

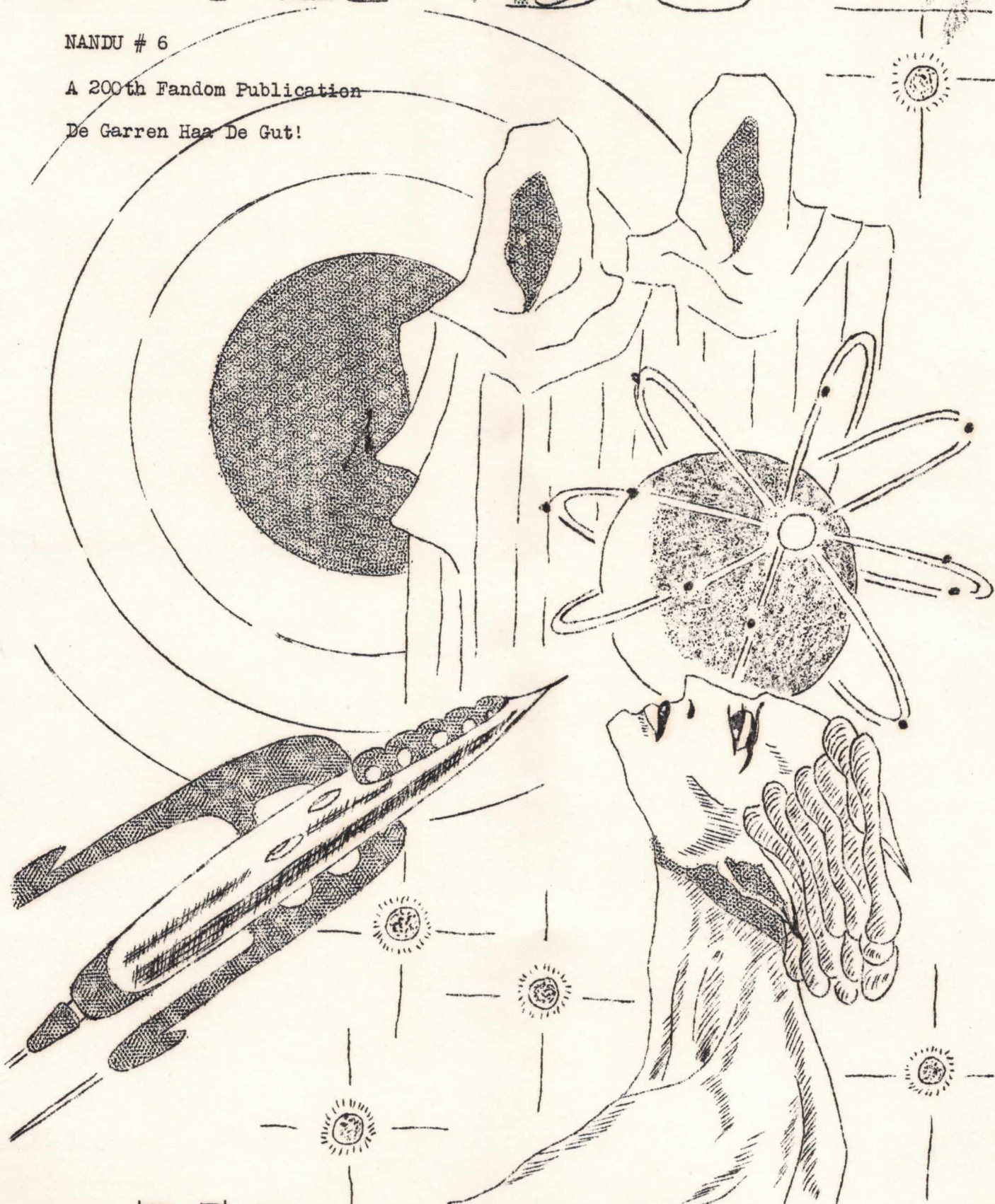
NANDU

VOL-2
NO-2

NANDU # 6

A 200th Fandom Publication

De Garren Haa De Gut!



