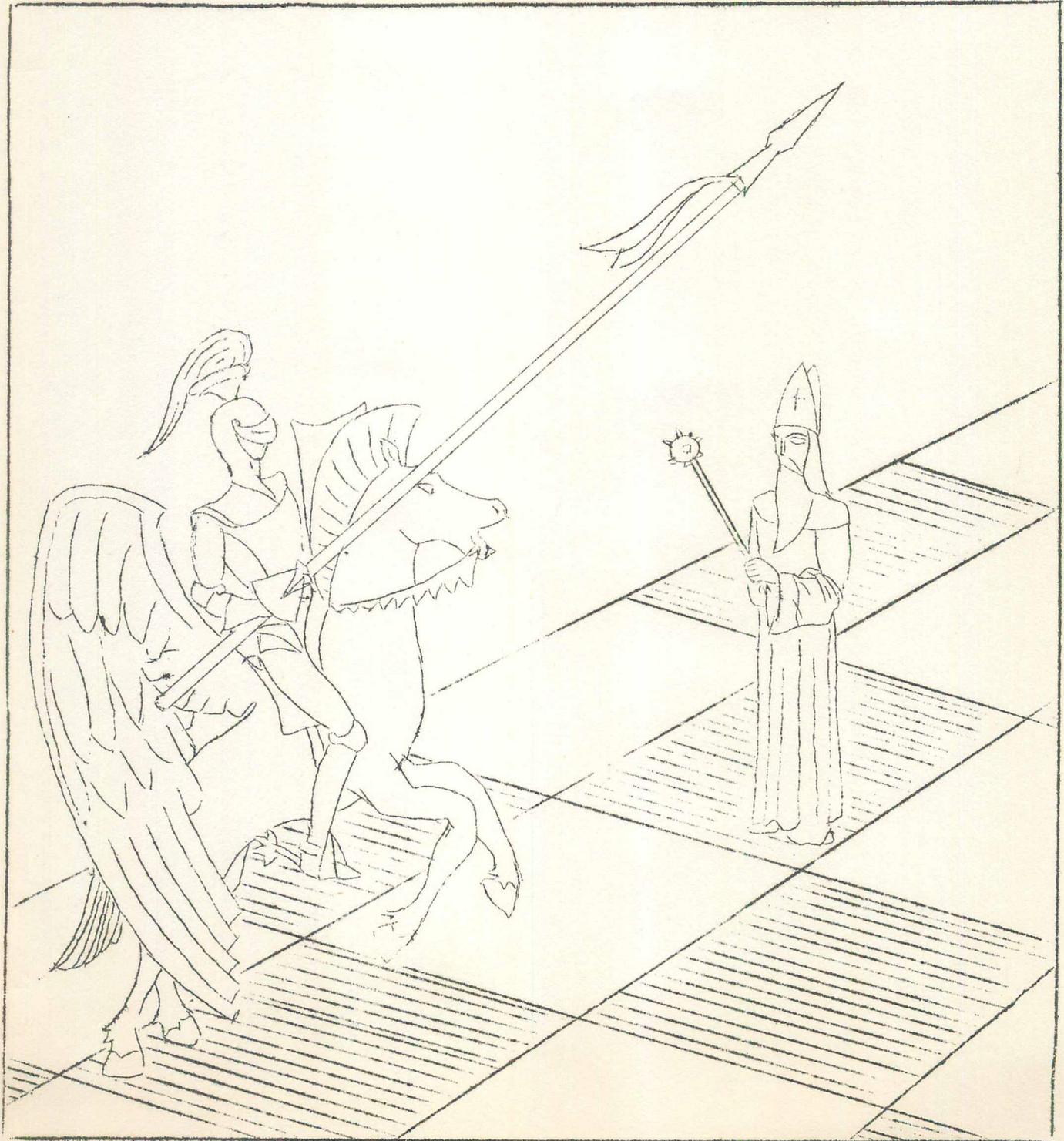


DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR VOLLSTÄNDIGEN UNSINN

NO. 775

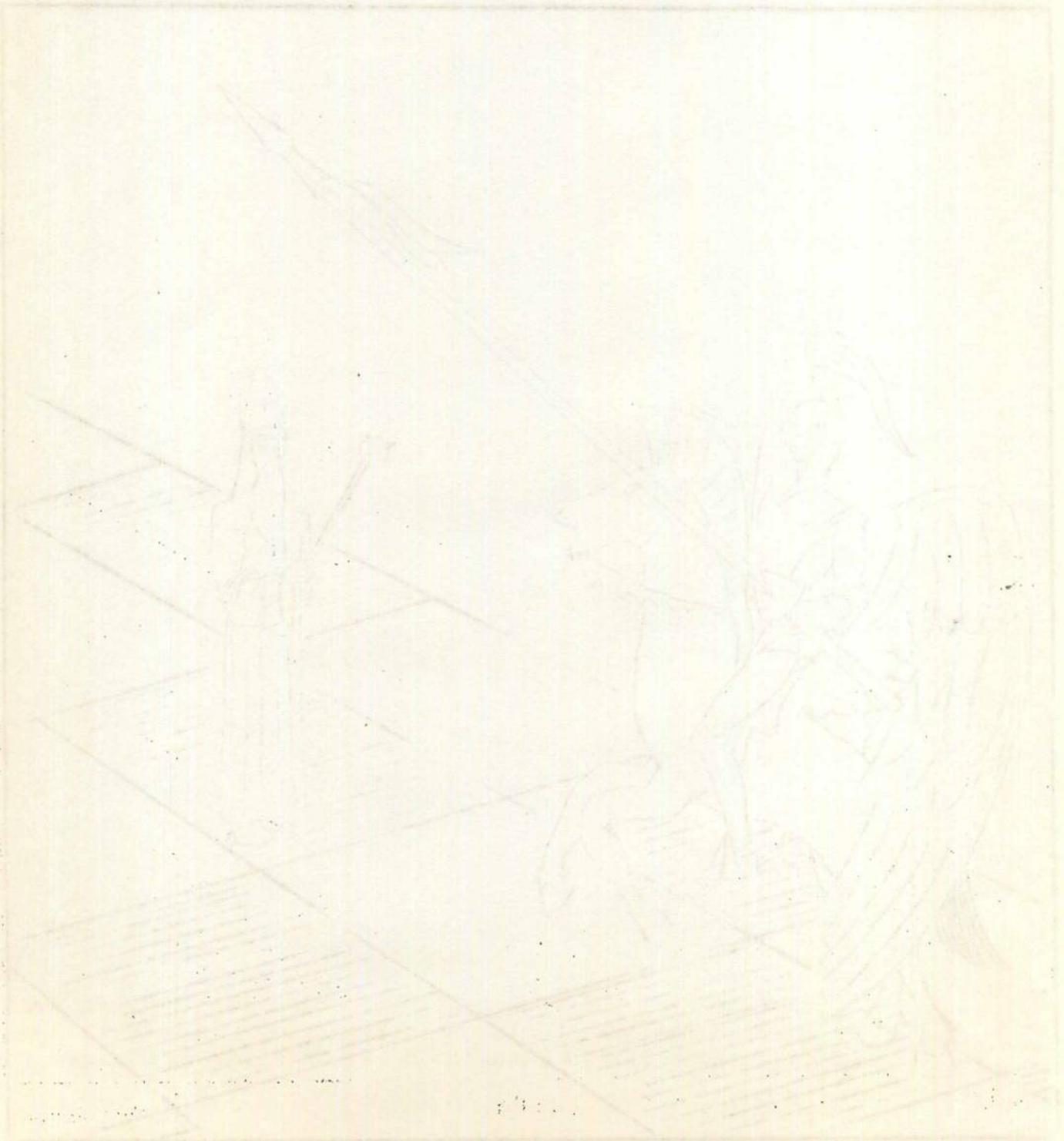
SAPS 27



THE IMMORTAL GAME

Anderson

NOTIZ
DIE ZERSTÖRUNG DER
VOLLSTÄNDIGEN
UNTERSUCHUNG



THE BRIDGE

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR VOLLSTÄNDIGEN UNSINN



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Number 775
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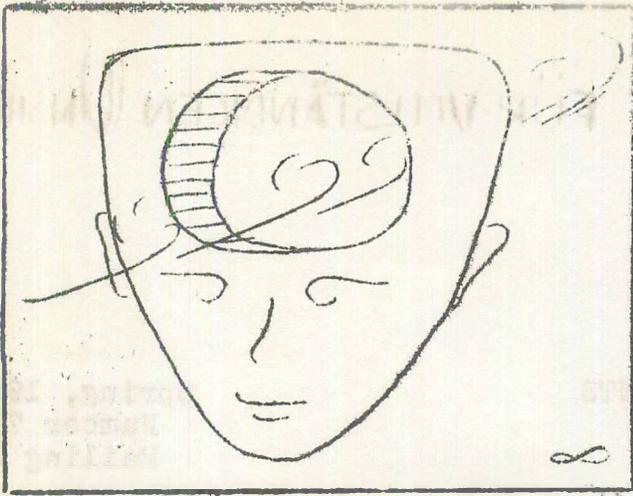
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Editor
KAREN K. ANDERSON

COVER BY POUL ANDERSON illustrating "The Immortal Game"
Illustrations by P. and K. Anderson

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THE OPEN MIND

This issue's cover is something unique: a pro's illustration of one of his own published stories. The story in question is, of course, "The Immortal Game," which appeared in the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction for February. It's too bad there wasn't time enough to silk screen it.

Speaking of covers, I may not have any more van Meegerens after all. Now that I have a silk screen set, I'll do them myself. Next issue: an Anderson bem?

"I wonder what a heraldic bem would look like?"

Convention news: "The Conquest of Space" premiere has been promised for the Con, provided it is ready for release by then. The studio doesn't know for sure.

Curt Siodmak has also promised us some stf films, but didn't say what they'd be.

"Ingen Billet til Raketskibet!!!"

Who started this myth about in-laws? I met my mother-in-law recently, and I think it's just wonderful. So's my brother-in-law.

The way it was is this: Poul and I, on our return from our honeymoon in Mexico, found a huge stack (it seemed) of telegrams

imploing him to contact his agent. Friend Agent informs him that Ballantine Books is thinking of publishing a novel of his, and will he come to New York immediately at their expense? The invitation didn't include a bride, of course, but he brought me anyway. After the conferences were over, we came back by way of Minnesota, and I met all his friends and relations. Nice? Nice!

The novel, in case you're wondering, is "The Escape," and should appear around June or July. Of course, they technically haven't accepted. . . . in fact,

Stop the presses! The acceptance check just came through from his agent, together with the mention that the title has been discarded. New title: BRAIN WAVE.

"We're going to call it Washable"

The Thing of Shape to Come: A new Anderson is on the way. I'm wondering whether my masquerade costume will be a Bergey girl, or Tregonsee?

For this reason, we've moved to larger quarters. Much larger--- I actually have a room to park my typewriter and Les Cole's mineograph!

"Sex won't reproduce fanzines."

