

U D A A A

11



"a moi !"

NANDU is intended for Mlg. 33 of The Spectator Amateur Press Society, better known as SAPS. Responsible for this is Nan Gerding, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois, United States of Amer.

///////////////// Mimeography by Lee Jacobs ///////////////////

I know that the actual mailing comments in the following pages are going to seem awfully barren. And so they are indeed. Thus I'm pulling a Gerding and am supplementing said comments with various and sundry excerpts that have caught my fancy hither and yon. Suffice to say that these excerpts are not thrown in as haphazardly as it might appear. With a few exceptions, they have a definite purpose and it's up to you to make whatever connections your judgement tells you to.

Just in case you're wondering about my issue number, I'm cheating by numbering the NANDU which appeared in Fred's TALES as ten and this one as eleven. I honestly don't know whether it is

really cricket to do this or not and rather than take the time to ask some one about it, I just went ahead and dood it. Reaction will tell me if I am right or wrong.

Ah, yes and if my seemingly sudden acquisition of the French tongue upsets you, calm down. I'm only showing off. In spite of sweat, labor, and tears, I don't actually have any knowledge of the language. I have something almost as good though, a French grammar which I am painstakingly studying right hyar at home. Mostly, aside from a few points I really wanted to emphasize, I used French terms to get even with a l l those who pulled the same deal on me.



Books which weren't mentioned in the following NANVIEWS and definitely should have been are: BONJOUR TRISTESSE(Francois Sagan), AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN(Huxley), POINT COUNTER POINT(Huxley), THE ETERNAL SMILE(Par Lagerkvist), and EARTH ABIDES(G. Stewart).

Artwork is not original, inasmuch as it was copied(not traced though)from some books on drawing I have here. I think it ought to be classed as original on the sheer basis of man-hours it took me to do them, gadzooks, talk about labor, never again! Captions are mine - don't take them too seriously for I'm tickled to death to be back in Saps. It's just that I didn't want anyone to know it....au revoir...nang



--The primal pattern. And then the chaos made of patterns. And then the living patterns built up out of fragments of the chaos. Then living patterns of living patterns. But man's world was chaotically ugly and unjust and stupid; more hopelessly refractory than even a lump of stone. For that suffered itself to be carved into breasts and faces. Whereas five thousand laborious years of civilization had resulted only in slums and factories and offices.--\*

SPECTATOR #32, Karen Anderson(OE).....Serves admirably the purpose for which it is intended.

--If you wish to make progress, you must be content in external matters to seem a fool and a simpleton; do not wish men to think you know anything, and if any should think you to be somebody, distrust yourself. For know that it is not easy to keep your will in accord with nature and at the same time keep outward things; if you attend to one you must needs neglect the other.--\*\*

FURSCHLUGGINER, Fred Remus.....Seven pages of highly entertaining mailing comments. I prefer comments in prose to those in verse for the simple reason that you are freer to express yourself. Yes no doubt gluteous maximus will be obscure enough for the post office. Lovely lovely cover and real nice art inside.

--And human individuals? As living patterns in space, how incredibly subtle, rich and complex! But the trace they left in time, the patterns of their private lives ---- God, what a horror of routine; like the repeats on a length of linoleum, like the succession of identical ornamental tiles along the wall of a public lavatory. Or if they did try to launch out into something original, the resulting scrolls and curly cues were generally atrocious. And anyhow most of them quickly ended in a smudge of frustration---and then it was linoleum and lavatory tiles, lavatory tiles and linoleum, to the bitter end.--\*\*\*

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\*TIME MUST HAVE A STOP - Aldous Huxley  
 \*\*THE MANUAL, Self Control - Epictetus  
 \*\*\*TIME MUST HAVE A STOP - Aldous Huxley

THE ZED #780, Karen Anderson.....I wanted to mention only the more outstanding items in this issue, but if I did, I'd practically have to list the entire contents. Needless to say, the cover is superb. CAPTAIN NO-BODY and THE ENSORCELLED STYLUS were real highpoints. But the best thing about this is that it had no actual low points -- in short, a zine with integrity.

