Mandu

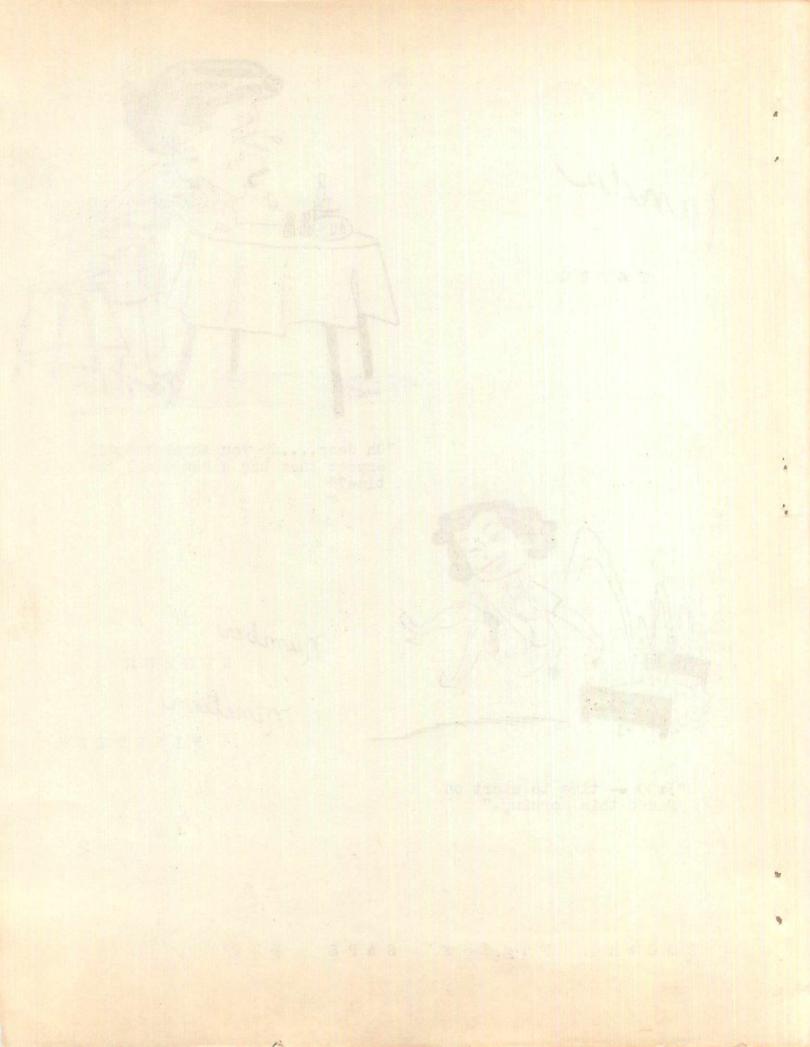


"Oh dear....do you think they'll expect that big a Nandu all the time?"



"5:00 - time to start on Nandu this morning,"

number NUMBER NINETEEN



Thus, I start on Nandu #19 which will appear in the Spectator Amateur Press Society's 42 mailing, I say with rather unfounded optimism. This will not be an integrated issue. I'll be lucky if it makes any sense at all. I'm doing this issue in bed and I'm not even lucky enuff for that to be a fannish first. Virus pneumonia clobbered me Christmas week — I managed to stay up till the afternoon of the 25th — attended the morning's festivities and managed to get Xmas dinner for a houseful — I think I did anyhow — my memories are rather vague on that subject but I do recall finally going to bed the afternoon of the 25th and leaving all those horrible dishes for some one else to do. Virus pneumonia has its advantages mebbe.

Anyhoo, this is the 29th and tomorrow I will have lived thirty four long years ad infinitum or something. I dunno whether its the pneumonia or the 34 years but something is sure weighing heavily on my drooping shoulders. Tuesday will arrive with yet another year, 1958. All hail.

# "Divided we stand; united we sprawl." anon

Guess I'll have to give art credits, etc., as I go along. I'm in no mood to mess with a contents page, verily, I'm in no mood to mess with Nandu but I hate to miss a mailing for some reason or tother.

Oh yes, one thing I want to say here to make sure every one notes it. The bacover is done by me and is a flat statement of my policy and my campaign platform for the coming election. Forthwith, it is as well a statement of 200th fandom and the components of same will vote thusly. The knights of Saps have now unfurled their banner and wave it to the west - or should I say northwest? My geography is almost as vague as I am today. And so perhaps I'd better get to mailing comments.

SPECTATOR #41 - quite adequate, fair Share. Which reminds me, I still have an editorial to write. Woe.

"Time goes and fleets all over the place."

MASTER OF THE MONSTERS - seattle fandom

This monsterpiece was superb. Only



thing I couldn't decipher was Otto Pfieffer's monster, the Shoardpresadge. Tom loved this too and is now going around trying to compose similar episodes. Oh yeah, I don't believe I ever figured out Neclore either - oh! That's Lorence Garcone. Vicious ravenous dachsunds indeed. Poor defenseless dogs. A wonderful bit this.

I forgot to say that lynn hickman did the cover for me this time, bless him. Ordinarily, the cover would have been quite authentic, except that its usually 3 or 4 a.m. when I jump out of bed. This time, natch, I don't jump out of bed to do Nandu. I jest stay put. Has its advantages - but never being satisfied, I would like to add that its a shame a person can't be sick and feel good at the same time. A girl can't have everything though. Either I feel fine and have to work Nandu in between various asserted tasks, or I feel lousy and can work on Nandu uninterrupted.

FANZINE FOR US - Castora, Burleson, White, Anderson, Harness - sounds like it was great fun - between the lines, and the latter were enjoyable.

You Can't Go Home Again - Thomas Wolfe (Oct.7 \* Oct.13)

SPY RAY OF SAPS - Eney - Wot's Universal Taste? No, you didn't tell me about the youfo in Japan. I mistrust this statement - is it a gimmick or strait from the shoulder? I'm willing to stick my chin out for a right cross. You're reminded.

At first I wondered who Rooshan was but when I realized your accent was Russian, all was well. Quod principis placuit legis habet vigorem? This has something to do with which principle was the most vigorous by habit, legally speaking, I presume? Placuit? Can't place it. Why case a uakase(ukase)that's obviously the work of a madman? I'm much worse off than before Wrai tried to explain why a case was a ukase.

If those actually were ERB illos in Concept, no wonder I thot they would be appropriate as John Carter illos.

I wonder if any genius has ever managed to reconcile two opposed errors? Unerring reconciliation, yet.

The Scapegoat - Daphne Du Maurier (Oct. 14-15)

In case anyone is wondering, the dates appearing after the book titles dividing reviews are the dates I read the darned things.

And the asteriks are not for footnotes but merely for the hell of it.