DEA

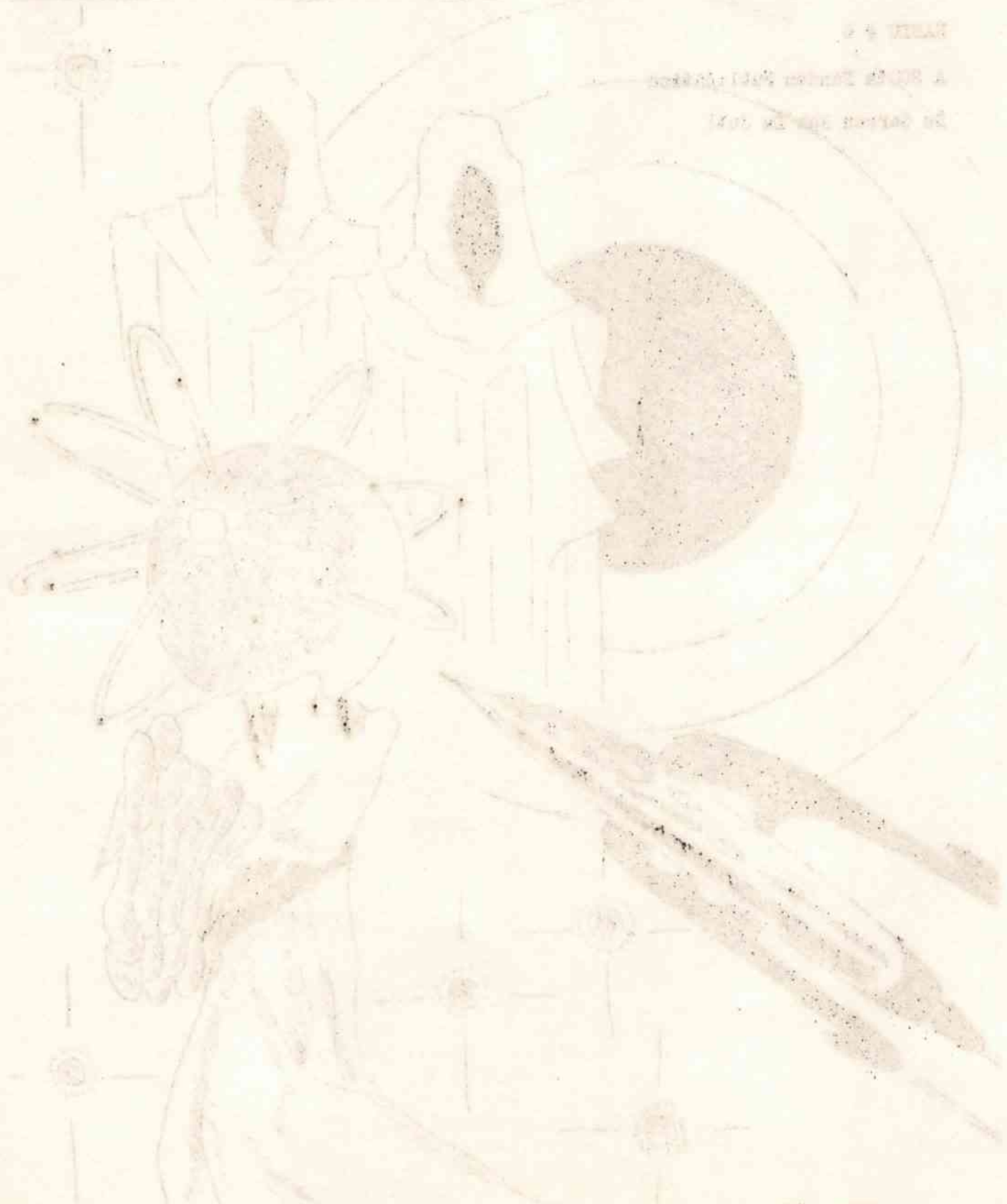
Saps Mailing # 27, March 1954

VOL. 3
NO. 3

MAINDU

1941

A JOURNAL OF THE
THE JOURNAL OF THE



D. E. H.

The Journal of the

N A N D U # 6, VOL. 2, NO. 2.....so, my children, you don't believe me when I say
saps mlg. # 27 this is NANDU. Well, it is. It was supposed to
be NANCOULDN'T but Nan just couldn't let a mailing go by without a NANDU in it. I
held off as long as I could...witness the date...February 24th, 1954. Cour^{se}, it was
quite a few weeks ago that I started a NANDU and thereby hangs a tale and methinks
we'll leave it hanging too. Anyhow, whether this will ever get further than along
than this stencil only time will tell. I am out of correction fluid, I am out o f
type cleaner, I am out of mimeo ink, and danged near out of paper. Hyuck! This
ought to prove right interesting.

And for heavens - no - Roscoe's sake, don't any of
you start looking for mailing comments. There ain't gonna be any. That's the tale
I left hanging up there. I wrote fourteen pages of comments some time ago and had
just covered the work of about eight SAPS...that scared me out. So if I can't com-
ment on all the publications the way I want to comment on them, then danged if I'll
comment on any of them.

Mailing # 26 was huge, stupendous, and delightful and suffice
to say that I enjoyed all of it. Knowing your egoboo-eager-beaver hearts, that, of
course, won't suffice, but for this trip you will just have to weep in your beer. I
might possibly break down and do some mlg. comments except for one fact.....I left
the last mailing in Peoria at the Farmers...don't tell me there ain't a method i n
my madness! And my memory, when I so desire, is notably poor.

Any questions?

Bert Hirschhorn is a cad, albeit a handsome one. I asked him for the answersto the
last Hinkie Pinkies. His answer: "you want the answers to Hinkies? What answers??
What hinkies? I think I've misplaced the list again, no, Nan, you'll break the ceil-
ing that way!" And so forth. So I dug out the letter which had the Hinkies inside
and lo and behold, he had the naswers(turn that 'a' and 'n' around)there okay and
had crossed them out with pencil. An eraser solved the problem easily and Bert is
foiled again. Here they are:

| | | |
|------------------------|----|-----------------|
| Inebriated hoodlum | -- | drunk punk |
| Television tax | -- | tevee levee |
| Bunny's customs | -- | rabbit's habits |
| Insect aeroplane | -- | spider glider |
| Nut doctor's children- | | psych's tikes |

Er - yes. Bert says no more Hinkies this time, he can't think of any more. Per -
haps the strain has been too much. Tsk! Oh well, fortunes of war, you know?

Hmmm.

Wonder how long I can keep this up? I've loused up the margin only three times. I
know what will happen though. I'll get tired of trying to keep the margin even and
soon I will flip and goodbye margin. Nice knowing you and all that. Lessee...just
about fifteen lines left on this stencil. What do I have that would fit? Ahh, yes
a little number by Carol McKinney, as follows:

BEM

Little Johnny, with a leer,
Kicked his sister in the rear,
Drove his patient mother frantic
With his other subtle antics.
CAROL..... Beat the dog and drowned the cat,McKINNEY
Stomped upon his father's hat,
Drove his aunts completely crazy--
And then the incidents grow bazy.
Little Johnny took a ride
For there was nowhere he could hide.
They recognized him as their own--
The Gookles came and took him home.

So I wrote what you just read at 7 a.m. this morning, I guess that's what time it was. Anyhow now it's 4 p.m. same day and I haven't the faintest notion what I had to say or why. Also I believe it would facilitate this stencil cutting immensely, if I would put the ribbon out of typing position. Waste of typer ribbon eh what?? Not to mention of a stencil. You know there's one thing to be said for cutting material right on stencil. You might possibly be able to force yourself to throw away fourteen pages of crud like I did but that was on paper. Doubt if even I have flipped enough to force myself to throw away fourteen cut stencils. So maybe there will be a NANDU after all....if I can find a good substitute for ink. I must have the number fourteen on my brain or something. I most certainly don't intend for this to be fourteen pages.