--It was like a long sunlit wave, creamy-crested and arched with emerald, that comes on nine feet tall, with roaring and with terror and unquenchable laughter. For this was the Great Glund-Cyarsa, King of Kings, through whom the joy of creation principally blows across these fields of Arbol, known to men in old times as Jove, and under that name, confused with his Maker; so little did they dream by how many degrees the stair even of created being rises above him.--\*

OF INNER SIGNIFICANCE, Gerald Steward...Your pronunciation of the letter z is not Canadianese but French. Do you mean to say they're one and the same language? I don't believe it though I can understand their being intermingled. Do you Canadians pronounce all your letters thusly? For example, w as dubl ve, x as iks, or y as i grek. No wonder we can't understand you. Wonder who will hit you first, Nan Share or the Post Office? I wouldn't blame either one of them.

--Aye, nothing so savage as the creature forsaken by his kind. An elephant's too human to enjoy solitude, same as a bull. All he can make of it is to get into mischief same as humans. Tramping and trumpeting about until the swamp holds him too fast and he can't pull his great weight out.--\*\*

GASP #5, Gerald Steward.....Nice cover. This issue was

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\*THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH - C.S. Lewis  
 \*\*TRADER HORN - A. Aloysius Horn

p.s...you owe me a letter. This is July 16 and it will probably still hold true by the time you read this. Fie for shame.....

such an improvement over #4 that there isn't even any room for comparison. It doesn't seem to inspire much comment for the most part but I want you to know that I enjoyed reading almost every word of it. It was varied and interesting; held my attention from the front cover right through to the back. I hope you continue at this high level.

I don't know yet why everyone is worrying about the present seeming silence in the ranks of fandom. It is merely a transition period. Even fandom has to rest once in a while. Actually, what is happening is not uncommon. Happens all the time in civilizations, why not in fandom? A withdrawal, a gathering of inner forces, and a blossoming out once again into new and better avenues. Be patient.

--What disturbs mens minds is not events but their judgements on events. When we are hindered, or disturbed, or distressed, never lay the blame on others. but on our own judgements. To accuse others for one's own misfortune is a sign of want of education; to accuse oneself shows that one's education has begun; to accuse neither shows that one's education is complete.--\*

OUTSIDERS #20, Wrai Ballard.....I think Eney's piece should have been entitled LE ROI EST MORT or better yet and more fitting, LE POU EST MORT. Brubeck can take his choice between being called a king or a louse.

p.s...my middle name is Irene. Tsk. I'm afraid I wasn't very well named..

A nice Remus cover. I think your gafia is showing some what in this issue. I don't say that because of the slimmer-than-usual size. And again, it could be my gafia that is showing in my judgement of this OUT. Which ever the case, though I enjoyed



POTSHOT

CLAUDIUS

reading the contents, OUT didn't inspire much comment and I prefer saying nothing to sitting here deliberately hunting for remarks.

--Man is a fair spirit, whom a star conceived and a star kills. He was winged hopefully but he is only a fledgling caught in a bush-fire. The music of the spheres passes over him, through him, and is not heard. Yet one thing is certain. Man himself is music, a brave theme that makes music also of its vast accompaniment, its matrix of storms and stars. It is very good to have been man. We shall make after all a fair conclusion to this brief music that is man.--\*

POTSHOT, Anderson & Co.....If it's as much fun to write this as it is to read it, then I wish I knew how to go about it. This kinda fun I go for.

--When and from whom had the children of Adam learned of Ares and Aphrodite? Our mythology is based on a solidier reality than we dream; but it is also at an almost infinite distance from that base. At last he understood why mythology was what it was--gleams of celestial strength and beauty falling on a jungle of filth and imbecility. In the very matter of our world the traces of the celestial commonwealth are not quite lost. Memory passes through the womb and hovers in the air. The Muse is a real thing, a faint breath.--\*\*

CLAUDIUS #4, Claude Hall.....Read and enjoyed, Claude. but again I seem to be left without any specific comment. I forwarded your card to Vee, by the way. For the benefit of anyone wishing to write to her, her address is 590 NORTH CEDAR, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.

p.s...Vee had her baby  
June 15 - a boy.

--There is more than a mere play of words in the opinion that psychology will never become a mature science until its school days are over. The old and almost undisputed frontier of the mind, that nothing can enter the mind except through the gateways of the recognized senses, must go the way of Newtonian mechanics in the light of relativity. Even a prudent and restrained logical glimpse beyond ESP reveals one great problem beyond another, like giant peaks that si-

HALT!

