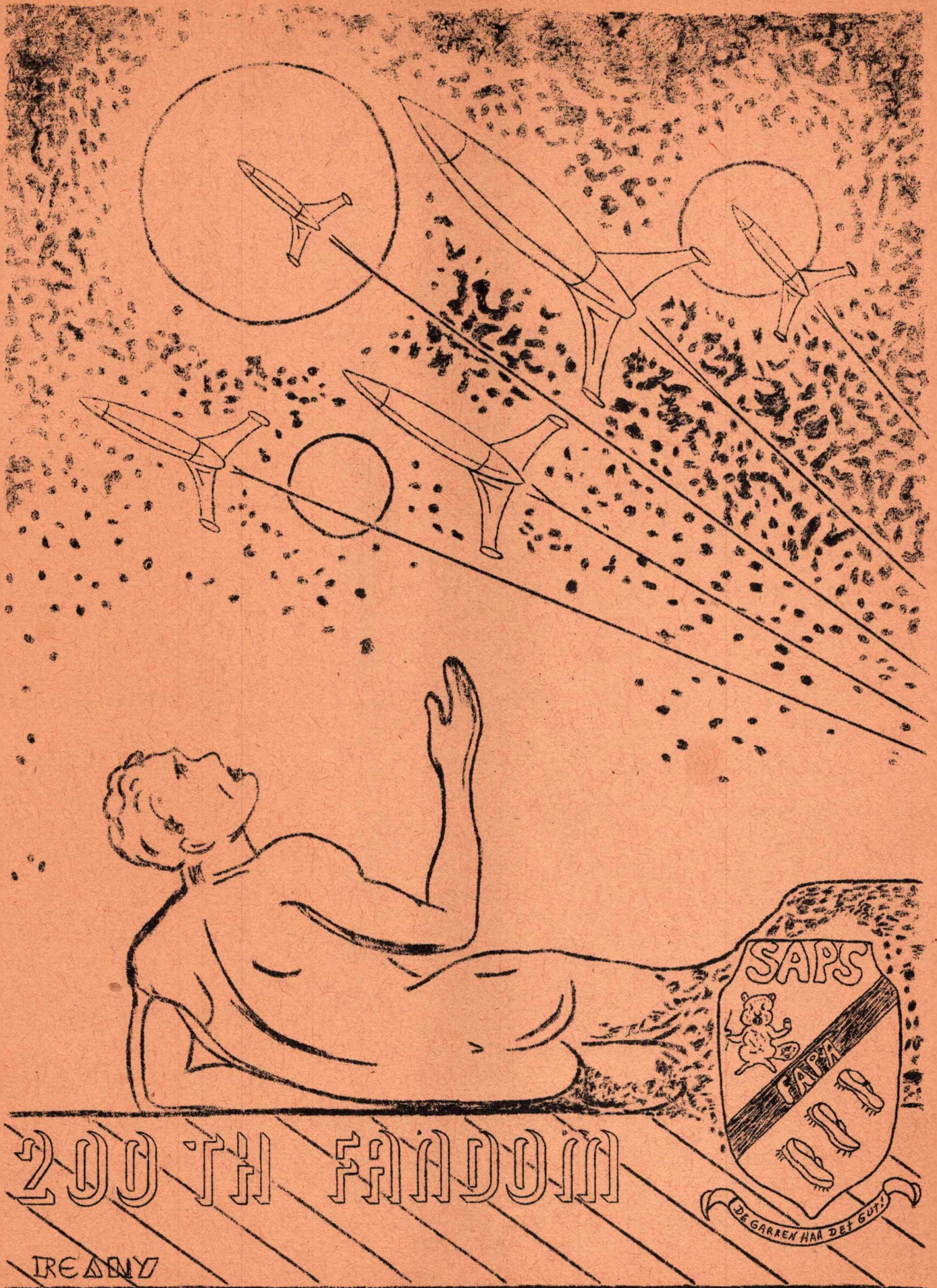
Nan this issue of NANDU is about what a SAPSzine should look like, and reads like your SAPSzine should. Think you've done wonderfully in having an excellent and personalized SAPSzine. Since your comment was scattered out to cover so many there was not much on which to comment. (Just looked back over what I've written and should take that last sentence out. Ignore it please) Enjoyed Nandu all the way through and hope you'll not be the first EO forced to do his or her duty, but think you'd do it well if you did. By Ghod you can continue worrying me at the beginning of a mailing period as long as you do anything comparable to this issue.

GHU SUPPLEMENT #16 Offhand I'd say the person who wrote THE CONQUEST OF SPACE must be 16 years old and in the fourth grade. No one else would read or write that crazy Buck Rogers stuff (Jacobs, am I doing right? Are you proud of me?) Must admit it compares quite favorably with the stf novels I turned out in High School English classes when we were asked for a 500 word story. But my characterization was always better since I was usually the hero.

Mr. Davis, you are correct in stating I have dabbled my hands in the "Holy Purple", and that hellish mess was what opened my eyes (blue) to the unghodlike qualities of GHU. The Ghod who advocates the use of the hecto is not a Ghod but a sadist. Why, if the Holy Purple is a mark of Ghu, did you as soon as you could, start using a mimeograph? In my zines I have used a hecto inspite of Ghu and not because, and only used it because my faith in Roscoe was unshakable. Doubt if any Ghuist could silp a Nuclear Fizz. Dabbling in the Holy Purple is such a messy process, the type who would worship such a Ghod would slobber their Nuclear Fizzes and never silp in an honored manner.

FACTUAL ARTICLE WITH A DEEP PSYCHOLOGICAL MEANING is by far the best thing you've ever done John, and one of the better things ever appearing in SAPS. Everyone that has mentioned it so far has been quite complimentary except one unmentioned FAPA member who insultingly remarked, "John Davis' "Factual Artical With Deep Psychological Meaning" is an example of a typical and good FAPA article missplaced in SAPS." But inspite of this one scurrilous remark John, I assure you your article was a fine SAPS article. Honestly doubt the FAPA member meant to insult you. I must further compliment you on the trouble you went through to get material for such an article, even to including your misunderstanding with and by a nurse. Hope everything is well now and both you and your brother are again fit for mischief.

'sall folks



200TH FANDOM

DREAMY