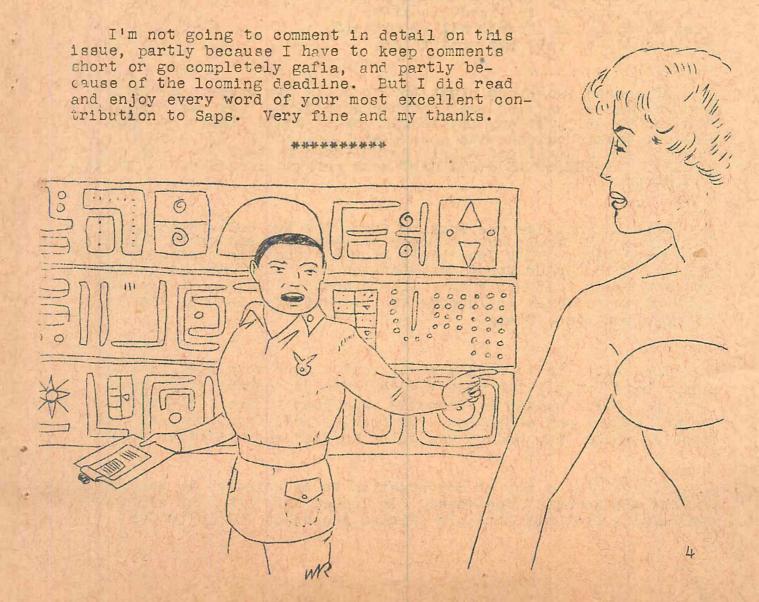
Illo on page two was by Jaunita Coulson. I may have said that before but this is the feverish Nandu. Illo on this page is Will Rotsler. And if anyone perchance should note that there is a predominance of Rotsler illos that is because, aside from JWC, he is the only one that sent me any art this time. Not to mention the fact that I love Bill's work.

PERHELION # 4 - Ron Parker - lovely zine, and very very fine art.

My two favorite illos I note were

done by Archie Goodwin. He does ex
cellent work.

Oh lord! If you could only have seen my face, Ron, when I read the first sentence of your review. I wish I could have seen it, for I'll bet it was a study in something or other. At first I was convinced I was reading a back issue of Perihelion but after checking the cover I knew I wasn't. You once again misplaced Nardu! I laughed like crazy. And I've had great fun laughing at myself every time I've thot of it since. You're fonny.



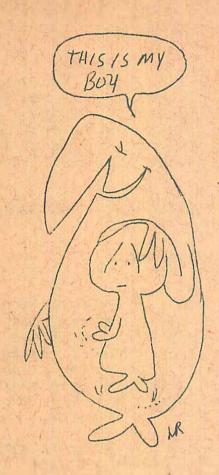
### IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT

by

# tomgee

(Introduction by me, nangee - should have given some warning of this coming up but ran out of room on the preceding page. This is the vague Nandu. Anyhow Tom wrote this for his English class and got a B grade, principally because his teacher didn't believe it was original. Perhaps that is unfair, but she has only one red mark on it, aside from the great big words "is this a story you heard or read about?". And so here is a contribution from an impending Saps member - this is my boy.)

This is a story about a man, not an important man, just an ordinary man. His name is Joe. He liked his life, just roaming the streets all by himself, with nobody to tell him what to do.

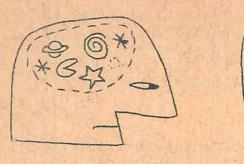


Of course, somebody might try to bully him once in a while, but Joe was strong and well known around town. Joe was a poor man and he did just any little odd job he could find. One day Joe was walking along with a couple of dollars in his pocket, when he saw a small and fairly new Chinese restaurant. The words: CHANG'S CHINESE STYLE RESTAURANT were printed in red with a yellow background.

This is what Joe was looking for. His two dollars wouldn't buy him a full meal, but it would at least buy enough to fill him up temporarily. What Joe didn't know was that the restaurant was actually a cover-up for a gangster mob led by Hot Rod Ranky. Now Hot Rod thought it was such a little town and such a little restaurant that nobody would come to it. But just in case, he had a Chinese employee, Chang.

Joe walked in to find a small room with a couple of tables and a bar, but all the rest was designed in enchanting chinese styles. Chang walked in from the back room to greet Joe but Joe wasn't paying any attention. He heard voices from the back room when he walked in, and he was going to find out what they were.

"Isn't that a lot of conversation to be going on in such a little restaurant?" Joe asked. He looked into the back room just as Chang's fist hit him. He swirled around as Hot Rod's two







other thugs, Biff and Ramsy, ran to help Chang. Chang yelled as he was picked up off the ground and thrown against the two men. Hot Rod got up with a pistol and shot at Joe. Luckily for him, HotRod's gun was out of bullets. HotRod threw his gun at Joe. He ducked and the gun missed him. Just then Chang, Biff, and Ramsy came to their senses and charged at Joe with Hot Rod.

Joe hit Chang and knocked him down with Ramsy who was behind him. Hot Rod and Biff were next. They charged from each side of Joe. This was easy, for when they got close enough, Joe grabbed both of their necks and bumped their heads together. Then he ran out and got the police. Just as he got outside, he saw Hot Rod running away. A strong hairy hand hit Hot Rod on the head and knocked him down, and out.

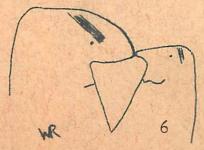
After Hot Rod and his thugs were put in jail, everybody wanted to reward Joe but he didn't want any reward. Keeping justice was his reward. One day Joe disappeared the same way he appeared. Nobody knews where he went or where he came from. And that's the story of a man, not an important man, just a man who liked his life.

On second that maybe the teacher was being generous with her B. This sounds like the Lone Ranger, Hopolong Cassidy, and The Shadow all rolled into one. Comic books and tv sure ain't the stuff of which dreams are made - and his memory banks seemed to be stuffed. Oh well. At least he sat down and wrote it cause I watched him do it. A couple of his friends cribbed directly from the tv cause I watched them! Heh. Gay life ain't it.

FLABBERGASTING #4 - Toskey -- Burnett, you sabateur. You and Ron - I am determined to write short comments and you both write booklength zines. Tsk, we won't comment on the







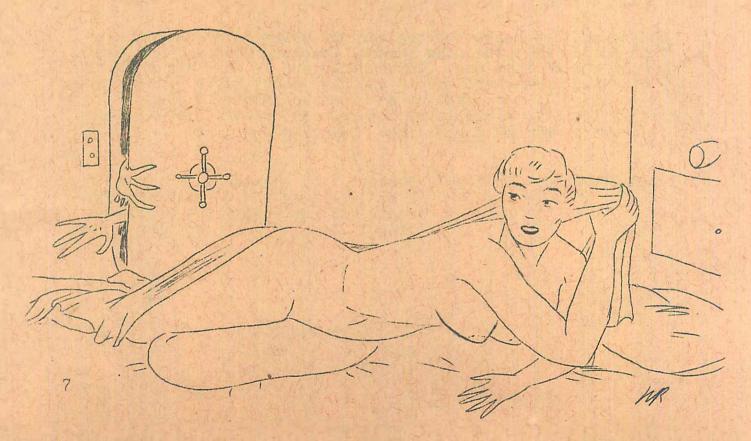
size of the mag I had in. That's one of the reasons I'm keeping this short. Another giant issue and I'd be burned out for a year to come. I have to preserve a minimum of enthusiasm you know. This is what you call the long view. It's also the voice of previous experience. Take a rest between giant issues or fall by the wayside.

Before I forget, Burnett, I will have to (two) poems, lessee, on page 9 and page 10 which are dedicated to you. I even drew the illustrations for them. This is the feverish Nandu you know. I'm not even sure the illos will show and I'll probably be much better cff if they don't! One of them you may not like, but one you had better like and you will have to decide for yourself which is which I say with a fiendish chuckle.

Your frank and delightful admiration of my appearance is most heartwarming. But a pic is a pic. That lovable Garcone did an admirable job of capturing the essence of me.

