

No.
7



Bergeron

"glug"

BOOK I

of

NANDU VOL.2, NO.3; WHOLE NO.7

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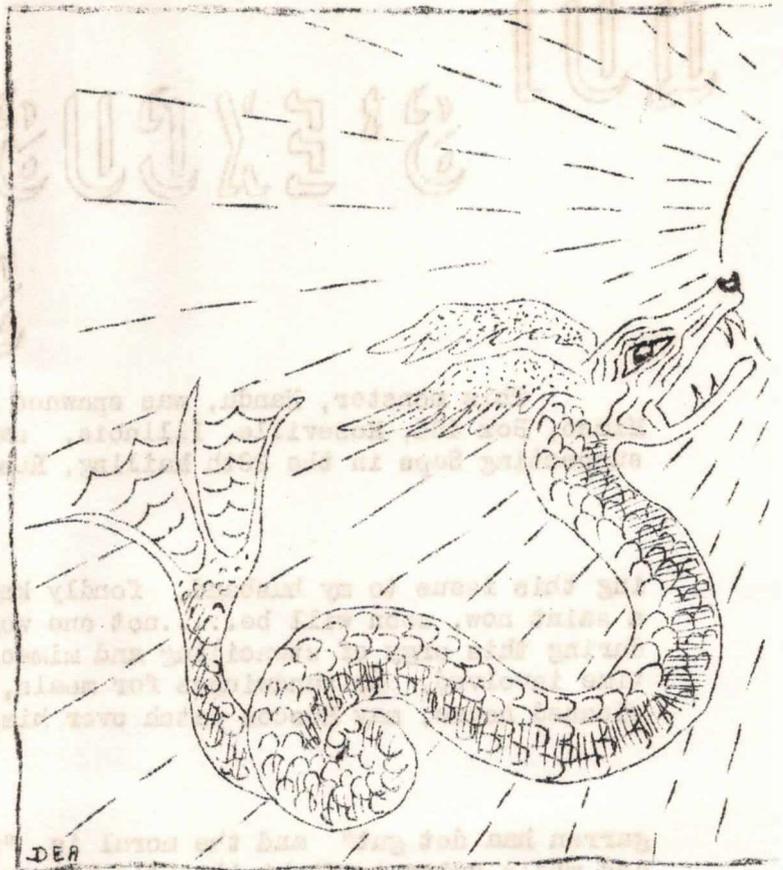
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features
the 1st install-
ment of

A SAGA FOR SAPS
by
Fred Remus



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QUI

S'EXCUSE

S'ACCUSE

This monster, Nandu, was spawned at the Home of The Gallooping Mimeo, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois, said monster descending upon unsuspecting Saps in the 28th Mailing, Roscoe protect them!

I am dedicating this issue to my husband, fondly known as Phip, who, if he is not a saint now, soon will be.....not one word of complaint has he uttered during this orgy of stenciling and mimeoing, either concerning cost or time involved, or sandwiches for meals, or un-ironed clothes, or uncleaned house, may Roscoe watch over him.

The theme as usual is "de garren haa det gut" and the moral is "if you're crazy, you're crazy, and who's going to fight it; it's bigger than both of us!"

Richard Berg-eron receives one page credit for his cover, Richard Eney receives seven page credits because I feel right generous, and Ed Cox receives six page credits for the same reason.

Book I will definitely be in this mailing but Book II may have to be postmailed. My handy time-stretcher might not stretch far enough. There will be no Nandu in Mailing 29 due to Chigger and OEship. The second installment of A SAGA FOR SAPS will appear though and perhaps some more thumbnail sketches, who knows?

To forestall any questions, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse" is French and translated means "He who excuses himself, accuses himself." The pronunciation is "kee seks-kuz sa-kuz".

Roscoe be with you.

Long live 200th fandom.

I go...



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VOL. 2, NO. 3

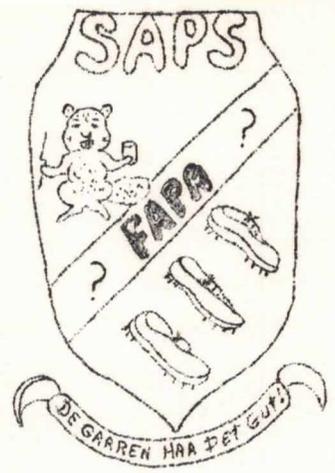
SAPS MLC 28

June 1954

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"de garren
haa det
gut!"

PUBLICATION



NanViews

March 25, 1954, Thursday...9:30a.m.

From all appearances, thish of NANDU is going to be a NANDU and then some. I thought I had learned my lesson, which either proves that I shouldn't think, or that I shouldn't assume anything, especially when that assumption deals with my supposedly learning anything. So be it. I do not argue with the cards, I merely play them as they are dealt to me. So, without any more preliminary, I'm going to dive into the comments for Saps Mlg. #27.

SPECTATOR #27 OO I would like to know what objection Karen K(whoops)Anderson has to the OO, specifically that is. It states Saps business clearly and concisely;so that members know what is going on and why. It is legible. And it has something that danged few OO's have and that's a vein of humor running through it.....it's spiced just enough to make it interesting. I would like to know what more any member would want? And I think my reason for asking that is obvious.

I'm glad to see that Nance Share is once more a vice-president(tentatively, assuming good behavior). And I am heartbroken, McNeil has dropped out. Who will I needle now? Though I must admit, he was pretty impervious to needling, he must have a hide like Gem Carr's. And Larry Anderson dropped out too already yet. Tsk!

Everyone knows Lee Jacobs is a slob; so it's only fitting that he should honor slobdom in such a manner. Rapp and Coslet, well I dunno whether they're slob or not but they are generous, far more generous than I would ever be. And I see Gerding stuck her neck out once too often this time....geronimo!(so who wants to spell it right?) I don't know how official an official not-member is but I do not argue with gorillas about such matters. The Spectator was legible and complete...so who wants to complain?

NANDU #6 Well, that's what I called it with my tongue in my cheek. So this time I'm apparently right back in the old groove...more ambition than sense...sort of like that deal where you sit down to a table starved to death practically, pile your plate full of food, and discover much to your surprise that your eyes were bigger than your stomach. Heh. Let's leave it at that, you figure it out. Just the same I bet I have a bellyache before I finish #7 and needless to say, the Christmas wrappings are back. I think I'm crazy.

I M A G I N A I R E

Bright of colour and fleet of foot
 You run the hallways of my mind -
 Bright of colour and fleet of foot.

Always I follow and run behind
 Hoping to glimpse your unknown face.
 Always I follow and run behind.

I have no chance to win the race.
 I am bound by reality -
 I have no chance to win the race.

You may run alive and free.
 Like a flower without a root
 You may run, alive and free.

.....K. Houston Brunner

MAINE-IAC #8 Ed Cox A real gone cover only I don't understand it which of course classifies it as real gone since I don't know what real gone means either. I forgot to tell you, Ed, that I think you should keep the title MAINE-IAC along with all the interior related titles. Don't change it plize. Will also state that in a letter to you next time I write which I hope is soon depends on when you write which I hope is soon, ever since you left Lubec, a long loud silence which is probably my fault, I started it but gee whiz, you oughta have my numerous letters by now, even allowing for the slow U.S. mails, that is if I remember to I will state it. Anyone know what I'm talking about?

Mein

Gott(Roscoe)over twenty pounds of Sapsmailings! What's frenetic mean? You mean fem members are no longer looked on with awe? Shucks.....I yam disallusioned. I will now ask a leading question. How are fem members looked on now????

I thought all circumstances in a fantasy had to be explained logically, though the logic does not have to be based on known fact. It can be based on an assumption of the author said assumption doesn't even have to be fallible but the structure of the story based on that assumption does have to tie together, with no loose ends--er, ghosts flying around in such an unreasonable manner.....foo, neighbors will be neighbors and in the mannerly manner of neighborly neighbors neighboring, I was interrupted. So who knows if an unexplained ghost classifies a story as fantasy, in my own personal little way I would say no, it does not classify a story as fantasy even broadly speaking. So it follows that CRIME AND PUNISHMENT is not a fantasy, that is, in my own personal little way of thinking you understand?

I would like to see that page of Quotes from the novel you say you had better not write and I'm also interested in memory gunk, and so forth and so on. To heck with poor Nangee, I may be poor but I ain't unhappy and some of that stuff you say you left out sounds interesting, which of course is only natural, the unknown is always interesting.

That's an intriguing idea, the SAFARADE I mean. But who, I'd like to know, has all the qualifications you mentioned? I hope the idea hits fertile soil somewhere though. Hyuck! Lord Biscuitbottom is his usual delightful self to employ a

masterpiece of understatement, a method which Calabrese uses to great effect. Hmm more ramblings at this point (I'm speaking of Maine-Iac, not what I'm writing.). Many, many what I'd like to know? That could cover a lot of territory. History is noted for it's stupidity and wonder if Nance Share will claim that Am-So pome? Eh?

be

Sorry Edco gotta stop here, mealtime for the children who will/home from school shortly, too bad, but it happens that way every day. See you later.

It is now later....1:27 p.m. to be exact and same day. What's a gig? You're wrong, Ed, there is no longer any need for Jack-the-Ripper's penname. But I'm just pigheaded enough not to reveal the identity of the Ripper, mostly because so many of you have asked. My one claim to fame, I know something the rest of you don't know. Wish I had some coffee.

Twenty minutes to four p.m...I also wish people would let me alone. Sigh. EdCo, your mailing comments are swell. Er--by the way, I guess I'll have to disallusion you. I most certainly did look up those quotations.

Egads, I don't know one quotation from another nor who the quotations belong to. I had two books of quotations, and I started reading them and when I ran across a quote that seemed to strike a chord (didn't know I had chords did you?) I'd stop and go through the mailing to find what zine it reminded me of.....criminy, never again, that was sheer pure hard work. And furthermore, after all that work, I still don't know one quotation from another nor who they belong to, my head just won't hold them. So you can now stop envying me. Heh. I couldn't find one that I really thought fit your zine though maybe I should have looked a little further into Shakespeare.....I wanted a quote that said a lot more. Uh? Gunk you say? I love the expressions you use. I dunno but I imagine that even a graphologist would more or less agree with you. Sorry I'm going to pull a Gerding on you again for the graphologist made me promise not to reveal his/her identity. What publicity? Okay so I got carried away with enthusiasm.



Happens quite often at periodical intervals.

Hey, you raised a point I never thought of concerning the Chronicle covers...good, I have now introduced a paradox into Saps. Thanks for the corsage, doll. Am I supposed to say I liked MAINE-IAC? Durned if I will. I feel contrary today. Besides it should be obvious(the former not the latter.).

