

# NANDU

VOLUME TWO - NUMBER ONE

S  
A  
P  
S  
  
M  
A  
I  
L  
I  
N  
G  
  
N  
U  
M  
B  
E  
R  
  
T  
W  
E  
N  
T  
Y  
  
S  
I  
X  
  
D  
E  
C  
E  
M  
B  
E  
R



I  
S  
S  
U  
E  
  
N  
U  
M  
B  
E  
R  
  
F  
I  
V  
E  
  
F  
I  
R  
S  
T  
  
A  
N  
N  
I  
V  
E  
R  
S  
A  
R  
Y

1953

200 TH FANDOM

"de garren haa det  
gut"



# NANDU # 5

25th mlg.  
Dec. '53

Nan Gerding, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois

## CONTENTS

FRONT COVER	Bergeron	
BACOVER(inside)	Bob Farnham	
BACOVER(outside)	Wrai Ballard	
DEAR SAPIARY	Nangee	page 1
Illo	Share	page 3
CAROUSEL	Anonymous	page 6
TRANTOR		page 3
SPACEWARP		" 3
BERGERON'S FOLLIES		" 3
WARHOOM		" 3
GEMTONES		" 3
Illo	Share	page 12
MO SUKOSHI KABU		page 13
SPRING HAS CAME AND WENT		" 13
IGNATZ		" 13
NANDU		" 13
MAINE-IAC		" 13
FALLING PETALS		" 13
DEFINITION	Garth Bentley	page 14
Illo	Reamy	page 15
PHILCON OR PHILBUST	Bob Farnham	page 16
GHU SAPLEMENT		page 21
BARSOOM BUGLE		" 21
DODO		" 21
GRAPHOLOGY READING(Wrai Ballard)		page 22
CREEP		page 26
BOOK OF PTOTH		" 26
YDMOS		" 26
DIE ZEIT-etc.		" 26
Illo	Share	page 27
JACKSON AND THE REAL GONE BEANSTALK	Jay Cordes	page 28
Illo	DEA	page 30
Poem	Truda McCoy	" 30
SPECTATOR	ATTENTION FEN	page 31
OUTSIDERS	REVOLVIN' DEVELOPMENT	" 31
DO IT NOW	THE ARCHIVES	" 31
UP-SIDE-UP		" 31
Illo	Reamy	page 32



WINTER CHRISTMAS

# 2

25th mld  
Dec '23



WINTER CHRISTMAS		# 2		25th mld Dec '23	
1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66
67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78
79	80	81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101	102
103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114
115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126
127	128	129	130	131	132
133	134	135	136	137	138
139	140	141	142	143	144
145	146	147	148	149	150
151	152	153	154	155	156
157	158	159	160	161	162
163	164	165	166	167	168
169	170	171	172	173	174
175	176	177	178	179	180
181	182	183	184	185	186
187	188	189	190	191	192
193	194	195	196	197	198
199	200	201	202	203	204
205	206	207	208	209	210
211	212	213	214	215	216
217	218	219	220	221	222
223	224	225	226	227	228
229	230	231	232	233	234
235	236	237	238	239	240
241	242	243	244	245	246
247	248	249	250	251	252
253	254	255	256	257	258
259	260	261	262	263	264
265	266	267	268	269	270
271	272	273	274	275	276
277	278	279	280	281	282
283	284	285	286	287	288
289	290	291	292	293	294
295	296	297	298	299	300
301	302	303	304	305	306
307	308	309	310	311	312
313	314	315	316	317	318
319	320	321	322	323	324
325	326	327	328	329	330
331	332	333	334	335	336
337	338	339	340	341	342
343	344	345	346	347	348
349	350	351	352	353	354
355	356	357	358	359	360
361	362	363	364	365	366
367	368	369	370	371	372
373	374	375	376	377	378
379	380	381	382	383	384
385	386	387	388	389	390
391	392	393	394	395	396
397	398	399	400	401	402
403	404	405	406	407	408
409	410	411	412	413	414
415	416	417	418	419	420
421	422	423	424	425	426
427	428	429	430	431	432
433	434	435	436	437	438
439	440	441	442	443	444
445	446	447	448	449	450
451	452	453	454	455	456
457	458	459	460	461	462
463	464	465	466	467	468
469	470	471	472	473	474
475	476	477	478	479	480
481	482	483	484	485	486
487	488	489	490	491	492
493	494	495	496	497	498
499	500	501	502	503	504
505	506	507	508	509	510
511	512	513	514	515	516
517	518	519	520	521	522
523	524	525	526	527	528
529	530	531	532	533	534
535	536	537	538	539	540
541	542	543	544	545	546
547	548	549	550	551	552
553	554	555	556	557	558
559	560	561	562	563	564
565	566	567	568	569	570
571	572	573	574	575	576
577	578	579	580	581	582
583	584	585	586	587	588
589	590	591	592	593	594
595	596	597	598	599	600
601	602	603	604	605	606
607	608	609	610	611	612
613	614	615	616	617	618
619	620	621	622	623	624
625	626	627	628	629	630
631	632	633	634	635	636
637	638	639	640	641	642
643	644	645	646	647	648
649	650	651	652	653	654
655	656	657	658	659	660
661	662	663	664	665	666
667	668	669	670	671	672
673	674	675	676	677	678
679	680	681	682	683	684
685	686	687	688	689	690
691	692	693	694	695	696
697	698	699	700	701	702
703	704	705	706	707	708
709	710	711	712	713	714
715	716	717	718	719	720
721	722	723	724	725	726
727	728	729	730	731	732
733	734	735	736	737	738
739	740	741	742	743	744
745	746	747	748	749	750
751	752	753	754	755	756
757	758	759	760	761	762
763	764	765	766	767	768
769	770	771	772	773	774
775	776	777	778	779	780
781	782	783	784	785	786
787	788	789	790	791	792
793	794	795	796	797	798
799	800	801	802	803	804
805	806	807	808	809	810
811	812	813	814	815	816
817	818	819	820	821	822
823	824	825	826	827	828
829	830	831	832	833	834
835	836	837	838	839	840
841	842	843	844	845	846
847	848	849	850	851	852
853	854	855	856	857	858
859	860	861	862	863	864
865	866	867	868	869	870
871	872	873	874	875	876
877	878	879	880	881	882
883	884	885	886	887	888
889	890	891	892	893	894
895	896	897	898	899	900
901	902	903	904	905	906
907	908	909	910	911	912
913	914	915	916	917	918
919	920	921	922	923	924
925	926	927	928	929	930
931	932	933	934	935	936
937	938	939	940	941	942
943	944	945	946	947	948
949	950	951	952	953	954
955	956	957	958	959	960
961	962	963	964	965	966
967	968	969	970	971	972
973	974	975	976	977	978
979	980	981	982	983	984
985	986	987	988	989	990
991	992	993	994	995	996
997	998	999	1000	1001	1002

I see I pulled my usual boner—TRANTOR and zines following are on page 11, not 3 as listed. (damnit)

Happy Holiday Season

DEAR SAPIARY



November 11, 1953, Wednesday

Well, this issue is all stenciled with the exception of the contents page and what I'm writing now. This really should be called NANDIDN'T instead of NANDU since so little of it is my own writing. Even the mailing comments aren't mine and even though there are five pages of those, if the artwork were cut out, there

would be only about two pages in all. A drastic change in my policy I must admit. Guess I'm just lazy because it is really so much easier to print someone else's stuff than to go through the agony of writing something myself. Believe me, children, it is agony for me to write. However, I'm beginning to feel awfully guilty about doing so little of it --- I reckon I'll have to endure the agony and with next issue contribute a little more from my pen than I have been doing--or should I say typer???? Frankly, I don't know who will suffer the most from such a move--you or me but there's nothing like finding out, there there? This is not a definite threat though because maybe my conscience will evaporate in the interval between this mailing and the next one. Hero's hoping.

Three of my old stand-bys aren't in this issue; namely, Garth Bentley, Orma McCormick, and Jack-the-Ripper. Whoops! Take that back. Garth is represented. Well, at least one of them is present in the birthday issue of NANDU. DEA has one full page illo and the poem appearing with this pic was written by Truda McCoy. The front cover was done by Richard Bergeron, and the outside bacover was done by Wrai Ballard. The inside bacover was done by Bob Farnham. Other artists represented are Reamy and Harness.

Jay Cordes of Pekin has a short short and there's another fiction piece by Anonymous. This story presents a moot point. I have no faith in the fact that you'll even be able to read it. Why? Because I had to get smart and mess around with the format and after folding and refolding stencils a dozen times---shrug, I'll be surprised if it does print legibly at all. I thought I would do all fiction pieces over one page in length this way so you readers could differentiate the fiction from other material at a glance. It's only fair since most of you detest fiction and probably won't read it. This way you'll know what to skip. However, I don't know whether I'll ever have the nerve to tackle it again; at least with regular stencils. Have you ever folded a stencil and tried to get it in a typer without wrinkling it and still get it straight? And then taken it out and repeated the process so you could type the other half--and still have it all match when you're through? Haw! Take it from me, don't try it! It won't come out even and you most likely will lose your reason too.

Bob Farnham has a Phillycon report and there is an extremely interesting graphology reading. Guess that's about everything. The pages are not numbered and for all I know, they may never be. If such is the case, you'll have to hunt for everything. Otherwise, you can read the contents and skip all this space gas.



Irene Baron has an excellent idea. I second the motion. I hereby state that I am one of your staunch, most staunch, supporters, Irene. Hmm. No semantics involved in that statement either. WB in '54. WB in '54. Let me know, Irene, what to do to start the ball rolling. After all, I see no reason why the Saps shouldn't send their OE to the Frisco con. WB in '54.

Bert didn't come through with any Hinkie Pinkies this time. I'm sure all of you just feel terrible?! And as he didn't have the answers to the last ones--he did remember some of them later--then any of you are correct I reckon. Jack Harness sent me some hinkie pinkies--I weep copiously ----I lost them. So no hinkie pinkies.

Seems that I forgot Nance Share when I was mentioning artists. She is well represented this issue including some geometrical drawings of hers that she may well have forgotten she ever did. Must have been a full year and a half since she sent them to me...there is one on the opposite page.

The theme of this issue is fanart. I have no idea yet how the illos will turn out because I'm never sure of myself when I'm stenciling art. I will know more about it after I start printing. In any case, each artist has a distinct style and I hope I managed to present the difference capably. I used all the different means I could think of and made up a few too in reproducing the art this issue. I doff my hat to fan artists. I couldn't get along with out them and I've never used the work of any fan artist that I didn't think was excellent...at least not yet. Three cheers for all fan artists - they work awfully damned hard and get little in return for their efforts.

The moral of this issue is "de garron haa dot gut" --theme song of 200th fandom. Long may it live!

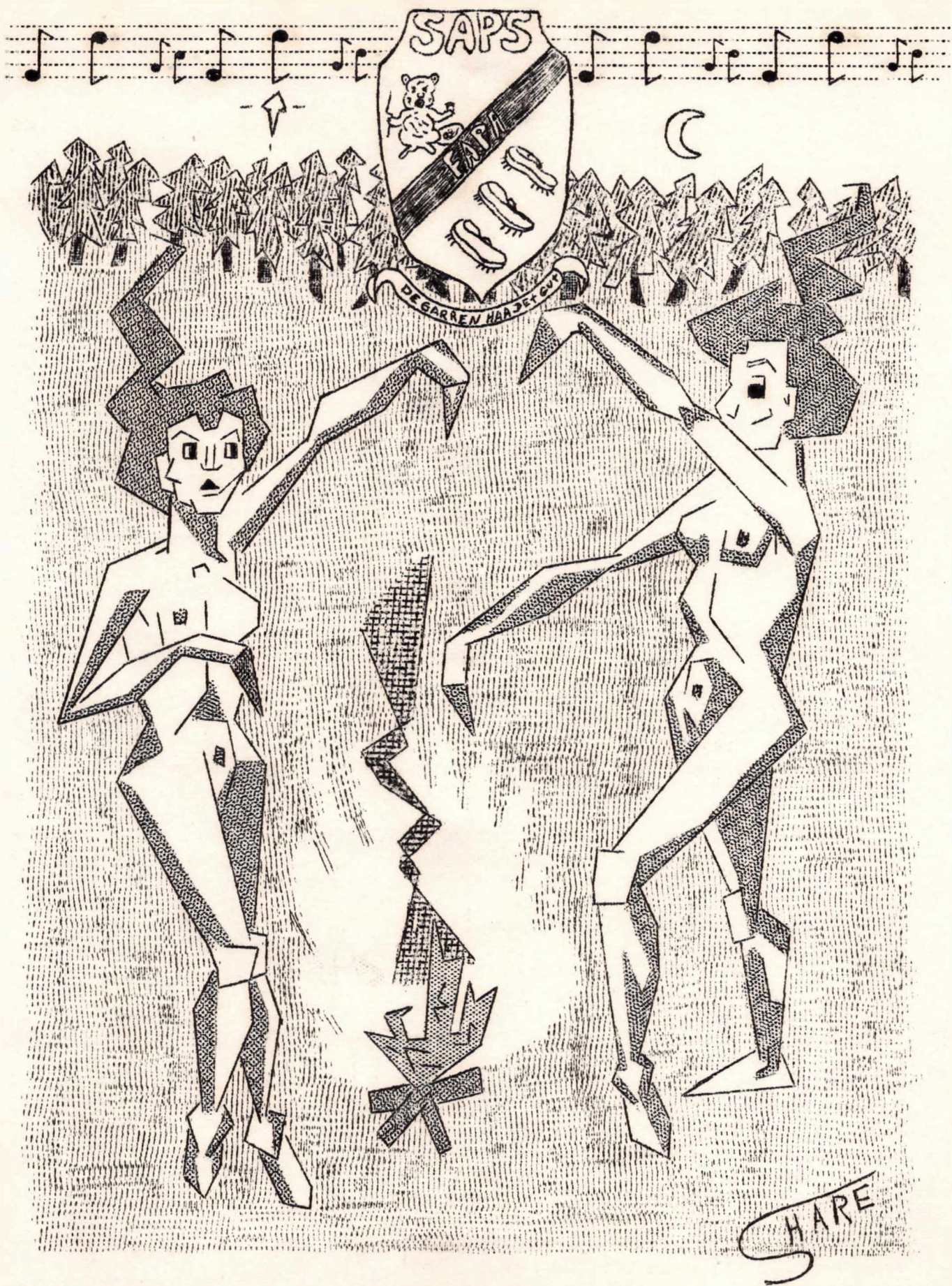
Oh, forgot. The covers for the first installment of THE BALLARD CHRONICLES are in this mailing. Two covers for each of you. I thought it would afford more protection for the mss. Don't know whether I can get the covers done for the second installment in time for this mailing or not. If not, they'll be in the next mailing. Tom Reamy is doing them, bless him.

The biggest little paper in fandom is John Magnus' "smug".....a weekly paper crammed with news of fandom and delightfully presented. First time in my life I felt like plugging something voluntarily.

My what a bunch of eager beavers you are! Only one person sent in an answer to WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD as far as I know and that answer was wrong. John Davis says more of I Love A Twist but makes no attempt to solve the puzzle. And here I had feared that I had made it too easy! I even cut out some of the clues because I thought it would be a dead giveaway. Did I overestimate the gray matter of the members of this sterling organization? Well, I'm not giving you any more clues. You see I'm not all sweetness and light-I'm no angel. I have a lot to learn from ROSCOE I guess. His sacred followers of his sacred person should be all sweetness and light but I am just a neo-ROSCONIAN. In spite of that, I know











Handwritten signature or text, possibly reading "HARD" or "HARDY".

that ROSCOE is ALL and that other ghods(so-called)are false--in particular ghu and phthalo. Down with all false ghods. ROSCOE shall always be victor. De garren haa det gut!



A merry Christmas to all of you. Know what Christmas means to me? It is a time for thinking of friends. It is one day that people everywhere seem to feel a common bond and it tends to bind them together at least for a little while. That is true of the lesser holidays too as far as I'm concerned anyhow. I always find myself thinking of friends at such times, wondering if they're having a good time, what they're doing if they're happy, and

wishing each and every one of them the very best. They don't know that of course for it's merely a mental process on my part but I feel happy and content during Christmas because I feel much closer to people, both here and everywhere.

I've been feeling guilty again. This time it concerns a sentence in John Davis' Ghu Saplement which I censored. If it had been said just about me, I'd have let it go. But after all, he said it about some other people too and they would probably like to know what he thinks of them. So here is the part I censored: "super-munificent magnificent marmoset type of being". MY GHOD!

This is Armistice Day. Sardonic. With things embroiled and boiling as they are, we should celebrate Armistice Day? (If you ask me, the First World War has never stopped.) Take for example, perhaps a minor example but an example just the same....gads, come to think of it, this minor example may not turn out to be so minor in the future. Anyhow, take for example, the case of two supposedly clear-thinking countries like the U.S. and Britian pulling such an ill-timed and diplomatic blunder as they pulled October 8th of this year in Trieste. That little deal represents very very clearly, rather it proves very clearly that a big country can tell a little country what to do but it doesn't always follow that the little country will do it. Poor Trieste. Armistice Day, indeed. It would be rather frustrating I would think to run across a problem which seems to be unsolvable such as this one. Even I feel frustrated just thinking about it and I don't have to solve it. Ah me.

Dear Gem, I agree. It's completely nauseating. But I can feel things brewin', old dear. Keep your eyes and ears open and maybe someone will find a cure for the nausea.

Leo Jacobs, I don't want to be friends with you. Naw. Too boring. Let's be enemies! Lots more fun that way!

Glad to see McNeil come forth with some mailing comments. Too bad, worse than that--it's a dastardly(wheee, that was a happy typo!) shame that I have to agree with the comment you made concerning NANDU. If you'll



check, McNeil, you'll see that I spoke rather disparagingly myself of the issue in question. I enjoyed YDOMS and it hurts like hell to admit it.

Rapp, if you don't stop saying that this Nandu is an improvement over the last Nandu, you're gonna get in a rut, boy. Come on, let's sing a different tune. The picture on the last page was not a picture of "trackshoes"; it was merely dedicated to same. Ah yes, trackshoes! You know what trackshoes are, surely? trackshoetrackshoetrackshoetrackshoes!!!!

Gryphon! Haw! TRANTOR was wonderful as usual even if it was shorter. The stenciling and printing is superb.

I don't know whether I remember all the Saps I met at the Phillycon or not. And, by Ghod, I wasn't drunk either as Howard Devore most emphatically stated. Hummph. But Irene Baron I remember very well and thank ROSCOE I had the opportunity of meeting her. It was a pleasure. Howard Devore is delightful. The first thing he said to me was, "I saw you last night but didn't introduce myself because I thought you were drunk!" Just the same, Howard Devore is delightful. Ed Cox -- now there is a fellow. Frankly, I was scared utterly speechless of everything and everybody and if Ed hadn't squirmed me around, I most certainly wouldn't have enjoyed the convention as much as I did. I'm eternally grateful to both Ed and Eva Firestone. I didn't get to be with Wally Zober at all but I was certainly impressed with what little I did see of him. By the way, Wally, where are the pictures you promised me? Bob Silverberg -- well, I was introduced to him and shook hands and that's the last I saw of him. But, if you wish to go on first impressions, and I do, he's a swell person. Robert Glenn, the other half of TRANTOR, is an enigma. Tsk, the master of TRANTOR is surely a good looking master. But Bob must either have been bored to death or just plain shy -- I didn't hear him speak over ten words and I don't recall ever seeing him smile. From the tone of his convention report, I think he must have been merely bored. Roger Sims -- he's wonderful -- hope he doesn't mind my saying so. Hal Shapiro -- ahhaaaa! A real sweetheart and Nance -- a companion to him. I wonder if that's everyone? In any case, I didn't meet one Saps that I didn't think was pretty wonderful, each in his or her own right.

Toth, I don't understand what you mean by "you shouldn't make generalizations including this one". THE BOOK OF PTOH came out of the darkness into the light indeed. And I loved all of it. The only puzzle that I worked was the one with the Saps names; mostly because it looked as if it would be the easiest. My answer: Alger, Gerding, Gluck, Kruse; Jacobs Silverberg, Bergeron; Ballard, Dard, Davis, Sharf, Eney; and Coslet, Toth Higgs, Shapiro. I got too involved in that damned Rapp's SPACE GAME to ever run such a risk again.

You say, Wrai, that unlike Eney, you let the stars get in your eyes and the moon change your mind. Certainly that's what I meant..you are most astute. Surely I'm a philanthropist. Didn't you know? By Ghod, trackshoes, indeed. Do garren haa det gut! Long live 200th fandom. ROSCOE is allllllllllllll! Well, guess I've reached the end of this hodgepodge -- and am I glad. Goodbye stenciling and hello mimeo -- you little blackhearted son of a spacedog! I hate stenciling, I hate mimeographing, I hate -- orrrr, naw I'm just tired.....November 13th...glad I had some space here. The contents page is a holy mess. All those page three's should be page eleven's & page 18 I left out -- a Share illo -- and page 32, the Reamy illo, doesn't even exist. But I should do it over?? Hardly. I'm so sick and tired of this issue that I am tempted to throw it in the wastebasket -- made more mistakes on the contents page and the four pages of DEAR SAPIARY than I did in all the rest of it -- plague and the Martians take it.....I quit...Nangoos This is supposed to be page five and who the hell cares I wonder????????



# CAROUSEL

Anonymous

The records from which this historical narrative was taken were found in the cornerstone of the old Weatherbee Chronicle building, the home of a newspaper which flourished and prospered during the years 1849 to 1901 when it was put out of business by a mysterious and terrible explosion and fire completely destroyed the building, despite the valiant efforts of fire fighters from four surrounding towns.

Three attempts were made to rebuild the Chronicle Building but all endeavor to reconstruct it was abandoned when each attempt was defeated by explosions and fire, the causes of which have never been determined.

Two years after the attempts to rebuild the Chronicle were abandoned, the editor of that newspaper who was the most active in the above mentioned attempts, was found dead one dawn of a terribly warm Sunday. He was hastily placed in his grave when police found his features crushed in and bearing the mark of a cloven hoof. No explanation has ever been forthcoming for the death of Editor Ephraim Jones. The police records of the case disappeared.

The facts have been presented here as they were found in the records discovered in the cornerstone and the reader hereof is free to form his or her own opinions.

-----The Author





# C A R O U

The month of July, 1853, was the hottest that the little town of Weatherbee had ever known. The sun beat down from a cloudless sky with a fervidness that defied even the most hardy citizen to show his face out of doors. The asphalt roadways were soft and vehicles that found it necessary to be abroad during the heat of day left rut-like tracks which filled slowly in. On this Sunday morning, Father Brinker stood at the open doors of his little church wondering how large an attendance he would have in the sweltering heat.

Father Brinker mopped his bald pate and stared with what almost became unbelief as carriage after carriage pulled to a stop along the street and reins were hitched to hitching posts. The Parish was dutifully appearing for Sunday worship. The smile on Father Brinker's features belied the tiny crow's feet around his eyes that bespoke of weariness and fatigue.

Solemnly, the Parish took their places in the accustomed pews and in short time all were present. The services were opened with an invocation. Afterwards, the Sky Pilot told his Parish that because of the unusual and depressing heat, he would dispense with his usual sermon and instead they would sing a few hymns, offer a prayer to their Maker, and then they could return to their homes for the heat made saintliness a trying occupation, and tempers were short. Peace and quiet and rest were in order till things cooled off.

The look of relief that passed over the faces of some of his Parish made Father Brinker wonder just how many of them meant business in coming to worship.

The organ began with a soft soothing flow of mu-

# S E 1 (anonymous)

sic which seemed to tell of cooler happier and far more pleasant lands.....

When the hymn had come to an end, the organ fell silent and Father Brinker, stepping up to his pulpit, swung open his big Bible.

"I promised to dispense with my usual sermon, but I think that we had best consider a few short verses in the Holy Bible. I'll not take long and will discuss a subject that is close to every one of us. It is this: Can a man's Conscience be his true guide?"

"Father Brinker took a deep breath and....held it.

Father Brinker, as had everyone else, had been struck motionless with an unnamed fear when there came a shriek from the organ like a lost soul suffering the Ultimate in unholy torture. Shriek after shriek rent the hot air. Then as suddenly as it had begun, the organ was silent. For a full five minutes, no one moved. No one spoke. Then there came a terrific sigh as everyone let go of pent up breath and began to inhale again, albeit, far from normally.

Now five minutes may not have been the actual length of time that all held their breath but to most it seemed far longer - a lifetime - an eternity.

Father Brinker stepped down to the pipe organ and peered closely at it. He opened the little door in the back which gave access to the power switch. It was off. He looked around for the organist but she had apparently departed the immediate vicinity; in the belief that her duties at the console were ended.



Finding nothing wrong, Father Brinker once more stepped into the pulpit and continued his discussion concerning a man's Conscience being his guide. He finished his talk, and as he did so, the organ began a soft hymn. No one thought anything of it this time as the pipe organist had supposedly returned to play the hymns for the closing services.

The organ suddenly switched from the stately, "Nearer My God To Thee" to the equally unstately, "There Will Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight!" The entire congregation, including Father Brinker, were paralyzed with astonishment, tinged not a little with dread. The organ switched to another risque tune, "They May Be Old But They Have Young Ideas" and hit up a rag time rhythm that, despite their presence in a holy place, set more than one pair of feet a-tingle with a diabolic desire to trip the light fantastic. Then once more the organ switched tempo to the semireligious and the opening bars of "God Save The King" filled the rafters with sweetness.

Suddenly a vagrant gust of torrid air blew over the small screen that stood between the Parish and the console set.

Naturally, all eyes swung in the direction of the disturbance and screams of hysterical terror, deep-toned shouts from the men, filled the church and drowned out the notes from the organ when all could see that there was no one seated at the console or the powerful pipe organ!

Matilda Jinks, the Town Crier of Gossip stood nearest the organ and her startled eyes saw the bass pedals going up and down, the black and white keys on the keyboard depress and rise as though they were played by invisible and mischievous fingers.

Pandemonium let loose when she saw the muter-pedals pressed down and a terrific blasting roar of music

struck listening and aching ears. Matilda Jinks rolled her eyes to heaven, gave a moaning sigh and collapsed on the floor in front of her pew.

Other eyes looked to see what had frightened Matilda Jinks enough to cause her to faint and saw the same thing she had. They saw even more - or thought they did. From over the top of the console's music rack leered the upper half of a red, demoniac face, surmounted with two short red horns. Miss Lizzy Lates, a young lady of some forty-two summers, not to mention the winters, gave vent to a long drawn out scream of absolute terror. It was not so absolute however as to prevent her from gathering her skirts above a still very pretty pair of shapely knees and logging it hell-for-leather down the aisle and towards the street door. The wind had swung the door almost closed but so great was her emotion and need for haste that Lizzy Lates paused not a whit but went right through the door without a moment's hesitancy.

Her abrupt flight broke the stasis which had been holding the Parish rigid and the entire congregation moved as one person toward the street exit.

The natural result when some sixty people attempt to pass en masse through a door normally accomodating but two or three is a jam that puts the traffic jams of holidays to utter shame.

Sixty terrified souls struggled to pass through this door and the resulting strain on the door frame and that part of the wall to which it was made fast at last overcame the wall's inertia, and the whole section gave way with a splintering, earth shaking crash.

Out upon the street poured the maddened congregation and not until they were nearly a block from their church did their fear and trembling start to leave them and sanity take its place.

(next page)

It took considerably longer in the telling than it did in the doing, and before Father Brinker could step down from his pulpit and reach his beloved Parishoners, they had reached the street and fled the vicinity. But before they could get further than the one short block, there came from the Holy House a renewed burst of music, it's throbbing roaring voice seeming to command their very senses and like people in a heavy trance, they faced again toward the church and slowly retraced their steps.

The awful blasts of sound emerging from the building carried far and wide on the still hot air and other churches holding their own services had them abruptly interrupted by the weird music. It finally irritated their curiosity to the point where no one was able to sit still any longer and the other two churches of Weatherbee erupted their occupants. These curious individuals made their way toward the church of Father Brinker to find out what was behind all this irreverant uproar, only to fall victims themselves to the unseen force which was emanating from the music.

Then the strangest sight that mortal man had ever seen was witnessed upon that hot street in front of Sky Pilot Brinker's place of worship. The older folks, who of course held their services before the Sunday School class, were swept as by an invisible wind out into the street and their shoes became sticky with the soft asphalt.

At this point, the musical ravings coming from the renegade pipe organ took on a new note. There poured from it's mighty pipes the stirring and blood warming strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" and men and women joined in a wild abandoned dance beneath the glaring sun. Around and around and around they whirled, sweat pouring down their faces like a miniature Niagara Falls. Clothing became saturated and stuck to sweat-beaded bodies.



The music changed. The wild strains of "Ta Ra Boom Dee Ay" filled the air with a faster rhythm than the writer had ever intended and the swirling of the dancers grew faster and faster.

Right in front of the church from the doorway of which Father Brinker stared in utter disbelief and horror, tragedy struck a dancing pair. Mrs. Marybelle Junker, acid tongued purveyor of choice bits of scandal, bent a knee in her wild dance and split the back of her dress from collar to hem. She ignored the torn dress as it fell from her tall angular frame to expose a gorgeous orchid tinted slip, and the lower half of an oversized pair of crimson lined bloomers. Her male partner, sweating profusely, hitched irritatedly at his suspenders and the sweat saturated trousers stuck to his body, the suspenders broke, and his trousers fell uninhibitedly to the ground.

Shriek after shriek of ribald and uncontrolled laughter rose to the burning sky from goggle-eyed teenagers when he exposed a torso clad exactly as it was at birth. Gripped in the unholy spell of the organ's music they danced on. Down the street, a few feet away, similar events were taking place....and so it went. The music tempo increased and they whirled faster and faster.....

Suddenly, without warning, the music stopped and a dead silence settled down on the teeming scene. With the cessation of the organ's madness, the spell which had gripped the oldsters was broken and sanity returned. Cries, yells, and screams, ribald comment from the male victims themselves brought the attention of the luckless ones to their undressed state and an immediate exodus began. The victims streamed at top speed toward their buggies or nearby homes, and as the street was cleared, the organ music began as suddenly as it had stopped. This time it was the teen-agers who were caught by the terrible and merciless force it seemed to exert.



The same scene was repeated with the younger set but at a much nadder pace.

While the teen-agers danced, Father Brinker at last obtained command of his feet and sense and descended to the street in a vain attempt to persuade the younger set to cease their irreverent dancing on the holy day.

Then Father Brinker felt the mysterious influence taking hold of him and he turned tail to flee, hardly putting a foot to the ground as he raced away with the black cloth of his profession streaming out behind him.

The organ music ceased. It was to remain silent forever after.

Released from it's grip, the teen-agers stared at each other with glazed eyes in which the look of sanity slowly returned. They looked around them with unspoken questions in their weary eyes, too tired and too frightened to investigate circumstances very deeply and with a silent mutual agreement, they turned homeward.....

\*\*\*\*\*

To this day, no explanation has been found for the weird and unholy events that took place on East Morris Street that stifling evil day in July, 1853. Father Brinker's church was never used again. It stands today a crumbling aged edifice, it's insides long since gone with the passage of time and storms. Nothing remains but its stone walls and even they are slowly returning to the earth from which they came.

Rank weeds and vegetation have all but covered the crumbling heap from sight.

On the street near the curbing in front of

the building lies a huge block of crumbling sandstone and no one ever stops or even passes near this stone. In the side of the stone facing the street is a mark, clearly and deeply imprinted, which could only have been made by a large cloven hoof.

Above the mark of the hoof, faint but startlingly clear is the outline of a satanic horned human head.





TRANTOR

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;--  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!1



SPACEWARP

To write well is to think well,  
to feel well, and to render well;  
it is to possess at once intel-  
lect, soul, and taste.2

BERGERON'S FOLLIES

Simplicity is an exact medium  
between too little and t o o

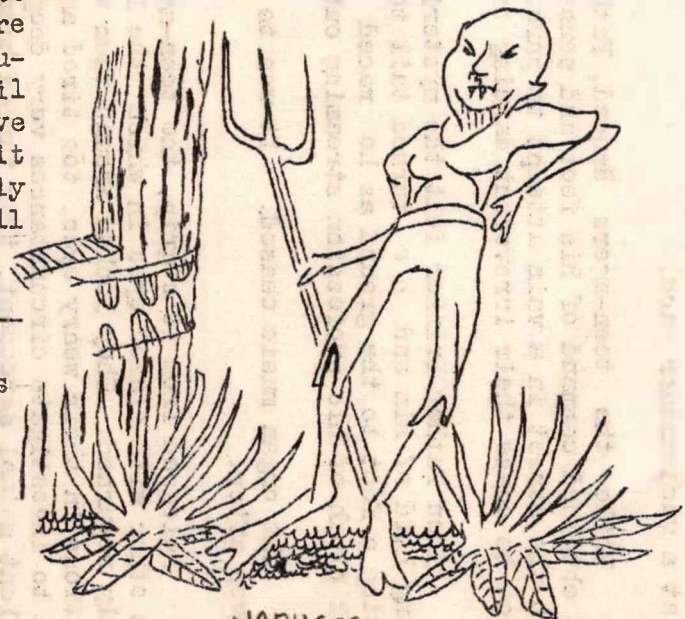
much.4

WARHOON

A picture i s a poem without  
words.5

GEMTONES

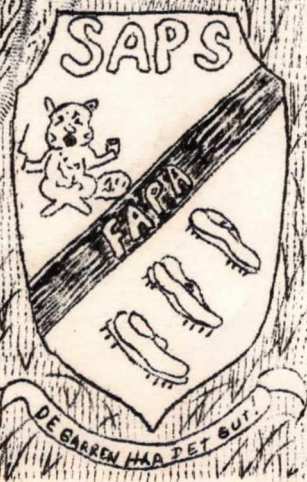
Even the cleverest and most perfect  
circumstantial evidence is likely to  
be at fault after all, and therefore  
ought to be received with great cau-  
tion. Take the case of any pencil  
sharpened by any woman; if you have  
witnesses, you will find she did it  
with a knife, but if you take simply  
the aspect of the pencil, you will  
say she did it with her teeth.3



1. OLD IRONSIDES, Oliver W. Holmes
2. Buffon
3. Mark Twain
4. Sir Joshua Reynolds
5. Horace









MO SUKOSHI KABU

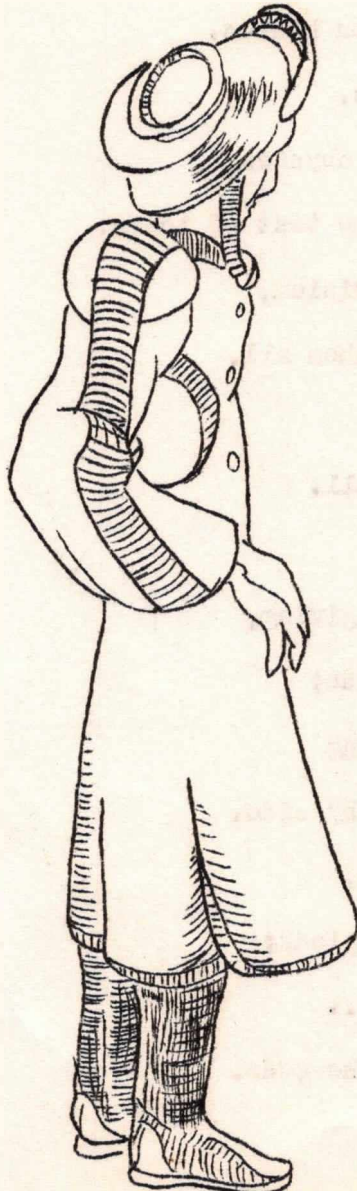
Not always shall you be what you are now.<sup>1</sup>

SPRING HAS CAME AND WENT

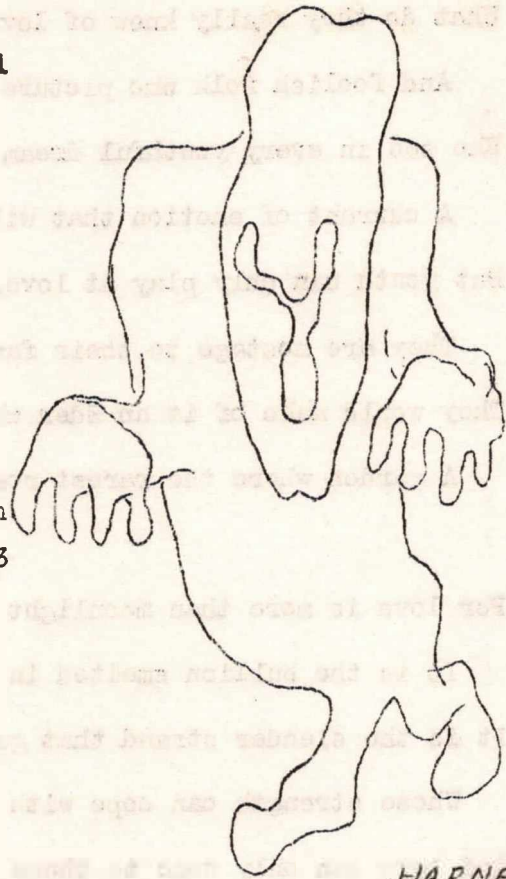
Sir, I admit your general rule,  
That every poet is a fool,  
But you yourself may serve to show it,  
That every fool is not a poet.<sup>2</sup>

IGNATZ

There is quite as much education and true  
learning in the analysis of an ear of corn  
as in the analysis of a complex sentence.<sup>3</sup>



HARNES



HARNES

NANDU

You cannot work an hour at anything with-  
out learning something.<sup>4</sup>

MAINE-IAC

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.<sup>5</sup>

FALLING PETALS

Despise not any man, and do not spurn any-  
thing; for there is no man that has not his  
hour, nor is there anything that has not  
its place.<sup>6</sup>

1. Carl Sandburg

2. EPIGRAM, Samuel T. Coleridge

3. O.H. Benson

4. David Graham Phillips

5. JULIUS CAESAR, Shakespeare

6. Rabbi Ben Azai



# DEFINITION

What do they really know of love, these shallow, too-romantic

And foolish folk who picture it with stardust in their eyes,

Who see in every youthful dream and adolescent antic

A current of emotion that will lead to paradise?

But youth can only play at love. The young are too self-centered.

They are hostage to their fancies and the stirrings in their blood.

They would make of it an Eden where a snake has never entered,

A garden where the rarest rose is ever in the bud.

For love is more than moonlight trysts and shyly given kisses.

It is the bullion smelted in the crucible of years.

It is the slender strand that guides past chasms and abysses,

Whose strength can cope with sacrifice and meet the test of tears.

And love can only come to those mature and clear of vision,

Who see the faults and failings yet can overlook them all,

Who conquer disillusionment and human indecision

And triumph over pain and fear and envy's siren call.

For love is born, not of the gift, but of the act of giving,

Arising from the ashes of our passions and our pride;

And those who have capacity for faith and for forgiving

Will find it comes from sharing good or evil side by side.

Its price is paid in labor and in ever-endless trying,

Yet it lightens every burden on the road a mortal plods;

And it alone is victor over aging -- yes, and dying....

And those who gain and cherish it are favored of the gods.

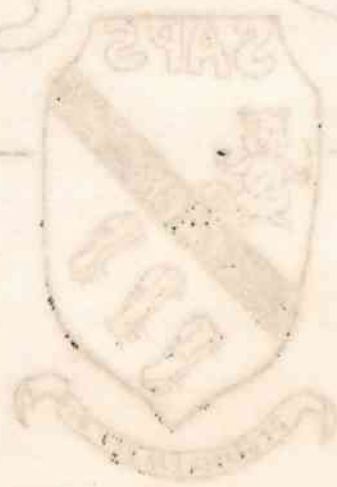
.....Garth Bentley



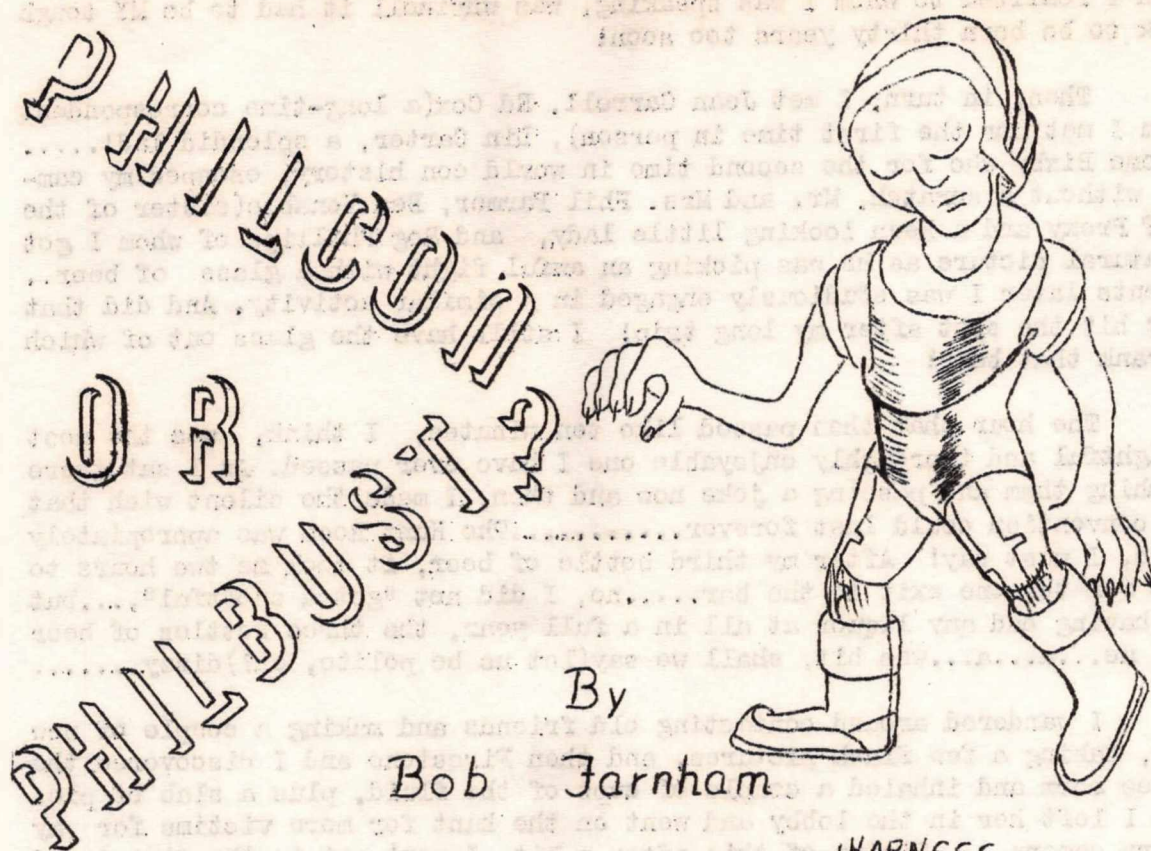




HE OOS  
MODIAE



REVIA



I am still unable to figure out whether the Philcon of 1953 was a big Bust. From the advertising previous to the convention in Philadelphia, I assumed the Philcon would be even bigger and better than was the convention of 1953, held in Chicago and very affectionately remembered as Chi-con Two.

After a long, dirty, and exceedingly tiresome trip of some forty-three hours duration, including an enforced idleness of eight hours in Chicago between trains, I arrived at the Pennsylvania North Philadelphia station, to immediately engage in a verbal struggle with several cab-seekers. We were all trying to grab the one Yellow Cab that was at hand.

I won the set-to from three men, and got the cab for the ride to the Bellevue Stratford. My driver had been twelve hours working in the terrific heat and was enroute to his garage. Luckily, his route passed the Bellevue Stratford. At the BS, I roamed into the lobby and practically fell over Evan Appelman, and through his kind assistance, located my roommate-to-be, Franklin M. Dietz, and as soon as I could, got a shower, changed my shirt, charged my camera and then headed for the Main Floor. Being Friday, I wandered about the lobby seeking some victim for my pictorial collection of the Philcon, and lo and behold! L. Sprague de Camp fell unsuspectingly into my net.

I had just turned the film to the next picture and replaced the used flash-bulb, when my arm was seized by Eva Firestone who took me into the little room made famous by Bob Tucker, "Down in th' bar!"

There to my happy surprise, I was first introduced to the other half of Chigger Patch, Nan Gerding, and to be honest about it, my first thought



when I realized to whom I was speaking, was whyinell it had to be MY tough luck to be born thirty years too soon!

Then, in turn, I met Jean Carroll, Ed Cox(a long-time correspondent whom I met for the first time in person), Lin Carter, a splendid lad!..... Jerome Bixby who for the second time in world con history, escaped my camera without a scratch, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Farmer, Bea Venable(sister of the NFFF Prexy and a keen looking little lady, and Rog Phillips of whom I got a natural picture as he was picking an awful fight with a glass of beer.. Moments later I was studiously engaged in a similar activity. And did that beer hit the spot after my long trip! I still have the glass out of which I drank that beer!

The hour that then passed like ten minutes, I think, was the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable one I have ever passed. As I sat there watching them and passing a joke now and then, I made the silent wish that the convention could last forever.....The Hunt Room was appropriately named, I must say! After my third bottle of beer, it took me two hours to hunt for the one exit to the bar....no, I did not "get a snootful"....but not having had any liquor at all in a full year, the three bottles of beer made me...a...a...wee bit, shall we say(let us be polite, eh?)dizzy.....

I wandered around contacting old friends and making a couple of new ones, taking a few flash pictures, and then Firestone and I discovered the coffee room and inhaled a couple of cups of the fluid, plus a slab of pie. Then I left her in the lobby and went on the hunt for more victims for my hungry camera. Tiring of this after a bit, I went out to the street and looked around for a less expensive coffee spot. A block in some direction or other from the hotel, I located a big sign advertising Coco Cola which turned out to be a restaurant.

After I got a peek at the prices on the menu, I turned myself out, but fast, and went back to the hotel. On the way, I found a very nice cafeteria, where I had a couple of hard rolls and coffee, and after putting this mess down, got two containers of coffee, picked up a newspaper off a chair and went to my room, took a shower and settled down in my PJ's to relax and read the paper. This plus smoking and drinking coffee is my favorite indoor sport, next to letter writing, that is.

In the hotel lobby, I became acquainted the next morning with Frederick Walker, a Massachusetts lad who is in the United States Navy. I scared the pants off the poor guy taking his picture. Fred is 6 feet 3 of Real Man and I'm a mere 5 foot 7, and for a moment I was somewhat worried.

During the afternoon session of Saturday's doings I got several good pictures. I also got the shock of my life and was tempted to start swearing. The convention "hall", a medium-sized ballroom, compared to the Chicago convention hall about as would a cigar box to a freight car. It would have been impossible to squeeze 500 people into the place, and I considered with a wry grin the fix the con committee would have been in had attendance records equaled that of Chicon 2.

As closely as I was able to compute, around 450 people were in the ballroom when the sessions were in full swing. What a let down! And after all the publicity for a "bigger and better" convention!

As for the speakers, and the oral programs from the stage, I'll not comment. I'm not in a position to judge their relative merits. The speak-









sighted the drink-laden table next to which I sat and made a furious attempt to back-water and failed. She tried with valiant effort to tack and come about but she was carrying such a heavy Cargo that she heeled too far to Portside, and losing her balance, capsized upon the drink-laden table.

Drinks, mixes, table and Female Dreadnaught landed in my lap, or rather what nature allows me for a lap, and piled up on the rocks. I doubt whether it was necessary for the porter to even mop the floor. Not one of those drinks or mixes missed my shirt and pants.....

That was the first time in my life that I carried such a load, stunk so loud, and was so perfectly sober!

That did IT.

I went back to my room, cleaned up, packed my grip, left a note for my roommate and at 2:35 was in a cab, bound for the railroad station. When the 3:20 pulled out for Chicago, I was aboard.

The trip all the way home was a dilly.

Both the seat in the coach and the seat in the smoker bounced like a cork on water. An official of the railroad sat on the seat in the smoker next to me.

He weighed 200 pounds. I weigh 269.

We both bounced....all the way to Chicago; thusly.

The train I caught for home at Chicago was similarly equipped with Bouncing Seats, again both in the coach and in the smoker.....and for another 18 hours I continued to imitate the cork on the water.....

When I got off the train for the last time I was soooooo stiff I could barely walk. I climbed into a taxi to bounce two more miles to my home.

I think that the few moments at that table in the bar the night of my arrival and a very touching meeting with Bob Tucker Saturday evening just outside the Hunt Room, and a cheerfully-posed picture of Evelyn Paige Gold will remain as the most outstanding events in memory for me; overshadowed only by the pleasure I had of meeting the Editor-in-Chief and Publisher of the Chigger Patch of Fandom and being once more in the company of that 100 pound spit-fire ball of activity, Eva Firestone. There is no other whom I know who is so packed with fun.....

Philcon Two has many remarkable aspects for retrospection, but it was indeed a sad and miserable BUST when compared with Chicon Two and the expectations I had of having even a bigger and better time at a bigger and better convention!

Tackling a convention is a terrific job. The convention committee far outnumbered the committee for Chicon Two; yet did not compare in productive results by any means computable, and as far as this reporter is concerned, the money, time and effort made to get there was entirely wasted.



er's table was on the floor with the banquet tables as the stage was far too small to hold both speaker-table and provide room for the stage presentations. The only stage activity I stayed for was the satire on quizz programs, THE GAME FROM OUTER SPACE. The Robot with all his flashing lights reminded me so much of a long-since-passed-on Uncle that it gave me the heebie-jeebies and I had to go out for more coffee to strengthen my shaking nerves. My uncle had told me several times that one day he would return and haunt me and when I saw that robot pop out on the stage, I thought Uncle had come back for sure!

Then needing a new roll for my camera, I went up to my room to replace it. Getting into the elevator, the operator was in such a terrific hurry to get the doors shut that I had not even time to turn around and face the door. She slammed the elevator doors on the first and only decent flash-camera I'd ever had. I did not know till after I returned home.... when I got only 21 pictures out of 36 exposures and took the camera to a repair shop ....that she had punched a hole in the top of the camera that let gobs of light in directly onto the film. The mirror for the ground-glass finder was smashed, and when the repairman took the camera apart, the lens itself came out in two pieces!

Fortunately, for my peace of mind, I was unaware of the ruin, and spent Sunday afternoon and evening wasting film and bulbs. Cogitating on the camera afterwards at home I felt that I had done what I'd gone for, had a time enjoying myself, meeting old and new friends, and the con was not entirely a loss; so I took the damage to my camera with as good grace as possible....which was, I admit....not very graceful....SPUTTTTT!

Recalling the accident to G M Carr at Chicon 2, and then me getting my camera busted to Helen Gawme in elevator doors, I decided right then and there that I'd skip the con for 1954, regardless of the site. Three times and out!.....I didn't want any more, Thank Me!

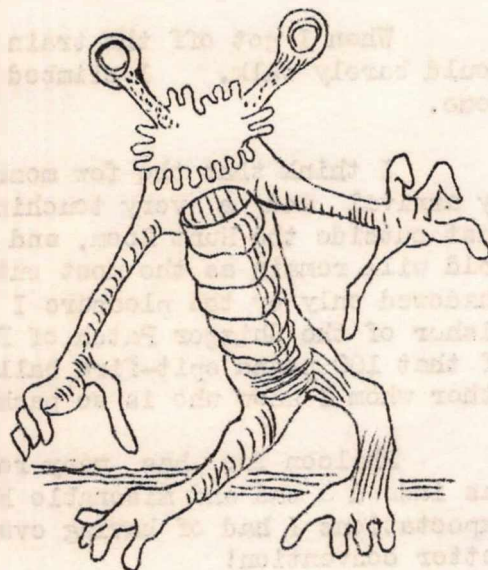
Much to my regret, I saw Harlan Ellison but once during the three days I was at the con. That lad is so full of pep and ginger that for a few moments, some of my old spirit of fun and frolic returned. I kidded Harlan about an article I would not send him and still don't know how he took my kidding. Poor guy.....now he has to suffer the indignity of getting a letter from me!

Monday morning I got the bright idea of sticking a hunk, yes, HUNK, of black tape on the crack in the camera in hopes I could get the rest of the pictures but the tape didn't work. The crack was in addition to the hole punched in it in the elevator.....

Monday noon, Firestone told me she had to leave. From somewhere I got the idea Nan Gerding had gone too; Dietz was busy recording the convention, so I went into the bar for a last bottle of beer.

And then Disaster struck.

My Nemesis, in the form of a 200 pound Female Dreadnaught, came sailing by under a full head of steam and about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  sheets in the wind. She



HARNESS





GHU SAPLEMENT

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.1

BARSOOM BUGLE

And the music's not immortal;  
but the world has made it sweet.2

DODO

Doubt whom you will but never yourself.3

---

1. T. W. Higginson

2. THE BARREL ORGAN, Alfred Noyes

3. Bovee

# HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Signed, "Wrai", Dated October 24, 1953

You have a fast-moving, intricate mind, capable of two things at once. There is a decided sensitivity in one particular part of your nature and in this you are hesitant, but otherwise, your overall handwriting denotes directness, openness, and a clear understanding of mature things.

You are economical in some things but if the cause appeals to your altruism, price is no object at all. You show caution in beginning things but once began, you find yourself reluctant to quit anything started. If you work in an office, a clean desk is most desirable at the end of the week, but whether this is possible to achieve or not, it would delight you. You like things right, and finished properly, whenever possible.

Your general disposition is variable, your moods vary considerably more than average. You are not an extremist in any sense but there is depression whenever this particular sensitivity is attacked. After a "low" of this nature, your spirits elastically rise again, your vigor is renewed, and then you resume your routine better than ever.

You have a delightful sense of humor, on occasion you could be a bit high-strung, but your average is an open interest in others though you are capable of changing opinions of people at a moment's notice. Surroundings and friends influence you more than you would care to admit. You believe in solidarity of character, and are apt to judge yourself unkindly when emotionally influenced.

You have determination, diligence, and resolution; sometimes a decided drive possesses you, other times your attitude is more----so what??, but your mental ability makes readjustment at once. Your mind is active constantly, which may explain the "drive". The angular sharpness of many of your letters denotes your capability for austerity. You can be cold and haughty if you choose, though generally you prefer friendliness and fun.

You get to the point without hesitation in conversation, have little patience with those who dilly dally with a subject. Flattery will not affect you in the least. You like things done, well and in a hurry. Your dress will not be extreme, but conventional.

You enjoy witty arguments and intellectual intercourse, being exceptionally good at discussion yourself but always in good taste. You are a good mixer, but your n's and m's are so sharp, they indicate you watch yourself, fearing a temperament that could become hard to manage if the conversation goes the wrong way for too long.

There is nothing gentle or tender about your s's but a directness that denotes "I'm with it if it is right; but, if not, why bother?". You may not actually budget your time but you do make it count. Several of your letters suggest that you would like a system that would work and feel discouragement because such a system isn't feasible. You try to take things as they come but your down strokes show an intermittent frustration.

Your good taste frowns on those who lack this appreciation. Economical but not stingy, you strike a nice balance of generosity. You will



never go overboard on an excessive risk.

You follow through anything you start though you may not begin anything without thinking it over from all viewpoints. You like your own way more than you would care to acknowledge but temper your disposition in this by good sense and proportion.

You will never be satisfied with a n y single project, your whole mental activity needs many things-though you are quite able to concentrate on one thing at a time if you have something else waiting for diversion. You could handle more than one job at a time and several hobbies with ease. Limitation would drive you furiously out-of-bounds;make you rebellious and angry. You have an undercurrent of fire that must find expression and use.

You might b e slow with decisions but never with execution of the plans once decided. Your ardor varies, your mind preferring mathematical ideas and you instinctly want mental drives satisfied,rather than to dream about anything. Spiritual things seem of little importance to you when practical things can be done.

Your energy can be tireless as long as you are mentally stimulated. In short, with you, material matters predominate.

You can be quite aggressive and enjoy taking advantage of your better-than-average mentality, b u t this seems to be the only uncharitable thing about you and, even in this, you watch yourself as though you knew how much damage could be done if you willed.

You can be a staunch friend but not a close one to many. You choose your friends by mutual interests and will never be intimate with more than one or two at a time; and then only after sufficient length o f time has been established.

Your reliability should carry you far i n the business world, and there are too many fields in which you could be successful t o list them here.

- 30 -

-----

Well, there's the graphology reading of our almighty Rosconian OE, otherwise know as Wrai Ballard. Three of us have braved the searching all-seeing eye of the graphologist-Wrai; and I, and Vee Hampton. Now then who wants to be NEXT????

No one?? Cowards!! Scairdycats!! Chickennnnnn!!

Okay. McNeil, I dare you,I double-dare you to let me print a graphology reading done from your handwriting. Do you know the requirements? No, of course not, because you don't read NANDU. Well, maybe one of the more kind Saps will write to you and repeat all this. Anyhow, for a graphology reading, you have to write at least one full page and more is better yet. What you say is not important but it is necessary to use all the letters of the alphabet. Write naturally. Also, state the date and sign only your first name. The graphologist prefers not to know for whom the analysis is being done. The reading costs one dollar which I'll pay if you don't want to. Also, I reserve the right to print the reading in NANDU---sight unseen. I dare you, McNeil!! You game??????



Speciman from which analysis was taken:

October 27, 1953 -

Dear Nan,

Well you kept insisting so, the least I can  
do is try to pen - pen, what a horrible word,  
a letter to you - Had planned starting this,  
"Unaccustomed as I am to using a pen - but  
my Palmer method is bad enough with  
out my trying to spell unaccustomed -

Perhaps though instead of scribbling I should  
draw my letters a bit more in this fashion  
Actually for any Craphology en - what you call it?  
I should use a typewriter for I do about all my writing  
on a typewriter.

Let's see - if you said I should try to use  
all the letters at ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> - the quick brown  
fox jumped over the lazy grey dog, or  
was it vice-versa?

This is perhaps not the place for it,  
but may I say a good word for the inventor



of the typewriter. Personally I don't see how civilization could have advanced as far as it did using a pen - I can tell you that if my typewriter ever breaks down, most people I write to will feel themselves the forgotten man until it gets repaired.

Just experimenting I find my writing looks better if you hold this up to the light and look at it from the reverse side.

Oh well Napoleon couldn't write legibly ~~either~~ either, which isn't much consolation - what Zined did Napoleon ever write for?

Writing this makes me wonder what others write when they send in a sample of their hand-writing for a examination. For a while I ~~thought~~ thought of composing an article but changed my ~~so~~ mind got finger cramps already - this enough?

Sincerely,  
Wm.





CREEP

Better late than never.<sup>1</sup>

BOOK OF PTOTH

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then, a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then, a pain,  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
Life again.<sup>2</sup>

HARNESS  
YDMOS

Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if  
a man were obliged to run down all the  
innuendoes, insinuations and misrepre-  
sentations which are uttered against  
him.<sup>3</sup>



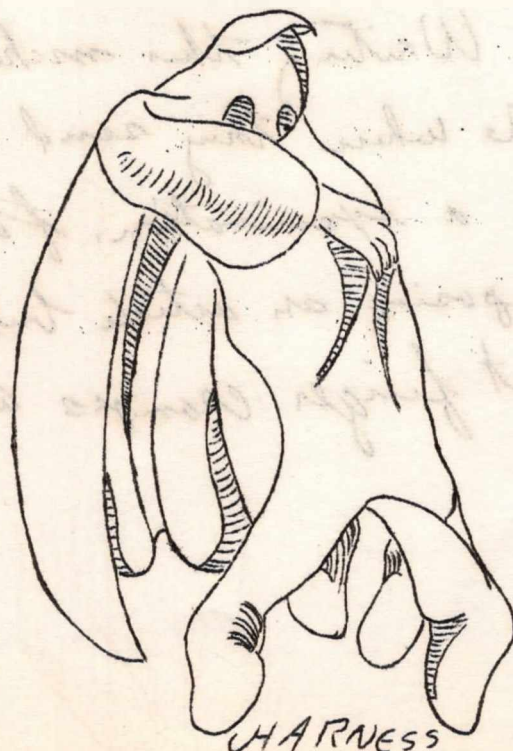
HARNESS



HARNESS

DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FUR VOLLSTANDIGEN UNSINN

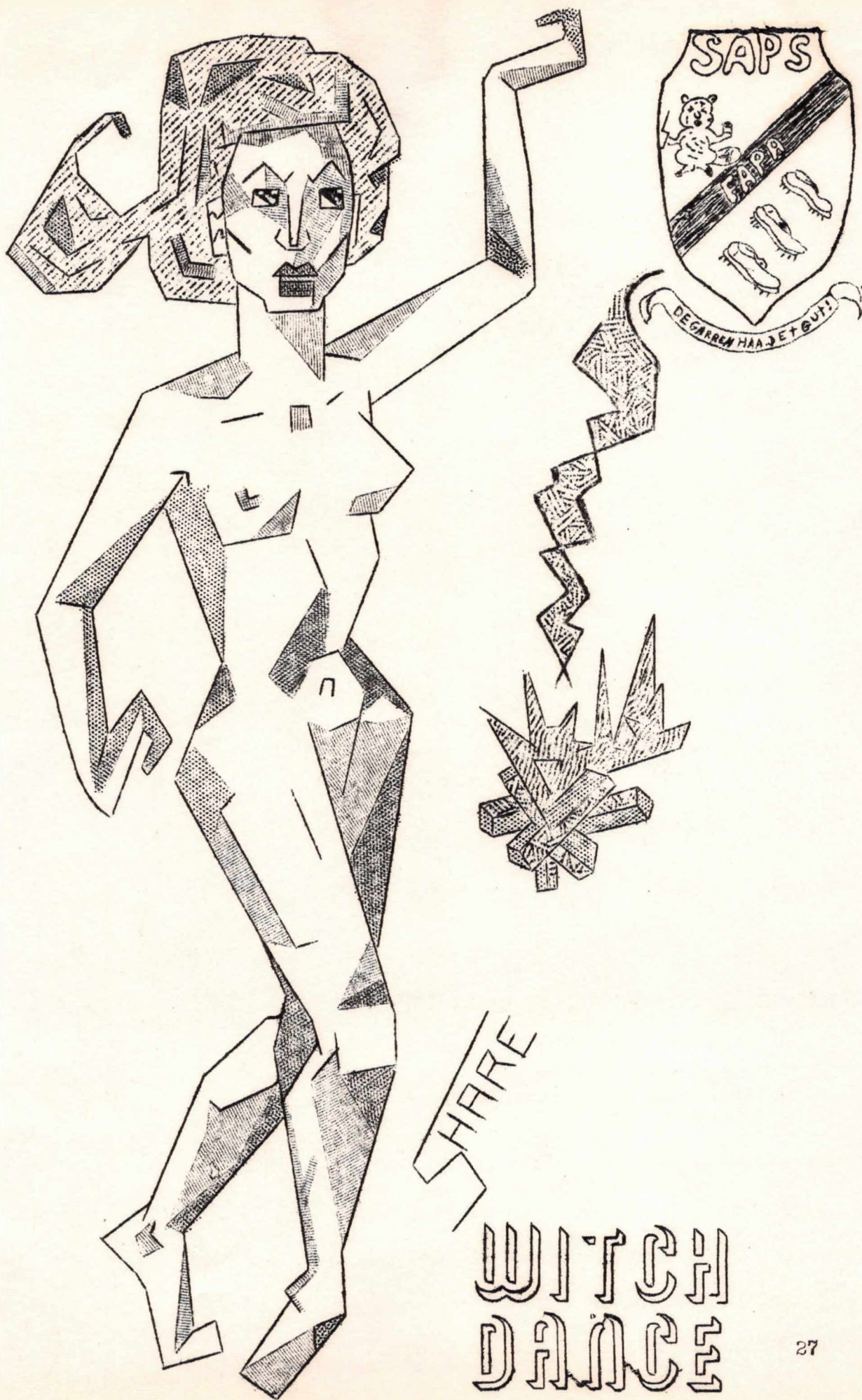
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.<sup>4</sup>



HARNESS

- 
1. Dionysius
  2. EVOLUTION, John Banister Tabb
  3. Henry Ward Beecher
  4. TRUTH, THE INVINCIBLE, William C. Bryant











# JACKSON and the REAL GONE BEANSTALK

by  
Jay Cordes

In the days of King Alfred, there lived a poor woman and her son, Jack. One sad day their only cow disappeared.

"Jackson, wh' hoppen' to our homogenized?"

"She's gone."

"Yeah, I know. She's the craziest. But where is she?"

"I took her t o the asphalt jungle to sell her. My grubby little paws were itching for that folding stuff."

"Lian, now you're talkin'. Fork over the long green, boy, and we'll live it up."

"Easy, mother, you're drooling on my Hoover button."

"Well, go, go, go, instead of beatin' it to death. You're slower than Carmen Lombardo."

"I traded her for a bag of beans instead. You know how it is."

"Don't give me that jazz."

"That crazy beef market has flipped. What else could I do?"

"You goofed, boy. But let's hit the sack."

Before going to bed, Jack's mother threw the beans out the window. By morning the beans had grown to the sky.

"Jackson, those beans are the gonest."

"Lian, we've been sniffin' it. We gotta lay off that stuff."

"Well, get goin' boy. This is real big screen. Don't miff it."

"Don't worry. I'm hep. Pack my chlorophyll and I'll glean that crazy bean."

"Likay, Jackson."

So Jack climbed to the top of the beanstalk and found a large castle in the clouds. Once inside, Jack hid in a closet. A giant entered the room and put a golden hen on the table. The hen began to lay one golden egg after another. Jack slipped from the closet and the giant saw him.

"Lian, this joint's crawlin' with subversives. McCarthy's got to dig this."

"Can it, Melvin, I'm here on business," said Jack.

"Well, you're a real gasser, Shorty. I don't want to be square about this but I gotta see your card."

"That hen is the most," said Jack.

"Wild," agreed the giant. "A real cool one. But she's with me."

"Dad, you're flippin'. I'm long gone."

So saying, Jack seized the hen and ran for the beanstalk. With a roar, the giant followed.

"Don't run so fast, boy. I can't make it."

"Man, we're gettin' to the end. We gotta do it."

Jack reached the beanstalk and climbed down quickly. He seized an axe and swung at the stalk.

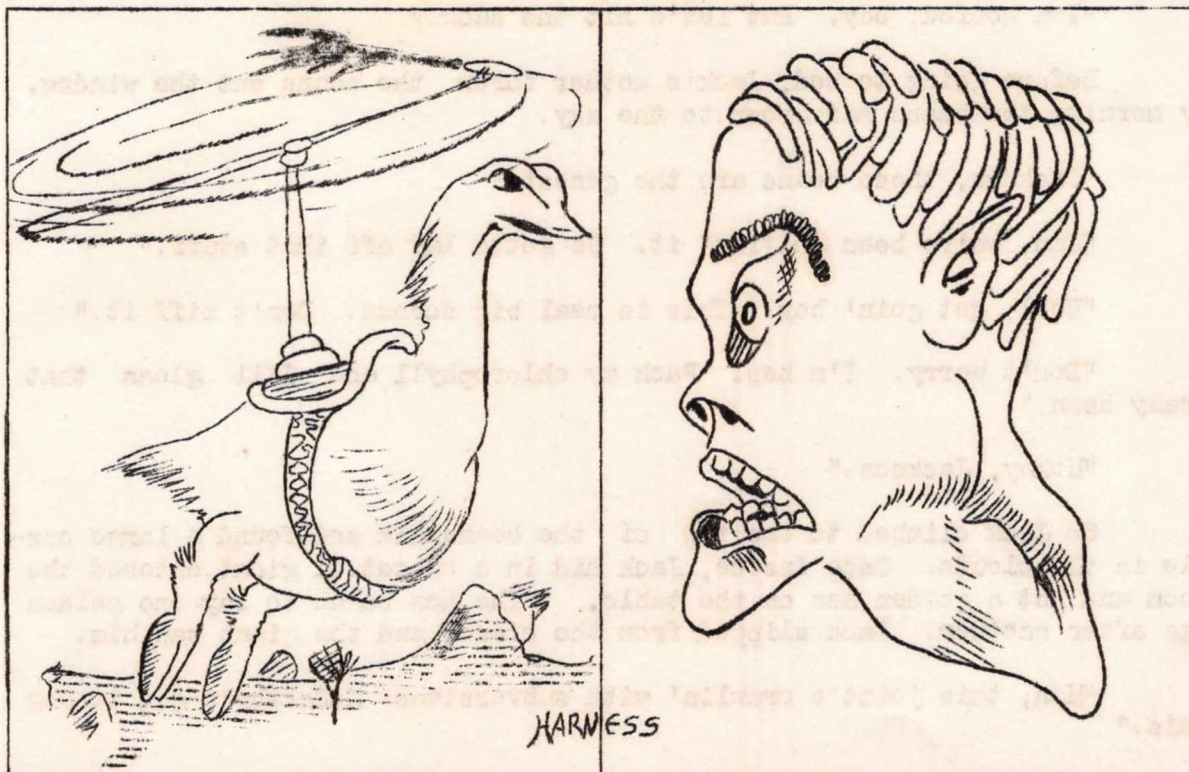
"I say--I say, boy. Easy on that frantic axe. I'm not even fixed for blades."

"Crazy," said Jack, and cut through the beanstalk. With a crash, the giant fell and was killed.

"He goofed," said Jack's mother.

And so he had.

- 30 -





My final flight  
Some-day before  
I want to drain the cup  
All depths explore;  
I want to climb all heights  
Tread the vine,  
I want to give  
I want to reach, to take,  
I want to live,  
Since mortal life is mine.



DEB.



Since mortal life is mine,  
I want to live.  
I want to reach, to take,  
I want to give  
Fruit to the vine.  
I want to climb all heights  
All depths explore;  
I want to drain the cup  
Bone-dry before  
My final flight.



DEA.

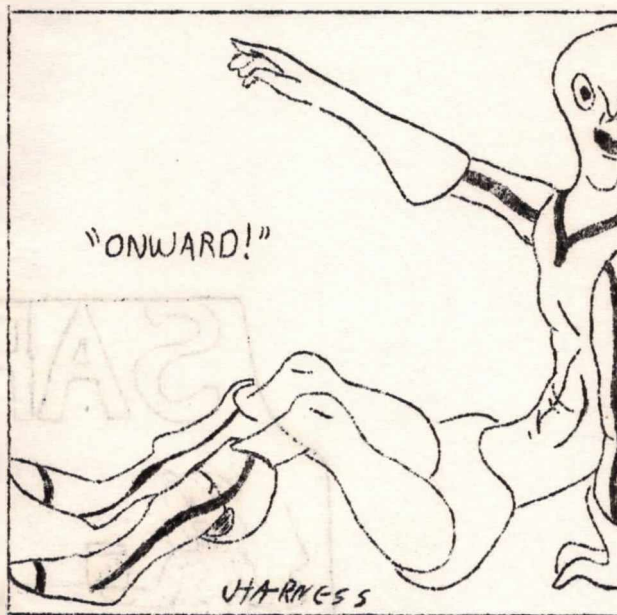


SPECTATOR

He who knows and knows he knows,  
He is wise;  
Follow him.<sup>1</sup>

OUTSIDERS

When a man of genius is in full swing, never contradict him, set him straight or try to reason with him. Give him a free field. A listener is sure to get a greater quantity of good, no matter how mixed, than if the man is thwarted. Let Pegasus bolt -- he will bring you up in a place you know nothing about!<sup>2</sup>



DO IT NOW

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.<sup>3</sup>

ATTENTION FEN

Speech is the index of the mind.<sup>4</sup>

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.<sup>5</sup>

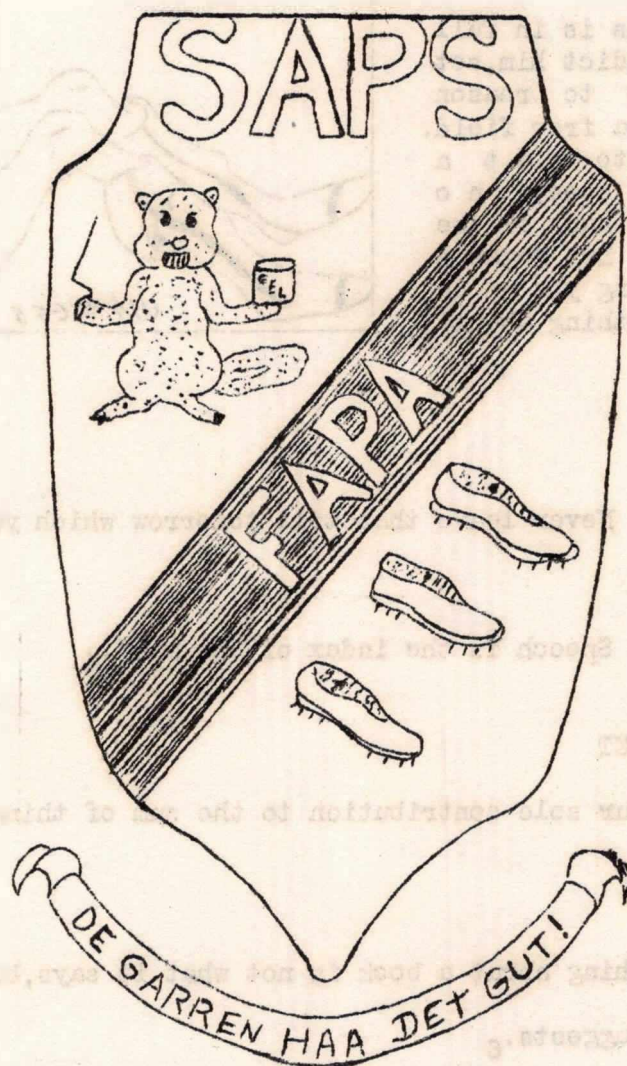
THE ARCHIVES

The main thing about a book is not what it says, but in what it asks and suggests.<sup>6</sup>

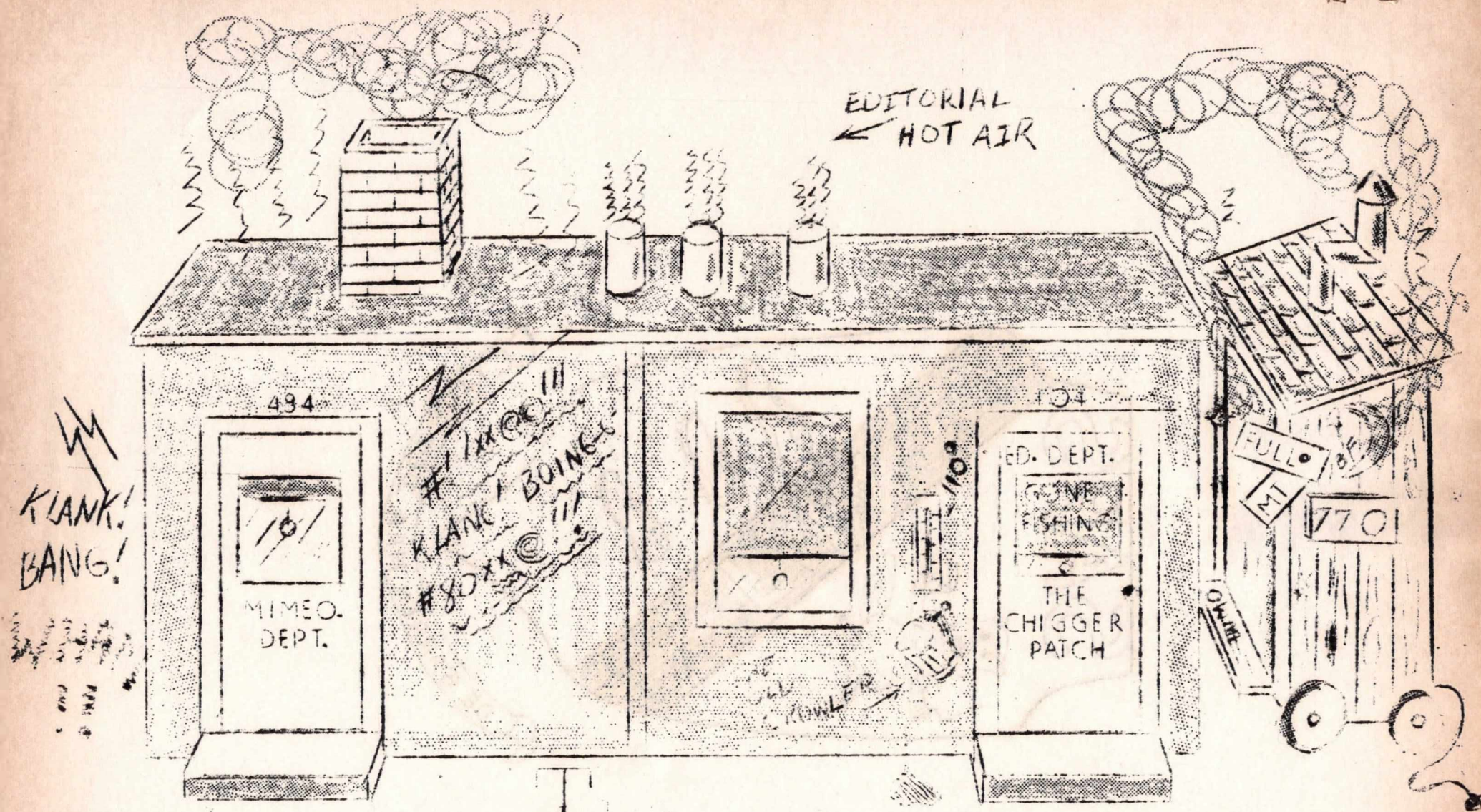
UP-SIDE-UP

Wonder is involuntary praise.<sup>7</sup>

- 
1. Arabian Proverb
  2. Linnaeus
  3. Franklin
  4. Seneca
  5. Frank Crane
  6. Horace Traubel
  7. Young







# The Post Chicon—Effect

200TH FLOOR  
(de garren van  
det guil)