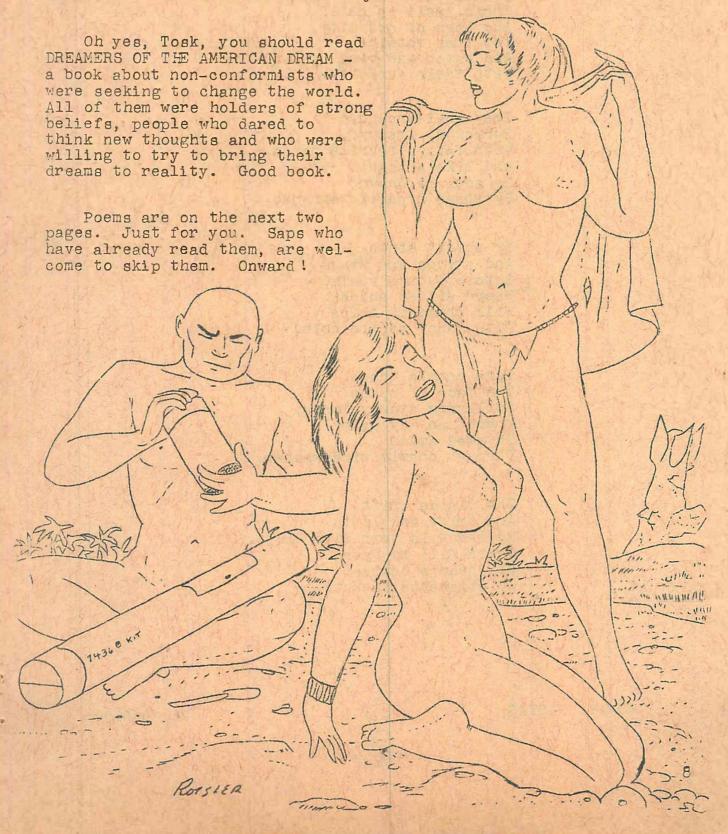
Gads! This typing stencils in bed is for the birds. Wonder how I'm going to mimeo? Bad enough putting a mimeoscope and a typer in bed with me, I imagine the family will draw the line at a mimeo joining such sterling coughing company. Heh, I'd like to try it though for the sheer joy of watching their expressions. Ah well, there's a gal here in town who will mimeo for me if I'm not up in time to do it.

I would like to say that Flabby was most sincerely appreciated and I don't want to give you the impression it wasn't just because of this brief review. Flabby was an adventure and I would hate to



SEE(oops) such an adventure end in Never-Never Land - so mebbe you had better take a short breather too. Twould be a tragedy if you gafiated into oblivion. Besides if you don't take a rest, how can I? I could write 15 pages in response to Flabby alone. I have tremendous will power though and this is all you get from me this time.

Dammit, I meant to use these to(two)pages for a short-short story I wrote. Now I'll have to hunt up some other appropriate illos and I don't think I have any more.



When smoke rings whirl
And swirl and twirl,
What vistas they conjure!
They fascinate
And captivate
With sudden subtle lure.

I know too well
Their spell is hell,
And born of quiddity.
Yet they entwine
And catch and bind
With their cupidity.

They coil around,
Surround, impound,
With fairy, febrile hands,
And like a pawn
My soul is drawn
By these hypnotic strands.

My spirit sings
And swings and wings
Into a future realm,
Where silver ships
Will speed my trips
With fancy at the helm.

Here comets trace
The face of space
Outlining starry lanes,
Where man may gaze
In awed amaze
Through cosmic windowpanes.

The vistas shift
And drift and lift,
My heart is torn with doubt.
Tears fill my eyes
At dream's demise;
My cigarette is out.

SMOKE VISTAS

by nangee

Cro-Magnon fought Neanderthal When race-migration once began And North barbarians held in thrall The Romans in their counterplan.

Columbus spanned the mighty sea To fill with life a lusty land; A brave young world for all the free -Extending forth a helping hand.

As time flowed on, through war and peace, The race of man achieved its goal -A boundary line where strife would cease; United lands, a world made whole.

How long will warlike man abide A life of calm and slowing pace? Not long - for knowledge breasts the tide When earthmen conquer Solar space.

As mother earth spins through the years
She serves as home to all her spawn.
She lends them hope and stills their fears;
Creates for them a newer dawn.

While spacemen sow the stars with seeds Of her traditions held on high, Immortalized through mortal deeds, Eternal earth shall never die.

by nangee

There you is, Burnett. And I believe its about time I started writing some new poetry. People will get tired of seeing these. Tsk.

STUTTER CONTUSION #1 - Ron Parker - a cartoonzine and a valiant try. My favorite was the last one. The second and fourth were chucklesome. Nice drawing.

Boon Island - Kenneth Roberts (Oct. 15-16)

RPPRPPPP - Ron Parker - Clever platform. I like such propoganda.

How To Read A Novel - Caroline Gordan (Oct.17-18)

BOG #3 - Otto Pfeifer - This looks like some of Master's masterweave. Is so? A real type cover. Did Wally ever find his cousin?

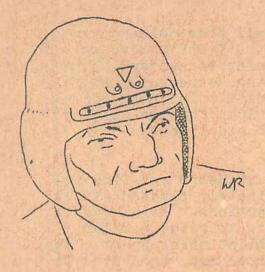
People keep telling me who to ask about finding Trina but I've had no luck yet. Found Juanita Coulson and she gave me some fine artwork as well as Dea's correct address which I promptly lost, darnnit. So I have that to do all over again. Have located Richard Bergeron and he was supposed to send me art for thish but it never did arrive. And Tom Reamy but Tom won't do artwork for the mimeo field if he can help it.

Mighosh, first Wally loses his cousin, now his front. How did he accomplish the feat of getting his front on the back of his zine tho? And I finally got my third polio shot. Hurrah. Lousy review isn't it? Bog was very enjoyable, irregardless of my lack of review.

Oh forgot. Loved your story about the little mouse who might have been Ignatz. But I'm darned if I know the connection between men being scarce and candy. Would you explain? Now if you had said "in a country where wimmen were scarce, candy served a very important purpose" I might have been puzzled but probably would have let it go at that. Eh?

Lysander - F. Van Wyck Mason Oct. 23

RETRO # 6 - Buz Busby - a perfect Buz type cover. And a little more than perfect backtype cover. Heh. I



see we were working on our Sapszines at the same time. Not so odd when one considers it but giffs a nice feeling anyhow. How come you didn't ask me where I was on July 15th: I'll tell you. Right here, holding my head in my hands. Momentous statement.

Well, Buz old boy, you'd rather have a "hideout" Nandu rather than none at all wouldn't you? Natch you would. Having to look for it should only enable you to enjoy it more. Is so? In which case, you should enjoy OUT this

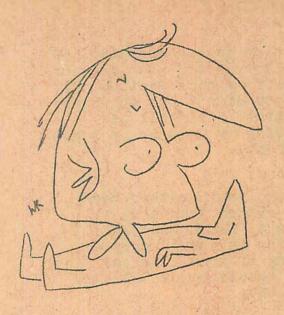
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which case, you should enjoy OUT this time, I took Porkypines place, and OUT hid out.

That get interested, get involved, get snowed, get gafiated, become almost invisible routine doesn't apply just to subzines. Next to Gerding's Law of Maximum Turbalence, this law runs a close second in the universe. How do you spell "turbelence"??? Anyhow the close second is known as Gerding's Law of Diminishing Returns....or--If You Like Vicious Circles Stick To It Kids.

Track shoes are for side tracks and the third trackshoe is for that third sidetrack. Awwww. I'm only the referee, Nance is the active duelist - and as such we oughta be able to outmaneuver Rapp quite efficiently. I'm glad you think it was nice knowing us - memories are better than nothin'.

Nandu is the proper name of an American Ostrich. And this gal has been quite effective in the art of hiding her head in the sands of Saps for several years now. You were partly right - Nandu is a double pun actually. I'll probably call thish Nandidn't - or should anyhow cause I didn't and I ain't about to. Nanduism has gone the way of all coughs. Hacking it no less. loved your lyrics hell I mean limericks. Fine. I envy your very decided talent in this field. I always had two columns of page totals when I was OE. In fact, I think I had three columns - I'm the methodical type but can't remember



WHAT(nuts)all them columns were for now. And I don't have any Specs to refer to either - I never keep anything, especially if I perpetrated it. Think I also had a letter column for the waiting listers too and illos.