So I've written eleven odd lines(odd is right!)and so far haven't said a blessed thing. So let's get down to business. I have here--uh --what we shall call a 'guest review' for lack of a better name. This is a review of a Sapszine called OUTSIDERS and I wish to state right now that this review in no way reflects or expresses the opinion of the editor of NANDU. In fact this forthcoming section cannot even be considered a part of NANDU but should be considered an extension of OUTSIDERS. I am merely a poor little innocent bystander caught up in a maelstrom of word flinging that is tossing me hither and yon like San Francisco in the/a earthquake.....hyuck! That should be 'an' and hwo(how)the hell do you spell 'earthquake'? Oh well. Where was I?? Oh yeth.....the following review is the opinion of Wrai Ballard, my opinion I keep to myself, is written by Wrai, is entirely his responsibility. I hope that is clear. I am thus absolved of all--er blame. Those 'uhs' and 'ers' usually don't fit the context at all but ain't it a beautiful way to fill out a line?! Yeah, I thought so too. Well, here we go, ladies and gentleman and I use the two words quite loosley(damned if I'll correct that either). Nandu's Guest Review:

Sure is hell not having any correction fluid.

OUTSIDERS # 14

by
Wrai Ballard

((First a note by me--Nangee....I wish to heck I knew just what Wrai did to my guest review for OUTSIDERS. I could have fun with this but if he copied my review down word for word, then I would feel bad if I didn't do the same. And I do not want to feel bad. So guess I won't take the chance. Darnit. Nan, old girl, you just ain't got any guts. I know it but I wouldn't want to be unfair, you know. Whaddya mean you wouldn't want to be unfair? You should know better than to trust that gorilla. Yeah I know better but this time I'll take a chance and maybe he'll behave. Haw! Anyhow the following is copied word for word, if I show the admirable iron self-discipline that I've been accused of having)))

.....
There is an air of dignity about this cover that is impressive. Not that it is very good, but it lends an auster quality to the magazine that is surely indicative of the serious and constructive attitude throughout. One look at it and any one would know its editor has sensitive fannish features and a high type mind that thinks in Cosmic concepts. It is also as you should note, the fourth anniversary issue, and such things are rare in SAPS.(((You ain't just a kiddin'---oops, I was not going to do that was I? Sorry, my most humble apologies...Nangee)))

It is still rather odd to me that Bill Ballard, a normally brave lad, should speak against the reprinting of the entire first issue. This issue was, if you'll pardon the second use of the term so soon, serious and constructive(urk! NG), in part, and then in the case of contribution of Bill, rather unserious and destructive. Will admit though I saw his point immediately. With a 456 page mailing com-

ing up, I had nothing to gain by it and, well, to be blunt with myself, the cost of stencils and paper would not make it worth reprinting.

Art as usual has an excellent and thought provoking article. Personally, my opinion of beer would rule out the first, but others would come in handy. This postage meter especially, and it wouldn't hurt if there was a simple concise summary of postal regulations. Some time ago, I was trying to send out a single SAPS bundle and the people in the PO took the opportunity to bone up on the laws governing mimeographed matter. It is a fascinating and at times frightening set of laws in which a law makes a thing first class mail, and you start to err...well, perspire, and then a short time later a loophole will be found which makes an exception and so on. By the time they were through and had decided that sending mimeographed matter was legal, I was so tense it took two or three false starts before I could say a word. This low cost photographic process is another must.

THE TINY ACORN covers the mailing pretty well, for the zines covered; there is little change I'd make in it if it were to be done over. Still I have sorrowed ever since because the Michifen version of AH SWEET IDIOCY! was destroyed. This should have been a fine part of fannish legend. Just the thing to send to starry-eyed neo-fen((you Wrai Ballard can go to hell! NG))and since it was much shorter than AH SWEET IDIOCY!, you could disillusion them for a far lower postage price.

((I gotta stop and get supper--five p.m...good thing too or I might really louse up this review....in fact I may do so yet and with malice aforethought too. NG)))

((On second thought,(it is now eight, no seven p.m., tsk, what long thoughts I do have)I have decided not to make any more comments during the rest of this article. It would be simply a cosmic catastrophe of the Saps got the idea somehow, that I'm not to be trusted to stencil their work. Can't imagine how or where--or when, they would get such an idea but one must be careful to avoid all such pitfalls at all cost. So I shall emply(employ)~~bit~~ iron self-discipline & not utter another word until I'm finished Wrai's dissertation(I think)Nangee)))

I must correct one statement I made in this review. I said that I had passed up a lot of good material in not commenting on the mags of people no longer member (that should be plural). This is not quite so, for outside those reviewed, the mags weren't anything special. Best was STUPIFYING STORIES, and even that was not up to its usual excellence. One of the best in the mailing, true, but still that was only ten pages more, and part of the ten pages, well, it was poetry.

Some beautiful poetry hating in this issue. Will not pick a favorite, naturally, but all were published because I liked them.