Know what I use to cut illustrations? A dissecting set. All I have found a use for up to now, actually, are the probe and the needle point. You see the probe at work on this page; the needle, on the cover. This leaves tweezers, scalpel, eyedropper, and the surgical scissors. Just give me time. . . .

Oh yes, the reverse end of the probe is smooth and rounded, and just right for rubbing out a mistake before applying obliterate.

"Kt = KB3"

The Story of the Little Red, Hoen

By Richard Eney

Once upon a time there was an industrious little Communist, Hoen by name. He lived in a party cell with comrade Katz and comrade Rath. One day a directive came through party channels from the Politburo. Hoen read it and rejoiced.

"Rejoice, comrade Katz! Rejoice, comrade Rath!" he cried. "The next shipment of Agit-prop material will include Tanya Deroveschenko, Mother Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe! All we have to do, according to these orders, is to spread the news among the swinish capitalist newsmen and furnish her with an apartment; let's form an action front and get to work."

"You can have that deal," said comrade Katz and comrade Rath. "Last time we went to the National Press Club they threw us out and uttered capitalistic catchphrases about the warmongering spy, William Oatis. We won't go through that again, even for Mother Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe."

"Somebody's got to do it," pointed out Hoen.

"Not I!" said Katz.

"Not I!" said Rath.

"Then I shall do it myself, and hats to you petty bourgeois," said the little Red, Hoen.

And he did.

"Now we'll have to provide her with a room," said the little Red Hoen. "Since we lack capitalistic funds, one of us will have to give up his apartment and sleep in the park. Who?"

"I'm living with my parents,

who only tolerate me because of our relationship," explained Katz. "I don't think any other Party member could use my room, not even Mother Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe."

"I spent eighteen months seducing my present mistress so that I could share her apartment," protested Rath. "You can't ask me to sacrifice all that, uh, brainwork, even for Mother Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe."

"But I've done all the work so far," protested Hoen. "Why shouldn't one of you be the one to give up his apartment?"

"Not I!" said Katz.

"Not I!" said Rath.

"Then I shall do it myself, and I hope you jerks choke," said the little Red, Hoen.

And he did.

"Now for a little unscheduled activity," said Hoen with a gleam in his eye. "It is only common courtesy for us to show comrade Deroveschenko the sights of our fair if capitalistic city. Since neither of you has shown any interest in this project, I don't suppose it would do any good to ask you to volunteer?"

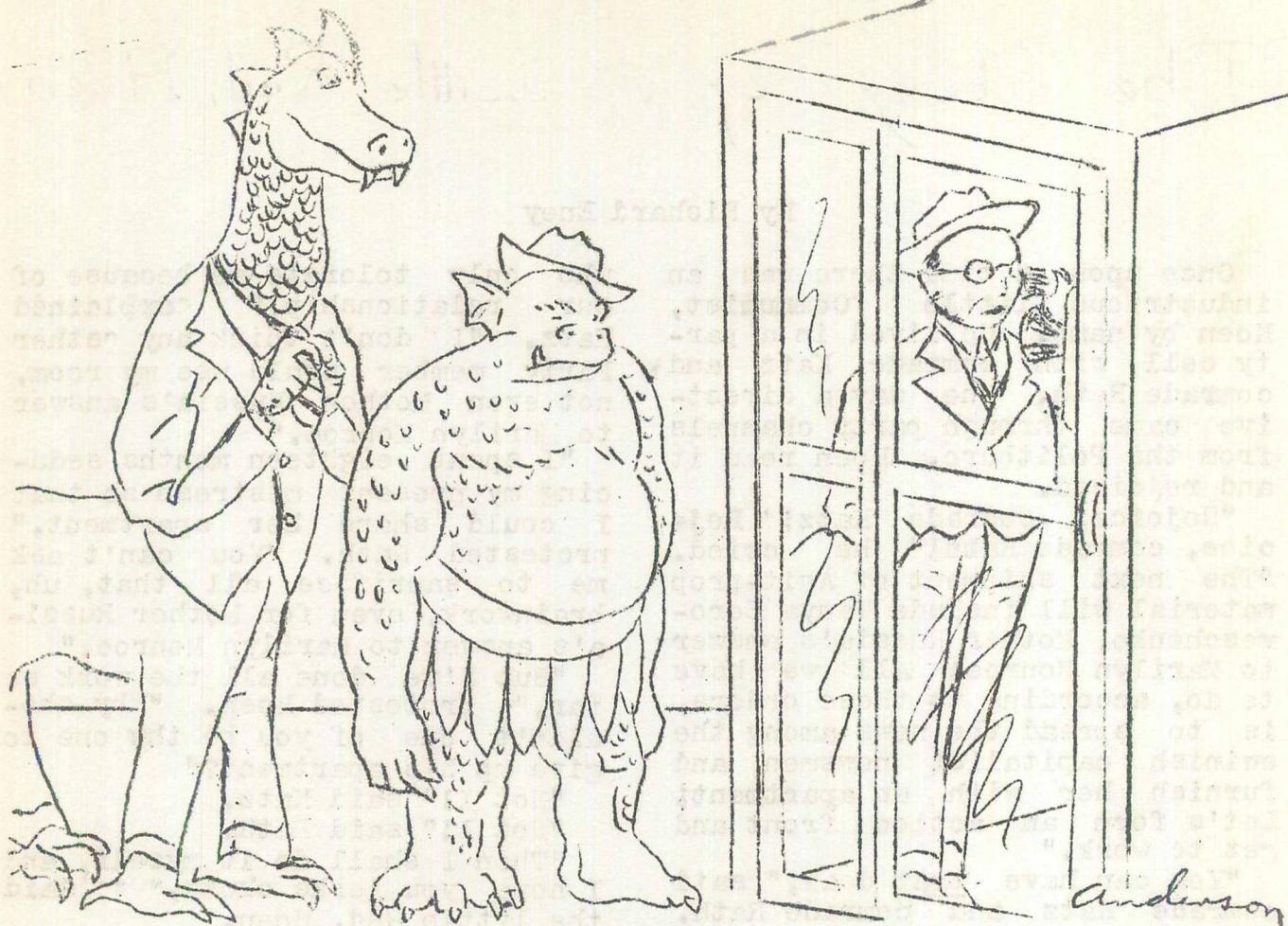
"I'LL VOLUNTEER!" said Katz.