STF TRENDS

TAILGATE

lently challenge ascent. No matter. The lure is there. And who would prefer to have stood with Dalba for that initial sight of a new ocean, or even on the bow of the Santa Maria for the first happy glimpse of the outlines of a new land!---\*

HALT!, Fred Remus.....I chortle with diabolical glee!

--Psychically man has traversed in thirty centuries a wider arc of evolution than separates the racehorse from the eohippus. That his change has been less than the horse's in physical contour is probably due to the fact that man has not been specially bred with that in view. To assign a fixed norm to a changing species is to shoot point-blank at a flying bird. The actual average at any given moment is no ideal standard; rather, the furthest evolutionary stage now reached is tending to become the average of the future. It is in the direction of a still wider range, a still firmer hold, that his evolution now must lie.---\*\*

STF TRENDS #20, Lynn Hickman.....Lovely, lovely art all the way through. Depending I suppose on one's conception of art. I consider this art a real art. THE MINIPRIDE was incomparable.

The letter section would have been more interesting if I had read it I reckon. But all that tiny print horrifies me. And too I missed out on Jan's controversial letter (probably because I didn't read that letter section either); so you see I can't win for losing.

--But Jesus, when you're climbing a staircase to a room--an infinite room--filled with all the treasures of the universe, should you stop climbing just because you don't find a handful of treasure on the first two or three steps?---\*\*\*

TAILGATE, George Young...George, darlin', shurrre, and I wish I had the ability to write the type mailing comments ye do. I dinna' believe any one in Saps can write more

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\*NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND - J.B. Rhine  
\*\*HUMAN PERSONALITY, Genius - F.W.H. Myers  
\*\*\*THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY AND STARS - Fredric Brown

entertainingly than ye. I really shouldn't change dialect in mid stream, but blimey bohy, 'ow do you do it? A merveille! A la bonne haure! Big! And to forestall any scolding from you, that reads "Capital! Well done! Encore!" It merely seemed more of a compliment in French.

Naw,  
NANDIDN' TDIDSHE.

--Aye, whenever you lose a fight in Africa you're lost. There is no softness about Nature. When you're driven from the herd, it's for good. Pity's a fancy article Nature in her wisdom can only leave to humanity. She can't afford to handle it herself. Pity versus preservation of the race. That is all it is and it turned out to be a good system until Man thought he knew better than the powers that made him. In Nature as in international comfort it's the balance of power that must be kept delicate as a hair spring. Big issues from small adjustments.--\*

FURRY, Fred Remus...It made me furrious for the simple reason that it was too difficult to read. I no doubt missed out on some most entertainin' reading but the tiny print and poor legibility proved too much of an obstacle.

--Analogues are all very well. None the less, when I proclaim that my adored mistress's hair reminds me of gold I'm quite consciously lying. It looks like yellow hair, and nothing else; nor would I willingly venture within ten feet of any woman whose head sprouted with wires, of whatsoever metal. And to protest that her eyes are as gray and fathomless as the sea is very well also; but imagine how horrific would be puddles of water slopping about in a lady's eye-sockets! If we poets could actually behold the monsters we rhyme of, we would scream and run.--\*\*

STORIES OF FANTASY, Wally Weber...THE DEVIL KNOWS is the best item here.

--Hold fast to what seems best to you. And remember that if you abide where you are, those who first laugh at you will one day admire you and that if you give way to them, you



will get doubly laughed at.--\*

TALES FUR #6, Fred Remus...Delightful editorial. The art in TALES is real fine and improving with each execution. I wish I could say the same for the legibility of the text. It is better, no doubt about it, but it still requires effort to read, and doesn't leave me with much energy for commenting.

p.s...Salter, not Slater was the author of CONDITIONED REFLEX THERAPY, though I don't imagine Ken would object to getting the credit for it.

Odd that you should pick KUBLA KHAN for parodying ( murdering? ). It's one of my favorites, and still is, indubitably. I'll be more specific...I loved INDUBITABLY NAN (the poemcrud I'm referring to). Heck of a way to get egoboo but egoboo is egoboo, irregardless.

--Refer to the last sentence of the excerpt following FURRY, on the preceeding page.

CREEP #5, Wally Weber.....Looks as if Gem Carr has finally lost complete hold upon reality. I think she just got out in time too but I think that for a very different reason than the one she implied. Mailing comments in this CREEP are excellent, the best so far in the mailing. And set up beautifully with the illos. Extraordinaire.