The Demund article...well just why I published that I am not sure. Nope..i t wasn't out of friendship for Demund, but because I wanted to. Believe I would again too if I had it to do over but I am not sure why. Perhaps for the reaction--and one person at least, wrote in a letter the reaction I, and I suspect Demund, wanted. She thought it was nauseating. I don't know, I find it relaxing to nauseate people(((brother, you should be relaxed nine-tenths of the time--urk! Could not help it, couldn't help it...Nangee)))on purpose for a change. Still from what I know about him, Demund was actually serious about this(by the way, Demund, Nan is ghost writing this for me and trying to imitate my style, so don't hold me accountable). (((By damn, now I'm a ghost!....Nangee)))

NANDIDN'T....well she really didn't(I did too...Nangee)and I just wanted mong other things to beat her to the punch with that title change. She has the most flexible title in fandom you know. Beats the Warp series all hollow. I think I had the answers to all these Hinkie-Pinkies but my last I suspect might offend the lovers of children among you so if I can't give one answer I won't give any of the

answers. In fact, I am not sure of the answers. I mean I am sure of my answers, but the originals might not agree with them. As for the article.....well if there is a zine called NANDARED in this mailing, you'll see I wrote the article or somewhat of a rough facsimile thereof. Actually my first idea, Lee Jacobs would even turn down, even though it wouldn't have any obscene words or phrases. Nan has as much as hinted I didn't have anything in mind when I said this about the article.. HAH, I say to her! HAH! (((I retaliate....HAHHAH! Nangee)))

Gads, I just reread my mailing comments and couldn't find a thing on which to comment. Finding it harder to comment on my own mag than I thought possible. Not modesty either but there just seems too little to write about. Tsk. But I did like that last page pic and hasten to explain it isn't meant to represent any one person but is just symbolic. Honest. The issue as a whole seems far better to me now than it did when it was just finished.....WWB

Okay, so I don't have iron self discipline. I'm really not made of iron, you know and neither am I a mimeograph as some people think. And someone is all the time-- I repeat--all the time saying something on purpose just to get my reaction and I'm just fool enough to react. Tsk. Oh well. Where do we go from here I wonder?

Al Toth asked me in a letter to enlarge upon the flying saucer I had seen and ~~that~~ that's a sneaky way of keeping an even righthand margin to say the least....anyhow there just isn't too much more to say than what I said. It was completely silent, and it's trajectory was the graceful one of a falling star or a kite in a long nose dive. It blinked into existence and out again, I saw it only for a few seconds... and the impression I received of shape was roughly circular or oval. I say 'impression' because the shape was not sharply outlined. One thing I remember distinctly was the color...a very beautiful luminescent shade of green, encircled with a shimmering glow of near-white. As to the nearness of the object or a guess as to it's speed,, I wouldn't even attempt such a conjecture. It looked fairly close... and either it was going so fast that it gave the impression of a glowing wake or it definitely had a comet-like appendage trailing behind. It was very beautiful... and to me very exciting and I shall never ~~be~~ forget it. That good enough Al? It's the best I can do...by the way that was on a Friday, June 26, 1953.

Ummmm, how many lines left here? Approximately twenty. Wonder what I got around here to fill up this stencil? I have to write a letter before I go on with this.. so I'd better get to it or at it or something. Abaha! Carol McKinney again:

HERO

Captain Comet is a hero
Of the famous Space Patrol,
Justice always reigns triumphant--
To banish crime is Comet's goal.

He foils the pirates' looting plunder
Of ships that ply the spacelanes' void,
And blasts their hidden base asunder
Upon a lonely asteroid.

Captain Comet, -- brilliant, dashing,
Hero of Earth's youngsters yet,
Weaving tales of alien intrigue--
But only on a TV set.

Carol McKinney

So I wrote the letter.....time is now ten minutes to eight p.m. and it is still a Tues----no Wednesday, Feb. 24th, '54. Tsk what a stickler I am for detail! Any how, I wrote part of the letter, I like to write letters in installments because--well, it proves confusing that way and besides it's more fun. Or something. I think I have flipped. Oh well.

Where am I now? I'm going to deluge you with poetry or at least I suppose it will seem like it to you poetry haters. Goody. I love to deluge people with things they don't like. Fun. Interesting and the results are usually quite satisfying and intriguing. The following is by Garth Bentley and I suppose I should -- nope, on second thought I shouldn't. It would just get censored. Here's the poem:

YOUR LOVE WILL GUIDE ME

by

Garth Bentley

At last, when I have pierced the sombre veil
That marks the boundary of my mortal ways
And with slow, hesitating steps, invade
That unknown country, I will not despair;
For if there be, along the silent trail
One place where light dispels the ebon haze,
Though I be lost and lonely and afraid,
Your love will seek me out and guide me there.

Nice eh? I think so and don't give a tootin' damn whether any of the rest of you think so or not. Now where do we go? What to do? What to do?

Ah yes, things are finally all patched up with Jack-the-Ripper and he will now be doing more writing. Hope to have something by him in the next NANDU, if there is a next NANDU. Always a possibility that there won't be. Oh yes I must say a few words about THE CHIGGER PATCH OF FANDOM....and I don't give a damn how many of you point a finger and say "Uhuh, and you gave Banks hell for talking about his subzin (to heck with the 'e' on that, must keep an even margin at all costs)". Well, go ahead and point. Hyuck! Fun! Anyhow, CHIGGER has acquired two new editors and I want to make a few things clear concerning the set-up. The changes made were accomplished between issues and there will be some confusion until the next issue is out. So first, Bob Farnham is Managing Editor and all subscriptions, monies, requests for sample copies and trades, etc. go to Bob. He handles all business details. Also the price has been raised to 25¢ as of the issue coming out next September. Simmer down Al, old chap, you get the issue for twenty cents. Ed Cox will be or rather is the Manuscript Editor and has complete charge of all manuscripts.. that is unless I happen to disagree with him concerning a manuscript which is usually most of the time. Heh! Interesting to say the least. Wrai Ballard is going to be the Letter Editor and this ladies and gentleman is going to be a real-er gone deal, believe me. He hasn't told me too much of what he has in mind for the letter section but I gather that the more feuds he can start and the more controversial the letters the better. You all know Wrai pretty well and should have a good idea of what he'd be able to cook up. If you want to get in on the fun, better get your letters into him now. Me, don't know what the hell you'd call me. I come into the deal somewhere. Oh yes, Donald Susan and Richard Bergeron are the staff artists and Donald is handling the format entirely, doing the headings, and a lot of special things which should mean an immense improvement. Put an 'e' in to that word somewhere. Come to think of it, believe Jack Harness is a staff artist, too. He's doing the cover for the next ish which will be lithographed and there's going to be plenty of good stuff gracing the pages of Chigger this time. Better give you addresses, I guess, you surely know Ed's and Wrai's but will give you Bob Farnham's which is 204 Mountain View Drive, Dalton, Georgia. End of page.....

