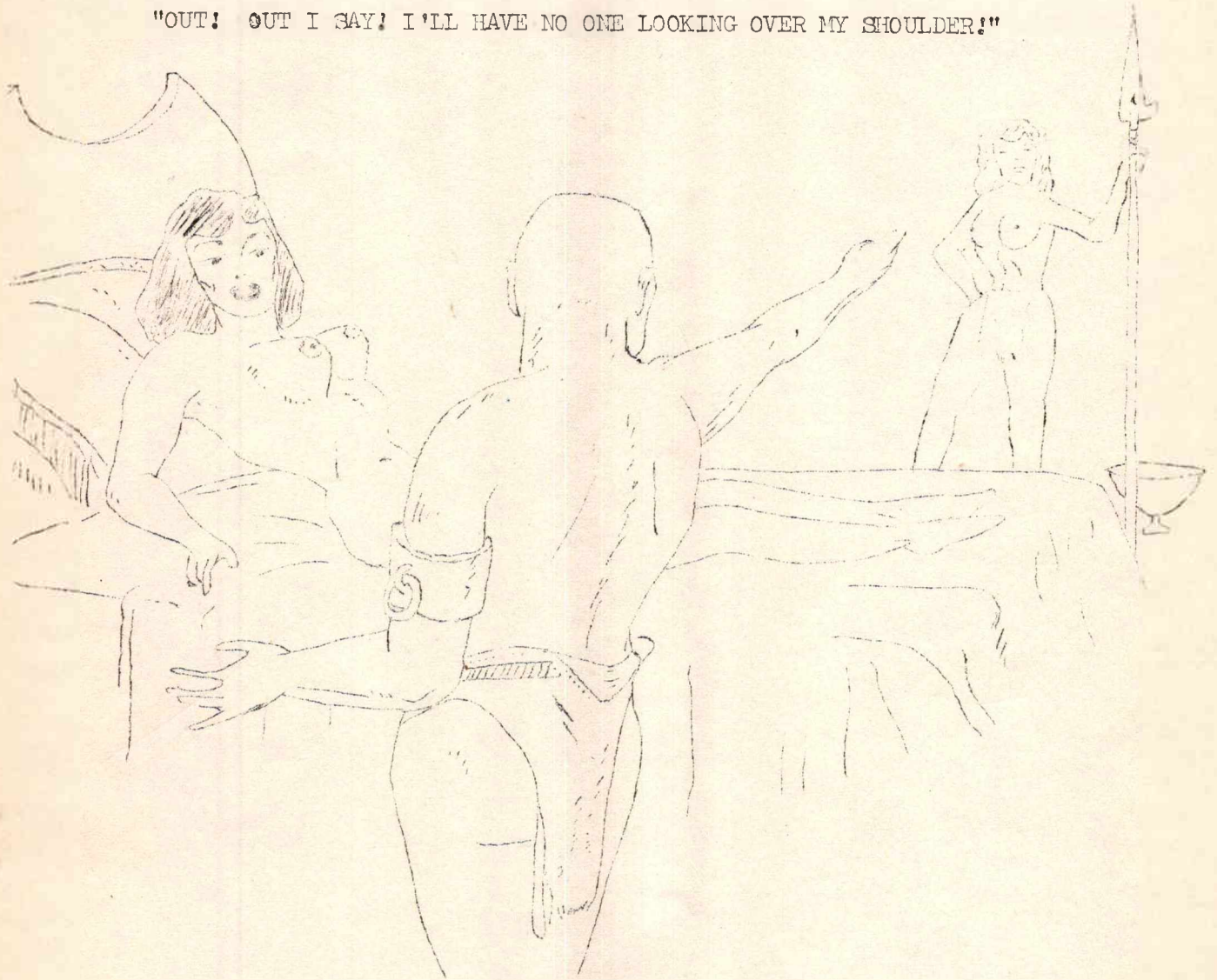


# nudity

one  
three

Eney scripsit

"OUT! OUT I SAY! I'LL HAVE NO ONE LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER!"



The above was drawn by William Rotsler,  
in whom its several excellencies had their source,  
and cut by Richard Eney,  
by whom all the errors were made.