I read all of Retro and find myself inordinately pleased at our
similar reactions. Is always
heartwarming to voice similar
opinions whilst miles apart. Yes.
You is a ghood man, and Retro is
a ghood zine.

The Lusty Men - William R. Cox (Oct.23 - 24)

VONSET # 4 - Ray Schaffer - amazing the number of #4 issues there are. I just counted the number of contributions in this mailing and discover much to my horror I haven't read nearly enough books for the division of honorable mentions(as opposed to nanviews). A shame.

Vonset approaches pretty closely my concept of the perfect sapszine - this is an excellent issue with just enough of a little of everything in it and presented in a straightforward, logical, and sensible manner. I sure do like the way you think and the manner in which you express that thinking, Rocky.

"I'm Losing Grip With The World" - well as far as I'm concerned personally this is perfect - right down my alley. Your views on religion are beautifully expressed with a ring of genuine truth in them. I wonder though if you would mind explaining your allegory concerning the southern household to me? I followed it part of the way but got lost by the time I finished the potatoes.

I don't remember speaking of unusual newspaper items. I find your bit about the pilots of the discs quite interesting though. I don't believe you're going to have to worry about offering them a cup of coffee and a piece of cherry pie. It follows that any being, human or e-t(I'm learning, Burnett), responsible for the construction of a disc, with the properties ascribed to same, would have to be intelligent. A technology as advanced as the discs would represent

isn't achieved by the stupid. I doubt that the instigators, if in existence, are terrestrial for the simple reason that no country of today would have reached such technological heights without forcibly impressing that technology on the other countries of this earth. It would be psychologically impossible for them to refrain from wielding such a club. And so that leaves the e-t's.

And I doubt their (the e-t's) friendliness. No, they're not unfriendly, in the general sense of the term (simply indifferent). In their place, I would inspect, and then thumb my nose (if I had one) and proceed to greener pastures. Technology aside, how about their emotional and spiritual make-up? To us, they would have, for example no emotion as we know

for example, no emotion as we know it and possibly no spiritual sense. While we to them, in this department, would probably seem like so many squalling hopelessly insane beings. For this reason, they will not bother to step out and if they did, a cup of coffee and a piece of cherry pie would do little good. Perhaps in another three or four thousand years they will step out. Now, no, unless it were for the purpose of annhilating a noisy pest.

All of Vonset wowstuff. My honest appreciation for same. Darn, I slipped, this is longer than I intended. I must preserve some reminents of enthusiasm for future mailings.

Time For The Stars - Robert Heinlein (Oct. 25)

CONFIGURATION #2 - Bill Rickhardt

I have only one small quibble concerning your answer to Gem's letter. On all counts, in your reply, you were morally correct and did a good job of defending yourself. I would like to add only that if all this was a big joke, a bit of harmless fun, I would run like hell to avoid your idea of real fun. I am more or less reconciled to it now and in the future will take nothing





that comes out of Detroit seriously, no matter what it is. I regret the loss of a person that has been a very valuable member of Saps in the past and who could be now if he didn't have such an inferiority complex. So be it. Detroit may take care of

its own, we insist our own take care of themselves. I say I am more or less reconciled, I am. But nonetheless there's still a scar left by the slash of the above mentioned bit of harmless fun. You asked that I (we members) say something and I complied. I know I'm too serious, Bill, one of my worst vices. But can't seem to change, not even for Detroit.

Mighod, what a coincidence. Aside from Lee Jacobs, Saps member of long ago, I've never seen bridge mentioned. And now all of a sudden it's pronounced twice in the same mailing. I come from a long line of bridge players and was taught to play while still in grade school. As far as I'm concerned, after playing bridge, no other card game can even approach it.

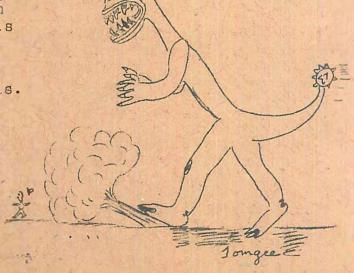
Thanks for Bradley's article. I've often wondered how the heck you estimated words for a manuscript - Jose Farmer has told me more than once but anything with figgers I conveniently forget unless its written down - or a man natch. The entire article by Bradley was welcome and Configuration was enjoyed from start to finish.

Born Leader - J.T. McIntosh (Oct.25-26)

FENDENIZEN # 6 - Elinor Busby - Gonna start your review, El, but when you get to the bottom of this

page, then skip to somewhere on page 17. Gonna put that short-short I mentioned a while back on the page facing this one. Gotta get it in hyar somewhere. Illo down in this corrrerrr is by Tom. Been forgetting to give art credits but they're signed anyhow. Juanita Coulson on the page preceding this.

Did you do the cover, El, or did Buz? Whichever(whomever, whoever?) I like. I'm grateful for the smaller Fendenizen too since I'm trying to cut comments and bhoy, has it been a battle!

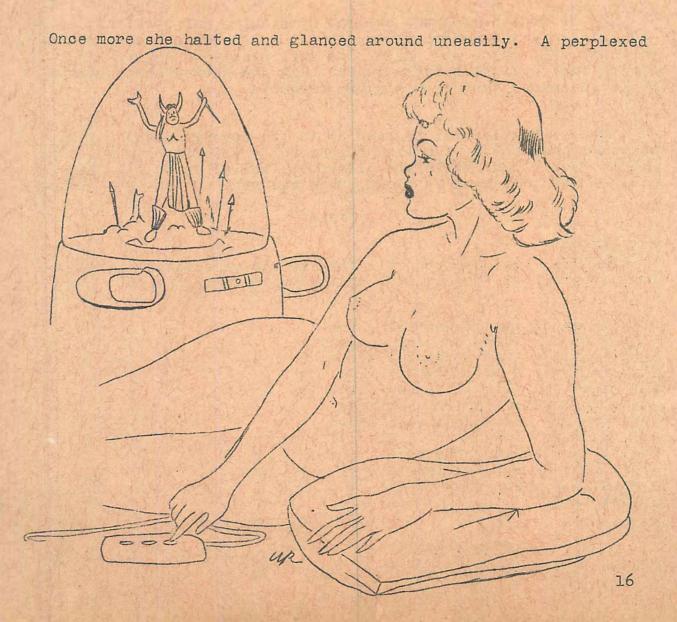


## nangee

Patsy trudged along, bemoaning the luck that had brought her to this one particular spot in the universe. As a member of the Interplanetary Police, she had to take her assignments and like them. Up to now, she had.

"Curse all those groups that have the temerity to regard themselves as completely civilized," she thought savagedly. "It always lends to trouble and yet another transfer. Why is it they have no regard for another even in minor affairs? And how will I handle it this time?"

She paused a moment to survey her surroundings, then continued at a slow pace, still thinking aloud. "I have almost run out of ideas. It'll have to be a real coup d'etat to pull it off successfully."



frown wrinkled her smooth forehead and beneath darkwinged brows her alert brown eyes questioned the environment. Long, hard training in detailed observation had brought Patsy a skill that was now instinctive.

Something was wrong, out of place. She'd had a thorough grounding in the sights, sounds, and behaviorism of the place and its inhabitants; so thorough that it was practically home to her, and something was missing from its familiar context.