STF TRENDS #14 Lynn Hickman Ghods, what an absolutely gorgeous publica- (Hyuck! Just barely made it, Lynn!)

tion this is! Equalled in appearance by the contents too. I hate that tiny print but that's merely a matter of personal dislike rather than criticism. I'm not going to get very far into STF TRENDS because it's a little four and time for me to be about my business as a housewife, at least I fondly call myself that. Housewife -- wonder where that term came from anyhow? I am not married to a house, though you couldn't call me a manwife just because I am married to a man either. Oh well. Plato Jones is tops. Cover was very good, the faces were intriguing inasmuch as each one was different, facial structure, hair style and so on. Real nice. Foo, how does one do justice to a pub like this, aside from stating that I enjoyed reading it. I have to quit now anyhow; may have more to say when I come back and I may not, depends on what kind of a mood I'm entertaining at the time. I love to entertain moods, fun.....

.....March 26, 1954, Friday, 12:30 p.m.

.....That's all the further I got, just the date and the time. Now it is 2:27 p.m. and still Friday. I just finished re-reading SKIN OF A SKELETON and TALE OF TWO CUTIES. Hyuck! Both entertaining though I believe I liked the former better. Page 14 of SKIN OF A SKELETON was missing though, you gotta extra one???? Would appreciate having it, I have the oddest feeling I missed out on something! FAN TALK was of great interest, especially the letters from Joe Gibson. Excellent illo for ALL ABOARD FOR OUTER SPACE.....in fact the illo was the best part of the article, I didn't like it(the article I mean). I don't dig the Plato Jones cartoon on the back page. Will someone explain it to little old dumb me? This pub is a superbly balanced one and I am envious, especially of the wonderful art contained therein. I am envious. Sigh. Oh well, envy is the spice of life. So who says I have to quote a quote correctly? I change 'em to suit myself.

Who's next? Natch, I go ripping through a mailing like a house afire, and the mags get spread all over the room - oh ghoddamn, there's a spider. Pardon me, while I vacate the immediate vicinity. I detest, loathe, hate, and despise spiders besides being deathly afraid of them. Keerist, where'd he go or was it a she? This is where I bow out children. I'm not sticking around here with a spider on the loose. Be back after I think it's safe.....

.....I'm back - with my heart quaking in my toes, and my soul quaking wherever it is that souls quake. What was I talking about? Ten minutes to three p.m. by the way. Oh yeah, I scatter the Sapszines all over then stack 'em up again. So I'm merely going right through the stack as it is now, not as it arrived. Any objections? Oh foo I just remembered I was using non-stop paragraphing, fine time to remember it and at all costs I must be consistent, no, not at all costs, for I have no intention of changing this.....let's go to:

MRAOC #2 Lee Jacobs The number one slobzine, hch, I like that cover. MRAOC pronounced with an obscene gurgle, only I don't know how to gurgle obscenely. Impeccably mimeographed indeed! That's what you get for calling your shots ahead of time, Lee. Don't count your gremlins before they fly, kid. Oh baby mine - damn - they're playing that on the radio right now, and it slipped into my typer keys, that deep voice is the gonest. I wish to make it clear that I'm not calling Lee, oh skip it. No one in their right mind would call Lee that anyhow(and who's laying any claims to being in their right mind???), Wheeeeee, I'm sure Gem wouldn't call Lee that. Gem I'm sure glad you're staying in Saps, I'm positively bubbling at the prospect of future fireworks. Sharpen your pencil, gal, you're going to need it from the looks of things.

(continued Page 8)

GRAPHOLOGY

Graphology of handwriting signed "Eney", dated 23 Ventose An 161. Again I will trace a sample of the handwriting and then type the letter out in full. Better read this letter, children, it's quite interesting. Following the letter, I will present the analysis.....NG

23 Ventose
An 161

Dear Nan,

Don't worry about the date. I haven't blown my safety valve - I'm just (in FAPA, dirty word) agitating for the Romme calendar (as opposed to the various other calendars that have been proposed for worldwide use). That, as you may recall, was the one used during the

Dear Nan,

Don't worry about the date. I haven't blown my safety valve - I'm just (in Fapa, dirty word) agitating for the Romme Calendar (as opposed to the various other calendars that have been proposed for worldwide use). That, as you may recall, was the one used during the French Revolution by the revolutionists --- it had a 10-day week, a 30-day month, and made up the 365 by adding 5 sansculotides at the end of the year. The unliberated, who don't date from the establishment of the Republic One and Indivisible, would say 14 March 1954. Encore Neuf Thermidor!

That name -- "Ventose" means Windy Month - is painfully appropriate up here on Hokkaido. We've had snow every day since I've gotten here, and it's getting so every gust of wind forms icicles on the eyeballs. I haven't yet frozen solid walking from the barracks to the hospital (no doubt because I'm still young and hot-blooded) but you never can tell; this stuff (the snow, 2 ft. deep on the street) doesn't start to melt till mid-April --- uh, till the beginning of Floreal.

'Fraid I won't be much represented in the next mlg; that visit to the West Coast in ~~July~~ Pluviose was not particularly productive of written crifanac (the vast quantities of the verbal sort were produced). Just wrote part of a one-shot and a few items for ZEITSCHRIFT. (I had my mlg comments all written, but --- sheer laziness --- didn't stencil them, though the Andersons had typer and stencils they would have loaned me.) However, I did think up a Mother Goose Story which I give below with the explanation that "chickenshit" means, in Army language, someone who does things strictly according to the book, with no leeway allowed and frequent thorough checks. So we have:

Chickenshit Little

Once upon a time there was a training company with an extremely strict commander who was called (but not named) Chickenshit Little.

One day Chickenshit Little was amusing himself with a bit of close-order drill (performed for his benefit by the trainees) when, to the general astonishment, something smote him sharply on the head. After satisfying himself

that it was not a trainee yielding to his instincts, he investigated and found it to be nothing less than a sheet of blue matter covered with stars.

"Sainted Spear!" he cried(he was of course a Fooist.). "It's an ultimatum from the Air Force! I've got to go see the CG!"

Promptly he rushed through channels to the office of his immediate superior, Major Minor.

"Major Minor, sir!" he exclaimed, holding out the object. "An ultimatum!"

Major Minor looked at it and gasped, "By Phthalo! An undeniable Artefact! Can it be that this will expose the Secret of the Flying Saucers?"

"But sir--" began Chickenshit Little. The Major cut him off brusquely. "We've got to take this matter to the CG!" he said.

Promptly they rushed through channels to the office of his immediate superior, Colonel Wornel.

"Colonel Wornel, sir!" they exclaimed together. "An ultimatum from the Air Force! A flying saucer artefact!"

The colonel's face paled as he looked at the object. "Ghu save us!" he whispered. "The sky is falling in!"

"But sir----" began Chickenshit Little and Major Minor. The colonel cut them off. "We've got to take this matter to the CG!" he said.

Promptly they rushed through channels to the office of his immediate superior, General Mineral.

"General Mineral, sir!" they exclaimed together. "An ultimatum from the Air Force! A flying saucer artefact! The sky is falling in!"

The Commanding General turned purple as he snatched the object. "BY ALL-HIGHEST ROSCOE'S MIGHTY AND TERRIBLE TWO FRONT TEETH!" he roared! "And after I'd shot four successive Air Force chiefs-of-staff to get their pelts---!!! Gentlemen, the sky isn't falling but the man who stole the seat cover off my car will damned well wish it had!"

Enough of this.....best & all.....Eney.....Eney

Now the analysis below..NG

You are an artistic person, careful, with good taste and originality. Your delightful sense of humor permits you to overlook what otherwise would appear coarse to your refined nature and love of the beautiful.

You enjoy fast-moving things, speed is important, you may even wish that time itself moved more quickly, as there is an undercurrent of impatience in this specimen.

You delight in the unusual, and

could dream hours away if permitted. The ability to act on your dream realm of inventiveness is being postponed for some reason and your creativeness shows unsteadiness, either that or constant interruption, or a lack of concentration. At the time of writing of this letter, your tendency to discard one dream for another dream, rather than the establishment of the first inspiration, tends to predominate. This is not due to a lack of capability, because

(con't next page)

you can be quite definite in carrying forth a project of sufficient interest; so either circumstance or situation must be responsible. Either you are employed in a boring job, or an unsuitable one for your talents, or you are waiting for something.

Your nature is variable in the matter of "taking chances" but most of the time you are reluctant to speculate.

Only your sense of humor can save you from periods of depression if your own way is constantly thwarted. I might even hazard that this letter was written under stress of some nature, many features are contradictory, denoting a changeable character, capable of heights and depths, but discreetly governed by exceptional diplomacy. You have learned how to adjust and adapt to the non-beautiful, though within yourself you would choose only the most beautiful, the ultimate of good taste.

You show a desire to emphasize yourself in restricted ways, as though by wishing, you might remove the restriction. I believe this is one of your dreams, the fulfillment of which is what causes you to wait.

Your handwriting is difficult to analyze because of the underlying restlessness, which makes it appear so contradictory. You either have a natural Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde disposition, or you were battling with yourself emotionally when you penned this. You can be sunny one moment and gloomy the next. I might even hazard the guess that weather affects you.

You should develop your artistic talents, for you could become a great painter or poet. Only people who can plumb the depths and climb the heights have this ineffable quality of greatness in creative talent. This is something you really possess, and you would be sincere. Your artistic talents are far above average. You will never be truly happy until you have created something very beautiful. You need this for soul-satisfaction.

You have a definite appreciation for material things in addition to your dream world, and you might prosper in a business for profit while developing

the other side of your nature; thus, making one realm for prosperity, and creating a hobby for your artistic satisfaction. You are one of those rare individuals who can do two things at once equally well. Your enthusiasm for merely making a living would die if you did not create something else on the side, as a direct aim or reason for the former. As an example - you would dislike selling but if selling provided sufficient extra income for beautiful things, your goal for beauty, the result of the selling, then you could sell. Otherwise, salesmanship would be a terrific boredom.

Your business career would prosper most where love of detail would be a factor. There are many fields where beauty and business can be combined, and in these you would find most satisfaction. Landscaping, interior decorating, designing, etc., are a few of these. You work best without supervision; you should try to establish your own business where your talents could create unhampered.

You could accomplish a great deal in commercial art, if you could curb your tendency to rebel, if asked to "hack" occasionally. You would still be happier working for yourself. You seem to have a need for being a "free spirit" - the essential quality belonging to all great artists.

Monotony is not for you in anything. You must have variety. Another reason I suggested two fields of endeavor.

Many of your letters indicate you want things definite and to the point; yet others insist that you can dream along for hours. Some letters show almost a military approach to life yet in the same line you have others showing a lack of angles, claiming you want to enjoy the beauties of life unhurriedly, which is merely one of the contradictions predominating.