"I'LL VOLUNTEER!" said Rath.

"I was going to do it myself," said the little Red, Hoen.

"But I've been in since the Third International!" declared Katz. "I've been a party member longer than both of you put together!"

"I was in the underground during the war," claimed Rath, "and I've killed more Fascist beasts



"Say, honey, I'm bringing two friends home for dinner."

than both of you put together. What are you smirking at, Hoen?"

"Simply the fact that poetic justice, bypassing the escapist capitalist romanticists who believe in it, acts on us Communists," declared Hoen. "The second part of that message I got from the Politburo contained orders from the highest authorities that you, Katz, are going to agitate at a meeting of the Christian Democrats tonight---"

"That's murder!" gasped Katz.

"You shouldn't mind being a martyr for the Party. Especially not while Rath is proving his devotion by starting a demonstration against a bunch of organizers

for an anti-communist labor union. I'm the only one not on duty tonight; and if Mother Russia's answer to Marilyn Monroe sees the sights, I'm taking her!"

And he did.

MOST FASCINATING PERSONAL AD
OF THE MONTH

IT is they that know I do sin for they watch me night and day. Daniel J. O'Connell, Touraine Hotel ---Oakland (Cal.) Tribune

"Der skal ikke så stor fantasi til at se 50 år ud i fremtiden!"

THE WOADICEAN CODEX

A BOOK OF PHTHALO

I

Before the Fen were the Men. In the beginning of Time, Phthalo peopled the earth with human beings, and revealed His glory unto them; and they worshipped Him.

In the island of Albion dwelt His worshippers; all else were infidels, and knew Him not.

Now the oak tree and the woad flower were sacred to Phthalo in those days; and His worshippers met to praise Him in oak

groves. Their worship was led by priestesses consecrated to His service,

The first High Priestess of Phthalo was Uisquebeatha; and all revered her, and heard her word, which was the word of Phthalo, through the length and breadth of Albion. And she lived seven and seventy years.

And the daughter of Uisquebeatha was Rumica; and at her death became High Priestess.

And Rumica bore Ginica; and Ginica bore Tonica; and Tonica bore Sodica; and Sodica bore Brandica; and Brandica bore Angostura. And the generations of the priesthood were seven.

In the time of the priestess Angostura, the people grew unhappy and restless; for they knew only the art of brewing, and Beer alone was not enough. And the

sorrows of the people were
brought to Angostura.

And Angostura waxed bitter and
prayed to Phthalo, saying: "O Phthalo,

O Phthalo, the people are sad
and gloom filleth the air; for
they have only Beer to drink.
They yearn for something stron-
ger with which to worship Thee,
and to make merry. The infidel
of the outer lands, who knoweth
not Thy name, hath Beer even as
we. O Phthalo, give unto Thy
people something more."

And Phthalo heard; and He took
pity upon them, and taught Ang-
ostura the art of distilling
Whisky, Rum, Gin, and Brandy;
and for the Brandy He gave her
Wine, and told her where lay
the lands of grape-growing; and
He taught her to make mixers of
soda and tonic.

And Angostura taught her people
all these things, and named the

new drinks for the early priestesses.

And one day when a trader came from the south with lemons and limes, the spirit of Phthalo entered Angostura, and she invented the holy blue Nuclear Fizz. Praise be to the Blue Name of Phthalo!

And the people were happy, and complained no more.

II

And Angostura bore Dicea, who invented games of chance; and Dicea bore Paradicea; and Paradicea bore Rollindicea; and Rollindicea bore Roulettica; and Roulettica bore Pokerina; and Pokerina bore Chemindeferica; and Chemindeferica bore Antidicea. And the generations of the priesthood were fourteen.

And Antidicea bore Mannahatta; and Mannahatta bore Bacardia; and Bacardia bore Martinia, in

whose time there came a great
woe upon the land.

In the time of Martinia, the sev-
enteenth High Priestess of
Phthalo, there was a great in-
vasion of infidels from Sweden.
Many of the people of Albion
were carried off as slaves, am-
ong them Martinia herself.

Martinia attempted to teach her
captors the True Religion, but
they would not hear her; for
their minds were dark. And
Martinia was greatly sorrowed.

Moreover, the beer of the Swedes
was very bad, and few of the
captives could drink it; and
Martinia waxed dry.

And Martinia appealed to Phthalo;
and He heard her, and went to
the priestesses in Albion, and
taught them the arts of war.
And they raised up great armies
and proceeded against the Swed-
ish infidels.

As the people of Phthalo poured from their ships onto the shore of Sweden, formidable in their blue dye of the woad, the Swedish guardsmen fell back in terror, and fled to the fortresses in the hills. But an army was brought together, and descended against the people of Phthalo. In that battle many died, but the Swedes withdrew (defeated) from the field. And in the night came a great voice over Sweden, saying, Set free the chosen of Phthalo, else ye shall die.