## Editorial Report

LE ROI EST MORT;  
or, Get Outta here with that ' ' '!

The way in which John W. Campbell jr. died was both saddening and inspiring; saddening because it was the end of one of the greatest editors in s-f's history, but inspiring because he went down fighting for the betterment of s-f. When the barricades go up in the streets and the World Revolution begins, JWC's name will---

You hadn't heard of his death? I know it hadn't been announced--the guy you saw was a double, because it's perfectly certain that JWC has passed to the next plane of existence.

For the only way Howard Hawks could have distributed his version of "The Thing" is over Campbell's dead body.

The film's whole orientation would have been intolerable to Our John, for it violates his whole book of stfnal principles twelve ways from the word go. Its human villain is a mad scientist, who in his willingness to yield his life (and everybody else's) on the altar of Pure Knowledge ("...it's all our race exists for!) gets a couple of his friends killed, breeds a litter of baby Things, and cuts the power just as the heroes are about to electrocute it. The heroes, on the contrary, are Air Force men ("narrow-minded Militarists", if you've forgotten the Campbell Catechism), who refer to our team--the scientists--as "nine-year-old kids with a new fire engine" when they get all excited over the Being. It's probably inaccurate to say that they generate the power to show this film with by hitching Campbell's corpse to a dynamo and letting him develop power as he turns over in his grave, but you see how impossible is the idea of Campbell's letting this get loose during his lifetime.

This isn't to say that it's a bum picture. It isn't. It's got non-pertinent romantic interest, but not an offensive lot; it's got melo-

drama in it, too, but that's restricted to the last two minutes--at least the more obnoxious concentration of it is. Most important of all, the acting is, as in "DM", of excellent calibre--Hollywood might be well advised to run a few more films using only little-name stars on the strength of results of these two pictures.

The story has only a general relation--that of theme--to the superb "Who Goes There?", but the plea of cinematic necessity can be offered satisfactorily. This is the story:

The Polar Expedition calls in the Air Force to investigate a meteorite that's come down nearby. They find it at the bottom of a puddle of ice, where it melted its way into the Polar Cap; a fin is sticking up, and they set off a thermite bomb to clear off the ice. The ship catches and its engines blow, destroying everything but an occupant who is taken back to camp, frozen in a cake of ice. Some stooge tosses an electric blanket over it; it's melted out and we're off. The beastie turns out to be an intelligent plant; the sled dogs get into a fight with it and tear off an arm, from which the mad scientist aforementioned gets a crop of seeds. He makes them sprout in a bed of soil-blood plasma mix; the monster, meanwhile, breaks into the greenhouse, scraggs x two of the scientists, and uses their blood to grow a crop of his own. Enjoyably chilling encounters follow as the Thing tries to pen the Humans in the generator room, finally getting its comeuppance when it tries conclusions with a 550-volt power line.

That's it; certainly a story with enough chances for a pungently hammy (?) odor to make itself known. It doesn't work out so; "The Thing" is an excellent stfilm, with an astonishingly small amount of corn in it, very little of the strained explanation that could have encumbered it, and almost no directoral fuggheadedness apparent--though that's what you'd expect from Hawks. I think fandom won't be disappointed in it--even if it does make John W. Campbell jr. writhe in anguish.

Report ends.

This ish marks the adoption of a new policy on my part...not an original policy, but a sound one. Henceforth Nudity will appear in a (saps) and b (fapa) editions, reviewing the mailings of those at-infrequent-intervals noble groups. This is the sapsedition, subtitled "Spy Ray of Saps." Sorry, no phallic symbols this time...not inside, nohow.

dziggitia (according to the cover) or dzzigattia (according to ed's statement).

\*Looked at from normal position...long axis up and down, staples to left... that's a mediocre cover, but with staples at top it's good. Stories, unfortunately, didn't live up to it.

Snulbug ("the inefficient demon")

I always thot it was "charnel", but if you say so...

Ha, that title! One of my favorite Uukyarns, it was.

"Damnetics". Good word. The kenton records I've heard, without exception, were pure crud. In the matter of atomigeddons...I remember reading the first few ish of the phase with enjoyment...the next, with indifference...the next, with disgust. I wrote a very disgusted letter to JWC about it. You can have too much cauliflower en hollandais, you know...and when you do, it's time to slack off before you get allergic to a dish that's fine for variety.