Your temper in one place is sharp, in another it is most genial and forgiving. To give such incongruous results any kind of an accurate overall reading, I must believe you are a person of changeable moods, maybe even

lightning-like change. This is a spark most geniuses possess, especially artists, for it gives them the understanding of lightning change, which captured, can give them the spiritual outlet and satisfaction beyond commonplace life. Common things can be tolerated and even enjoyed if this creativeness is satiated. You enjoy the extremes because you can experience them but as these same extremes are not always acceptable to others (might even be considered by some as eccentricities), you may be forced to develop two natures. These may be already developed which would account for the alternating style of your writing. You are most versatile yet at the

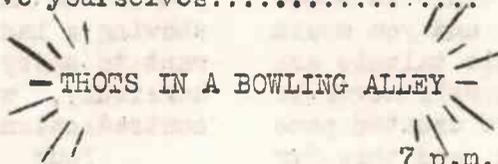
time of writing, quite hesitant in displaying this versatility. The only answer to this seems to be that you have adapted to unpleasant conditions, penning up your greatest talents almost to the point of frustration, dreaming and waiting for ultimate expression, until you can be wholly free to claim these goals. Your law-abiding nature would not permit you to rebel against what is right, even though it might be disagreeable to your own personality, at least, not openly. I cannot help but wonder what your handwriting would reveal five years from now. I feel sure it would be greatly different.....

....end

+++++
 (continued from page 4)

It is now five minutes to 4 p.m...more interruptions. It's a darned wonder to me I ever get a NANDU written. In this case, it was a guy here with some pics, one of which is going to repose somewhere in this zine. It will be entitled THE CASE OF THE GIRL VERSUS THE MIMEOGRAPH and is dedicated to John Davis and Art Rapp. After seeing this picture, I wish I was the mimeograph (contrary to all reports to the contrary, I am contrary, NO! I mean I am not a mimeograph) but, after countless years of being a fem, I reckon that wish is futile. Anyhow it's an awfully good pic of my trusted and faithful friend, the Manly Bannister Mimeo, and after all, I say, comparatively speaking, the mimeo is far more important. Where was I? What was I talking about and what zine was I reviewing? Oh yeah, the slobzine. Since I'm going to mimeo your article, Lee, I don't need to request a copy, I'll just swipe one. Any comment? PARADISE LOST was Lee Jacobs type fan fiction which will be condemnation enough, oh mighod, I mean "commendation", merely a semantic slip, Lee, assuredly. There's that damned spider again. Help! So I got him/her with a flyswatter, ugh. Wonder how many hells and damns I can get into this paragraph just to uphold Lee's definition of the Bawdy Brigade? I am PROUD to be a member of the BAWDY BRIGADE along with Share, Carr, and Hampton. PROUD, I tell you! Hells fire and damnation, give me the primrose path everytime and to Hades with science-fiction. And, I would like to know, just what Wrai can do about keeping Gerding, Carr, and Hampton in line? The poor ape ain't got a chance. And neither do any of the rest of you serious, constructive, and highminded males.

DOWNFALL was wonderful. Sorry, Lee, I had to make sure you didn't violate the identicalcopies rule you know? Tsk. And I have to stop. Am I supposed to say I liked MRAOC? Dammed if I will. I feel contrary today. Besides it should be obvious (take your cherce)... tha's thirty for now, behave yourselves.....



7 p.m., Friday, March 26, 1964

THE COLLECTOR #1 Howard Devore Tsk!Tsk! So now I'm writing mailing com-
 Agnes Harook ments in the bowling alley. I am getting
 to bowl and blew the frame. Well, that most subtle of subtle of subtle insults in

the middle of this zine is enough to make anyone blow their frame. Heh, how you doin' Nance? Though if you want the honest truth, I don't think it's particularly funny; even if Howard does apparently believe that it was warranted. (Hah! Just got a strike) Where was I? Oh yeah, well nuff said, I don't believe Nance will be outdone any, the results should be exciting. This is a noisy joint in which to try to write anything - especially mailing comments wherein I am at all times supposed to have my wits about me. Gather around, oh ye wits. I found Aggie's letter interesting....hope Aggie is better represented next time which is not intended as a subtle insult, merely meant what it said, more from Aggie (spare this trip, three frames, two marks). To get back to Aggie, better representation, constitutional rights, all that sort of thing you know?

Mighod, mailing comments from Howard Devore, what next (dammit, split this frame, and I don't pick 'em up). Look what you did, Devore, I was waxing enthusiastic (more fun than waxing floors, so it's corny, so I'm cornfed, so what?) because you actually wrote some mailing comments and then I loused up a frame. I'll sue for breach of promise. Methinks I detect the usual Devore air in the mlg. comments but (blew this frame, WHERE are you?) tha's okay. One thing you can always state concerning Howard Devore, you never know what he's going to say next and the resultant suspense is fraught with suspense (natch) not to mention wear and tear (I blew this frame, somebody start cheering) on one's nerves.

OVERHEARD AT MEETINGS is no doubt quite factual. The art-tickle, I WAS A SPY FOR THE MSFS leaves something to be desired, possibly the conclusion. All in all, though I hate to admit it ---- nope, danged if I will. I'm supposed to say I liked COLLECTOR? And so forth, paint your own conclusions (just finished the first game, my score, 120, it's Devore's fault!). Lesse if I can do better with someone else.

THE BRONC #2 Eva Firestone

I'm sorry Eva that I didn't get to print the comments I made on your first ish. But since I like Firestone jabber so well, I think you know I enjoyed the first BRONC. Do you bowl, Eva? Someone had oughta be bowling in my place the rate I'm going. We're ready for the second game now. Wonder if I'll be able to read this scribbling after I get home? (It was an effort, children...) (1st frame, a spare, keep it up, Bronc). Hmmm, we are exciting people, aren't we? Well, I think we are. By all means, cookie, do not skip the swear words. Look at that slob, Lee Jacobs, he avidly reads Anglosaxonisms. So I should bother to spell it right? (2nd frame, a spare, keep it up doll!)



Ahhhh, Eva, I chortle with positive delight; no one, absolutely no one, can compare with Firestone talk. Eva-type mlg. comments were un-

sic to my eyes, or should I say balm to my ears, er--well, you get the idea. I hope when (blew a frame) you lose your 'diffidence' you branch out more in the comment department. 'Twill prove to be quite an experience for all readers whether they care to admit it or not(there are many who think it unwise to display interest or enthusiasm of any sort). I think the Bronc was plumb delightful and thanks Eva. (foo, blew the fourth frame, fifth, and sixth)

DIEZEITSCHRIFT #775 Karen Anderson Lessee what Karen can do for me. Gee but that is a nice cover, beautifully executed, beautifully stenciled. How do you get those real thin lines on a stencil, Karen? There's many a time I'd like to achieve lines like that but even my smallest stylus won't do it. I tried to use a compass point once but it only tore the stencil; so I gave up(7th frame, a spare)this cover I like.....can't tear myself away from it long enough to start reading 'Die'(8th and 9th frames, spares).. ..quite a bit of time went by there, was reading THE OPEN MIND. Methinks I should have read it first before commenting on the cover, I wouldn't have had to ask so many questions. That's service with a smile, answering my questions as soon as I ask them. I yam disallusioned, I saw the Anderson on the cover and figured you had done it.....oh well, it's still a nicely done pic(I'm beginning to think that bowling and Sapszines don't mix, second game, 117, ptui). Lemme know how you come out with the dissecting set, Karen. Do you have any trouble with the stencil tearing when you use the needle? What is a silk screen process?(third game, spare the first frame) Time is now 8:30 p.m. What did you use on the bacover to stencil with and did Poul do that one too?

THE OPEN MIND was good reading. Why not do several pages of similar ilk? What's "Ingen Billet til Raketskibet"(2nd frame, a spare). I probably won't get any more done because I have to read the rest of Die in between my time up at bat. Be back sometime....

...April 5, 1954, Monday, 10:05 a.m.

Mein Gott! Where did I leave off - and when? 'Twas Friday night but what Friday night? Even I can't continue in an unbroken vein with that many days in between.....only ten days ago, seems like ten years. I'm going to have to get on the ball, NANDU ain't going to write itself, much as I'd like it to be that way. I do remember where I left off though. I had read the OPEN MIND and had to quit writing to read the rest of Die.

I will say right now, Karen, that I haven't been giving you a fair shake....Die 775 is an excellent pub, varied and interesting and as for the BOOK OF PHTHALO in particular, I fear I let me Roscoe-ite soul prejudice me. Silly what a little prejudice will do. I read the WOADICEAN CODEX as it should be read and found it fascinating, also slightly amazing, also quite admirable, also I could kick myself for what I've been missing out on. Foo, I hang my head in chagrin.

Eney's THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEON was delightful as all Eney writing usually is. I say usually because his VENGEANCE IS FINE, well, I didn't dig that at all. But, FRUSTRATION was good and I think a percentage of two out of three is pretty good. BEMS OF DISTINCTION I think will prove to be quite an original bit of series, do you draw the pics? I wish I could think of things like that, in particular the plumb scintillating names you come up with but my imagination simply isn't equal to the task. BOOK OF THE DOGGONED is beautiful logic.

Ahem
CORN SQUEEZIN'S....if I said what I was first tempted to say concerning your mailing comments, it would probably be the shortest and quickest way to lose friends

and alienate people; something that you most certainly will do if you keep on in this present vein.

You are awfully hard to please, it seems, and mostly because you set too high a standard. Sure you have to judge a Sapszine according to what and how it interests you personally but I wonder if it ever occurred to you that you should judge a Sapszine from its editor's viewpoint too. A Sapszine is like no other amateur publication in that it is more a personification and an expression of its editor than merely a medium for good printing, writing, grammar, format, and so on. Those things help, natch, but it's the personal element involved that is far more important. I'm not saying that you should like all the pubs; I'm the only one foolish enough to like them all. But I am saying that you should at least give every Sap an E for effort. Each one of us does the best we can with what capabilities we may have and by being so rough on the various publications, you're just the same as censoring people for being people. In other words, you are censoring us for not being perfect, and for conforming to what is the best in us, rather than conforming to what you consider a standard for Saps publishing.

In particular, you seem to dislike the feminine element of Saps. Tsk. I think your subconscious is showing. Hell, we are perfectly willing to like you, or perhaps I should speak for myself. I'm perfectly willing to like you but you sure as the devil make it difficult at times. As for any dislike you may now have for me --- save it. I refuse to be disliked; so you would just be wasting your time.

Your attack on Gem Carr was unwarranted and vicious. She's an intelligent and likeable person and I rather imagine you cut off your nose to spite your face. Which most certainly isn't my problem and quite beside the point. I don't believe any Saps could say with any fairness that Die isn't an excellent zine but I'm not prepared to predict at this moment what they're likely to say about Die's editor,--if they say anything at all. The worst they could hand you would be to ignore you completely, a fate worse than death for a Sapan. Oh well, if you need a friendly shoulder, I gotta couple at your service and whether you care to accept that fact or not, it's still a fact. As usual, eleven a.m. means lunch and since there is not anyone but me to get it, I'll have to stop.....

.....Still Monday, April 5 at 2:10 p.m.

GHU SAPLEMENT #18 John Davis Davis-type cover, very nice, I wish I could say the same for the bacover. Not that the Davis-type art isn't it's usual incomprehensible self, I just disagree with the concept portrayed therein. Page 3 is plumb undescribable, the longer you stare at it the better it gets.