Suddenly, a well-known sensation began to invade her being. She discovered she was trembling, actually shaking, and she realized with dawning apprehension that she was very cold.

"No," she gasped, "it can't be, it's impossible! I gave fair warning!" She barely had time to finish the words when she felt herself falling, whirling, in soft darkness through the mists of time, twisting, turning slowly, finally coming to rest gently on a level plain. Night enveloped her with quiet arms.

As her vision cleared, she sat up slowly, painstakingly careful not to make a sudden movement. At any undue noise, all would be lost. Silently, she raised one leg, planted a delicate but strong foot against a bulky object that she knew without seeing would be nearby, and drew a sharp breath.

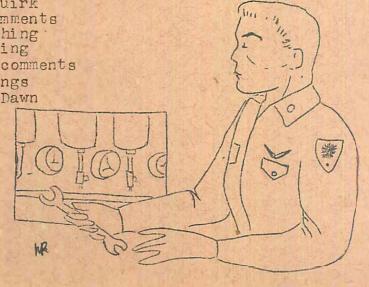
Then, being careful to hang on to its covering, she gave a sharp vicious shove, tumbling a peacefully sleeping husband onto a cold hard floor, while she blissfully rolled up in the missing blanket and went back to sleep, warm and very content with herself.

#### finis

Yes, El, I'm sure you will forgive the unnecessary interuption, won't you? Wonder if I spelled interruption right? Nope.

Its an odd psychological quirk
that I find it easy to keep comments
short about a huge wonderful thing
like Perihelion or Gabberflasting
but find it difficult to keep comments
short on smaller wonderful things
like Concept and Fendenizen. Dawn
will be five on March 19. So
Shelley is three months plus
older than Dawn. Shelley is
a beautiful name. How is the
little tab?

I don't know what eyepo means. I'm serious, I don't!



So I don't know what I told you, ask Buz, he has a good memory. Illo this page, Juanita Coulson.

I had a Saps dream not too long ago but am too lazy to dig back through my notes to find the context of the dream. A loud and pronely thing when Saps begin dreaming about Saps. If I remember correctly the Seattle fandom was involved in the dream.

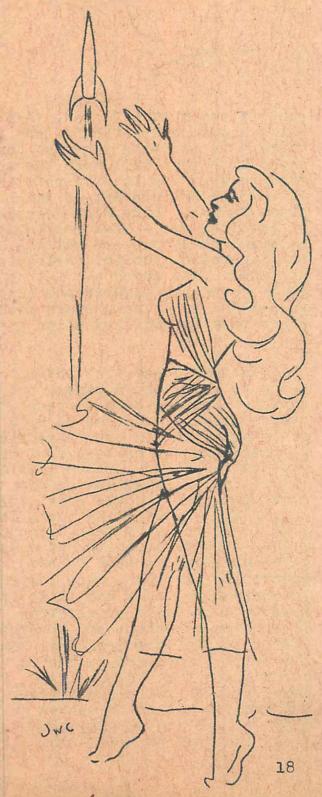
Hmmm, without exception almost everyone said nothing to Ron Parker whom I that was so out of line in his last issue and almost every one said something to Kent Moomaw whom I that rather entertaining. This indicates once again that we all listen to the sound of different drums. I don't remember being upset with Kent and I still remember being upset withRon. I'm nuts. You may agree if you wish.

I must disagree most heartily with your concept of Heinlein's wimmen. I think they are superb as wimmen - not as you implied, as heros with falsies. I think they are quite real. Or else my idea of a real woman ain't real after all. I do wonder sometimes! All I can say is that I wish I was one of Heilein's wimmen(in his stories, you dope.)

I think genius and/or IQ are as much a matter of emotional development and maturity as anything else involved. The development and maturity of the emotional and spiritual aspect of a human releases more of the mind to practical use because many of the inhibiting factors which prevent the full use of the mind are thus eliminated. Eh?

Dog-Gerel was a lovely delightful experience and so was Fendenizen. I have given you too much space awreddy, doll.

The Isotope Man - Chas. Eric Maine (Oct.26)





This is the 30th of Dec. and I have graduated to the edge of the bed, thank goodness. That's quite a diploma for my 34th birthday I would say. Got a letter here I want to publish - written by Al Toth and I didn't get his permission, in fact the letter wasn't even written to me in the first place. But he is so darned entertaining, I hate to have anyone miss it, as follows:

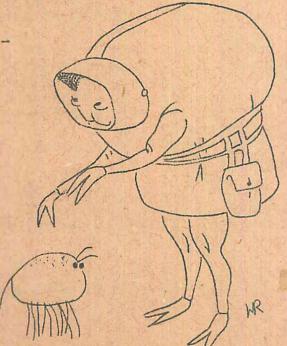
"Long time no see - guess is kind of mutual feeling of nothing much happening to write about -I mean what can you say after

sputnik and muttnik? Man, that sure shook 'em up - Washington going nuts"coordinating" - and forming more bureaus and departments - by the time they get "organized" the Reds will be on Mars. Looks like they will make the moon first, tsk - and helluva thing sending up a dog to suffocate in the interests of science. Could think of a helluva lot of human candidates, it would be good place to put. Like Redd Boggs (whatever happened to him?) story in a zine long ago - when people got space happy and got interested in space platforms and wot all, the pore fan - who was ahead of the fuggheaded public, feels resentful - we tole 'em so but no one listened. Who cared about that crazy Buck Rogers stuff and why study miserable algebra and all that egghead stuff? Wish I was an egghead so I could sneer back at the fuggheads. Hah - what price rock 'n roll and color teevee and fish tailed cars now huh?

"Wanted to say that Detroit mob fooforaw gave me a push - was

going to invest in a mimeo, but good thing the Detroiters got snotty - decided on a correspondence course instead - joined up with the cle standby that's been advertising in pulp mags for as long as I can remember - National Radio Institute but hedged til they let me sign an agreement that I could guit after paying \$25 - good thing too - looks like I bit off more than I can chew again - its fascinating but complicated and hard as hell to keep everything in mind - man, I stand in admiration, that man is so ingenious - he takes an electron flow, adds resistors and condensors (get a load of the technical terms I'm using - chee) and pushes it around from tube to tube and comes up with radio and teevee. Too bad its got to be wasted on disc jockeys and singing commer-

cials and rock 'n roll - and (ugh)



Perry Como. Even sent for one of those Geniac kits to mess with - off on an electronic kick.

"We had a helluva fire a couple weeks ago - almost looked for awhile like whole main street was going up. Gas furnace blew up in an office and all the buildings so close together, fire swept thru the partitions and before was over - two offices, two stores, and two houses(in back)were all gutted, seven fire companies from surrounding towns answered the call - smoke and flames were visible for miles and crowds were jammed for blocks watching - hot time in the ole town for sure - and yesterday was flue fire in next block - gad I'm startin' to get worried - hope you ain't the same."

Al Toth

GESP - Eney and Share - Good work, quite authentic. And an excellent dissertation on the garbling of telepathic interchange. This I appreciated very much.

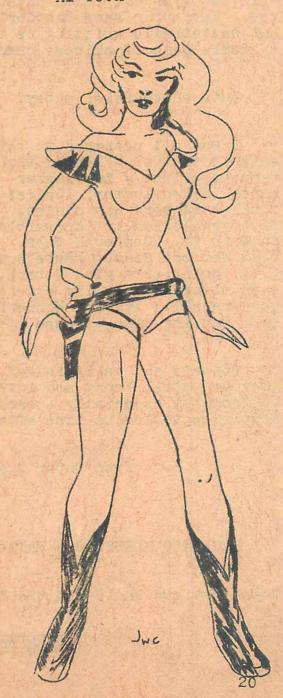
Blood Brother - Elliott Arnold (Oct.27 - 31)

Blood Brother is a tremendous book and will be added to my list of all time favorites. An apparently historically correct account of Cochise and his Apaches in their days of waning power - and very beautifully written. Superb!

