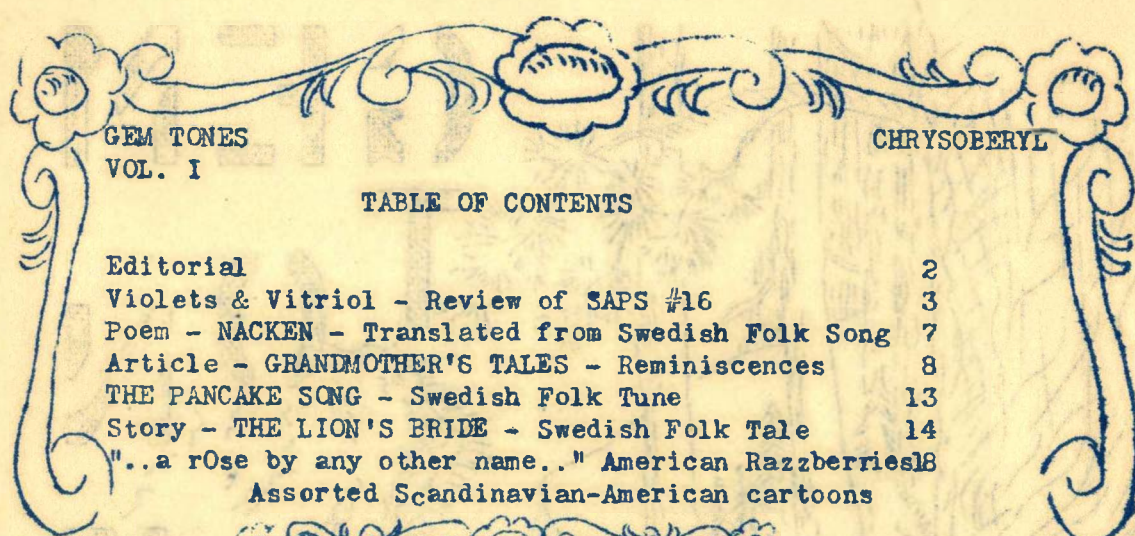




# GEM TOWN

CHRYSOBERYL  
SAPS




GEM TONES  
VOL. I


CHRYSOBERYL

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A lachrymose maiden named Beryl  
Shed tears all the time by the barrel.  
Her friends and relations  
Soon lost all their patience,  
And groaned at her, "Don't CHRYSOBERYL!"



GEM TONES, published alternately for SAPS and/or FAPA, is an individzine which owes its individzi-nality to none other than G M Carr - for which all others devoutly give thanks and commiserations. It extrudes itself approximately eight times a year from the premises of 3200 Harvard Ave. N., Seattle 2, Wash., which premises are supposedly occupied by WESTERN REFRIGERATION CO. Hah! Naive people! This priceless GEM of purest ray serene is not for sale, and may be obtained only through the appropriate APA or by exchanges with other fanzine editors of their stint of blood, sweat and tears (also brains, wherever possible.) Copyright 1951.





## EDITORIAL

This is the time of year for spooky tales by the fire, for telling of the 'Old Country' and of time-long gone. For remembering the weird and ghostly stories of our childhood and the songs that mother used to sing.

Chrysoberyl GEM TONES, is, therefore dedicated to the daydreams of a past generation, as reflected in the echoing memories of another culture. These are the songs and stories that my mother used to tell, these are the jokes and cartoons of a simpler day.

These are even, possibly, the opinions of a generation to whom right was 'Right' and therefore unmistakable, and wrong was Evil and utterly reprehensible. There was no easy excuse for wrong-doing, and no other reward expected for rectitude than a clear conscience and a sense of integrity.

I hope you enjoy this experiment, for a change, but if you don't that is just your misfortune. I have enjoyed doing it and that, after all, is the main reason for its existence.

*W. H. R.*

## VIOLETS AND VITR I OL

(Tsk! Tsk! And me so fussy about spelling!)