TWAS BRILLIG, er--did you have a cold or something when you picked that title? I had a lot of fun reading it and more fun wondering whatnbell it was all about. Your mailing comments are superb, you certainly are a personality unto yourself, stick around and entertain me some more. Wonder though why I praise John's art so much, cripes, you ought to try to stencil it. Yoikes, those lines! You start out and around and around you go and where you'll end up no one knows. Page 10 is the funniest bit I have lamped in weeks.

You can get a lot of enjoyment crammed into 12 small pages, I am envious of that ability. By the way, you said you sure enjoy seeing the crazy way females interpret some common ordinary male things. Tsk, John, there's a method in our madness. We must maintain at all costs our role of delightful, inconsistent, feminine illogic and more important we get a great buzz out of watching common ordinary males enjoy our interpretation of common ordinary male things. Hyuck! Chortle,

and so forth.....(Continued bottom page 12)

The Dreamer

A storm is raging far at sea, though here the night is fair,
Yet portents of the coming gale drift slowly through the air
And here I stand while breakers beat about my firm placed feet
While deep within me raging fires send forth their waves of heat.
For I have dreams as others do, and this has been my dream,
To reach the stars, for every night I stand and watch them gleam
And envy those who ride aloft on searing jets of flame.
The rocket men, the rocket men, how wide has spread their fame,
That even I who stand and watch the ever surging sea,
Am envious and send to God an urgent silent plea
For liberty and wings of flame to carry me aloft
And set me free, too long I've heard the rockets as they've coughed
And hated them. No more, say I, tonight I will arise
To seek the stars and gain them as my long awaited prize....
Or so I vow, but uselessly, I'm fettered to the earth.
When faced by grim reality, what then is dreaming worth?

II

I'm older now in terms of years, or cycles 'round the sun
My head is capped with silver white, my days of dreams are done
And here I stand in loneliness, aloof and ever proud
While still the voices of the sea, so soft, and yet so loud
Are echoing, are echoing, as sentinel I stand,
Between the surging of the sea and beauty of the land.
A cliff of stone with snow for hair and tumbled rocks for feet
With lava veins and lava blood and lava gives its heat
To all my thought and all my soul, though swift the fire doth die.
So soon to cease and leave me here with never mental sigh
To stir my heart from its repose in comfort that is sleep
As deep as death. Now over me the ages slowly sweep
In feather soft array, though cold, and colder grows the night.
The sun each dawn arises with a redder, weaker, light.
And men have left me here alone and sought another place
With warmer sun to bask the hearts and bodies of the race
That here was spawned and now has reached the farthest of the stars
This morn the sun has found its death, this planet, aye, and Mars,
And Jupiter, and all the rest, have mounds of solid air
For gleaming shrouds, and as I die I wonder if they care,
The men who called this planet home, or even if they know,
The feeble spark within me dies, and this is death....I go....

.....Fred Remus

(continued from page 11)

I think I owe you a rebuttal for page five though. I couldn't possibly have misinterpreted that! So we'll jump right into said rebuttal by printing the comments I did on GHU SAPLEMENT #17 last time. Also, there will be a pic somewhere of Nangee, Female Demi-Goddess, The Iron Maiden, 1953 with her fellow worker. I will leave it up to you to figure out which is which, or rather who is who (whom is

whom??)

GHU SAPLEMENT #17 John Davis January 12, Tuesday, 9:45 a.m....I'm angry, every one in fandom has a picture of me except me. You know the photographer that takes a good picture of me would receive a post humor award for extinguished service (be sweet pretty maid and let those who will, be clever). I should be printing that Davis boy's GHU SAPLEMENT but the house is cold (we're out of oil) so the paper is cold and you ever tried to run cold paper? Besides that ain't the main reason I'm not running SAPLEMENT. Dragged out the AB Dick instruction book and spent a whole morning messing with that gorgeous hunk of machinery. Pulled this, turned that, and so on. Now who knows what will happen when I try to use it? For one thing the impression. The impression has always been too dark; so I decided to hunt up the squeegees that regulated the lightness and darkness of the impression. Then I stood and looked at them and said to myself, "Nan, old girl, faint heart ne'er ran a good mimeo. Natch, but faint heart ne'er gets you into trouble either!" So I says, well, so what, life would be horribly boring without trouble. Of course, it can be boring with trouble too but it's less boring than it is without trouble, a matter of degree, you know? So I went ahead and squeegeed the squeegees. One of these days I'm gonna get into those beautiful cams, and reset the timing gears. Mustn't have a machine with the timing gears in perfect synchronization you know? I'll not be satisfied until I untune the timing gears (remember children I'm speaking of the mimeo.) In fact, I'll never be satisfied until I've take the whole damn machine apart. Ghods, but it is a fascinating bit of metal (remember children I'm speaking of the mimeo). After having it two years, I'm still finding gadgets on it that I didn't know were there or why they were there (remember children I'm speaking of the mimeo) for. Haw! Why they were there for--terrible English (English is but GOOD, what I mean, I'm speaking of Dave) but I have suddenly developed an aversion to good English (grammar, not Dave). Anybody wanna bet I can't take this AB Dick apart, bolt for bolt, and put it back together again, motor and all? Who'll give me odds? Say about a thousand to one, heh, you're pretty safe.

Several hours have elapsed (wonder how an hour elapses? O. Where was I and what was I saying? I dunno. I got some #16 paper here that is quite similar to tissue paper and I'm supposed to mimeo CONFUSION on the stuff, both sides. Sigh, well if Art Rapp can do it, I can too I say with my tongue in my cheek. Trouble is people are all the time sending me paper to run stuff on and not allowing for a single sheet of spoilage. Wonder what they think I am anyhow? I'm not impeccable. I'm not a mimeograph, I'm not a robot, I'm not even Tobor (Captain Video is original as hell, isn't he?)

January 14th, Thursday....

I ran Ghu Saplement #18 and I cussed vehemently, long and loud...I should learn to leave mimeos alone. Were your ears burning, John? John is a cad. He is also going to get the posthumor award for extinguished service..don't care if I am breaking a rule by commenting on a mag ahead of time...can't help it, I ain't got iron-self-discipline. I was so proud of myself because I didn't make any comments concerning the contents of John's mag and it's just a darned good thing I didn't notice a certain page in Ghu Saplement while I was stenciling and mimeoing or dear LC Smith would have gone crazy and AB Dick would have jammed a gear. Long as I'm talking to John I might as well include Saplement 17 (I know, I know, this is supposed to be comment on #17, can I help it if I'm talkative????). Only right now I don't feel like commenting on Saplement 17....guess I'll take a nap...don't frown, don't be sad, I'll be back.....

Dry your tears, children, I'm back and I feel much worse thank you. John you flamflooze me. Ain't you proud? So you were serious

and destructive at one time eh? Indeed!! I don't read so how am I going to say anything about your review of the MADGES aside from the fact that it bored me. Seems to me, in spite of that, you did a good job on the review. I always add a little sweetness to the sour, you know?

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What's forsenic mean? I agree, I agree, you are a superb artist, tops. Johndavistypeart is unbeatable, untouchable. Also true to life. It grows on you (not life, the art, hmmm on second thought take your cherce). What's a mimeo for? You ask? Damn good question. Been wondering myself lately. Must comment on the reproduction in this zine...beautiful impeccable mimeographing, to say the least.

And I am not!

If I remember correctly, Reamy said the cover for NANDU #4 illustrated the PUPPET MASTERS but as Ballard says, my forgettery is better than my memory at times, so who knows? Good guess though. Ohhh, that pic entitled EATE! Indescribable. The bacover on #17 is an unbelievable lie, you are a poor mis-led soul Johnny. All roads lead to madness. Hyuck! I meant ROSCOE but you may choose your cherce. Ghus is a fallacy. Front cover, wonder if I missed the point of this? Undoubtedly I did, I usually do, maddening to say the least. Beer again. I complain. Doesn't anyone like wine? I repeat.

Goody! I said something someone didn't understand....certainly it was an intellectual message. That's the trouble I didn't understand it either. Maybe Wrai can explain it to you. Wrai is good at explaining things, especially about cows and stuff. Yeah, Nandu was very nicely mimeod and typed, just a hunk of metal that's me. I'm made of iron you know? Illo page 10, nice. All I got to say Johnboy, why are you worrying? If

talked myself into a real corner there...censored in the interests of self-preservation. I quit. End of G'm Saplement, end of Johnboy, end of Nangee, I betcha.

End of comment on #17. By the way, I wrote to you and told you that I was interested in having your graphology reading done, how come you didn't follow

through? Egads, twenty minutes after three p.m. Better stop for the nonce.

You know I guess I'll include some of the comments (by the way, I didn't stop there I said I was going to, just sat here staring out the window for a while) I made on the last mailing. Why waste all that wordage? This NANDU's going to be a monster anyhow, might as well go whole hog while I'm at it. So here are the comments I made on:

THE BRONC #1 Eva Firestone Saturday, January 16th...Eva I'm tickled pink or even purple, that you've been yanked into Saps. Now maybe I'll have more contact with you. We never seem to get letters written to each other any more though we don't really need letter exchange....our friendship sort of stretches over the miles without letters.

I can understand why your mind would avoid all activity around here. The Gerding household sort of does that to people. Sure was fun having you here though and I hope to have a repeat visit someday soon.

The Bronc was typical firestone writing which, I think, is recommendation enough. So you're planning to attend the Friscon eh? Lucky dog! As far as I know now it's out of the question for me but I never give up hope until the last minute. I want to thank you again for sharing your room with me at the Phillycon, might have had to sleep in the street otherwise...sleep? Who slept I'd like to know? I had ten hours sleep from Friday afternoon until the following Wednesday.....no wonder Devore thought I was drunk, I might as well have been. Too bad I don't know the art of teleportation, such an inexpensive way to travel you know....aside from the fact that teleportation is fraught with all sorts of exciting possibilities...wheweee!

That's all right, I like being that kind of a scapegoat, such distinguished company too. You ever gotten rid of that FUTURIA FANTASIA? I've been curious about that ever since we said goodbye. Still another one squirming because it had to be six pages.....well, you managed to squirm out six pages chock full of interest. Very, very good, keep it up. And come back to visit me eh?

Five minutes after 4 p.m. and we're back to Monday, April 5....I'm beginning to cringe already...here I promised Art his Christmas wrappings which means I have to justify all this, egads. By the way, a word of explanation. My mailing comments will all be in straight format, everything else will be in two columns, or in verse. Don't ask me why, just an impulse and I usually follow impulses.

Guess I'll quit now.....have to read SAPIAN before I can comment on it, seventy degrees out doors and I sit indoors at a typer, I should have my head examined, on second thought I shouldn't, ignorance is bliss.

Tuesday, April 6, 1954, 9 a.m.