Hurkle ("The Happy Beast")

Noble idea, Redd. Interpretations of star-names mean much, too...what better title for a commentxin than Dabih, "The Lucky Star of the Slaughterers?" Or for resounding irrepressiveness, Hammazaloth, Aratishthana, Tanshangjil and Sadalmelik are nearly unbeatable...

Charles... was the pen name of Henry L. Davis, who got sore at me over my attitude toward Dianetics. He probably thot--he won't speak to me, so I'm not sure--that there wasn't much difference between one who consistently wrote hack and one who always wrote hack. Why in hell should we bother to put our names on our lines? I didn't say that the Roman Church is the cause of conditions (tho it probably is); I said that those conditions obtain in all countries south of latitude 30 dominated by the Roman Church. I define dominate as dominate, and you know damn well what I mean...sorry, somebody else has been asking me questions whose only purpose is to interrupt, too, and I lost my temper. Let's not be stuffily semantic about nudes v. naked women. The dividing line is whether or not they have artistic significance, not whether or not they are vulgar...and as for comparing a French postcard with Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus", I did. Conclusion: Giorgione was not thinking of the Eiffel Tower when he painted this pic...

The Purple Bem, sans its namesake.

I got to wondering about the tone in which that last "no" should be uttered, and now have a sore throat. How do you include all the necessary overtones? You believe what you read in Fate, do you Alan? Well, well! It just so happens that I've a hoop snake here I'll sell cheap...

aaaaa Plts, which received a c minus in my book...

The only one I disagree with you over is that for Galaxy--that wonderful Calle color painting of the Fortress of the Medusao, with the men put in as black-and-white line drawings in the foreground, gets my vote. Nearly as good as Froas' Fan, which, I agree, is the best of the year.

Gauoy, with a better cover than it had last time, at least.

Heritage would have been better without the IV's, XXI's, and VIII's.

George, I may run the risk of having green dripped on my head from the ceiling, but you keep comments like Sexocracies 6,7,&8 out of your zine if you want it in the mailing henceforth. 4th class matter may be opened for inspection;

you can't tell when some postmaster will open a mailing and look thru it, just to kill time. Moral: even if you are in favor of atheism and sex orgies in the local cathedral, don't say so in a way that would bring upon me and saps postal trouble neither of us care to undergo. Hal needs to keep clear of alliteration.

Spacewarp 43 by Rapp of the lengthy prefixes. I sold one of the surplus copies of this zine for 30¢...

People are just going to have to stop making favorable comments about my zines in their mailing comments...my ego has expanded to the point where I have trouble staying on the ground. I love it, tho!

Excellent xix for on-stencilling--one most people would be proud of as end result for a week of dummying.

That glorious tenth of the Glory Mailing, ORGAST\*\*\*\*\*!

I've just read this thing for the forth time (insert a "u" there someplace, please!) and didn't skip anything, either. I enjoyed every line, word, and punctuation-mark of it. Boy, am I glad the Coles decided to come in!

Jacobs, too, is fascinating. Ice, where can I get hold of a copy of the Fancyclopedia?

Yeah, I know they aren't the same...you want to buy me enuf stencils so I can have more than a commentzine in each!

That Hamlet poem was just a space-filler, but darned if it doesn't rhyme and scan according to the best conventions!

Please do a short article on atlantis. (How's that request?) Sorry I caused you such anxiety.

Outsiders by the little-pawed Mr. Ballard.

You've seen the best art work I've seen in a j... surpassed only by the fetalithoid work of Fanswert and Scientifantasy, and Rotsler's work; not by all of that... ingenious thought about the Molbus Utrip...as revolutionary as The Fan Looking. Fascinating story, too, tho it needed more room for development.

Yes, you did get more alcohol. Freezing like that's the easiest way to make hard cider into applejack...let freeze, pour off the part that's still liquid, and there's your applejack. You a gun enthusiast too?