Some day I guess I'll have to write an article explaining that I don't really think the appearance of a 'zine is more important than the contents. All I've said is that even the best contents can be improved with artwork to relieve the monotony. That's why they put pictures in Bibles. Maybe I could liken my attitude toward a SAPS mailing by comparing to a pile of packages under the Christmas tree. So the prettiest wrapping doesn't always contain the richest gift--it certainly enhances a cheap one! I frankly admit if somebody gave me a diamond bracelet wrapped in bloody butcher paper it wouldn't stop me from wearing the jewels... but you must agree a 50¢ bottle of cologne gets off to a better beginning when all dolled up in cellophane and tinsel. (And some of these mailings do contain a choice collection of odors.)

Strangely enough, this mailing so strikingly demonstrates the above, that I am not even attempting to rate it on the numerical basis of the last two V&Vs. On that basis, Royal Drummond's PIPSQUEAK would have walked off easily with first place. He had an attractive cover, artwork, poetry, variety of contents, well arranged. (By the way, Royal, "Yes" to the suggestion that the OE be free of other activity requirement.

But in the pile of fanzines which I considered the best in this mailing, his was the only one that had any illustrations (except for Coslet's one concession to public demand.) Here they are:

THE BIG O: E&L Cole, 614 Norvell St., El Cerrito 8, Calif., still holds first place in this mailing, and that review of "The Thing" was probably the best article in the whole SAPS #16. The change of name promises well for this 'zine, since it indicates that the Coles are able to listen to public opinion even though they may not be capable of understanding it. Their chief claim to editorial competence lies in their ability to obtain excellent material from 'big-name' sources and their undoubted cleverness in assembling the material to best advantage. Inasmuch as the actual production of the 'zine is done by others, they cannot claim credit for the excellence of the mimeographing. Probably it is just as well that they refrain from attempting any illustrations, because their

taste in art would probably be more suitable for distribution by a furtive Frenchman in a dark alley than through the U. S. Postal Service.

**HURKLE:** Redd Boggs. I've read *The Return of the Native* several times because I enjoyed it (though I do not know why -- it really isn't very exciting, the people are just rather dull people doing just the ordinary dumb things that ordinary people do. Now I am glad to find out that it is a classic, full of unities, structures, and episodes. Next time I read it I will look for them. Maybe enjoy the book even more for feeling so erudite.) Thanks, Redd, I was glad to see this analysis. (Note: You 'presume' incorrectly. It happened.)

**BOFFIN:** Ev Winne. Welcome. Glad you put that auto-biographical sketch at the bottom of p.6 - here I've been babbling in a state of epistolatory confidence as from one fanne to a trio of others.. and just between us girls I'm glad I didn't say any more than I did! **BOFFIN** was beautifully done... perfect reproduction in the copy I got. I'm slowly turning green with envy over some of the mimeographing in *SAPS*, including this one. The idea content was interesting, layout attractive, easy to read in spite of long paragraphs. But is it heresy to say that one or two pix would have improved it? Maybe a cover to add just a touch of allure?

**SCIENCE FICTION REPORT CARD #5:** Bill Austin. Drummond did a nice job of putting this out for Bill, and the information contained in it makes it the sort of thing one takes out of the fanzine collection and places in a handy spot near the bookshelves for easy reference. I remember when Bill passed around those seemingly endless lists of questions: What is your favorite magazine? Author? Story? etc. etc. I could not see any reason for it then, but now I see how right he was and I'm glad he persisted. By the way, did you folks know Bill has sold his Wolf Den Book Shop? There's rumors of romance in the offing, and the young lady in question is also an stf fan. Writes, too, but not professionally -- yet.

**COSWALZINE BACKTRACK:** Walt Coslet. (Who else?) Walt says he can't please everybody, but at least he's trying. I thought that illo was cute. Knowing those endless Montana plains, praries and hills, I'd say it ought to be his tongue hanging out rather than his neck. Those reviews were interesting - some subtle flavor of personality that was not so noticeable in his articles. Glad you yielded to the pressure of the *SAPS* who knew a good thing when they read it.

SPY RAY and SPECTATOR, Richard Eney, without a bit of sweetnin' on them, still rate the top listing with me because of what they say and the interesting way they say it. What kind of mimeo ink and machine do you use? Sure wish I could get nice clean print like that. Thanks for the 'first' for my little 'rose...' Guess I'll have to resurrect it if somebody likes it.