THE SPINNERBEANIE REPORT - Toskey, Pfieffer, and Weber -

Ohhhh, this is fabulous and I gazed at all the photos with hungry delighted eyes. Wonderful I say with great envy.

hoppened? My gosh, girl, I missed you. Aside from the title, which is lousy, the poem on last page superb. Hmmm, next time you get into a stenciless hole or overwhelmed with daily duties, how about letting me know of your dilemna. I should be able to help somehow, if with nothing more than moral support. Hokay?



# Revolt in 2100 - Robert Heilein (Oct.31-Nov.1)

CREEP \$ 14 - Wally Weber - if it ain't #4, it's #14 - the four's have it this trip. Bridge anyone?

Fonny man of Saps, Webby the Waller. Gee whiz were those foreign baseballs whizzing overhead that early in October? Dammit I had a real fonny weber type remark thunk up here and pow - my mind went blank and I can't remember it to save my neck. That's what I get for trying to pull a Weber, it jest cain't be done by any of us erstwhile admirers. Wonder how long it will be before we have an international basketball game a'goin up thar in the wild blue yonder? With dogs and chimpanzees as the contestants yet. The human race has lost it's marbles. Heh. Maybe that's not basketballs whizzing up thar after all. Genuine marbles in a cosmic game of chinese checkers. Oh well.

Cute editorials, cutey.

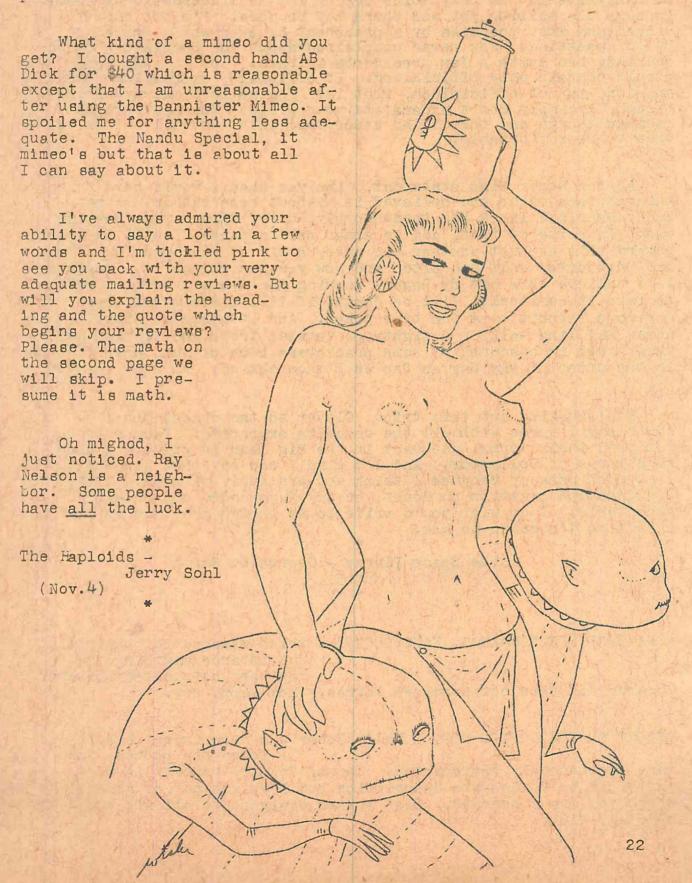
Bonnets and veils indeed. And you can do short comments and they are still fonny and interesting. I give up. Liked your Bog comment especially - hare, hare, hare. Gasp, choke, Creep continues to log up line after line of high quality credit.

From Outer Space - Hal Clement (Nov.4)

BACKWARD BLESSING - Walter Coslet - This was fine, Cos, and thanks. I appreciated the effort that went into these reviews and found the end result highly satisfactory.

THE ZED # 787 - Karen Anderson - I am absolutely green! Lynn

Hickman and I have been discussing the possibility of obtaining some of Ray Nelson's work and here you are sporting quite a bit of it. May I ask how you accomplished this?



COLLECTOR - Howard Devore - I have a feeling I'm not doing a very good job of trying to compress mlg. reviews.

Hmm, I see you disapprove of Ideograph as setting a precedent. So far yours is the only voice crying in the wilderness. I'm not through the mailing yet and there may be more. I'm not sure I understand what you mean by a precedent or even why a precedent is so upsetting. You never complained about the Spectators I did, and they had quite a few precedents in them. But you say Spec should contain only officialdom. If officials, expressing their opinion, is not officialdom, what is? You've left me way behind though, I simply don't understand your gripe. You did call me useless though and that I can understand only too well. It's too true to be comfortable.

As for Roger Sims statement, time was when I would have taken this at face value and believed it without reservation. I met Teddy Bear and liked him tremendously, brief though that meeting was. In spite of that, and in sheer self defense, I will have to regard this as just another big joke, a bit of harmless fun. You all have cried wolf too often and now you may gag on it. Basicly, I do believe this bit by Roger, knowing him - but overall I refuse to take it seriously; I'll be danged if I'll leave myself open for any more Detroit type fun type jokes. And it makes me sick. I never did like walking a tightrope between truth and fiction but when truth is obscured by some pranksters idea of fun, then fiction is the order of the day as far as I'm concerned.

Soul-shaking art this trip. Clever to the utmost the I can't say I agree with all the concepts expressed. Your reviews followed their normal adequacy in the Big Hearted style. A very nice issue of Collector. And I'm glad I can say that sincerely. I am most unhappy because I think you are angry with me. Why??? A fuggheaded question no doubt, so any fuggheaded answer will be acceptable. I do wish you'd write to me though and this is the last time I'm going to ask.

The Space Plague - George O. Smith (Nov.5)

A FANZINE FOR NORMAN G. WANSBOROUGH - which managed to thoroughly outdistance anything that has been attributed to Norm. Whoever did this out-Normaned Norman. You happy now.

REPORT ON THE LONDON CON. - Wally Weber - a nice report and I loved the photos, they were tremendously appreciated. Hmmmm, "a nice report" is most certainly an inadequate description but I've run out of adjectives where you are concerned. Tis' a fate assigned to all who succeed to well, Wally.

An earnest young fan type named Rapp Once attempted to teach every Sap That figures are great To determine ones fate And fate with his math took the Rapp!

Wal I reckon I could think up a better one than that but I have a clean-cut type mind. No doubt other Saps will take up the figure gimmick. I didn't exactly mean to be insulting in that limerick either, Rap, but you do sort of take the rap with your unpredictable predictions. Really enjoyed reading and re-reading your incomprehensible and calculating article, Art.

Bashful shy retiring Ignatz, you sounded a wee bit breathless (more so than usual) this trip. I understood Ignatz okay in between \*gaps - so it follows I'm on the wrong planet? I agree wholeheartedly. \*gasps

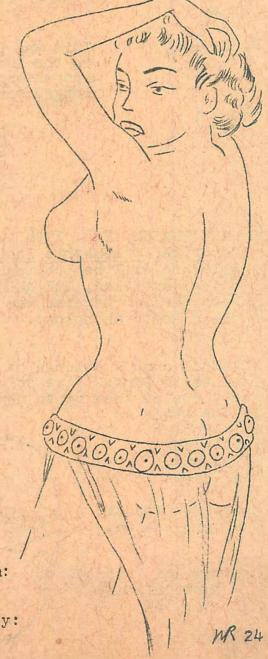
I doubt very much that a segment of humanity going berserk would be noticeable, merely a ripple on already troubled waters.