And the Swedes paid no heed, but brought up reinforcements; and in the second night after the landing, the tenth part of the men of Sweden died.

But the Swedes paid no heed, and continued their resistance to the children of Phthalo; and in the third night, the fifth part of the men of Sweden died.

Now the women of Sweden came to the lords, saying, Send back these slaves; for our men are being slain invisibly by their God. But the lords would not listen, and redoubled their resistance to the chosen of Phthalo. And in the fourth night, so many men died that the living made but half of the numbers they had had before the seizure of the people of Phthalo.

And now the hearts of the Swedes were smitten with a great fear, lest they all die in the next night; and they released the captives, and sent them back to their homes. But Phthalo was yet wroth with them, and laid a curse upon them, that they might never be able to brew any good Beer, but would always be forced to go to Denmark for it.

Woe unto the foes of Phthalo!

A nd Martína bore Menthia; and
 Mentha bore Drambuie; and Dra-
 mbuie bore Páskebrygg; and Pás-
 kebrygg bore Albiodicea; and
 the generations of the priest-
 hood were one and twenty.

A nd Albiodicea bore Tonica of the
 Brown Eyes; and Tonica of the
 Brown Eyes bore twins, Honesdi-
 cea and Loadedicea. Now Hones-
 dicea was elder than Loadedicea
 by fully half an hour; and
 should rightfully have succeed-
 ed Tonica of the Brown Eyes;
 but on the death of Tonica, her
 sister Loadedicea attempted to
 usurp by force the ~~wreath~~ of
 mistletoe.

A nd the entire priesthood, and
 all the people, took sides, one
 with Honesdicea and one with
 Loadedicea, until the island
 rang with the clamor of arms.

N ow the followers of Loadedicea

took the color purple for their color, and spoke against Phthalo, saying that He was not, but that the true god was in the color purple. And they painted their hands with purple dye.

And Phthalo was exceeding wroth, and smote the purple-worshippers, and they fled from Albion, into the south, and to the Inland Sea; and they settled on the eastern shores of the sea in the lands called Phoenicia and Judea; and their color came to be called Tyrian purple. In time certain of them called themselves Jews; and so the Ten Tribes of Israel were descended from the early Britons, who were driven forth by the wrath of Phthalo. And this purple of their worship is that purple which is of the heathen god Ghu.

Accursed be the worshippers of Ghu!

IV

Many generations passed after the
 expulsion of the anti-Phthalist
 followers of Loadedicea; and in
 the three hundred and twoscore
 and twelfth generation the is-
 land of Albion again fell into
 evil. Many forgot Phthalo, and
 worshipped other gods; and then
 Phthalo was wroth, and made the
 worshippers of purple very
 strong, and sent their Legions
 into Albion under ~~the~~ command
 of Caius Julius Caesar. And in
 those days was the high priestess
 Woadicea; and Woadicea ga-
 thered the faithful about her,
 and attempted to throw back the
 invading Legions; but Phthalo
 had forsaken Albion, and the
 purple-bordered toga became the
 badge of tyranny.

Thus it was before the Fen.

Two Science Fiction Epics by Richard Eney

FRUSTRATION

In the Palace of Power, center of the universe of the 369th Chorp Dimension, Llanvid Baxten raised his goblet of huche.

"To the Conquest!" was his toast. "In brief minutes our hypnotized Earth slaves will rise to aid us as our thousand meter battlecraft pour through the interdimensional barrier to hurl their ravening, searing, indescribably destructive rays against Earth!"

The mighty concourse rose with him. "To the Conquest!"

"Such a desperate last chance!" said Przewalski. "This silicon bomb may start a chain reaction that will destroy the world!"

"Can't be helped!" replied Duplanovich. "If we didn't destroy the world, the damned capitalists would take it over, so what's the odds?"

"Oh, all right," said Duplanovich pettishly. "Go ahead and destroy the world, see if I care."

It was perhaps as well that the cobalt bomb from the moon base hit the communist launching site only a moment later, and settled their doubts. Sure enough, the silicon bomb could start a chain reaction that destroyed the world.

Llanvid Baxten gazed out over the sea of atomic flame with feelings indescribable. But presently he descended to the level of articulate speech once more.

"Aw, rats!" said the Power Master of the 369th Chorp Dimension. "They beat us to it!"

VENGEANCE IS FINE

Dr. Richard B. Seaton, having just deposited \$500 toward his third billion in his bank account, was feeling fine as he pushed the gold-rimmed pearl call button for his private elevator. With the smooth acceleration of infinite power the silver cage swept him to the uppermost floor of the SCP building. As he stepped out on the deep carpet a tall, dark man pressed an envelope into his hand.

"Message for you," he identified it.

Seaton glanced at the message, then at its bearer.

"You!" he gasped.

"Me!" conceded DuQuesne.

The other possessed a noticeable amount of the shimmer that characterizes a fourth-order projection of sixth-order energies, forestalling the obvious question.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Seaton, signalling to the receptionist.

"Just serving a summons on you," replied DuQuesne. The disintegrator ray that flamed at him from the wall simply went through without any effect.

"Summons!?"

"Exactly." DuQuesne ignored the hail of X-plosive bullets that sprayed from the floor. "You managed to squeeze out all your competitors after you'd finished with World Steel, didn't you? Well, this is a summons to appear before the federal district court to answer charges of unfair trade practices." DuQuesne chuckled. "I've been trying to get you for twenty-eight years, Seaton, but I never thought I'd do it legally!"