The second pile of fanzines, those that I considered good but not outstanding, all had covers, and some were quite elaborate:

OUTSIDERS: Vrai Ballard did a beautiful job (as usual) on those hekto'd covers. By the way, I have the pan type hekto. Never used one before, so when the copies started getting dim I just wet the gelatin and kept on going. Didn't know any better and it seemed to work so I thought that was what you were supposed to do. Furthermore, if I needed some more of a particular print, I just put the master back on a clean spot of gelatin and ran off some more. They weren't so good, of course, but there they were. Now my trouble is to put some more gelatin in the pan. Used it up on OPAL. Stuff came up in chunks all over the paper on the last few borders. What causes that? I've run up to a hundred cards from one master and quit because I ran out of cards, though they were still coming off OK. Couldn't get that many from the larger designs, though. The gelatin would start to lift from the pan. The story by Pederson was good, but that carnation stumped me... what year was this supposed to be?

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT: Martin E. Alger. Darnit! You scooped me! I had it all worked out to run a photostencil in the FAPA mailing and got fouled up at the last minute - but you'd have scooped me anyway because the SAPS mailing came out first. Nothing revolting about the development of those snaps... what are they? Stills?

NAMLEPS: Henry M. Spelman III. Terrific cover. Its got everything. If you could persuade SS & TWS that all they need is a universal symbol for 'Next To Naked Heroine', 'Well Clad Hero', BEM, Space-ship, assorted stars and planets, think what a saving in time it would be. All they'd have to do would be move the various symbols around the same background, shoot it from various angles - maybe use various lights for color effects -- and there you are. Let the imagination of the reader, not the artist, supply the rest. I doubt the fate of fandom is as black as you foresee. No doubt there will be changes, but the change will probably be welcomed. When the boom is over and the prozines drop back to a workable few, the old die-hard fans will like it all the more.

JPD PICKLE #1: Paul D. Cox. You should gripe! We've had a 3% sales tax out here so long we've stopped wincing at breaking our last buck for the measly extra penny on a 98¢ purchase! Are they breaking you in easy by using tokens? We just abolished them and now it is a penny on every 15¢ and over... 10¢ for telephone calls, 15¢ streetcar fares... about all the nickle is any good for any more is a newspaper and a half an hour of parking (if you can find a parking meter).

SKYLARK: I don't know why I keep expecting something better from Sid Gluck. I guess it is the litho'd covers that fool me. The Ashford article came through fine but the rest I could barely read and after I did it wasn't worth the effort. Drosdick may have written 'Cycle' before 'The River' came out (LAVON FANTASY READER #16) but I would have enjoyed it more if I had read it first. That is merely my misfortune, for 'Cycle' is good, too. The strawberry ice cream wasn't bad, either...

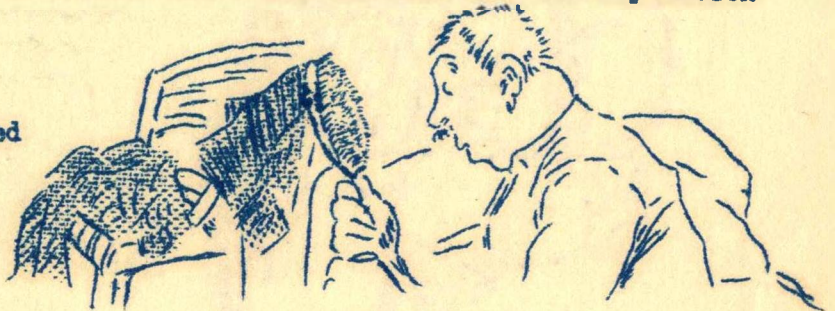
And now to that pile of 'zines the mailing would have been just as well off without:

BILGEWARP: Why not just "Burrp!" for a title.. OK, OK. So you boys are old enough to walk into a tavern without having the bartender demand to see your birth certificate. So you are even able to down a drink (and keep it down). So what? Why brag so hard about it? So can several million other citizens. One question: Which of you boys did Briggs use for a model for the legs on the cover pic?

ZAP: pap

AL LA BABOOM: The sight of that kindergarten rogues gallery made me wonder how they keep their adolescent nastiness from trickling out the wet spots behind their ears. If I thought Max Keasler had sense enough to use it, I'd spend four bits myself and send him a dictionary. The 'Mars is Hell' cartoon strip deserved a better vehicle for its undoubted cleverness and humor. I certainly can't say the same for the Ray Nelson smut.