Ummmm, I want to get a cup of coffee but better finish what I was saying. Or did I finish? Guess most of you know that CHIGGER is published just once a year...and deadline for all material (please note this Wrai and Ed) will be June the first. I gotta do all the stenciling and this is going to run to over forty pages and if I am as unlucky as seems probable at this point, will be fifty to sixty pages. Sooo I repeat deadline is June 1. Damn I had something else to say and now I can't remember what it was. Oh yes. CHIGGER is a first.....the first 200th fandom subzin (there goes that 'e' again!) to grace the fair halls of fandom. Urk! Oh well. Now I'm going to get that coffee and try to persuade the youngsters that it's way past their ever lovin' bedtime.

But don't weep, children, I'll be back, never fear..... I'm back and see, you didn't miss me as much as you thought you would...er, maybe you didn't miss me as much as I thought you would. Got me coffee but I believe my powers of persuasion are practically nil. Oh well. And if I say that once more, I'm going to cross it out. Get's monotonous and if it gets monotonous for me, I hate to think what it's doing to the rest of you.

Now what? Forgot to tell you.... spent Sunday afternoon and evening at the Farmers, believe all of Fawcett Enterprises Incorporated were there except Don Sawicky. Hal and Nance Shapiro made a flying weekend trip to Peoria and bless their ever lovin' black hearts came an extra sixty miles to get me. I never know how to say thanks to people who go out of their way to be so darned nice. So guess I won't bother. But I appreciate Hal & Nance and the whole gang in Peoria a good deal more than they know....I just ain't good at saying words out loud. Anyhow, there was Phil and Bette Farmer, Randy Garrett, Betsy McMillian, Al Cameron (tho he had to leave early to go back to Ames), Jack Cordes, Vernell Coriell, Hal, Nance, John Lindquist, and me. Fun! Hyuck. We ran out of gas coming home -- well! That's what they said and I believed them --- and we had to wake up a farmer out of a sound sleep and buy some gas from him. Heh. Said farmer (not Jose) turning out to be a cousin of mine by marriage...heh..... nothing like keeping it in the family eh? Now what do I do next? Hmmmm. Got an article here by Bob Farnham....think we'll go into that now. As follows:

HOW TO ENDEAR YOURSELF TO ANY FAN

by

Bob Farnham

The quickest way to endear yourself to your fellow-fen is to win their confidence in a long series of letter-exchanges, in which quite a few "now this is entirely and strictly confidential" are used, with an over-all average of not less than at least one, but not more than two or three per letter. If you have ~~something~~ something more you want to tell them, then do it in another letter a week or so later.

Fen eat this sort of thing up alive....they gobble it!

Then after you've completely won them over, and they spill some real hot stuff -- "strictly confidential" you've got them where they can't move an inch. It's down in either their own handwriting or on a type written page with their written signature. Either way, you've got them.

Of course, if you are one of those freaks of fandom who are sincere, and mean exactly what you promise as to respecting confidences then this does not apply to you (ouch!...Nangee). But if you are just trying to gather material with which to start a feud, a nasty feud---then sit by and watch the suckers who trusted you make asses of themselves---this will fit your needs very nicely.

Then when you're all set, you write to one of them, whichever it may be who is slandered the worst and exact a promise from him/her not to reveal the source, and then tell them all the things the other fan said about them.

This will make tempers rise, sparks will fly, and the fire automatically begins a slow steady burning, and the conflagration can easily develop into some-

thing that will; 1. ruin reputations. 2. bust up a fan club. 3. disrupt beyond repair a real friendship. and 4. quite possibly blast what might otherwise have proven a successful professional career which could well have been of worth-while value to Fandom. This is great fun!

It works especially well at large conventions, such as World Conventions. The excitement of a large convention seems to dazzle even the most experienced to such an extent that they forego all reason, and the more they think about what you tell them, especially if the "strictly confidential" information is completely false---just a few items made up out of thin air, the more they forget to think and the madder they get, till long after the convention is over, the psuedo injustices they've been told has been done them, finally festers into an anthrax that bursts with a bang which resounds throughout fandom and it's fanzines.

Then - and only then - can you sit back and laugh at the ruckus that is changing friends to foes, and the climax comes when the fen involved in the feud you so amiably started, realize they have been "took"---and by whom. Then the most exciting part comes for you---dodging them at conventions(if you've guts enough to attend the same one they are!)and laughing up your sleeve at them when they fail to locate you.

This all leads, eventually, to a retirement from Fandom of those to whom you have lied and gotten involved in a feud, and when they retire in a bitter, paranoid frame of mind, your cup of joy runneth over. Then there is still another way to endear yourself to fen and this requires that you be an editor of a fanzine.

When someone sends in material over which they have expended blood, sweat, and tears, to say nothing of Midnight Oil, and fondly regard their work as worthy of publication, why, just fire it right back, and if they've forgotten to send return postage, you can really get nice and sarcastic about it.

Tell them you are not rich, and anyhow they ought to be of sufficient intelligence to include return postage with all material sent out to any fanzine.

If they send you a drawing, whether or not there are actually any flaws in it be sure to find about forty different reasons for telling them "Do you call this ART...? IT STINKS!"

This always puts them in an extremely happy modd and they'll always be certain to respond with more material just like it. Fen love to be told their work stinks natch. Of course, any fanzine editor can say that he/she is sorry but they already have more material on hand than they can use up in six months and suggest the contributor send it to some other editor who might be in need of it.

That, however, takes too much effort, and why bother to be impossible, when with just a mite more effort you can be utterly horrid? Now and then you may get a real hot letter back, but this would only serve to inflate your own ego and you can file it under the heading of "Mementos of my days as a FAN..."

Suppose some would-be author sends in a story he/she has spent up to three months writing and re-writing and revising till it seems ready at long last to submit to some fanzine editor?.....