Work done, kids in school, I'm free, Free, FREE! - for a couple of hours anyhow. Already seventy degrees outdoors, yoikes, it's summer. Birds singing and stuff but it doesn't affect me very favorably today. The earth seems small and muddy and icky and I feel horribly pinned down. No clouds in the sky and I don't like a sky without clouds, too remote, clouds bring the sky closer, appear to that is, and clouds also provide a little variety. Foo, I'm in a lousy mood today, I feel horribly mortal and small. Well, guess I am horribly mortal and small even if I don't care to admit it. Sapien, nope, better do it right:

SAPIAN(27th mlg.) Racy Higgs It's now quarter to ten a.m. No I haven't been sitting here staring at a blank sheet of paper. Dawn suddenly developed an ear infection and I had to give her some medicine; also the school census taker was here and had to give him the facts that he wanted. So now to Ray Higgs. This SAPIAN is nice, Ray. I like the cover and the different way you do all the headings and stuff. Very nice to look at and plumb fun to read. THE YODELER and THE SALT MEN OF VEGA were both read, and though neither deserve any extra applause, if I had to make a choice, The Yodeler was the better of the two. Did you write them?

I like the sub-title, GOD'S LITTLE ANGELS, and though I don't consider myself as one of God's little angels or even an angel, I'm pleased that you made me top angel for the 26th mlg. Foo, another guy that can get a lot said in a few sentences. I think I talk too much. How long can I retain the crown? I've already lost it as of mlg. #27.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT(Gunsmoke Issue) Martin Alger

I'd better shut the window before I start on you, Alger. I'm sitting in a draft and will end up with pneumonia, seventy degrees doesn't feel very warm blowing in through the window. Mighod, this beautiful reproduction. Of course, yellow shades are the undisputable holders of top legibility. I love printing on yellow paper, particularly the light shades, like MASTERS Canary. But it's expensive; so I continue to bore myself by using all white paper. Are the last two pages on Mastergraph Canary? They look like it.

Why the chip on your shoulder, old bean, just because you are doing an article about guns? Don't tell us to go to hell with out first giving us a chance to warrant such an order. You're sittin' there arguing with yourself, no one else is complaining, at least not yet. Wait a mailing, and then if someone bitches because you're writing about guns, then tell 'em to go to hell. You should never fire your gun before it's loaded, futile really.

Besides I like guns too, albeit I know nothing about them. My ignorance of same is not from choice though but because it's something I've never had a chance to learn about. I always wanted to have a gun and was never allowed the opportunity. Besides the little sons-a-guns are expensive, ammunition is expensive; so it's just another hobby I'll have to forego for lack of financial backing. So many hobbies are undermined that way, even my amateur pubbing's beginning to show the strain, or the pubbing isn't, but hubby is.

I found your whole article interesting. Having a normal, female, unmechanical type-mind, without the drawings I would have been lost. As it is, my normal, female, unmechanical--type-mind would do better yet if I could see the guns in actuality. Then I'd really know what you were talking about? Er - would you like to show me your guns sometime???



(continued page 22)

How Does It Strike You? (by)

NanG

(And yet another rejected article for Saps!)

Following are the statements I gave to you in the last NANDU and this time I am listing their sources as well, just as I promised I would. I never break a promise if I can help it. Though this time I was tempted to do just that I ignored my natural inclinations and am printing the pseudo-article I wrote that was inspired by the aforementioned statements. I never write anything but pseudo-articles you know? Yep, the mind is a strange thing and I am quite curious as to just how many Saps minds bothered to explore the possibilities inherent in these statements. But, I repeat with a sigh, far be it ~~for~~ me to force anyone to think with the exception of course of Lee Jacobs, Ed Cox and Wrai Ballard, may their minds endure the strain!.....NG

- I Cancer is the opposite of pregnancy.
(From MOTHER by Philip Jose Farmer, TWS, April '53, pg. 72)
- II Americans achieved democracy, not because of moral or racial superiority but because they possessed the long rifle.
(from a letter pubbed in the Sept. '53 FUTURE, letter by Noah W. McLeod who was quoting Lester del Rey...pg. 88)
- III Strange Compulsion
(STRANGE COMPULSION, title of a story by Philip J. Farmer, published in Oct. '53 SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, pg. 39)
- IV Lester del Rey is too valuable to waste on science fiction.
(from Noah McLeod letter mentioned in II)
- V Why drag all those concubines or play girls along with the expedition?
(from McLeod letter mentioned in II and IV)

(Written Aug. 26, 1953)

I CANCER IS THE OPPOSITE OF PREGNANCY.....I take this to mean that cancer represents death and pregnancy, life. As far as pregnancy is concerned, that is true as a rule. And today, from what little I know of the subject, cancer generally means death. I know a lot of research is being done on cancer and that great strides are being made in this field in an all-out effort to find a complete cure. But what I'm wondering is why they're looking so hard for a cure?

To me, cancer can be likened to the splitting of the atom. The results of that, the development of the atom

and the hydrogen bomb, seem to me to be a thing uncontrolled; a wild running amuck that will cause many deaths before it is harnessed and tamed and put to work in some field besides that of war. Why not put it to work in the field of medicine or in the field of mental research?

The point I'm trying to make is this.....cancer is a wild thing too, uncontrolled as yet and apparently not much good for anything except destruction. Why look for a cure? Why could it not be tamed and trained to work for us instead of against us? And, instead of ridding our bodies of a growth that

at present is an instrument of death, keep it and teach it to be a force for and a means of, life. I've heard somewhere that cancer cells have some wonderful properties, and if correctly channeled, why couldn't those properties be used, for instance, for the regrowth of damaged cells? Or, if you wish to take the long view, it could very well be used for prolonging life, far beyond our present average life span. So cancer is the product of cells that seem to have gone wild and lost all properties and functions for which they were supposedly intended? I think those cells are trying to tell us something; that cancer would not be an evil but an instrument for great good if we could only discover it.

And that's where the first statement lead me. Another thought that came meandering along when I mentioned that the splitting of the atom seemed to have been used only for products of war and destruction was this: perhaps people's minds are not conditioned enough as yet to be able to accept anything but war. I said perhaps, but I don't believe there's any 'perhaps' about it. Prejudice, narrowmindedness, greed, intolerance, etc., seem to have fogged the minds of a great many to the extent of rendering them almost blind mentally. Why is it the majority cannot learn to relax their thinking and look into others instead of at them? Why do they have such a fear of expressing themselves freely? Why their hidebound theory that it is degrading to give in on a point or three or to be proven wrong in some matter? And why their aversion to changing their way of thinking even when they are convinced within that it is the thing to do? Why can't people lay open their minds and examine motives, feelings, and viewpoints together ---- think together and come to a conclusion together? Seems to me it would be a very cleansing process and a healthy step towards a united humanity.

II AMERICANS ACHIEVED DEMOCRACY, NOT BECAUSE OF MORAL OR RACIAL SUPERIORITY, BUT BECAUSE THEY POSSESSED THE LONG RIFLE.....I believe Noah M. was

quoting Lester del Rey. I can't argue that statement, it's only too true. But isn't it pretty damned pitiful to think that the welfare of any nation depends upon who can build the mostest the fastest and the more deadly the better! It turns my stomach. Frankly, I don't believe that the long lasting well-being of any group of people can be built on such foundations, for any foundation fashioned of threats, fear, and mistrust is built upon quicksand and quicksand is greedy!

I also object most strenuously to the term "moral or racial superiority" no matter who it is applied to. To me, no one part is better or worse than the whole---a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

III STRANGE COMPULSION.....I read this story not long ago and it left me with quite a bit of food for thought. We are, indeed, imbued with many strange compulsions, and none is stranger nor more compelling than man's desire, his yearning, his inner crying for knowledge. And I don't mean the desire for knowledge, merely for the sake of a few degrees and so forth. I think every person longs to have knowledge and then be able to apply and use that knowledge where it will do the most good. Many people will not admit that and many do not even know what it is. That is the reason that this one compulsion can be so excruciating and so completely shattering.....it either is not recognized at all or else so many are unable to fulfill its demands.... nonetheless, it is good, that desire, that driving compulsion.....and why couldn't it, instead of the desire for power and wealth, be used to wield humanity together? A thinking together, a searching together, a pooling of minds and ideas and resources free of everything except a common desire for knowledge, harmony, and understanding..... well, there is the material with which to build the foundation for a free world.

Is that asking too much I wonder or expecting too much? I don't think so for I believe that humanity is capable of it. Soooo, you say, people just

aren't built that way?? The hell they aren't. They were built that way originally and they are quite capable of tearing down and rebuilding, the sooner the better --- though even now they may have delayed too long.

IV LESTER DEL REY IS TOO VALUABLE TO WASTE ON SCIENCE FICTION. I don't intend to argue one way or the other re the value of del Rey. But the term "too valuable to waste on science fiction" was just too much for me to digest without burping. Science fiction is no different than any other field of literature as far as quality is concerned. Some is written merely for the story value, for sheer entertainment, but just as often it is written because it's author has something definite to say and he chooses science fiction as a coat.

Science fiction is different from other fields of literature in one respect, however, for here the coat is assuming more importance.* It's not only serving as a cover for the author's train of thought but it's also serving as a conditioner, and a stimulator. Our mental progress is going to have to be speeded up to match that of scientific progress...already our mental processes are lagging. Since people cannot change an established way of thinking overnight, such a change has to be brought about in slow steps. I personally think science fiction is one of those steps, and tiny though the step may be, when considered singly, add to it many other such steps and you'll have a stairway. It is better to feed in small doses and have it assimilate, than to gorge all at one sitting and have it regurgitated. Assuming that the above is true and I believe it is, then how could any author be "too valuable" to "waste" on science fiction, a field that will one day take its rightful place among other leading fields of literature.

V WHY DRAG ALONG ALL THOSE CONCUBINES OR PLAYGIRLS WITH THE EXPEDITION?....This statement was made in regard to a story by Jack Vance entitled

*Natch, if you care to be mercenary, you can point out the gap in word rates!...

ECOLOGICAL ONSLAUGHT. I didn't read it but I don't believe I have to in order to take exception to the statement and, if you'll permit, I'd like to quote the entire statement: "Ecological Onslaught was well-plotted and well-written but there is one detail that ruins the credibility of the tale for me---why drag all those concubines or play girls along with the expedition? No doubt they were nice to have along but they used up scarce rocket space, food, and air. It seems to me that the logical thing to do would either be psychologically to condition the expedition members against sex or give them some pill that would dull their desire for women" end quote.

I may be wrong, but if he thinks that part of the tale is not credible, then he is the same as saying that the sexual element in human nature is not credible; and that in those men and women who will be transversing space, this element should either be suppressed or abolished completely. You can't sacrifice any human element for the sake of technology and expect to gain by it. As for the one in question, the sexual drive is not present alone for the purpose of propagation of a race or for sheer sensual pleasure. It was also intended as a therapeutic measure -- mother nature's clearing house for pent up emotions, bottled neuroses, too taut strung nerves, and deeply buried fears. I'm not saying it is a cureall but I am saying that it is a means of self-expression that if denied, subdued, or abolished can do an awful lot of damage psychologically speaking. Why try to force out of a human being that which is an integral and important part of his make-up? I don't believe such a thing would be possible in the first place but, if it could, the whole purpose of such a step would be defeated by the very act.