The following excerpt is a portion of one that appears later on - I lifted it specifically for Gem's benefit in answer to a small dissertation of hers that appeared in Fapa. She's getting a copy of this since I am no longer a Fapa member.

--"Facts speak for themselves?" Illusion. Facts are ventriloquist's dummies. Sitting on a wise man's knee they may be made to utter words of wisdom; elsewhere, they say nothing, or talk nonsense, or indulge in sheer diabolism.--\*\*

THE HAPPY SAP #2, Norman Wansborough....happily noted.

--I cannot recall one single case of a proved posthumous combination of intelligence with wickedness. Such evil as our evidence shows us is scarcely more than monkeyish mischief, childish folly. The upshot of these narratives is to emphasize a point which profoundly differentiates the scientific from the superstitious view of spiritual phenomena. The transmutation of savage fear into scientific curiosity is of the essence of civilization. In that faintly opening world of spirit, I can find nothing worse than living men; I seem to discern not an intensification but a disintegration of selfishness, malevolence, pride. And is not this a natural result of any cosmic moral evolution?--\*

BRONC #7, Eva Firestone.....Apt illoing all the way through. But I'm darned if I'm going to fracture a frisket this time trying to tell you how much I liked BRONC. I need a rest, begorra!!

--Beyond us still is mystery; but it is mystery lit and mellowed with an infinite hope. We ride in darkness at the haven's mouth; but sometimes through rifted clouds we see the desires and needs of many generations floating and melting upwards into a distant glow, "up through the light of the seas by the moon's long-silvering ray."---\*\*

TS, SOUTH NORMANDIE ETC., THE OTHER WAY, TTTT #4, TTT #4, EXPERIMENT #1(pant, how many more?), PILLAR POLL 1954, pant, Lee Jacobs, Ed Cox, pant.....all read with interest but I've no intention of commenting on each and every one. Suffice to say that Lee, at least, will return the compliment since I'm in the process of putting out just the type of pub he's allergic to. Brother mine, I'm allergic to this sort of thing too, because it's a heck of a lot more labor than writing a lot of mailing comments. But, at this time, I'm so immersed in various books that I can't drag myself away from them long enough to do anything else with any degree of skill or enthusiasm. Just give me time, I'll get

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\*HUMAN PERSONALITY, Phantasms of the Dead - F.W.H. Myers

\*\*HUMAN PERSONALITY, Trance, Possession, Ecstasy - F. Myers

over it. Horrors! It just dawned on me what I must be doing to Karen with such a dirth off excerpts. Welp, as long as I get some page credit out o f this mess, I'll be satisfied. I hope MAINE-IAC is in this hyar mailing.

--'Tis an instinct universal to worship virginity. Aye, even a sailor knows that. And while he is apt to live according to the dictates of human nature in the exercise of his calling, yet he'll be choicely enough in the matter of a wife. They couldn't work with a sane mind if they didn't obey Nature and accept what she provides. No, Ma'am. The fact is that all men are subject to chance and it's not God, it's only some goll-darned girl that'll ever expect a sailor to have been something less than man in the exercise of his duty. 'Tis not too refined a subject but it needs expression if you can see your way to doing it without offending the American public. They're somewhat more choicely than the English. The Mayflower's always been a genteel influence in the pages of History.--\*

MUZZY #7, Claude Hall...superb artwork, beautifully reproduced. Bentley's two contributions were real highlights. Heck, after reading MUZZY, I can see that you don't need material from me. I say with a sigh of relief. If you'd clean up the mim-  
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going to a point of clear legibility, you'd have a top zine in MUZZY.

--It is not true that the human race in general is nervously degenerating. It is not nervous degeneration but nervous change or development that is now proceeding among civilized people more rapidly than ever before. This self-adaptation to wider environments must inevitably be accompanied in the more marked cases by something of nervous instability. Those individuals in whom the change is the most rapid are likely to suffer most from a perturbation which masks evolution. Their truest analogue lies in the oddities or morbidities of sentiment or sensation which so often accompany the development of the human organism into its full potencies. --\*\* (dedicated to Vee Hampton)

JONGOR, Walter Coslet.....This was a treat, Walt. If this is



--"You know the Bible may be correct but only so far as the whites are concerned. Right here in Lifou, Adam was not the first man created. It was a man named Tupaissi who came from the village of Koumo. So you see, as far as the Loyalty Islands are concerned, the Bible isn't correct. Our world is different from yours, just as are our customs."