Cadwallader J. Thirkwhistle



Cadwallader J. Thirkwhistle is truly a Bem of Distinction. Besides heading the gigantic Beautee Skale Tentacle Oil Corporation and the Silk-Soft Dissecting Knife Company of Squashy Landing, Venna, Mrs. Thirkwhistle is famous for his dynamic lectures on the subject of Spree Enterprise. He says his business

motto is "Never let your right tentacle know what your left is doing!" and advises all young bems who wish to get a head to follow it. Shown here in his palatial home in Upper Hellfire, Mercury, Mr. Thirkwhistle is enjoying a tall cool highball made with Trevlac Vitriol---the choice of Bems of Distinction.

Cadwallader J. Thirkwhistle will be at the SFCon.

WILL YOU?

18

A fact article of genuine importance.

BOOK OF THE DOGGLONED

By Poul Anderson

The "orthodox scientists" blat and blah. They are the high priests of a new religion no less superstitious, extortionate and intolerant than the old. We need only open our eyes to see but our eyes have been blinded; the orthodox scientists simply deny that which does not fit into their neat little systems. It is a subtler version of the Big Lie. Yet facts will out. . .

Throughout the ages, all over the world, millions of people have seen great floods of water falling from the sky. These reports are solemnly attested and may be found in any large library (usually buried under the mass of "scientific" textbooks); I have seen it myself, but don't take my word for it. Don't take anybody's word for anything except a newspaper clipping's.

It is a proven fact that every winter the state of Minnesota is covered inches deep with a blanket of cold white substance which vanishes every spring as mysteriously as it came. What is there peculiar about the winter season? Why is this season, in the whole world's myth and religion, known as the season of cold and gloom and barrenness? Why does the whiteness not fall in the tropics? Could it be that the Watchers have a certain selectivity with regard to time and place? Is it possible that the same occult influences which restrict and hamper our lives also influence Them?

The orthodox scientist is always ready to sneer at such free

creations of the speculative imagination. Such things do not exist in their books; therefore they do not exist at all. . .

Thousands of reports, all over the world. Strange white shapes seen floating in the sky. They change form constantly, they are never the same. Ships of the Watchers, made of some weird plastic substance to defy identification? It may be for our own protection; the sight of their true form might bring madness; and like any good cattleman, the Watchers want their stock to be healthy. . . in preparation for what?

The orthodox scientist sneers and sneers. Could he be in on the truth; could his function be to prevent the rest of us from suspecting it? If so, he does a very clumsy job. He cannot even agree with himself. First we are told that matter is uncreated and indestructible; now we are told that matter can be turned into energy and be created out of energy. There are even claims that this had been done. I ask you: have you ever seen a piece of matter being created?? Do you know anyone who has ever seen it?

The truth leaks out. Even so skeptical a personality as L. Sprague de Camp, in discussing theories of medicine, is forced to conclude: "The fact is, naturally, that diseases are sent out by a group of old men on a mountain in Tibet.*" . . .

*Astounding Science Fiction, Nov. 1941, p. 128.

As facts pile up, the rationalizations of the orthodox scientists are forced to grow more and more fantastic. For the last few centuries, they have even tried to revive the old Greek superstition that the world is round. If common sense and the evidence of your own eyes isn't enough to show this up for what it is, consider: have you sailed around the world? Do you know anyone who has?

All right, Seaman Second Class Jones, you did. The Navy took you around the world. So they say. Did you handle the navigation instruments? Did you know exactly where you were? One piece of ocean looks very much like any other piece, if you know. Rely only on what you can see for yourself. This boils down to a lot of water and a few sea-ports which, for all you know, are arranged in a circle within some Outer Region so forbidden that its very existence must be kept secret. The Watchers would naturally have agents in government, the military, the map-making offices, the laboratories and observatories. . . When you

get right down to it, Seaman Jones, how do you know your National Geographic map isn't telling you a few convenient fibs?

Everyone can feel the mysterious force known as "gravitation." The orthodox scientists get pretty frantic about that one. Now Einstein is telling us that it isn't even a force at all. He claims it is the same whether a man is running toward a tree or a tree is running toward a man. The fact that when they meet, the man is out of breath and the tree isn't, is conveniently ignored. What are a few facts to an orthodox scientist?

Facts and more facts. We are being pressed down by something, some force or radiation or invisible giant hand, while the white shifty ships of the Watchers sail blithely overhead. Why this gravitation? What good is it? Could it be there to keep us human cattle penned in where we belong? . . .

I think we're property. I think there is a mortgage on us. I think Earth Preferred is rather low on the exchange just now. I think. . .

 "I wonder what a heraldic walrus would look like?"

ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE'S VIRGIN STURGEONS

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Surly burly | 7. Crazy daisy |
| 2. Fair chair | 8. Far car |
| 3. Steep creep | 9. Stage rage |
| 4. Mama llama | 10. Wraith faith |
| 5. Risky whisky | 11. Crockett rocket-sprocket pocket |
| 6. Slack Black | 12. Mountain jumper fountain pumper |

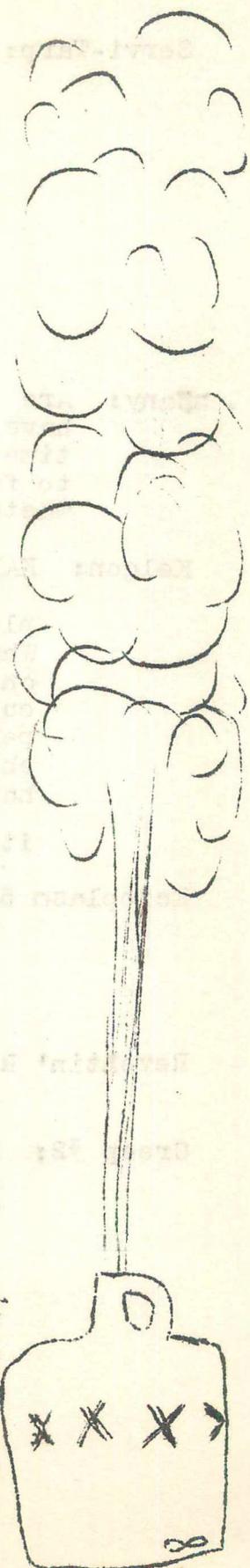
 "I wonder what a heraldic fan would look like?"