Well, that takes care of the five statements that caught my eye and explains the various paths of thought which they inspired. Now it's your turn.

How did they strike you?

....end



"UNHAND THAT CAT, DAD."

B L U E B E A R D
or
HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLADES???

B Y
Jay Cordes

Once upon a time there lived a very rich and very evil man known as Bluebeard. He had been married less than a month when he told his beautiful young wife that he was going on a trip.

"Marsha, I'm feeling kind of beat. I'll be gone a couple of days."

"How gone?"

"Real gone."

"Sounds crazy, BB. How are you going?"

Bluebeard flipped his cigarette through the open door and ground out an imaginary butt under his foot.

"Man, I'm flying'."

"Well, move it out already."

"I have to baby, it's getting heavy. But before I do a fade-out, here is the key to the hi-fi closet. And keep outa there."

"Mokay, BB."

Bluebeard left and his wife turned on the phonograph and was listening to CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE.

Just then the maid entered the room.

"Wanta pick up on some ribs, ma'am?"

"You're the craziest. I'll fall in."

After dinner, Bluebeard's wife,

who was riding high on a bottle of juice, decided to unlock the closet. Much to her surprise it contained the dismembered bodies of her husband's former wives.

The door burst open and Bluebeard entered the room.

"You goofed, kid."

"Can it, Melvin. What's the big deal cluttering up my nest with these real gone cats."

"How you do come on," said Bluebeard. He advanced slowly towards his wife.

"I'll skip the hearts and flowers. You know how it is."

As luck would have it, the Handsome Young Prince from Muscle Beach leaped into the room.

"Unhand that cat, dad."

"Dig this square. I gotta see your card, Cosgrow."

"What a crazy pad," replied the Prince. He drew out his sword and killed the evil Bluebeard. Marsha flew into his arms.

"Your timing was big screen."

"You're the wildest, baby, but you're crushing my Camels."

"Well, this is it. Let's cut out."

And so they did.

.....

(Revoltin' Development, continued from page 16)

Hey, first we're going to have a series of BEMS OF DISTINCTION and now GREAT MOMENTS IN THE MSFS. These series I like.

As usual your REVOLTIN' REMARKS are held to a minimum but I think you made up for it with the contents of the rest of the mag. I had to buy a new roller awhile back, stenciling had ruined the ordinary roller; so this time I bought a specialized roller made of hard cork. I also bought all new small platens (can't get them in cork) and I'm double dammed if I am not still having the same trouble with stencils not spacing evenly just like you were talking about. And the same with paper too. I've only had these rollers three or four months and they can't be shot already. It's a problem I can't figure and it's pretty damned frustrating to try to stencil under such circumstances. I'd sure appreciate any solution you have to offer.

That's all. Think I'll say I liked REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT, this business about me feeling contrary is getting boring, though I'll probably do it again. Anyhow, I will be looking forward to future issues of your zine.

THE INSIDER #1 Vernon McCain I've heard a terrific amount of this and that about you, Vernon, from one of your best friends and covering a period of a year or more; so I feel that I more or less know you pretty well. That is, I thought I did. I'll say one thing, you certainly don't pull your punches, do you? You've got guts too. I respect that. I also respect and admire good writing which you are certainly capable of doing.

You, also, made me maddern' hell in places and I thought to myself - keeripes, this guy is a cold son-of-a-bee, he ain't got no emotions, he ain't even human. So, I kept on reading, cringing in places (the truth hurts you know?) and then I started reading your mailing comments. And I ran across a few things you said that made me change my mind entirely though I think you are a little stiff-necked at times. You may be coldly logical at times but I suppose a good critic has to be.

In any case, after reading your comments to Rapp, I decided I was wrong in my first impression of you and I apologize. Course I say (in a meek voice) I could have kept my mouth shut and you'd never have known the awful things I thought about you at first, but I still would have to apologize mentally; so what the heck I might as well do it out loud. I'm sure relieved to discover you are human after all, aren't you? (uh, relieved I mean.)

Sure I disagree violently with some of the things you said but I think that is due more to a rather radical difference in our make-up, than to any rightness or wrongness of said opinions. I'm not at all sure about that though, because we apparently have completely different minds and eyes, I don't understand you and I refuse to base an argument on misunderstanding. A couple of mailings from now if I still feel like arguing with you, I probably will. 'Till then, I'll just wait. Generous of me, don't you think?

No doubt you will be the most cussed new member in a long time (wonder if you can outdo Gem?) but, since you seem to be looking forward to it, well, cheers! It's a case of sink or swim and I don't doubt you're an expert swimmer. Chortle. I can't help it, I gotta laugh at myself..... this is about the most tongue-in-the-cheek commentary I've ever done. But when I am on unknown ground, believe me, I step casually until I know for sure where I am going. You, Vernon McCain, wield a two-edged sword and I'm keeping at a safe distance for the nonce.

Summing up, THE INSIDER was one of the most stimulating - and

best written bits of ampubbing I've seen in a long time. I'll be looking forward to future issues, hope you get to be an official member soon.

Have to stop, Dawn is crying again poor thing, ear infections are horrible ordeals, especially for small babies. Twenty minutes to eleven and I'd have to stop soon anyhow.....

.....same day, 5 to 4 p.m.

Ptui! I had planned to write this afternoon and Coswal and Toth had to go and put me to sleep. Now Tommy is practicing his music lesson and I have to get supper. And I can't write tonight because I have to substitute at the Legion Auxiliary Bridge Club. That really louses up several deals but good. You wanna take over tonight Vee? Foo, I am disgustipated. Playing bridge with a bunch of gossipy women is worse than bowling with a bunch of gossipy women. I must admit though that the gals on our bowling team aren't gossipy, they are a swell gang. And in case someone from the Legion Auxiliary is reading this, you are a swell gang too, you just talk too much is all. Heh. I've quit bowling by the way, as of last Friday, just another matter of being underminded financially.

I won't have time to comment fully on TRICKLE and BOOK OF PTOTH now but I can explain what happened I reckon. I had better explain after that remark up yonder about Coswal and Toth. I usually lay down to meditate around noon (that sounds much more intelligent than saying I lay down to take a nap.) Anyhow, I took TRICKLE and THE BOOK OF PTOTH with me, planned to just rest and read 'em and then do my dinner dishes (breakfast ones too)and then get back to this. So what happened? I started reading:

TRICKLE(Sapszine #39) Walter Coslet Written the day after Christmas, no less...I remember what I was writing after Christmas. Anyhow, so what happened? I started reading and I read along quite thoroughly enjoying what I was reading, far more legible than usual too. And then I got to CONFIDENTIAL, which was extremely interesting, as any Coswal writing is, even if I don't usually understand it. But I read and I read, one page, two pages, three pages and I began to think, mighod(Roscoe), is there no end to this! And I read another page, and yet a fifth page, and horrors, a sixth page! A seventh page! Whoosh, you wanna know something? After reading all that wordage which said the same thing over and over and over with only minor variations, cripes Coswal, whatcha tryin' to do, hypnotize me? That one passage was going around in my head like a mouse in a revolving cage.

Any one in the market(just be patient, kids, I'll finish the explanation somewhere) for sf mags you ask? Naw, I just packed up all mine in boxes and am giving them to various and sundry people, one box to a library in Holland, one box to the Fan-Vets and one to the library here. Soooooo, I ain't in the market for science fiction. I've had to quit buying mags, yet another deal underminded(haw! undermined!)

I finished reading TRICKLE and I did appreciate it, Walt, even if I did become slightly hypnotized and sleepy. Then I picked up:

BOOK OF PTOTH #4 Al Toth Being half hypnotized already, gentle Toth's lovable delightful ramblings completed the job. Sad state of affairs when Sapszines start hypnotizing people. I read on and on and got sleepier and sleepier and when I finished BOOK OF PTOTH, I promptly went sound to sleep, slept like I was drugged, didn't hear the telephone, doorbell or anything. Got up about three p.m. after a neighbor practically beat the door down

trying to get me awake and after this long involved explanation which doesn't seem to explain a darned thing, in fact I've forgotten what I was trying to explain, all it boils down to is that Toth and Coswal are to blame, it's their fault.

So now it is four-thirty and once again I have to come to a grinding halt. Cos, after I'm finished with Al, I'm going to include the comments I made on GNAUB, wrote them, I might as well print 'em. As I said, such wordage should not be lost to posterity, it ought to be lost.....

.....same day, 7:30 p.m.

Just a note before I leave for a horribly boring evening. Got some delightful mail today, letter from Irene Baron, Al Toth, and Fred Remus. Fred Remus is going to burst onto the Saps horizon with fan fare. I'm so pleased with myself at talking him back into Saps, I'm about to burst my buttons. A real swell guy with a genuine knack for typing, rather at bringing good stuff out of a typer; literally, he's a lousy typist, almost as bad as I am.

Edco I'm beginning to worry about you-- but I'm more worried about those manuscripts I sent to you. If you don't write to me soon I'll flip. And if those manuscripts have been lost in the mail, I'll commit hari kari, darnit it I'm practically haunting the mailbox now.....

.....Wednesday, April 7, 9:45a.m

Ptui, I am late this morning. Had planned to start writing by 9 but didn't quite make it. Also I can't get uptown this morning to get my mail, which means I got to worry the whole blessed day about Edco and those manuscripts. Already 75 degrees this a.m. and sultry, lovely set-up for a storm.

Hey, I had fun last night. The gals didn't gossip even, they played bridge. Big change I must say since I quit that outfit. Bully for them.

Hyuck! Lee, you remember asking me what I did when an unthinking partner took me out of a penalty double? Did I leap across the table and bash his head in or was I just content to put poison in his coffee? As I answered you, I am not usually that drastic but I was tempted, ohhhhh how I was tempted!

Last night my partner opened the bidding with one heart, the opponent to my right bid two diamonds and I doubled(with six diamonds to the jack-ten, I felt real George). The opponent to my left started mumbling to herself, said something to the effect that two diamonds doubled isn't game, is it?

So I thought I'd be real cute and I said, no, but if you redouble it, it's game. I didn't think they would be foolish enough to take my advice but I never overlook any bets, you know? And darned if she didn't redouble!

Well, to use a masterpiece of understatement, I was pleased. So what happened?

My partner says, gosh Nan, I can't leave you in a mess like that! I literally screamed in mental anguish. Mess?? I thought to myself-- you dope, there's nothing messy about it. I even tell 'em how to bid and get a beautiful set-up like this and you call it messy. I groaned.

I wept, please do not get any foolish ideas. But she did. She bid two hearts, ohhhhhh, I thought to myself, Lee Jacobs would hate you. Danged near said it out loud. Wish I had now.