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reminiscent of the great Coswazines I have heard so much about, then I can well understand why they are considered so laudable. If you don't watch out, and assuming you maintain this present level, you'll be sharing honors with ~~SEBASTIAN~~ in my hall of favorites. I don't imagine Art would mind moving over a wee bit anyhow. Er--I'm glad graphologists don't analyze typing, though there are experts that do just that. Stop groaning. I've no intention of switching from the former to the latter. I'm no longer indulging in graphology at all. I know you are glad of that, stop saying you aren't.

I must have been in an awful hurry. I don't recall saying Wrai had resigned from the EOship. I did say he refused to be emergency OE and I guess I didn't make it clear that it was because he was unable to, not because he didn't want to. Not that it matters now, except to absolve Wrai of an attitude which wasn't there.

Don't tell me you're going through the alphabet progressively. That is, going through it once, then again - this time doubling, then the next time, trebling. For example, aw, to 'l with examples. I'd check it myself if I knew the names of all your pubs. That's too easy an answer anyhow. GNAUB is driving me mad. I wish to criminey someone would solve it or you'd take pity on me and tell me the answer. My subconscious ain't worth a tootin' you know what. Excellent issue, to say the least, yes. Je vous remercie, maitre.

SPY RAY OF SAPS LXXXV, Richard Eney....Imbibed with the usual chortling relish ( not Eney, SPY RAY).

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\*PACIFIC ISLAND LEGENDS--Jean Leville, Capt. Joseph Berkowitz(Medical Corps,U.S.Army)

---Aye, the Americans must have novelties, whether in search of those breakfast foods or in literary matters. I'm not saying its good for them. Bacon for breakfast and Shakespeare for reading've been good enough for England for a number of generations. What's that, Ma'am? Do I believe Shakespeare was written by Bacon? I've heard the idea spoken of in London but that's one of the most foolhardy notions that the mind of man could conceive. It's a well-known fact that the monks wrote Shakespeare. 'Tis a universal grasp of the genus Man never likely to have been wasted on one brain. Of course, they kept him supplied. I dare say they were glad enough to earn a regular bit of money from the feller for the powerful stories they could give him.--\*

ONE SHOT, John Davis..(and Al Ficzeri)...more truth than fiction to this. Hilarious adventure, dolls, except for the ending. There the truth ends and fiction begins for no ghuiist ever had supreme command of anything. ROSCOE will smite you in your horrible purple tracks for such falsehood!

---There is something else too which is a part of growing up--to see that life is really, after all, a game: a terribly serious game, no doubt, but none the less a game. When we play a game, as it should be played, we strain every muscle to win; but all the while we care less for winning than for the game. And we play the better for it.--\*\*

CLUNQUE #3, David Rike.....WHAT PRICE COLD SOUP was well done for a first draft. Why didn't you re-write it, correcting spelling, punctuation, etc., and it would have been a top bit of writing then. All of CLUNQUE held my interest. I always knew the interest was there, Dave, only difference now is you can read it. Good.

--Suppose they who come shall practice darkness -- such as

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\*TRADER HORN - Aloysius Horn  
 \*\*LAST AND FIRST MEN - Olaf Stapledon

slander, or tattling -- what then shall be done? And He answered saying, Answer them not, lest ye also practice darkness.---\*

KEEBIRD LXXXIV, Richard Eney...I think your fiction is difficult to read because it's always so full of such odd words. However, I struggle with it for one reason--your always superb punch lines.

--If only there was something at the end of life that isn't philanthropy. Aye, if we'd think of Death as the hand of Nature it'd be no worse than lying down to sleep in a cornfield. It's when the parsons trick out a natural process with all sorts of common regalia like Heaven and Hell, that it becomes something to fear. The worst of it is, when Death has to walk through a dosshouse looking for the number of your room, he'll not be wearing too kindly a look. He'll not like his company.---\*\*

THE AGTHING #3, Agnes Harook, Roger Sims,  
Howard Devore.....I dunno just how I'm going to say this but leave it up to me to try. I think that for sheer lovable human entertainment, these Michifen top everyone else. You funny delightful people. I was in a pretty glum mood when I started to read thish and I've never in my life been cured of glumness so fast.