Right here is the golden opportunity for endearing yourself to a fan.

If the story is science fiction, claw it to pieces. Find anywhere up to fifty errors, errors in science, in typing, in punctuation or implausibility. Take about six pages to tell them what's wrong with it. Request a re-write according to the ideas you suggest. When their story has been rewritten about ten times, reject it as unsuitable to your type fanzine.

Or if it's too much trouble to write all of that, simply include a short note something like this: "MY GHOD!..who in hell ever told you YOU could write??? Why don't you give up? This thing STINKS!"

Or you can accept it first bid, but when you stencil it, cut out enough of the story as to omit all the sense, half the plot--rewrite from one-half to all of the story, leave out enough words here and there, to spoil it, or mis-spell from 3 to 10 words in each paragraph.

Mis-spelling always draws reader interest, he goes wild over the magazine as well as the story, and both you and the author are put down as a couple of Smart Bunnies who know their business and he immediately sends in cash for a 5-year sub.

If you follow instructions in this article, in time to come, you will grow exceedingly popular and your receipt of letters from fen all over Fandom telling you ~~they~~ what they think of you, will fill your mailbox to overflowing, increase the postal revenue, and win friends in the PO Department.

If a little touch of pornography, or a bit of profanity is slipped into your fanzine here and there, you are bound to win many Fen as friends. It will also increase your popularity with the Postmaster General and he might even offer you a frank.

A frank request to cease publication as far as the mails are concerned. Here again is increasing popularity for you and your zine.

The less effort you put into your zine the more popular it will become, and the one sure way to win praise and publicity for free is to send your zine to a promag for their fanzine review department.

It never fails, never!

Never publish anything less than thirty or forty pages. Anything over ten pages usually calls for a minimum of two three-cent stamps, what with the recent hike in postal rates, and for thirty pages, from two ¢ to three three-cent stamps are needed to get your zine to the addressee.

Here is still another opportunity to win popularity and lasting friends.

Always put insufficient postage on your zine. To insure the zine going thru, do not put your return address on it; just your city and last name, in this manner:

THE CENTURIAN
Farnham
Chicago 15, Ill.

Or even leave off the last name and only use the name of the mag and the city..... The postoffice clerks at point of origin, rarely look at the return address, but figuring that as long as there is one, the postage already on your zine is sufficient, send it along.

The local postoffice of the addressee is certain to weigh your zine and stamp it "postage due", and the fan who gets your zine has to fork up three to ten cents for it, and, if you've followed my instructions, he will soon dispatch a letter to you telling what he thinks of your fanzine...and you included.

You can always spot the home of a fan by the burned-looking appearance of the paint on the mailbox, so keep your eyes open while you are walking or driving thru the streets in your home town and send one of your zines to the address with the burned mailbox.

Quite often, this leads to interesting and exciting experiences when the local fan takes the trouble to look you up and thank you in person for sending him your zine.

Fandom is a mysterious and exciting realm, and is frequently educational as well as interesting, and a willing fan can quickly pick up a cultured, educated poise that is always exceedingly popular with all whom they come into contact, and if one goes about it right, such as following implicitly the rules contained herein, can quickly become known as a BNF, which stands for Big Name Fan.

The name, itself, depends upon the individual fan.

If you have any difficulty in attaining popularity, and desire even further instruction or advice than is contained in this article, send two dollars and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Yogi Sebastian Am-Hullah, 204 Mountain View Dr. Dalton, Georgia.

Yogi Am-Hullah will do his best to help you out.

//////////

Err, yes. Well, they say forewarned ¢ is forearmed....or as one fan put it, forewarned is foredisarmed. Hyuck! By the way, this is now February 25, Thursday at about 10:30 a.m....got to be bedtime last night before I finished this; so I just quit in the middle of it. Also this is the end of this stencil...next page.....

LOOK MOMMY! NO ART WORK!

It should. In any case, that's the way it's going to be. What next? What todo? What to do? I think I owe everyone in Saps a letter. My apologies and I don't feel a bit bad about it. After all I'm certain you'd rather have a NANDU--- rather than a letter wouldn't you? Eh, Al? Eh, Nance? Eh, Vee? Eh, Wrai? Eh, Lee? Eh, Irene? Eh, Eney(ohhhhhh, what nice valentines you send!) Eh, Ed? Eh, Carol?(received your zine, doll, and haven't had a chance to read it...same goes for Nance, got hers too and it hasn't been read either). Wally,I'm beginning to do a slowwww burrrnnnn! Where the hell are those pics you promised me? Ed got his. Everybody in fandom has got a pic of me but me. Besides I have a bone to pick with you...whaddya mean the BOOK OF ~~PTOTH~~/ PTOTH at least adds to the bulk ~~to the~~ hell; I'm peeved and can't type. Whaddya mean it merely adds bulk to the mailing? Or whatever it was you said? In my opinion, THE BOOK OF PTOTH adds one hell of a lot more ~~the~~ to the mailing than just ~~book~~ bulk. Damn, you sure got my typer all mixed up. Hmmm, well guess Al can take care of himself anyhow but when you add Al Toth to a mailing, you got something, boy. Lessee who else can I jump on??? Well for one, Richard Bergeron...PLEASE Rich, will you get the illo for that sequel in to me??? PLEEEAAAASSEEE???? I want to get the story stenciled, it's long a n d I'm gonna have my little hands full. Please. And Jack Harness, boy, will you pleeeccaaaassee get the CHIGGER cover doen(done)and in to me...that's gotta go t o McKeesport to be lithographed....be sure to put the price on the cover too. Any- one else? Guess not.