CORN

SQUEEZIN'S

from the

STILL HOUSE



Ghu Saplement #17: Lacking in originality and interest. Has Ghu no inspiration for his followers?

The Archives #2: Good mailing reviews, and one or two incidentals like the de cartoon, but can't you do any better?

Gem Tones v4n4: I've tried to ignore this eternal fountain of crud, but I can't stand it any longer. Page after uninteresting page of fanzine reviews, interspersed with treacly rhymes (neither poetry nor not-poetry), titled with a series of atrocious puns, and occasionally supplemented with something else just as nauseating: this is not my idea of an amusing, informative, or otherwise readable fanzine.

This issue contains the death notice of Gem Tones as such, but I have little hope that whatever replaces it will be any better. Your characteristic pattern of publishing is an abomination and a stink in the nostrils of SAPS. Even in SAPS, you have nothing of the SAPish spirit; and I do not believe anyone would be sorry if you dropped out. I myself would make it an occasion of wild rejoicing and silp Nuclear Fizzes all night: an exercise which would certainly be of benefit to you if you intend to stay in SAPS.

Servi-Warp: I see no mention of Beer. Quite good, considering the absence of that vital element. Or do XOE's bubble up into some eldritch ferment by mere proximity?

I think the Möbius strip is the perfect medium for not-poetry. But who besides these two beaver-hearts would have the persistence to actually DO it? Now the demons are perpetually one-up on the rest of us, except possibly Ken BeAle. We've got to do something about it. Au hasard, Phthaloists!

Manany: Are you sure you don't have time to fan? You could have gotten out a respectable bit of crifanac in the time it took you to explain that you don't have time to fan. Too bad all that fine duplication is going to waste.

Kelgon: KALGAN. . . remember?

Let's hear more of the exploits of Richard Eney and the Voluptuous Redhead--- What could you do, for instance, with the carryings-on that night he came to town, and Nyclef was left out in the cold and kept trying to latch onto my personal husband? Or the nights we put out the one shot? No, you couldn't tell the truth about what happened then; nobody would believe it.

Let's face it, SAPS, this girl can write fan fiction.

Ectoplasm 5: And what happened when you next visited Lord Biscuitbottom?

This is an attractive and amusing fanzine, and contributes well to the Sapish atmosphere of pleasant, friendly insanity.

Revoltin' Remarks: Mere some mailing reviews. Interesting, though.

Creep #2: Never mind putting in fiction, if it's more of the same. But your little care-and-feeding notes are welcome.

As to the way to subdue a maddened Creep ---well, I wouldn't know. I don't even have to use insulation; our apartment is ~~upstairs~~ one and the building hasn't any cellar, let alone a coalbin, and there isn't a batchon in miles. The green gin scares them away. Moreover, its emanations penetrate the mailing to the Creep, which incautiously samples them---and becomes a helpless addict, lying limp under their influence and quivering with obscene ecstasy.

Outsiders #13: As usual, a pleasantly rambling sort of thing. Dep't of B. S. is just that.

Not-poetry is a shade under par.

We don't have any cockroaches. Suppose I substitute minced ham? In this case, I would recommend the addition of 1/8 t. ground cloves and a dash of ground comino. If cockroaches are available, use 1/4 t. ground marjoram, or slightly more fresh marjoram.

Warhoon #4: Bergeron writes, too! I must confess I prefer your inspired doodling, though.

The Bronc: One inchoate mass of incoherent twippledop.

Cover Design: The Spectacular Saps Caper: Urk. If the paper were the same size as the rest of the mlg---or a different color---or if the thing were redrawn---I dunno.

Six Gun Serenade: Falls down a little from the stature of WB, Private Eye, but what sequel doesn't?? I'm waiting for more. This is the sort of thing that makes SAPS what it is.

Spy Ray of Saps: Fine comments, even if he is beaver-hearted ---did you know that his heart is covered with fuzzy brown sheared beaver fur? Irene of Sloop deserves the credit for this discovery. Her heart, by the way, has lacy edges and little ribbons like an old fashioned valentine, and is filled with won-ton sauce. But as I was starting out to say above, this is what mailing comments should be in SAPS.

Clark-E-Babe: An interesting enough introduction. Let's see what happens when he becomes steeped in SApish lore, customs, and whatnot.

Gnaub: Coswal seemed to be a Legend before I joined SAPS, but I haven't as yet found why. I force myself to read as much as I can, when the reproduction isn't in too outre a combination of colors, but my eye-strain isn't repaid. In the Blue Name of Phthalo, why don't you try fanfiction, satire, not-poetry, or the like?

Ignatz #5: As cute as one of those big sugar Easter eggs. I hadn't expected anything like the SPACE puzzles at the back. For small blessings. . . .

Bareback Special: Count me in on this community back rubbing festival. Can I bring my husband? He has a very nice back for rubbing.

Leftovers from the 25th Mailing: You needn't have bothered, Gert.

Argassy: It's too bad this lovely package didn't have anything in it. The combination of format and material reminds me irresistibly of my high school's literary magazine.