To Howard Devore who is a hell of a lot bigger hearted than he cares to let anyone know, all I can say is chien qui aboie ne mord pas. Which doesn't prevent me from offering mon humble remerciements all the same. Blessings on all of you and may your mimeos never fail. Er - perhaps I should say may Howard's mimeo never fail!

--I cannot very well be proud of my folly; yet I do not regret it. I have been befooled by a bright shadow of my own



raising, you tell me, and I concede it to be probable. Nevertheless, I served a lovely shadow; and my heart will keep the memory of that until life ends.--\*

SAPSYCHE #3, Robert Peatrowsky.....your mailing comments lead one to think you've been a SAP for years. You sound as if you're right at home, Bob. Good, good.

--'Tis a good time to push a book like mine forward. There's been nothing novel lately since Rider Haggard. One of the biggest mythologists in the world, that feller. But mine'll be facts; you can weave a lot out 'o that. The Germans'll like my book. I'm not asking any Frenchman to tackle it. Even Shakespeare won't suit a Frenchman. And Dickens--you might as well ask a Frenchman to read the Greek Testament as get him to understand Dickens. He'll not understand the soft heart and the smile of it.--\*\*

BOOK OF PTOTH, Al Toth.....Interesting cover. Whence came that inspiration? Thish is typical Toth meanderings and any of you that are aware of my high opinion of 'typical Toth meanderings' know without further enlightenment just how much the phrase means to me. In about three weeks, Al, I'm sending in another book order, among which is to be THE WHITE GODDESS. I'll order two copies and send you one of them. Anyone that wants that marvelous book should oughta have it without quibbling. You keep the BOOK OF PTOTH present and accounted for in every mailing and that'll be the only repayment I'll ask for.

p.s...of course, you  
could send me  
KING JESUS to  
read. Will re-  
turn it post  
haste when I'm  
finished with it.

--To put away flesh-food is easy, but to put away dark thoughts and words--who can do this in a day?--\*\*\*

SAPSTYPE #3, Ray C. Higgs.....read ye and enjoy.

--In the past there was an age of Shakespeare, of Voltaire, of

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\*JURGEN - James B. Cabell  
\*\*TRADER HORN - A. Horn  
\*\*\*OAHSEPE, Book of Discipline

~~SPACEWOOF~~ - oops! wrong zine. Art'll kill me!  
\$#%\$%# I'll do ~~SPACEWOOF~~ twice.

~~SPACEWARD~~  
~~SPACEWARD~~

Dickens. Ours is the age, not of any poet or thinker, or novelist, but of the Document. Our Representative Man is the traveling newspaper correspondent, who dashes off a best seller between two assignments. "Facts speak for themselves." Illusion. Facts are ventriloquist's dummies. Sitting on a wise man's knee they may be made to utter words of wisdom; elsewhere, they say nothing, or talk nonsense, or indulge in sheer diabolism.--\*

SPACEWOOF #4, Dean Grennell.....woof! Good. Glad you added the tequila. How about a jigger or two(or three) of vodka as well?

--New ideas and new values are only to be introduced by arranging familiar matter so that it may gain a new significance.--\*\*

SPACEWARD, Art Rapp.....Cover got into a sort of Potrzebie-type rut, didn't it? Botts was wonderful. Mailing comments enjoyable 'z new way!

say let's try that again! usual which is a hell of a lot more three dimensional! than ya can say for mine this time.

SPACEWARD hoo haw! fun! I'm really beginning to feel guilty about the barrenness of my comments.

looky, almost ran into the text up thar. MENTACOMS gave me lots'a delightful egoboo which in the long run is all that matters. But any significance attached to the results of the tests should be nil, I've discovered --- at least as far as any scientific basis is concerned---because since I did those runs I've learned a lot about the rigid controls and counter-checks demanded before the results will be accepted as anything like proof. In short, the runs you presented should be disregarded. I'll send some more later, done with ESP cards and under laboratory conditions. By the way, I sent your calculations to the Duke Lab to be checked by the mathematicians there. Not because I distrust your mathematics, but simply because I wanted a comparative picture of the two systems. Their figures are done on a basis of a 25-card deck and their average for chance is

Guess what. In these pages I used 12, 492 e's. Don't believe me eh? Count 'em!