Oh my ghod, Gem is dropping out of SAPS. That is a blow and I ain't being sarcastic when I say that either. Gem, how can you do that to us??? How? How? I sob wildly in my wine(to hell with beer). Also, to go to another subject, I meant to run the 200th fandom coat-of-arms on DODO and forgot...sorry, Vee, I'll remember next time. Hope I don't forget it on this. A poem:

ETERNELLE

K. You will forget, as I cannot forget;
You will forget, because you never knew
The hollow aching lifetime of regret.

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You are not young, as I who speak am young.
To me the songs we sang were fresh and new -
You know all songs mankind has ever sung.

Age cannot wither you; nor can you feel
The dark despair that eats into the heart
Because you cannot know that love is real.

Age cannot wither; but it takes away
All save that ancient-learned and fatal art
Which makes men's lives a game for you to play.

I'll not forget, who have but three-score years and ten.
You have ten thousand thousand. You will lure other men. 9

Where was I and why? It is about one-thirty p.m. now, still Thursday...just finished an hour's meditation...always meditate an hour or so about this time. Guess I'll have to check back and see what was what when I left off. Ummmm. It appears that I didn't ~~leave~~ leave off exactly; so we'll continue. I suppose I should say something about the results of the poll but what am I supposed to say besides...uh...thank you? That/s sounds so trite and besides I don't feel particularly thankful. Am I supposed to? Heh. Can't help it...frankly I think somebody marked all their x's in the wrong place, maybe they need glasses or something. Besides I am tied with Share...that I do not like. Behind her or ahead of her but tied??? Naw tain't right. Lessee, best artist, by ghod now, somebody really has flipped. Need I say more. Fiction writer, where'd those three votes come from? I get curiouser and curiouser and then more so. Hyuck! Two votes think I'm funny, make that three because I think I'm funny too and I don't mean funny hahaha.....ummmm one vote for article writing, somebody's being kind, three for best versifier, tsk. I'm slightly confused. Goody. Best Sapszine tied with TRANTOR for third, that pleases me a lot. And in fourth place as mailing commentator, that pleases me too. The rest of the poll and my place in it is sheer fiction. There is one thing in my favor--my name starts with a 'G' so that at least put me ahead of Share, alphabetically speaking. You know that's one reason I'm trying so desperately to get a NANDU done this time and desperate is about the word for it too....I didn't want Share to go ahead of me in issue numbers and she would have if I'd skipped this mailing. Nance isn't there any way I can rile you? Sigh. Guess not.

Ummmmmm. I've got an article of sorts here that has been rejected so many times by fanzine editors that it has become neurotic or something. I'm going to print one rejection because that will explain why I'm printing it here. Of course, Bill Venable accepted it for PENDULUM and then PENDULUM folded which should indicate something or other but we won't go into just what it indicates...but here's the one rejection in question.....no names named or anything, as follows:

Dear Nangee: Sorry, can't use your article. If you'll read it over you'll see that science fiction is just secondary in it. I doubt if the reader would be interested. I doubt if they care why the sex drive was installed in man, or how America achieved democracy. It might go good in a FAPA or SAPS mag, but not a subzine.....

Hokay. Who am I to argue? I feel just onery enough today anyhow to foist a rejected artilce(article)off on you anyhow...oh heyyy, speaking of chips, well, we weren't speaking of chips exactly but it amounts to the same thing in the long run I have a bone to pick with another Saps member and I'd better do it now or I might forget it and that wouldn't do atall. I always pick bones whenever possible and I honestly don't want to skip this. It concerns a statement that Claude Hall made about Lee Jacobs and really considering Lee's circumstances and the work he is doing that statement by Claude Hall could be classified as the all-time asinine bits of asininity of the year. I don't know whether the statement was made unthinkingly - or with malice aforethought - and I can't decide myself which case would be the worst. No doubt Lee can well take care of himself....don't know why I'm all of a sudden trying to mother everyone....but just the same I think Claude was way out of line in saying what he did. I don't want to make an enemy of you, Claude, but I wonder if you know just how much damage that remark could do? If not, or even if so, you'd better think twice next time before spilling forth with such utter drivel. And I know of at least two other Saps members that agree with me on the subject. 'Nuff said.

Er, honest, I'm not the motherly type, I guess. Who was it that said it's not 'til they start feeling sisterly that a fellow has anything to worry about? Hyuck! I know who said it but don't believe I'll quote exactly. Uh okay, so I'm feeling motherly and you're all perfectly safe, believe me. Now where was I? Damn, I'm lost again. Oh I was going to give you an article wasn't I? I'm all out of the mood now but I said I would; so guess I'd better...durnit...this'll probably run over fourteen pages now....tsk....better go to next page.....

On second thought I'd better continue this tomorrow. You know what? I have discovered another tragedy. I am out of staples too. Mighod and for the love of the great ROSCOE what next? No ink, dang little paper, and no staples, no correction fluid, no type cleaner, egad! This working against deadlines makes me nervous. Oh great day! I just thought of something else. Ed Cox is working against the deadline too and I'm supposed to print MAINE-IAC. Urk! Well, Nan old girl, start waving that magic wand of yours and round up some ink, paper, and staples somewhere.. NANDU might possibly skip a mailing without any tears but MAINE-IAC never, never!! Don't sob children, I'll manage someway. On second thought, as I started to say up there, I'd better continue this tomorrow....our team is bowling in a tournament tonight and I have to leave early and there are lots of things to be done around hyar. Heyyy, I bowled a 202 game last Friday night, slightly unusual since my average for about 64 games is only 125. Wish I knew / how I did it so I could do it again. Have to bowl tomorrow night too and somehow I gotta get this done and in the mail by Monday....I never take chances with the postal department you know? Er as I said before I will continue this tomorrow. ROSCOE be with you.....

3:15 p.m...same day, Thursday, Feb.25th....

On third thought, perhaps I can get a little more done. Raining, snowing, and sleeting, ought to make for nice driving tonight. Ummmm....just had an idea...well I did...since this article is about 2000 words and I don't feel like printing or rather stenciling all of it....I'm only going to stencil part of it. Thought perhaps if I did that I could get some discussion out of you. However, if I fail to get any discussion out of any of you, that's perfectly all right...far be it from me to make anyone think....except Lee Jacobs and Wrai Ballard. Jets away!