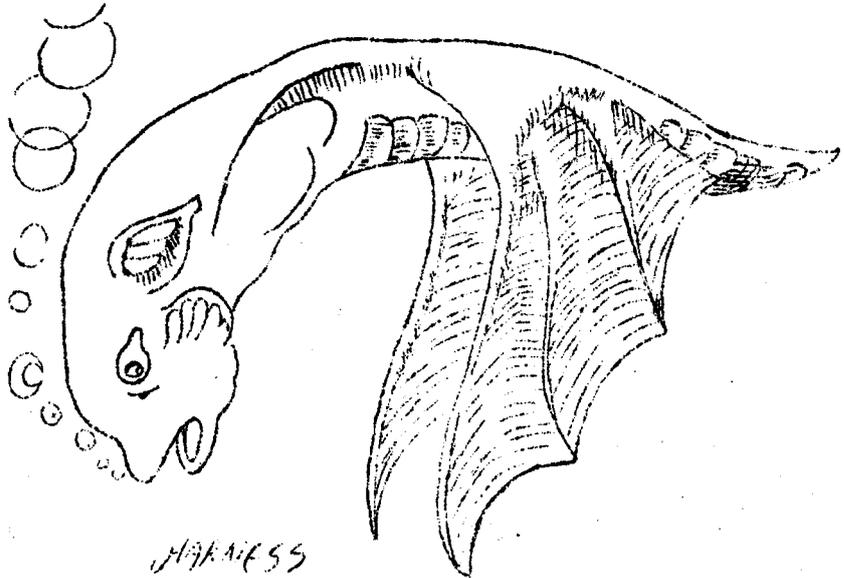
The opponent on my right bid three diamonds, I was mad; so I didn't bother to double

again, I thought I would feed my partner some of her now medicine and so I raised her heart bid, albeit it was a legitimate raise. I was cutting off my now to be nasty to my face, I didn't want the bid, I wanted them to play in diamonds.

The opponent to the left evidently was not in her right mind, for she bid four diamonds and my mental eyebrows reared in astonishment. Then I sweat it out as my delightful partner hummed and hawed, etc. She finally passed, opponent to my right passed, and I with unforgivable malicious delight, doubled again. There it stayed and we set them three tricks, doubled and vulnerable. Wheeeeeeee fun!

Actually I suppose I should thank my partner for we got more points out of the deal that way and if I thought she knew what she was doing, it would be different. But in this instance, it was a case of falling in and coming out smelling like a rose.

Now where was I in this rambling day by day account? I was going to write letters but guess I'll let 'em slide again. Lessee I was telling how Coswal and Toth hypnotized me(I should sue them for mental cruelty). We'll go on with:



BOOK OF PTOH #4 Al Toth Al says and I quote, "I know one thing though, if the next issue of BOP doesn't turn out any better (referring to legibility) I'm turning in my 200th fandom badge and let some pore waiting lister in" end quote. Al Toth you consider any such heartrending and horrible step as that, and worse follow it through, and by Roscoe I'll resign too! You think I'm kidding? Just try it, boy, and see!

Al Toth says, "Glad you amplified that 'money-ptui' statement, afraid you let yourself wide open. I can see now all the versions of 'oh yeah, let's see you get happiness, kindness, etc. without it'. Afraid I was tempted myself to take that tack. Guess I'm just as cynical as the rest. Like I said, too much of that attitude. Whole trouble is lack of communication, people get pushed around or treated snottily; so they pass on their hurt and frustration to others and it spreads and spreads; if people could only really put into practice the business of turning the other cheek. I don't think that means meekly being the scapegoat but rather forgive and forget those that do you dirt and don't try to do dirt in return or to someone weaker. Maybe when we evolve into telepaths-----."

Al Toth says, "Wish I had your faith in human nature though but personally I think we're still in the jungle, all you have to do is pick up a copy of any newspaper, maybe they should stop printing papers. Still seems to be 'get the other guy before he gets you!' We sure could do with more of your naiveness or starry-eyed innocence or wotever it is, and wots wrong with starry-eyed innocence anyhow??? Do we all got to be apes always?"

(continued page 27)

By ED COX,

THE FALSE PAWN

I was sitting at the bar, a very sedate bar, listening to Levant playing "Fire Dance" and watching cigarette smoke spiral up to the plush ceiling, when I felt a cool draft caress my neck. In reflex, I turned my head toward the door. Somebody had left it open. Unlike new modern bars, complete with murals, this one had no spring-closed door, it didn't shut automatically. But as I looked, it closed firmly.

I was lifting a whisky-sour to my lips when it struck me that as I came in, the door had closed with difficulty. The slight wind could never shut it as easily as that. Then how did it happen.

I finished my drink, my mind swimming through the chords of the eternal piano music of the "Red Lion" establishment.

George drifted over to take my glass as I pushed it to the opposite side of the bar. I lit another Pall Mall while the rippling notes of "Claire de Lune" swelled and rolled, through the confines of the bar.

The disturbing thought came to the fore again. Then how did the door close? The icy-maraccas of the coming whisdy-sour sounded contrapuntal beat to Falla's "Andaluza". I'd have to solve this little problem else it would provide the disquieting factor that could ruin my calm evening of drinking and moody piano music.

George gently pushed the new sour toward me. His hand swept a cloth in and out of my line of sight and the smooth bar gleamed. I watched the smoke eddy out into space, a pall of grey floating over the chasm behind the bar.

I decided to experiment. I left

the stool and went to the door, pushing it open. The breeze swept in, fleeing through the opening, exploring the quiet music-filled place. The door was old and constructed with a dark heavy wood, encasing the thick plate-glass. It did not open easily.

I went back to my stool, to the welcoming sour kiss of the drink, and discreetly surveyed the other occupants of the room. Two people occupied stools at the bar, a man and woman, engrossed in each other, their drinks ignored. One young man sat alone at a table. The other tables were empty. There were a few couples lost in the softly lit recesses of the booth-lined walls of the long room. The place was thinly populated at this hour. Most of the usual clientele were at the shows this time of night.

As I watched, the young man at the table raised his eyes from his glass. His brow wrinkled under dark hair in annoyance. Then, a noise.

My attention, engrossed in "Pastourelle", turned instinctively to the door. The noise had been the sound of its closing. Nobody had come in. No one had left. I looked at George. He stood before the glittering array of glassware, polishing a high-ball glass.

But the door had closed. How,

I finished the drink and pushed the glass across the bar. George glided and the glass disappeared. I decided to proceed with my experiment. It might prove to be an interesting deviation from my usual quiet evening.

I went again to the door and opened it. Then to the bar and picked up the sour which was waiting.

I walked directly to the table and sat down opposite the man.

"Now close it," I grinned.

The man looked at me as if I'd been there at his table all evening. He said nothing and went back to his reverery.

The draft breathed its cool breath into the bar.

"If it bothers you, why not close the door? Again. Without leaving this table of course."

At best the man would think me insane.

He looked at me again. An intense gaze burning from infinitely deep dark eyes. I almost shivered.

"You're crazy."

"No," I said, "I'm Cox."

"You're drunk as well," he continued.

"Never drunk." I sipped the sour. "I have just this evening put stock in the theory of telokineses."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes." I crushed out the Pall Mall ember. "You have proved it in practice this past hour."

"You're having hallucinations, if you're not drunk."

I sat there, feeling that this was turning out to be a mistake, the end of a wonderful theory.

The draft swept cigarette smoke into his eyes. Annoyance flashed briefly across his face. The door slammed shut. He froze. Then he looked at me, suspicion and hatred prominent on his features.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Ed Cox, as I told you.....
...I" The quiet vehemence jarred me.

"Who sent you?"

His knuckles were white as his fingers clenched around the tall glass.

"Nobody sent me, old man. I just happened to notice...the door." I bogged down, completely baffled by this explosive reaction to my innocent experiment.

"You would have me believe you aren't one of Their emissaries? Well, you can tell Them I still want no part of it!" He started to his feet.

"Wait! I don't know what you mean!"

He turned and glared at me again.

"And what's more, you can tell Them to cease sending Their pawns to hound me." He came back to the table.

"I'm tired of this. I'll live my life as I see fit. If They don't leave me alone, I'll fight Them. Tell Them that!"

I started to reply and in so doing, missed most of his parting remark. 'If you.....' something. He went out, disappearing from sight.

Greatly disturbed, I finished my drink and paid the bill. George looked silently askance either at my leaving so early or at the intense but quiet little scene I'd created, perhaps both. I was too upset to dwell upon it at any length.

I left "The Red Lion" and went to my car. As I eased out into the traffic, I wasn't sure whether to disregard the whole incident, or to try to investigate it further.

I hit the Parkway and was thinking that, at the least, he was strangely disturbed by my initial statement, when the wheel twisted like a live thing under my hands. The car lurched out of the lane, a concrete lamp-pole leaped before me, safety-glass spider-webbed in my face.....I'm dying....

end

.....
(continued from page 25)

Al Toth says, "You got a point there about us all being potential telepaths, in fact I think all the right guesses in the Rhine experiments are due to telepathy and that the law of averages is a lot of hooey. How'd they arrive at those figures anyhow? But still you'd think there would be definite techniques and "exercises" for developing the latent esp powers by now, or maybe there are? (((yes, there are Al. I'm going to send you an article I have here on mental telepathy, think you'll find it extremely interesting...NG))) But re-reading that quote you quoted (he's referring to a

quote of his directly before this one)wal, sounds kind of like sophomorish philosophy to me right now. Guess I'm in one of those 'people are no damned good' moods like Vee gets. Maybe because I just saw on TV those pictures of the H-bomb going off, and that was a small-type bomb. Man is his own worst enemy and no getting around it. Wish it could be blamed on the Vitons or the devil or something else but it's all due to stoopid lil ol homo saps, guess we got to be apes forever, as long as forever is left. Phoo, how'd I get in this mood? But then Bester doesn't agree with himself all the time either."

Still quoting from Al's letter, he goes on as follows: "In DEMOLISHED MAN, Bester says, 'Listen normals...you must learn what it is....you must tear the barriers down....we(the espers)see the truth you cannot see....that there is nothing in man but love and faith, courage and kindness, generosity and sacrifice.....all else is only the barrier of your blindness. One day we'll be mind to mind and heart to heart...'

But in the March Mag of Fantasy and Sf he has a story called 5,271,009 and speaking of the hero, Halvsyon, and his dreams of glory, he says, 'you are cursed, my adolescent, lust for power, injustice collecting, escape from reality, passion for revenges!' In other words, it's adolescent to be bothered by injustices and to want to escape from reality. An adult I guess shrugs his shoulders, says that's life and goes on drinking his beer. Phoo! And wot do you think of his remarks on the war between kids and grownups---'we are two different breeds of animals, children and adults. There is no meeting of the minds, there is nothing but war; it is why all children grow up hating their childhoods and searching for revenges but there is never revenge...'"