Boy, do I need  
a shave!

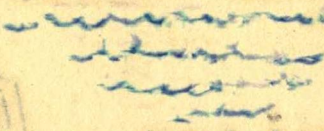


NÄCKEN

(Näcken, han spelar på boljan blå...)

Näcken's song rings o'er the billows blue,  
 How lovely to hear that clear call!  
 Mermen and maidens dance two by two  
 Where stars' shining images fall.  
 But Näcken, when he lifts his gaze on high,  
 Quickly averts his glance;  
 For, brightest of all the stars in the sky,  
 Freya refuses to dance.

Greater than human despair is his pain  
 Love that he offers is scorned.  
 Waters grow dark as the stars dim and wane,  
 By starlight no longer adorned.  
 Näcken's harp rings over hill and shore  
 Telling his grief to all -  
 Till, hid 'neath green water he plays no more  
 Thus ending the mermaids' ball.



Boy, do I need  
 a shave!



GRANDMOTHER'S TALES (as told by my mother)

Oh, you can be smart if you want to, and say that such things don't happen, but I know what I know and I have seen what I have seen..

I remember one time when I was a girl.. Oh, but let me start in my own way from the beginning.

My father was what you call a "wise man", he could heal sickness, and he could hear many odd things. I can remember when I was just a little girl how my father would walk back and forth, back and forth, and every once in a while he would go outside and look up and down the road. Then we would know someone was coming, someone that would need his help. Sure enough, it wouldn't be long before there would be a knock on the door and somebody's servant would come in with word that so-and-so was sick and needed help. Or perhaps a cart would come with a bundled-up figure in it, and then from the darkness of my father's room would come the sound of a muttering and chanting behind the closed doors.

One time, I remember, one of the rich farmers from town had a grudge against my father so that when he made his annual trip to the city for Christmas cheer, he would not take my father's order for a bottle of "Brannvin" with the rest. Well, my father didn't say anything, but early on Christmas morning, while it was still dark outside and bitter cold, a knocking came at the door. My father got up and let in the little girl who worked for this farmer. She came timidly in clutching a bottle of brandy. She stammered out,

"Farmer Dahl, he said he is sorry he forgot to get your order for Brannvin sooner, and sent this bottle over for the Christmas. Please, he's got an awful toothache. He couldn't sleep all night. He wants you to take it away."

My father took the bottle from the half frozen youngster and laughed,

"Well, thanks. Now you come in and have some pancakes and get warm while you wait for daylight. The idea, to send out a kid in the cold morning like this... Hnh."

"Oh, no," the scared scullery girl objected, "I have to go right back. He said to come right back and not stop on the way, but to bring back your answer as fast as I can. He has an awful toothache -- he can't rest at all!"

"Never you mind about that. You sit down and warm up your cold hands and feet. He isn't bothered with the tooth

ache any more. You can sit down and rest, he won't care."

The little girl was afraid of getting a beating, but it was cold and dark out - so she stayed, and when she got home, later on that Christmas Day, she found that it was as my father had said, the master had lost his toothache and fallen asleep just about the very moment she had knocked on my father's door.

Oh, yes, I can tell you that farmer did not try to play any more tricks on Ivar Ivarsson from then on...

As for myself, you see this scar on my chin? I have had it since I was five years old, and I will carry it to my grave. See how deep it is, how it goes clear down into the bone? Well, this is how I got it:

My oldest brother, he was about fourteen years old at the time, used to go to the woods and cut wood for the winter. He would take the sled and the horse and be gone all day. I was only five years old, too small to be of any use in the woods, but I wanted to go along. Naturally, brother said,

"No, this is not a picnic. I have to work, I can't be looking after you."

I still persisted, and when he left I ran behind. I hid behind bushes and stayed out of sight until he had gone about five miles. When he stopped, I caught up with him. Brother was angry, of course, but it was too far to send a little kid like that back home alone, so he let me stay.