Sapsides by the trustees of the SLD&T

That would have been an apter cover if used on the first Sapsides. You're keeping up to your peevish (dam! another typo!) standard--i.e. doing good. Frivolity in Clinch County was the only poor part of your zine...it sounds like the stories my brother, age 10, tells when someone with a weak stomach comes for dinner. Three-and-a-tiger for Daniels. I have a way to solve the problem, tho; just don't buy the zines with lurid covers. GSF, GSFN, and SDF are all the sustenance I need. Drummond remains excellent. WHAT in hades have you been doing, Royal? Your column reads like you've been on a visit to one of the more immoral Corinthian brothers of the Early Empire, and got your mind stuck in that track. The Norwescon wasn't really like that, was it?

I couldn't sleep either, wondering how to get you out of it. This will do it, I think, as OB I'd be obliged to try and get you out (saps, the chummy fan group, as Briggs puts it, but you'll have to decide whether you'd rather be tortured by the Russians:

Colonel General Sikkoreff glanced at his liberated watch. (His principles were unconfaminable, or he would have had to use a People's Democracy Model.) He opened the door and stepped into the house.

"Well, fascist swine," he inquired courteously, "have you made up your minds?"

We have," replied Drummond coldly.

"And...?"

"Majority opinion has it that you were scraped off the wall of a bordello."

"

!!"

"Temper!"

Sikkoreff made noises at the back of his throat. Then he smiled. He took three bullets from the cylinder of his Nagant, closed the gun, and spun the cylinder.

"I shall now," he informed the group at large, "show you how roulette is played by the heroes of The Party! I take aim at a non-fatal spot, and..."

He lifted his gun, drew back the hammer....

"Who in Lenin's name is making that infernal racket?! Simeon! Shoot that idiot with the bugle!!"

"From the fact that we aren't tidd any more," deduced Drummond, "I suppose that it's a trumpet...the last one."

The Exalted Personage who had blown that trumpet picked the roof off the house and said:

"The goats go to the left of The Throne, General!"

Good-o on History of the Seldon Plan.

alpha and Omega with a beautifully hand-written address on the back.

I'm sorry this xin couldn't be given credit, but at least Meg gets the ego-boo of joining such eminent but non-credit-receiving people as Spelman, Kapp, & Jewett in the roster of "fans who have postmailed Sapzines".

Carrie Ohn is handicapped by having a column devoted to the crud noofon like I like to label "amazing facts" and use in fillers, but she carries ohn...I mean on, blast it!...in excellent style.

But what do you think about the "Surprising Message?"

Sneary interesting as usual. Why did you leave us, Rick?

My, my! Has the Sexocrat party taken in feminine members? Your book review has overtones that imply...I forgot to mention that it's a first-rate review.

One criticism of Clare Kelly's filler: Judas wasn't the 13th, but the 12th disciple. & another thank for finding that a crochet needle makes a good stylus.

Gom Tones with a rather unusual numbering scheme.

Reader reaction is a prime purpose for the existence of aj groups. What are you doing reading this review if you dislike 'em?

Very surprised to find an enjoyable article on records...proving that my aversion isn't to records as such.

More good poetry! & readable fan fiction! & good filler section!

Hay is for Horses (or what I could read of it).

Only a fine line separates enjoyable trivia from crud. This seems to have missed everywhere--he over-reached himself just the littlest bit. If he tried just the same thing again, I bet he'd come thru with a very good zine. Good luck next try.

Wastbasket, the trygly-named crudzine.

I liked that line--"take up any anthology & see how many...classics are 5000 words or less". What else can you expect in an anthology? I bet the real classics are an average of 10,000 words or thereabouts.

I trust a chemical clear isn't the result of injecting the ongrams with xylene? When do you sleep during the ~~xxx~~ first 48 hours of auditing?

I have read your poetry. My underground organization covers the country, and if you're the perpetrator of this crud and are still alive my agents are not the men they were, that's all.

Revoltin' Development without its regular cover, I'm sorry to see.

You should run an article on how to make a mimeo that turns out results as good as yours. (Migawd! Is the bottom of the page that close?) My statement was that women didn't act that way, not that I didn't like sex--which idea on your part I nominate for naive thought of the mailing.

zap was very good, but I'll give briggs the review in person...too little space.