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\*TIME MUST HAVE A STOP - Huxley  
\*\*LAST AND FIRST MEN - Stapledon

PISTOL POINT

IGNATZ

That's right--  
12,492

5 out of the 25. If you're interested in seeing their calculations, get J.B. Rhine's NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND. Personally, I ain't about to try to figure anybody's mathematics, no siree. I'll take philosophy any day!

--Besides, it's got to be approached through relativity, and relativity sets my teeth on edge because it tries to set limits; I don't believe in limits.--\*

PISTOL POINT, Masked Marvel...Why any of you should object to the reprinting of highlights of past SAPS mailings is beyond me. Or is it just that you're objecting to the fact that the Sap(s) doing this won't tell? In either case, I enjoy these bits out of Saps' past history.

--The ancient evil of selfishness was entirely and finally abolished from the normal human being. Egoistic impulses, whenever they refused to be subordinated, were henceforth classed as symptoms of insanity.--\*\*

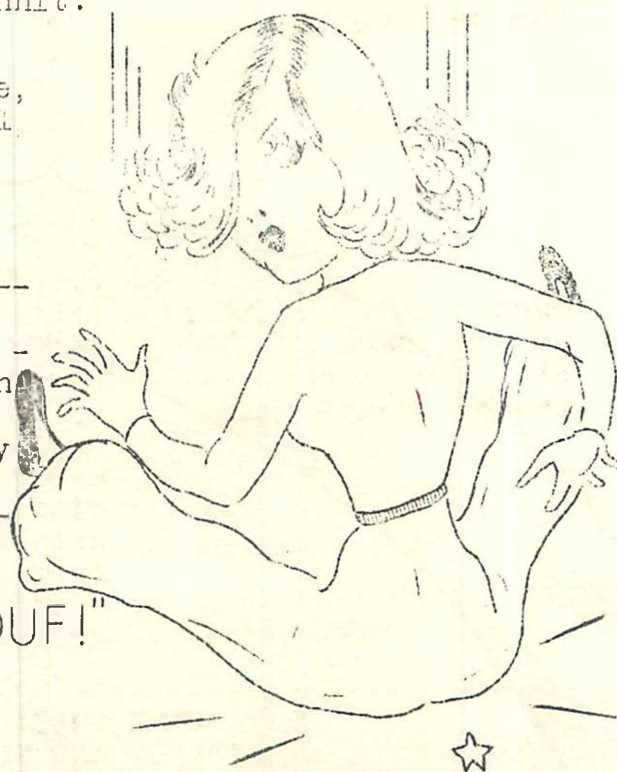
IGNATZ #10, Nancy Share....this is listed in the OO and all I can say concerning it is that I noted it as such. I don't have a copy darnit.

--But thought's the slave of life,  
and life's time's fool  
And time, that takes survey of  
all the world,  
Must have a stop.--\*\*\*

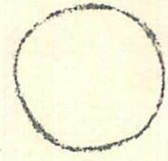
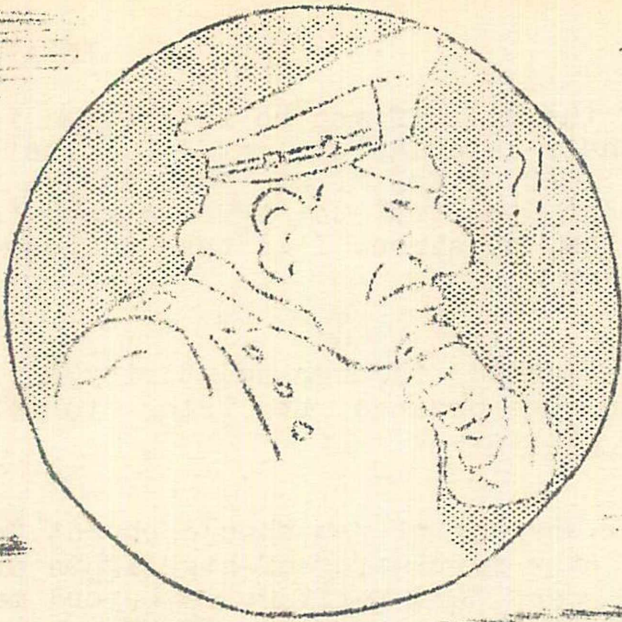
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\*THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS -  
Fredric Brown  
\*\*LAST AND FIRST MEN - Stapledon  
\*\*\*TIME MUST HAVE A STOP - Huxley  
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12,492

"OUF!"







"DUH?!"