Oh dollink(courtesy Richard Eney) has no one ever explained to you the bar sinister?? Certainly Ghu appears on the 200th fandom coat-of-arms but under the shadow of the bar sinister and believe me that is advertising in reverse if I ever saw it. I've no doubt that Eney or Wrai or Karen will pounce and explain the bar sinister to you so I'll let it ride. Gotta keep this brief.

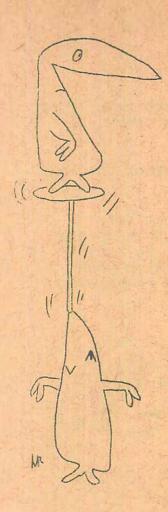
I guess I should publish my poetry in Saps more often and ask for it to be torn to bits. Several of them have been accepted for example, MUTUAL was accepted, remember it:

The breath of life or the touch of death: A transpositional shibboleth.

I re-wrote it and re-titled it thusly:



#### ENCHANTED CUP



The breath of life or the touch of death: The touch, the breath - a pure truth drop, Silvered spilling over the rim Of crystal-cupped reality.

The meaning is not changed, merely clarified somewhat(I hope). NEW ANTHENAEUM pubbed it in their Summer 1957 issue.

STARLANES published <u>Telepathy</u> - again in different form than the one I gave you last time. I originally wrote a hokku entitled <u>Telepathy</u>, thusly:

Long black pulsation Opens with velvet fingers Steel encrusted minds.

This was pubbed in SL #26. The poem Telepathy in the last issue of Nandu, the one you were commenting on, was a tanka, and merely an enlarged version of the hokku, thusly:

Long black pulsation
Throbs on velvet paws through steel
Ensepulchred minds
Clawing with gentle rage at
Veiled eternity.

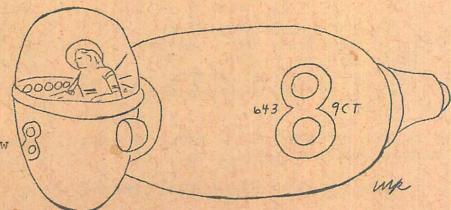
NEW ANTHENAEUM, Feb. 1958, will publish this. And joy of joys, my favorite, <u>Telepathic Inhibition</u>, was accepted(most enthusiastically) and will be published in the 1956-57 American Poets Anthology entitled, THE AMERICAN POETS SPEAK. <u>Smoke Vistas</u>, which appears earlier herein, was pubbed in SL and also in the 1955-56 American Poets Anthology.

After such a splurge of acceptance, I'll no doubt pub all my attempts in Saps. I've considered Saps many things but lucky wasn't one of them up to now. Horrors, here you are hoping Nandu will be twice as

will be twice as big - you're a glutton for punishment. Fate, sweet fate.

Thanks for Ignatz, as always, Nance.

Tomorrow And Tomorrow
Hunt Collins
(Nov. 5)



GEE ZEE - Gem Carr - 5/5 - As you know, Gem, I wrote a lengthy comment on your zine and then lifted it and sent it to you via personal letter. Someday I hope to answer your comment on my comment - if I follow my usual pattern it will be a year from now probably. Rest assured it will be sooner or later, we manage pretty well with our one or two letters a year. And thanks for Gem Zine. I still contend that we listen to the sound of different drummers, tho.

NANDU #18 - me - was great fun.

OUTSIDERS #29 - mighod! I've misplaced this!

This could become a habit, eh Ron?

The Day After Tomorrow - Robert Heinlein (Nov.6-7)

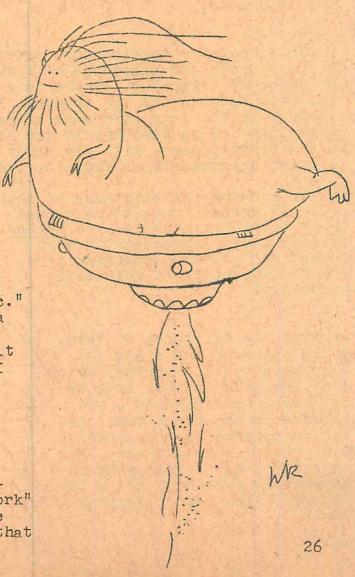
HOMO SAPS - Phil Castora - a delightfully humorous zine and one

has to read it all or little bits here and there would be entirely overlooked. Even scanning doesn't suffice and I consider this plumb uncoperative of you, Phil. But nice.

After my long and serious talk with Gem, I feel as if I were just returning from a three century binge and finding ti(it)difficult to come back to earth.

Quite a coincidence. Was reading a book and ran across the fact that "vanity of vanity, etc." was from Ecclesiasticus. What a shame, it wasn't Eney's fault after all. Wonder which book it was - You Can't Go Home Again, I think. You can't either.

You are attributing powers to me I don't have, Phil. I wouldn't know what your typo "netx" meant unless it was something obvious like having "network" in mind when you started to type "next". Maybe you had in mind that



there's not much difference between towns and networks. Or just mebbe your finger muscles jest got mixed up. Heh.

Who sez Buz doesn't like busses? Buz tells a different story if I'm to believe both he and El. Oh! The kind with wheels. Oh.

If Matheson wrote the screen play himself for THE SHRINKING MAN, how come he wrote the ending different I wonder? The power of a culture to impose? Probably.

Now looky cooky - I have a whole page of comments I'm going to cut - I'm beginning to laugh at my own efforts to keep this short and to the point. Even when I cut a whole page, I still have a whole page left. So in breifer version I hope, here are what I've left in the way of comments. And I can too spell briefer. More brief twould be more fitting. Nuts.

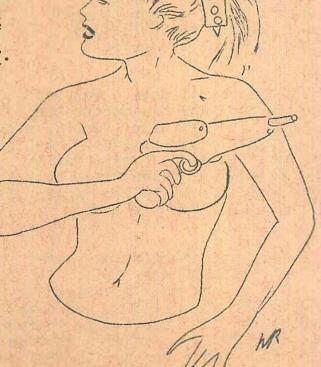
I wasn't trying to prove anything in my comments about the origin of the negro and the white man. I was merely asking some questions and giving my reactions. Which admittedly were laughable in places.

In scientific terminology, proving the existence of telepathy does not prove the existence of a soul. It merely proves the existence of telepathy. There is a long, long path between the two proofs. Basic-

ly, that is the long view goal of parapsychology and is also how it got started in the first place - with the study of supposed communications from the dead.

As for proving the existence of the soul, it doesn't have to be proved to me but in my case it is a belief. There's a big difference between belief and proving something thru the rigid portals of scientific experiment.

Proving the existence of telepathy opens up the field to
many scientific theories, which
theories will in turn have to
be proved or disproved - if
science is to accept them. As
far as science is concerned so
far, the soul is a theory, not a
scientific fact, telepathy is a
scientific fact now, not a theory.
Savvy?? What's so illogical about
that?



Darn, I could have done a much more lucid explanation if I had the time. It is sort of bumbling but perhaps you can wade through it okay. My thinking machinery is still rather vague and time is fleeting - so whether I like it or not, I'll have to let it go the way it is.

Freuding means to make a freud, and I didn't stop to check with Mr. Webster to see if he agreed that there was such a term. If you prefer, it means to make a freudo - sort of a pun on typo which is usually indicative of some psychological quirk with which lovable Freud would have great fun. I'm crazy. You'll just have to face it.

Danged if I know what percentage of animals have esp in abundance. Ask Duke University or those who are working in that particular field. Dogs and cats both seem to have a great deal of esp ability tho.