I played around and helped to pick up and carry wood to the sled and otherwise enjoyed myself, getting underfoot like children do to this day. But, as I was picking up the sticks he chopped, I got too close. During one mighty swing with his axe, the head flew off the handle and hit me right on my chin. The blood gushed out and my chin dangled down from my face, cut clear open to the bone. There we were alone in the woods, miles from any help, just brother and myself. Luckily, my father had taught him a few of the simpler spells, the good ones. So my brother pushed the dangling chin back into place and I could hear him muttering the same kind of spells that father used to mutter when people came to him. Sure enough, the blood stopped and the chin stayed back in place. I had a stiff face for a while with the wound gaping open at the edges and all white, but it healed and now only the scar is left. I

could have died there in the forest, though, if my brother had not been the oldest son, the one my father taught.

Yes, I remember another time I was helped, though it was not my father nor my brother this time, but a stranger that I did not know. It was after I had gone into service. You know, we were so poor in the old country in those days, let's see -- I was born in '64 and went to work when I was seven -- that would make it in the early 1870's, well, the little kids had to go to work as soon as they were old enough to carry sticks or lead a cow. There was no food for them at home. Those were the bitter years. But they kept me at home as long as they could so I was seven when I went out to work for a farmer, watching the cows in the summer pasture and doing what little a seven year old girl could do around the kitchen yard to earn her keep.

This time I was running barefoot over the stubbled fields where the grain had been cut and the sharp stalks were left still sticking up. As I ran barefoot (nobody had had shoes to waste on weekdays), I jumped and landed with one bare foot right on a sharp stub. It went right through my foot, and I went limping and crying through the field toward the farmhouse. As I got to the road I met an old man. He stopped and looked at me, and then asked my name.

"Marta Imarsdatter" I sobbed, as I stood on one foot with the blood dripping down from the other.

"So. Imar Imarson's girl.." he said. "Well, Marta, I know what your father would do for you if he were here, so will do it for you."

He knelt beside me and took my foot in his hand. Then he blew on it and waved his hand over it and I could hear him muttering. It sounded like my father. As he worked, the pain went away and the bleeding stopped. He stood up and let me go and I ran off quickly. The foot felt stiff but it didn't hurt, so I hobbled along on it as fast as I could. It felt numb, and clumsy to walk on, but it didn't hurt any more. The foot never did hurt during all that time, although it swelled up until it was twice as big as the other, and became hard and purple and shiny. It looked awful, and women used to throw their hands in the air and scream or even faint when they saw me running around on it. But it didn't hurt, not even when it popped a hole on the top of the instep and the yellow pus ran out with

bits of straw and stubble. After a while the swelling went down and finally went away altogether and I was all right.

I didn't get to see my father and mother much after I went to work. I worked from place to place as I grew up, & only once in a while did I have a chance to meet them. They had many babies, many mouths to feed even after I left home. My father was a cripple. He and my mother had owned a small store when they were younger, but during the long years of the famine following the "Hundred Years' War" they lost it. My father was too easy going for a businessman in those days. When he saw that people were hungry, he gave them food. And when he saw they could not pay, he did not press them.

And as though it was not bad enough that he was a soft-hearted, good natured fellow, gentle with his creditors even when it meant taking the food out of his own children's mouths, he suffered another blow. His skies got tangled in a fence one winter and left him crippled and slow-moving. When they lost their little business, he took up tailoring for he was handy with his hands. But there wasn't much money to be made in a poverty-stricken country, and they were very poor.

As though it were not bad enough already, he suffered still worse crippling. He was called to a job of work in a nearby town one winter's day, and when the job was over his employer gave him a good drink of brandy to warm him up on the long walk home through the bitter cold. The employer had no way of knowing, of course, that liquor always made him sleepy.... but, walking slowly through the darkness in the bitter cold, fatigue crept over him more and more until the sleepiness was too much for him.

At home, my mother looked at the empty road as the night wore on and grew uneasy. She walked restlessly back and forth often putting on her shawl to walk out to look up the lane to see if my father were coming. Finally, she put the children to bed and told them to stay there.

"I'm going out to look for him," she said, "There's something wrong that he does not come. You children stay in bed and keep warm. I will come back with your father."

She started out into the darkness and cold, looking and calling as she went. Sure enough, half way to the next town she found him, lying alongside the road in a snowbank, asleep in the frozen coma that precedes death. She picked him up

(for she was a strong woman, tall, with broad shoulders and red hair) and carried him home. There she put him to bed. His hands and feet were frozen, and before long it looked as though he would lose them. They even called a doctor (and people didn't call doctors easily in those days). He shook his head.

"They'll have to come off if you want to save him. I can't do anything after they get this bad, only amputate to spare his life."

"No," my mother said. "Without his hands and feet he would be only half a man -- he would be better dead. We will wait and pray. If he lives, he will have his hands. If he dies -- it is God's will. But at any rate he would die a whole man."

So she tended him herself, as best she could, in the Old Country way. She fed him like a baby, and for three long years he was a helpless invalid. But he lived, and he kept his hands though he lost some of his toes. He finally got well enough to walk and use his hands for rough work like carpentering, but he was even more crippled than before, and slower to get around. In spite of his handicap he lived to be ninety-nine years and eight months old before he died. But my mother died when she was still a young woman, worn out with grief and hardship.

I can still remember the years when I was home. We children often stayed home alone when both mother and father were out working. Sometimes mother would leave a pot of sour rye-meal mush hanging on the hook by the fireplace, but often there was no food until she came. Boiled potatoes with maybe a salt herring was a good meal. We played in the empty house, and if it was very cold we used to huddle in one end of the big fireplace with a small fire at the other end. It was the warmest place in the house.

Father had made a sign for us to know when they were coming. Just as they turned into the lane we could hear it. When it was mother that was coming, we could hear a heavy footstep on the porch outside; when it was father who was coming, the door latch would rattle and lift. Then we would hurry and build up the fire and put water in the kettle, because it would not be long until they would be home.

After I had grown up and married, I went back to visit my father, for my mother was already dead. I stayed with him for a week. He was doing odd jobs of carpentry then, and I slept in the room right next to his workshop.

One night I was wakened from my sleep by the sound of hammering in the shop next to my room. I wondered why my father would get up in the night to work, because I knew he had no order for anything that was in a rush. I thought perhaps he couldn't sleep, or had a notion to get up and make something, so I went back to sleep in spite of it.

The next morning at breakfast I asked him what he had been working on all night. He put down his spoon and looked at me.

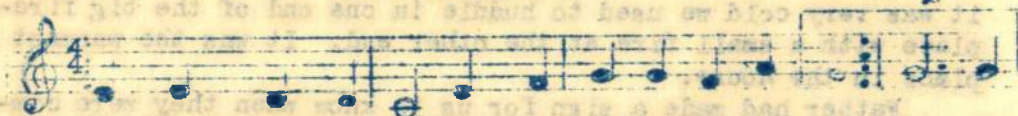
"What do you mean?" he asked me.

"Why, you were hammering all night on a piece of work. I could hear you sawing wood and pounding nails. What were you making in such a hurry?"

"Oh, you heard that, did you?" He looked at me strangely. "I wasn't in the shop last night, Marta, but no doubt to-night I will be. Before the day is out there will be need of a coffin. That is the sign they give me, so that I will be ready when the word comes."

All that day I noticed he seemed preoccupied. He sharpened his tools and looked over the stock of coffin lumber. He sorted out boards and laid them to one side, and cleared away the workbench to make room. Sure enough, before the sun went down he had an order for a man's coffin, and would have to work fast to get it ready for the funeral next day. That was the last day of my visit since I was leaving that day, but I know my father worked all night in his shop to get the coffin ready. I had heard him, - the night before.

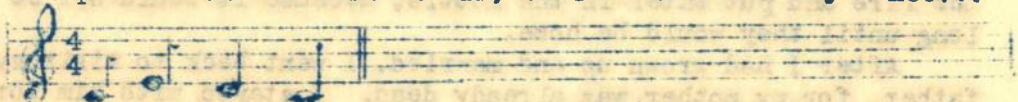
#### THE PANCAKE SONG



All things have an end but the sausage it has two: two, the



pancake it has none at all, it slinks down any hoo...



In our childhood.

Swedish Folk Tune.

# THE LION

# NUMBER 13 RIBBON



"Hey, Ho! A toast to the bride and groom," Svend cried, and the merry crowd caught up the cry, "A toast to the bride a toast to the bride.. may the joy of this night remain with her for as long as she lives!"

Glasses were hastily refilled and lifted for the toast. "Skoal," they shouted, "Skoal..."

"But where is the bride?"

"Yes, where is Dagnar?"

"Leonard, where is your bride?"

"Oh," the bridegroom laughed, "She's gone out to tell Leo the news. She feels sorry to leave the beast after all these years. It is not every girl that was raised with a lion from childhood."

"Yes, Leonard, you've got a regular lion tamer there," Svend spoke up, "you'll have to watch your step. She knows how to handle a 'lion' by now." Leonard joined in the laughter at the pun on his name.

"Well, she certainly ought to, if anybody does."

One of the women spoke up vigorously. "How her father could have had the heart to let his little girl go into the lion's cage like that every night for all these years, I'll never understand! Why, that big brute could crush her with one blow of his paw!" She shuddered. "I'd certainly never let a child of mine do it, no, not if the pay were twice as good!"

"I wonder who Old Karl will find to take her place..he won't have much of an act left now that Dagnar is leaving the circus. Has he said anything to you, Leonard?"

"No, he hasn't said much. I rather guess that he just plans to show Leo in the hoop act for a while. But you can ask him.." he gestured toward his father-in-law, sitting morosely in the corner staring into his mug of beer.

"Oh, but Leo is so tame he shouldn't have any trouble getting him to act with another girl..."

"Yah, if he can get another girl that is tame enough to act with Leo!" The crowd laughed and Leonard passed the jug around again.

"I wonder how Leo will take the news that Dagnar is leaving him..."

"Oh, Hulda, how can you be so silly. A lion can't understand anything like that..."



"Well, Dagmar seems to think he can. She told me she had not dared to tell him because he is so jealous. Every time he sees Leonard go by the cage he spits and growls at him. Just as though he would like to tear him to bits if he could get at him."

"Leonard doesn't like Leo, either, you can tell that. I saw him standing by the cage one day as Dagmar did her act and he stared at Leo like he'd tear him to pieces with his own two hands if he lifted his paw against her."

"You know, I noticed that, too. He looks so fierce sometimes he almost looks like a lion himself..."

"Yah, I know what you mean. If Leonard had fur instead of skin he would be almost as much of a lion as Leo is. ..All of that yellow hair of his, and the way he walks...."

The accordion struck up a tune and the music filled the smoky little room until the candles flickered in their sockets and the fire shot up flames through the isinglass of the stove.

"A dance... get Dagmar, Leonard. Let's have a dance.."

Old Karl looked up uneasily,

"She's been out with Leo for a long time, hasn't she?"

He glanced around the room, unseeing. "Yes, she has been out a long time. Long enough to tell him what she has to say. It will be sad news for Leo. He loves her, and she loves him, too." Karl dripped sentimental tears into his beer. His grief at losing his daughter to another man was genuine enough, and none the less because he was losing the main attraction from the animal act upon which his livelihood depended. Leo would be a good attraction still, but the novelty of seeing a lovely maiden enter the lion's cage and rest her golden head beside the massive jaws was the greatest drawing card. It was hard to believe that such a fearsome beast was gentle as an old watchdog, and as affectionate. When he lifted that heavy paw and placed it on her slender shoulders, the crowd would hold its breath until she slipped safely out from under. He sighed again, heavily. Aye, it would be hard indeed to find another girl to take her place -- and Leo was getting too old to learn new tricks easily...

"I wonder why she stays so long..." Leonard fidgeted with his glass. "It shouldn't take all night to say goodbye to that animal. He can't understand anything, anyway."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Hulda spoke up, "I bet that he understands a lot more than you think. After all, he's known Dagmar ever since she was a little girl that stood no higher than his shoulder. He acts like he understands every thing she says.. and maybe even things she doesn't say, too."

"Ach.." Leonard put down his glass with a gesture of disbe-

7  
lief and stood up. "I'm going out and get her. She's wasted time enough out in the shed fussing over that lion. Anybody want to come out with me?"

"Yah, sure. Let's all go out and say goodbye to Leo.... Come on, Karl. You'll get your beer all watered down with tears if you sit there bawling all night. Cheer up, man, maybe Dagmar will present you with a granddaughter to train up for a new act with Leo."

The wedding party bustled out into the animal barn, laughing and singing. The lanterns reflected yellow and green gleams from the animals' eyes as they passed along the rows of silent cages. Too silent.

"Funny the animals are so restless, yet so quiet," remarked Karl. "They act uneasy -- more uneasy than just from having us walk in:-- Dagmar, Dagmar, are you all right?"

He broke into a shambling run, the lantern bobbling uneasily in his hand... "Dagmar..."

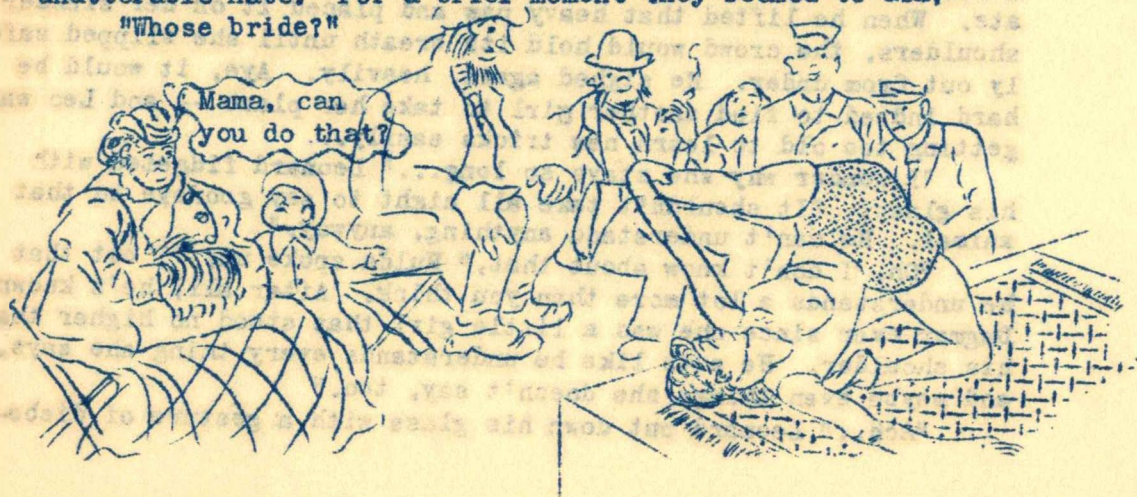
Quickly Leonard passed him, running toward the cage at the end of the barn, then stopped short with an anguished cry.

"Dagmar, my bride!"

The lights from the lantern flashed into the cage. There she lay, dressed in her white gown with the myrtle wreath still on her golden hair. Leo's paw was on her shoulder in his usual possessive pose, but this time her head lay twisted at an angle on his other paw... an angle impossible for a living head to hold...

Leo's yellow eyes looked into Leonard's blue ones with unutterable hate. For a brief moment they seemed to ask,

"Whose bride?"





"....a rose by any other name...."

"While my address as published in the two O-O's reads "Paris Detachment," actually I'm not in Paris at all, but dwell in Versailles, France. Versailles is approximately twelve miles from Paris, twenty minutes by train. If I desired, I could be started upon a drunken debauch in "Pig Alley" in less than an hour after leaving my hotel room."

Lee Jacobs, ORGASM, SAPS Mlg.#15

PARIS, Sept. 6 -- (AP) -- Paris police, pushing a morality campaign, conducted a spectacular roundup of suspicious characters in the Champs Elysees sector early today, but made only nine arrests.

Blocking streets with patrol cars, swooping down on subway stops, halting private cars, the police questioned 1,400 persons.

Of these, 153 persons, including 87 women, were hauled off to police stations. But only nine were held for various law infractions.

Last week, police held a similar raid and arrested 160 persons. ...SEATTLE TIMES, Sept., 1951

"....we have unalterably opposed views on science fiction. We like ours heavy on the science and even heavier on literature.... you suggest we soak our heads in the amassed works of Albert Einstein. We have. ....In the meantime we're going to resoak our heads in the amassed works of Albert Einstein. There's romance there!"

Les & Es Cole, Letter to Sam Merwin, SS, Sept.51

"....Now, the trouble with being an intellectual snob is that you leave yourself open to all sorts of attack if you make one teeny-weentsy error. Especially when you write.."

Les & Es Cole, "THE BIG O", SAPS Mailing #16