Al Toth says, "In NANDU you said you were sure I'd rather have a NANDU than a letter. Wal, I dunno tha's like asking a red blooded normal American boy if he'd rather have a date with Marilyn Monroe or Jane Russel, me I'm greedy, I'd rather have both, NANDU and letters from you that is, --nothing wrong with the other choice either."

Al Toth say "Thanks for that fuller explanation dept. on the flying saucer. It's frustrating to have those 'objects' flying around and not know for sure wot they are. But I read in the papers a few weeks ago that the army has definite information on them and may 'soon' tell all. That I'll believe when I see it. 'Soon' can be a long time. And I see by this Sunday's paper that there are rumors that the Russians are working on a 'nitrogen bomb' which is not quite as powerful as the H-bomb(ha!) but has the capability of poisoning the atmosphere(large sections of it) for 4,000 years. Great! Wot a future to look forward to!"

So, I may be put in your little black book, Al, for not getting permission to quote you so freely but I merely wanted to illustrate my opinion that anyone with your keen mind(natch, you put me in the same sentence with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell!) and delightful sense of humor(natch, you put me in the same sentence with MM and JR!), not to mention the absolutely lovable way you have of expressing yourself(natch, etc.), should allow a contrary mimeo force you out of Saps and the fact that you mentioned my-uh-name all in the same breath with MM's and JR's has nothing to do with it. I will answer all these quotes in my next letter to you, if I ever get it written....NAN is going to be big enough without my answering you here, much as I'd like to.

Besides your BOOK OF PTOTH was legible this time, at least my copy was. So let's not have any more of that kind of talk. You know I think a special department called "AL TOTH SAYS" is in order.....forewarned is forearmed. As for your mailing comments,

about the highest compliment I can think of is that they read like an Altothletter which in my book is accolade enough. Back page of BOP was just as fascinating as the first page and all the pages in between. Think I have time for one more pub which is known as #\$\$\$#\$\$\$#\$\$\$# or:

NANDARED #1 Wrai Ballard Phoo, it's eleven a.m. and I have to stop and you can just continue to look southeast with an amazed countenance until I get back, you churl! Shades of Roscoe, I forgot to order groceries, I know darn well you can wait now.....

.....same day, 3 p.m

For the love of Roscoe! McCarthey's gone too far this time! I doubt very much if it was for the love of Roscoe either. Now Edward R. Murrow falls victim to a McCarthyism-type-tongue lashing. Whoosh! Well, the big boy has bitten off more than he can chew and I hope he chokes. You know I am quite willing to grant that Communism is a menace, most indubitably so. But there are extremes and there are extremes, and McCarthey is doing far more harm with his radical scarism than he is doing good. He's accomplishing something that I rather imagine pleases Moscow a good deal. He's contributing and speeding the course of a disease that is rapidly inflaming the minds of the American public - known as The Communist Jitters. This is something that would accomplish our downfall much, much easier, and faster than a bunch of bombs and guns. Sure we have to protect ourselves and insure ourselves of some measure of military security but our morale and our mental security is important too. McCarthey is not limiting himself to Communists and Communism....he's raking in everything and everybody, anyone that is even slightly liberal in his thinking, anything that disagrees in the slightest with McCarthey's ideas.....in short, McCarthey(and many like him)isn't aiming soley at what we all know is dangerous to a free world, he's attempting to suppress a whole idea and concept...and when that catches on, Roscoe knows where and if it would ever stop. And no doubt, Senator McCarthey is burthuring his political interests a great deal by all this--uh, shilly shallying. This sort of thing keeps up and a person will be afraid to open their eyes in the morning, they might be bloodshot and red, or, perhaps their name starts with a 'C', or perhaps their favorite color is red, or perhaps they go to Communion, or belong to a community, hell maybe even REDBOOK will have to change their name. You think I'm kidding? That's the Communist Jitters and McCarthey is doing a good job of spreading the disease. I repeat, I hope he chokes.

'SHINE'YOUR SHOES,BOYS,BOOTLICKING IS IN STYLE!

You still got that amazed look on your face, WB? Heh. It's gonna be more so by the time I get through.

Hmmm, NANDARED

is a lovely little publication, I must say, that is if you don't care what you say and I don't seem to. I am of this moment bowing(gracefully)out of this bit of word flinging(word???)for to the victor belongs the spoils and I'm always honest enough to admit defeat. I know a superior intellect when I meet it, if you can call this sort of repartee intellectual....and you may if you wish to; I keep my opinion to myself. Since the editor of the first NANDIDN'T admitted he used slanderous slander of rather vile nature and further admitted he had no excuse(gorillas never do) I suppose I'll have to let him out of the doghouse....if only because it is not a fitting residence for a gorilla....they belong in the jungles where they came from originally. In short, I stuck my neck out and had it cut off. Heh, guess I'm just not cut out for this sort of thing. One more item, anyone wants the real identity of the hampster in THE SEX LIFE OP, I will be glad to give them the low-

down for a slight fee of ten bucks per request. IT'S WORTH IT!

Yeah, seems to me that way back when, I was going to include my comments on:

GNAUB(mlg.#26) Walter Coslet Written Saturday, January 16th, sometime in the a.m...Coswal, I give up. You also fascinate me. Why don't you write to me? Wopple Kit, 'Tator, and now Gnaub. Half-completion of a project eh? Doubt very much if I'll be around when you complete it. I don't intend to live that long. Oh mighod! Word association tests give away a person's subconscious personality. Quick, Nan! The correction fluid. Naw, I'm no coward. Besides I'm curious about my sub-conscious personality. I'm even curious about my conscious personality. Curiosity killed a cat, they tell me. I love cats. Always wanted a black panther for a pet. I suppose that means I'm feline in nature. I seldom show my claws but I can purr. I don't think I'm catty though, do you?

Damn, the coffee's cold. Never did like cold coffee but I'll drink it cold in preference to getting up and heating it. Another symptom of my cat-like nature. I'm lazy. (Good thing I'm only copying copy here, you ever tried to write with someone playing piano scales over and over?) Over and over--that reminds me of your current Coswalzine, over and over and over. And - uh - naw I don't do it nearly as well as you do, Walt.

Odd you should mention THIRTEEN O'CLOCK. Wonder if that's the same THIRTEEN O'CLOCK I saw the other night on television, one of the late movies? (Ballard says that it wasn't THIRTEEN O'CLOCK but the THIRTEEN CLOCKS and who the hell am I to argue with a superior mentality?) How come you get tired of ROSCOE? I don't get tired of ROSCOE. How come you get tired of ROSCOE? I----aww,I said that before.

No one is stopping me from reviewing such books as KON TIKI except me. I never reviewed anything in my life and wouldn't know how to begin. Take MASTER OF THE GIRL PAT for instance. I sat down and tried to review that and about all the review amounted to was that I wished I was the girl Pat. Tsk! That Captain Orsborne was a maaaann! It no doubt would have been a unique review. The feminine viewpoint, you know? Or should I say feline viewpoint?

And I'm not a talker. Ask anyone that has been with me. Course it could be that no one gives me a chance to get a word in edgewise. Don't ask Edco whether I talk a lot though. He was all the time saying something that made me angry. On purpose too. People are ((I said all this before but don't want to louse the justifying)) act.

How come you want the reprint rule banned? Ban the reprint rule and people will renig. You didn't answer my question about this set of books of mine either. I want to know what the hell to do with them.

Don't no whether I got any more to say to you or not. Dig the way I spelled 'know' up there. If I'm in a good mood, I probably will, if not, I'll probably tell you to stick it. Guess I'm getting temperamental in my old age. The following dots represent a long break.....

.....Sunday, January 17, 1 p.m.

Yoikes! Forty degrees below zero in Moorhead, Minnesota. Death where is thy sting! Walt, you fascinate me. Or have I said that before? Yeah, I've said it before. So I said it again. Anybody wanna complain?

By the way, John Davis could explain the rolling block to you but John Davis never explains anyone to any

thing - yak! - anything to anyone. I'm beginning to think it's a good thing his Nancy doesn't know his fanzine personality, though perhaps the sooner she receives the shock, the better.

Who's Bob Daugherty? First page of GNAUB was legible, the rest was a struggle. What do you use, a spirit duplicator? Are you a spirit duplicator, Walt? Wonder what it would be like to duplicate spirits? Might prove to be confusin' but fun.

Hope you keep your stream of thought writing in future Coswal zines. Still doubt if you complete that project but one can never tell about Walt Coslet. Who'd want to tell about Walt Coslet anyhow? No fun telling tales out of school. That's a deliberate lie. It's a lot of fun. Ask Nance Share or Al Toth. I'm out of school but I doubt if anyone would guess it.

Wonder if the next Gemtones will be a metamorphosis? What does it mean? Not 'it', silly. I mean what does metamorphosis mean? Anyhow I want more Gemtalk from here on out. Gem is too formal. I should paragraph here since I seem to be talking about:

GEMTONES(gypsum) Gem Carr These were also written Sunday, January 17.... hope you've been able to do away with all the Kleenex, Aspirin, and Cough Medicine and Wastebasket by now. I'm complaining. You never write to me anymore. Oh well, somewhat like Eva and I, we manage to keep in touch without letters.

So you think Chigger is completely feminine in taste eh? I'm of the opinion that that is just about the most Gawd-awful remark one could make about a fanzine. Darned if I know just what you mean by that but you say it's criticism and coming from you, I know it's constructive criticism; so I shall have to do something about it. Also, I object to Chigger being called a 'lovelylittlepublication'. Egads! Lovely is not my idea of a fanzine and thirty-five pages isn't my idea of little. Yep, you got me thinking and now there will have to be some changes made(as you know now, there have been some changes, heh, I think I eliminated the feminine element very nicely, don't you?)

You say Ghu Saplement had some screwball chatter(I cringe)which impressed John as extremely funny at the time. Odd, it impressed me as being extremely funny when I read it too. Still think it's funny.

I don't think your comment concerning page count is valid. You must have been quibbling from your cold. The super-legal Saps way of counting page credits is the only way to count 'em. Why would you want to count a blank page for Roscoe's sake? Roscoe doesn't need any blank pages. Got a hyuck out of your scintillating comment on DO IT NOW and ATTENTION FEN. Wonder if they did too?

I see that you and I both meowed at the same time concerning Irene's supporters(great minds??).

Your book review was excellent, Gem. About all I have to say concerning any so-called miracle is that it always has basis in fact....a logical explanation. It is lack of knowledge and of facts, and an inability to find both, that gave birth to the word 'miracle'.... the book sounds extremely interesting but doubt if I ever read it, would have to buy it and to buy it I would have to have something to buy it with, and if I managed to solve that unsolvable problem, then I would have to read it and I would have to have something to read it with and if I managed to solve that unsolvable problem, then I would have to find the time to read it, and if I managed to solve that unsolvable problem, then I would read it. Yeah? Yeah. That sentence is a ditz, didn't think I could hold my breath that long.

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