And hokay, so I should have said that the convulsions in epilepsy were the end result of disrhythmia, in which case the specialist that wrote the book from which I was quoting should have too. Maybe he doesn't know what he's talking about either, you reckon.

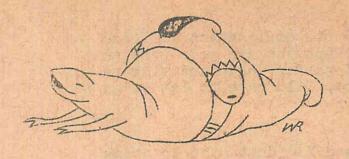
You say epilepsy isn't caused by disrythmia of the brain waves but that they're both caused by something else that is wrong. So say that is so. What is it that's causing the something else that is wrong then? Who's mis-using Aristotelian logic now I'd like to know. Aside from the fact that I don't know Aristotelian logic from Ill logic, and thus would quite logically mis-use it, you'll find out that I mis-use

most anything I take it into my head to mis-use. More fun that way. Cause and effect and cause.

Phil, Homo Saps, is not only a very fitting name, one of the best Sapszine titles I have ever seen, but it(homo saps) is a wonderful zine and I think I enjoyed it as much, if not more than you did, writing it. Your pleasure in doing this issue stuck out all over the place and as a result made it fun for us too. Thanks ever so much. Sorry I had to cut out answers to alot of your questions but chee!

The Puppet Masters - Robert Heinlein (Nov.7)





ZOBBLE #2 - Wally Weber - Hmph.
You again. I refuse
to say any more than
"this is nice." From here on I
am going to resort to understatement.

The Sultan's Warrior - Bates Baldwin (November 7-8)

SOMETHING FOR SAPS - norman wansborough - all I got to say is, keep trying, norm, and you'll eventually bring stencils and mimeo to heel. I admire your determined efforts and your unbeatable spirit in the face of great odds, no small one of which is continued Saps criticism. That alone would squelch most people in short time. I hope such spirit means you have the courage of your convictions.

JD #25 - Lynn Hickman - what does you all expect me to say about this - I read it on master, I read it when you were here, and now here it is again. It's a nice contribution to Saps but outdated and even if it weren't, I certainly never get too involved in this sort of discussion. A commendable effort nonetheless.

ARGASSY #3 - Lynn Hickman - lovely lovely art and good con report.

What there were of mailing comments were fine but my gosh did your typer get stuck or something? Or were you just stuttering - all those noteds! Ha! You're welcome I'm sure.

Episode in the Sun - Curry Holden

JD #26 - Lynn Hickman(again?!)

the short Nandu, remember?

And again, interesting but where I'm personally concerned, uncommentable. This is going to be Heh, I sure appreciate the cover you did for thish, Lynn, and I betcha you never dreamed how appropiate it would be - since I'm doing Nandu in bed. I wish I could stop worrying about you since that splurge of tornados in southern Illinois - with Mt. Vernon one of the hardest hit towns. I got a Xmas card from you and your family, postmarked Des Plaines, so I reckon your okay. Sure hope so. I'm the worrying type you know. Ah me. You is nice but do more mailing comments next time, eh?

FLABBERGNATZ - one shot - Burnett Toskey and Nance Share -

Delightful....ohhh, Toskey! What you said! Some people are willing to take ideas on faith alone you say and yet you are incapable of doing so. You say you have an analytic and materialistic mind. Mind? May I ask you, Toskey dear, on what premise you accept the idea of your mind if not on faith? I'm not speaking of your analytical and materialistic brain, I'm speaking of your mind. Besides I don't believe a word your saying and you only think you do. Underneath that materilaistic exterior of yours, you believe a lot more than you realize. So there.

And Tosk, how many present fields of serious study began with theory, speculation, and ideas? All of them. Thought is the beginning, scientific proof is the middle, and practical use the ending of what was once to all intents and purposes a wild

You, snooks, are afraid of anything

with the slightest hint of the non-physical and since reincarnation probably has had the time-worn word religion applied to it more than once, pow, as far as Burnett is concerned. You'd better face it, there is a bit of you that is all soul. And yes that is a belief, not a scientifically proven fact but it is no more belief than

your belief in your own mind.

speculative idea.

It occurred to me rather belatedly after several mailings that my use of the term reincarnation is doubtless very misleading to many. I do not mean the classic concept of souls inhabiting the bodies of animals...et al. In fact, I doubt if I could apply any formal word to my beliefs -I merely have a deep belief that death does not exist except for the body and even that is not necessary, we've merely lost our touch - and that our souls are immortal and continue to develop or the opposite, depending on what we do while inhabiting mortal bodies. Call that belief whatever you wish.

Texas Blood Red - Shepard Rifkin



HOCUS POCUS - Marty Fleischman - another very very good Sapszine.

pure enjoyable reading and an

open minded attitude that is

most refreshing. Heh. Or else we just haven't hit the right
engrams yet, eh Marty? Hocus-Pocus is fun and I loved all of it.

You wanna know something? There has been so much mention of Ec Comics, I am going to have to admit finally I don't know an Ec(is that pronounced "ech?")Comic from any other kind of comic. Would giff some enlightenment? Hush up the rest of you, I asked Marty. I can just hear the howls of anguish awreddy.

I wish I could understand how any one could find Stapledon's writing slow moving and dull. I do know a lot of people react this way but I find his works tremendous in scope and power and absolutely fascinating. So how come there is such a wide difference in reaction? Slow-moving perhaps since he covers eons in his writings but dull? Idiotic.

That joke about the ant - on first reading it does seem



tragic. But upon thinking about it, the subtleness of the joke becomes more apparent. At first glance, one thinks only of the 20 years of hard work being crushed in an instant. At second glance, one realizes the beautiful satire on the worth of civilization. Lovely.

You asked if there were any amateurs in Saps. We're loaded, kid, we're loaded.

Marty, Hocus-Pocus, and thus you afforded me a great deal of reading pleasure. I hope you are able to take my word for that since I doubt very much if this review reveals much one way or tother. Attempting to keep my comments short is horribly inhibiting not to mention all the other adverse circumstances.

Dodge City - Queen of Cowtowns - Stanley Vestal

Don't remember when I read these last few books in case anyone is wondering.

AGHAST #1; #12 - Bill Myers - Lovely lovely Bill. I mean Aghast not you, though maybe you are lovely too. One would never know you hadn't been in Saps for years. Heh. You little black blob you. I nearly had fits when I read your account of trying to handle a mimeo. And please if Bob Farnham comes to see you, will you give him my best wishes. He is a very nice person, we pubbed a fanzine together and I had the distinct pleasure of meeting him, but I've sort of lost track of him since.

I love Rotsler nudes. I'm a woman. So where does that leave me? In your opinion? Out in the cold? I have a feeling I should not have asked that.

I think your statement to Wrai "must you continue to publish these mere pamphlets" should go down in history as a fannish great. I appreciate this sort of subtle subtlty muchly, even if I can't spell. I that the stormy windy setting for your comment writing was superb. Did you hear footsteps? All I've heard this time is me coughing.

Oh you kid! Your comment on Telepathic Inhibition I cannot pass for it was the most telling comment in the entire mailing. Either you were the only one (aside from one or two others) who read it - or else you have the courage of your convictions. You have a ghood subconscious and you is a ghood man, bless you.

This seems a mighty poor return for an excellent and highly enjoyable Aghast. But I swore a mighty oath I would halve Nandu and you can't say I haven't at least tried. You are fun to have around and don't go away.

End As A Man - Calder Willingham

Take my word for it and don't bother reading that last book. Sheer vulgar crud, and a blight on the writing profession.

Don't forget that the bacover is a statement of political and campaign policy. And thus ends my 34th birthday, Dec.30. One more page, I'd have had a page for each year of my earth life. Skoal!