Dodo #2: I can't honestly praise this, yet it's not bad enough to pan. Let me say only that your efforts could be to better avail.

Keebird: Beautiful Bloop, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot fanzine!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Bloop of the Eney, beautiful Bloop!
Bloop of the Eney, beautiful Bloop!
 Beau-ootiful Bloo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Bloo-oop!
Bloo-oop of the E-e-ney,
 Beau-tiful, beautiful Bloop!

Beautiful Bloop! Who cares for art,
Or poetry like a treacle tart?
Who would not give all else for two p
Ennyworth only of beautiful Bloop?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Bloop?
 Beau-ootiful Bloo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Bloo-oop!
Bloo-oop of the E-e-ney,
 Beautiful, beauti-FUL BLOOP!

Qwertyu: Thought "boss" was via South Africa, of either Boer or Negro origin, originally spelled "baas." Are you sure?

I hope Qwertyu (love to type that name) becomes more lively and Sappy in issues to come.

Book of Ptoth #3: Content and reproduction were both rather spotty. The bursts - from - a - disintegrator style is a little annoying; try to write the usual sort of sentence, with its subject and predicate, dependent or coordinate independent clauses, for a while.

Kidalong Claudius Rides Again: Yes, this boy belongs in SAPS
---he already sounds like the
poor man's Eney.

But Claude,
those methods will never get
you anywhere. The best way
to clean a dirty ol' pro is
to marry him and make him
support your fanzine. I've
found that method perfect.

Sapian (June) Good reproduction.

Sapian (December): Keep on with your what-knot pomes; some
day you'll get the hang of it.

Wants: I suppose it's a legitimate way to get rid of a mail-
ing requirement.

demoniac: I think you'd do better publishing cartoons. I
recall seeing an old ZAP full of cartoons that I
consider the best zine Bob Briggs put out.

Sapstick

&

Looking Sapsward: Let this one age a bit, and it'll be in
there slugging with the best. But please,
if you're going to use paper that color
ink your pad more heavily and crank more
slowly. (You'll never believe how long it
took me to crank out the cover of the last
Zed; that particular paper wouldn't take
the ink very well or something, and a run
at normal speed produced only blurs.)

Once is Enough: We're going to give a party at the Con. Ev-
erybody's invited, and so are their bottles.

ZfvU #774: I hope this made up for # 773.

Detroit Stfan vln3: Rats will eat Burton Beerman.

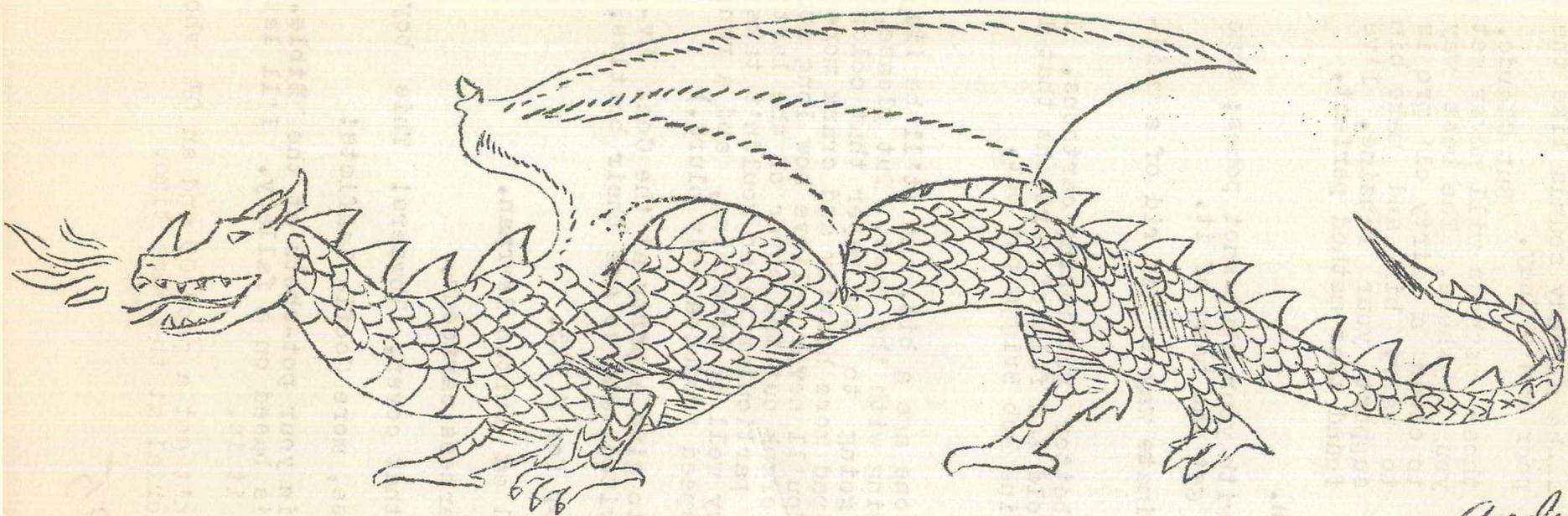
Nandu v2n1: I did like the Harness cartoons.

Spacewarp: I don't envy you that cover. Wowsers! This boy
is devoted!

Please, more Goofia Leaflets!

Halberd: I'm not interested in your pot-shots at the Bible.
Your entire thesis is based on a fallacy. I'll let
you figure out what it is.

Spectator: Apparently you can't get a good OO and an OE who
puts out good material at the same time.



Anderson

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR
VOLLSTÄNDIGEN UNSINN

- Exchange
- Subscriber
- Contributor
- Complimentary
- Review

To:
