

Annin

# MOCK

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All artwork by yours truly. Nobody else was crazy enough to put their name in this thing.

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### Punster's Corner

Today's poetry: From bard to verse. Joke. Ha.

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### IDIOTORIAL

No doubt you are expecting me to say something here. But I can't think of anything to say. I guess I'll just put down anything that comes to mind.

As you have probably surmised by now, this is my first attempt at stenciling. I've done mimeoing before. I publish MUTANT (free plug). As a matter of fact, this was run off on the Michigan Science Fantasy Society's mimeograph. Are they going to be surprised.

At the same time I got "Manifesto" from Nelson, I got three or four dozen illustrations from the same source. Then, like a durn fool I sent them to the editor of MUTANT (two free plugs). So now you must suffer under the lashes of my sorry brush.

Art Rapp was a busy little Beaver (or was that Roscoe?) around CInvention time. Over half the new members of SAPS were brought in by him. That includes me. I guess he must have wanted new members pretty badly. The real miracle was that I joined. I still don't know why I joined. Maybe that blaster he had in his hand had something to do with it.....

Here endeth the idiotorial.

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# MOCK

#1 -- Edited and published by Arnim Seielstad, 1500 Fairholme, Grosse Pointe, 30, Michigan.  
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# GOTTA ALL THIS SOMEHOW

(2)

Editor's note: This SAPSzine is made up of the works of two people, Ray Nelson and Ye Edde. Ray Nelson, because I got him in a corner at a Halloween party; and me, because I run the blasted sheet. As I said, Nelson gave this to me at a party. That explains it. As a matter of fact, Nelson wrote the last few paragraphs in my presence. He would have written more, except that we were rather rudely interrupted. But I must get to the point of this somewhat rambling paragraph. All I wanted to say is something that will become apparent as you read on, that the Nelson Manifesto is an experiment in semantic writing. i.e.-writing which exercises the principles of semantics as taught by A.E. van Vogt, himself. -- A.S.

# MANIFESTO



By

RAY NELSON

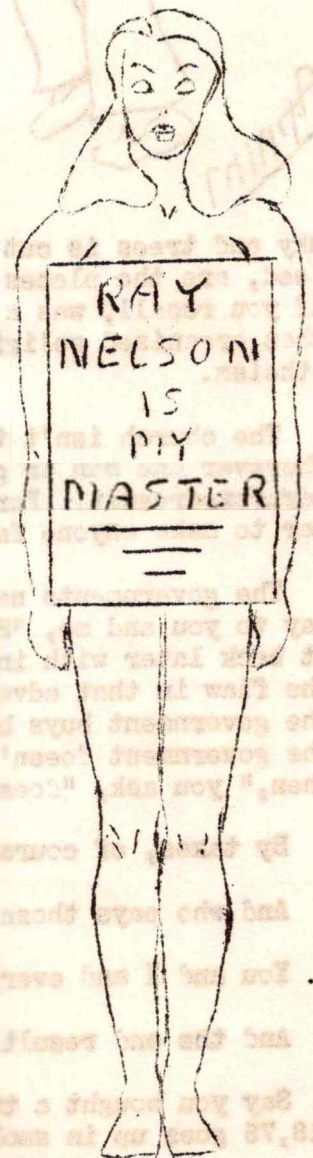
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## PART I

Taboos, churches, war bonds, and other anachronisms

A little shock is in order to get started. Maybe it would be fun to take a few bloody slashes at modern superstitions which even you may support.

Take the idea that nudity is bad. Without laughing too loud at the idea that there is any good or bad out-side of your own pointed little head, let's look this over. The religionists are supposed to be glorifying God and press-agenting creation, yet who is it who insists on hiding what is supposed to be God's greatest creation, the human body; the human body that is supposed to



to have been created in the image of God? Ye goode olde clergyman, more often than not. It strikes me that by condemning the fleshy exposures of the movies, attacking burlesque shows, french bathing suits, pin-up girls, etc, they are saying that what their own religion rates as God's best work, the image of God himself, is shameful; something to hide and be ashamed of. The most paradoxical thing about it is that the clergymen can't even see how silly they look. If you truly admired God's work ( I use the word "admired" instead of "loved" because loving something you've never seen is, shall we say, difficult.) you

would collect pictures of nudes patronize the burlesque, and generally live the way our self-appointed "men of God" deplore. Then, while admiring the thrilling grace of a stripper's act, the beauty of the female figure, you'd say in your mind, "Nice job, God, nice job."



" I KNEW I FOR-  
GOT SOMETHING "

The Burlesque strikes me as a much better place of worship than the average church. At the burlesque they at least have some of God's work on display. The churches, however, are often dark, gloomy places with little more than a very few domestic flowers in pots to show the ability of Him whom the people have come to worship. Sometimes even the view of the

sky and trees is cut off by dark, expensive stained glass windows. Few, indeed, are the places suited to holding religious services. Jesus, himself, if you recall, was a great one for outdoor sermons. One would almost think that organized religion contained a subversive plot to convert the world to atheism.

The church isn't the only large\*scale absurdity loose in the world today. Wherever one man or group of men can control others by fear, absurdities and paradoxes result. For instance, it would take nothing less than the fear of war to make anyone fall for the old "war bond" gag.

The governments need money to fight each other, so what do they do? They say to you and me, "Buy War Bonds", "Lend the government mOney and we'll pay it back later with interest." And we're too scared of the coming war to see the flaw in that advertising. You don't really lend that money, you donate it. The government buys bombs and guns with it, which are promptly blasted to bits. The government doesn't make a cent on the war, and neither do you or I. "How then," you ask, "does the government pay off those bonds?"

By taxes, of course.

And who pays those taxes?

You and I and everyone else, except for a tax-free few, such as churches.

And the end result?

Say you bought a twenty-five dollar bond for \$18.75 during war-time. That \$18,75 goes up in smoke and flame. Then, after the war is over, the government

collects twenty-five dollars from you in taxes to pay back your bond.

So far, you are \$18.75 in the hole. But don't think you're going to get off that easily; not with those Washington pay-tribts. When they tax twenty-five dollars to pay off the bond, they also have to pay the tax collector, the bond salesman, the two or three bureaucrats who run the Treasury Department, the guys who print your bond, and everyone else who had to be paid to take your money. ( Some people will rob you for free. ) That might easily add up to another 25 bucks for you to pay.

Here are the figures:

Income  
\$25--Total

Outgo  
\$18.75--Bond purchase price  
\$25.00--Taxes to pay off bond  
\$25.00--Cut for pay-tribts  
\$68.75--Total outgo  
\$25.00--Total income  
\$43.75 in the red

These figures are, of course, only crude estimates, and the inflation which follows war will probably make the twenty-five dollars you do get worth a whole lot less than \$25 at the time of purchase, but I think you get the idea.

And don't think you can get out of this swindle by not buying bonds. What do you want, anyway, a fair deal? If you don't buy those bonds, you'll lose the \$25 refund but still have to pay taxes to pay off other people's bonds. Those other people being the stinking rich who have plenty of money after buying swimming pools, mansions, extra cars, etc, from the money they profiteer, to buy enough bonds to keep you and me, and our kids, and our kids' kids paying through the nose forever and a day.

Some bright-eyed characters not yet dry behind the ears may pipe up, "But the rich are taxed proportionally to their income. They pay off their own bonds according to your first calculation." Such bright-eyes are either stinking rich themselves or too young to realize how skillful the rich's lawyers are.

The average man may add on to his war bond loss a few cents to pay off the bonds of the rich people, as well as his own. It's only a few cents because there are only a few really rich people in the country. They and they alone actually get their money back with interest, because they and they alone have enough dough to buy a lot of bonds. The deal is this. The more bonds you, as an individual, buy, the less you as an individual lose, until in the very top-top income brackets, you actually make a profit.

In a war, as elsewhere, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. Now maybe you can understand why the big-money boys are always "100% behind the war effort." War is too much of a good thing for them to oppose it....

(( At this point, the FBI broke in and arrested Nelson on 321 different charges His past had caught up with him. This account will be continued if Nelson is acquitted. However, that is rather unlikely, so the Nelson Manifesto ends here. (5) Long may it wave. -- A.S. ))

GERRY  
CARLYLE



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

It This is a good way to start off. How am I supposed to review reviews? There's a picture on the back which is not too bad. Then there's a thing called "Highlights" of which I will say nothing. I suppose this is one way to fill activity requirements.

Tribune Extra I don't quite see what this has to do with science-fiction. Unless Custer was a Slan or something....

Vanishing Point of Ploor If this was an attempt to introduce fan artists to some of the fundamentals of drawing, I'll lay down money it failed. It might have helped if the authoress had known how to draw. (Look who's talking.) The pics themselves were excellent, except for the one that was first. It stank.

Star of Dead Love Moremoremoremoremore. I especially liked the one on the back. Seeing as Ratsler is doing most of the artwork in SAPS, maybe we should get him to join.

Time Trap "The Significance of Names" is probably the most confused bit of writing I've ever seen. Oh well, in SAPS I expect anything. More reviews. More ads. Next.

Gaaa How many A's in that thing. An apt name.

Wanigas The whole issue was above average Saps level, but "Little Red Riding Hood" was the funniest piece of writing I've read in a long time. And that's saying a lot; I've been reading Thorne Smith lately.

On-the-Spot Report Pleasant blatherings, but nothing to drool over.

Timewarp "Culture Pattern" was the only good thing in the ish. Sounded like something PLANET would have liked. Or maybe it's here because PLANET didn't.

Maine-Xiac "WITHOUT FURTHER ADO..." I liked. "Lord Biscuitbottom" was fair. The rest was okay.

Singeroid Not bad. "It isn't a rat -- it's a mouse"

Tales from Uncle Remus More meanderings. But I liked it. I don't think his plan to get rid of lurid covers would work. There aren't more than 500 active fans in the U.S. The only fans you could contact would be active ones. And 500 fans scattered all over the country wouldn't make much of a dent in a circulation of 80,000. Concentrated in one city, it might work, but not spread over the entire country.

Sapian Ho-hum. The art work is horrible.

Fanmag Not bad. Grossman's robot was good. Same goes for the scribblings of Kennedy, Peterson, and occasionally Moore. Should have thrown the rest away and saved postage.