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

That's exactly what I want to know. How does it strike you? This is being written more in the form of a question with the hope of gleaning some discussion from some of you. I am going to list some sentences that I picked at random from various sources and then tell you the thoughts these sentences provoked in my mind. I hope you read the following sentences carefully and think a little about them before you continue with this article. The mind is a strange thing(especially the minds of Saps)and anyone of the statements no doubt would lead you into completely different paths than the ones I took. That's what I'm so interested in finding out - which of you went where and why...though if you can answer the 'why' part of it, you'll be doing much better than I.

Of course I will have had a slight advantage over you because I know the sources of the following quotes and it triggered my mind accordingly. I'm not going to list the sources until next time, mostly because there are a couple or three statements that I'm quite sure will pull down some remarks, if they are left as is without listing the source. Hyuck! Should be fun. Also next time, I will print what I wrote concerning each statement, for comparative value only. I know at least one Sap that will know where these sentences can be found; so he too will have an advantage...that ~~if/He~~ is if he enters into it at all. And it's possible that a lot of you will recognize them. So be it. Here are the quotes:

1. Cancer is the opposite of pregnancy.
2. Americans achieved democracy, not because of moral or racial superiority, but because they possessed the long rifle.
3. Strange compulsion.
4. Lester del Rey is too valuable to waste on science-fiction.
5. Why drag all those concubines or play-girls along with the expedition?

I hasten to add that these quotes were all taken from a science fiction magazine or magazines. Now I ask, "How do they strike you?"...Con't Mlg. # 28.....

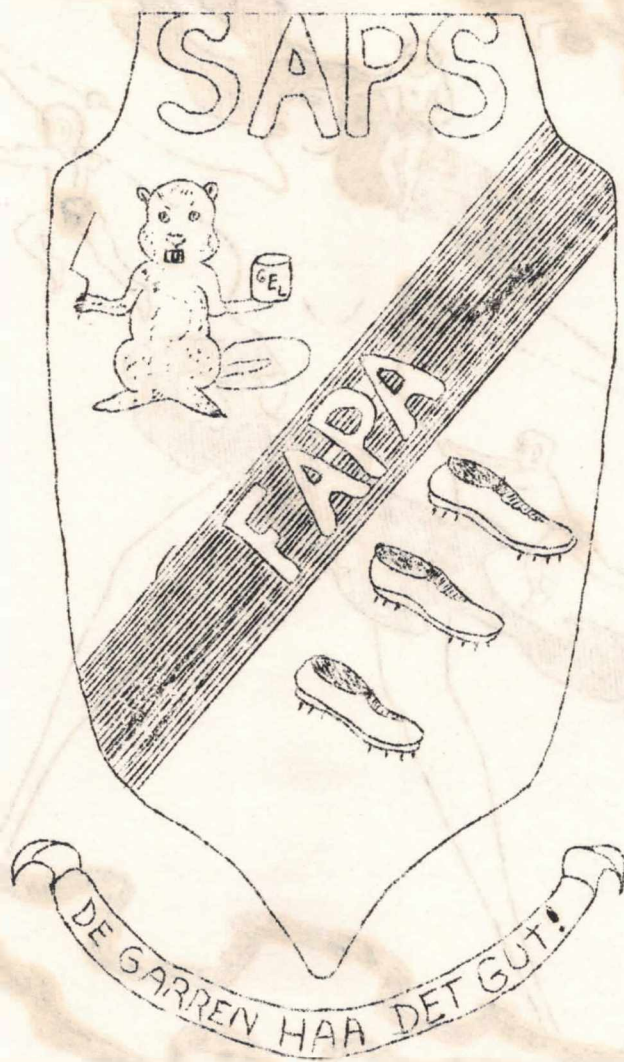
Wheeee, Nan, old girl, you're a smart cookie...now you don't have to stencil all that....look, gal, what's so smart about it? You'll just have to stencil it next time? Er, yeah, I never thought of that. Ummm. Well, most anything can happen between now and the next time you know....you might even conveniently lose it or something. Naw, you wouldn't renig like that would you? The hell I wouldn't, old girl, you don't know yourself very well do you? Nope. Okay, then quit arguing. I wonder if I have anything else to say? Hal Shapiro tried to talk me into trading this AB Dick ~~o~~ in on a Gestetnor mimeo but I would have none of it...I'm too fond of this hyar iron monster to give her up...she is a good girl and serves me very faithfully. Wonder if she can print a couple of Sapszines without ink.....that would really be rendering a service beyond the call of duty, eh what? I did want to welcome the new members that were represented in last mailing and I had reviewed all their zines in that fourteen pages I discarded...too bad I don't have them now...or I would at least review the new members' mags...damn me anyhow. Also, I most certainly am not going to re-read this...wishesomebody would do me a favor---one of you quick like a bunny as soon as you get this mailing, write to me and tell me what I said, willya? I haven't the faintest idea and have no intention of finding out either,...durned if I'll waste this many stencils....if that hasn't already happened. Ah weel, Nan, be comforted by the fact that it will at least add some pages to the mailing...tsk! Besides I'm not the least bit unhappy, I'm unreasonably happy. Anybody wanna argue? I can predict the mailing comments on this.....this NANDU was not up to par either in quality or size....and no mailing comments--traitorous, uh - traitoress? Yeah. And no art. Tsk what a shame, it seems that Nangee is going the way of all good Saps and so on and so forth. And it happens to be quite true. There will be a rare few lovable prejudiced darlings who will say, "well, it's gerdingwriting and that's what we want" and who am I to argue one way or the 'tother....gotta stop here because I want to present to you with fanfare a poem by Garth Bentley....fare thee well, you lovable people until Mlg. # 28.....

CHANSON D'AMOUR

I'm in love with a sweet Martian dreamboat,
 A cute little seven-foot chick,
 Whose slippers are big as a steamboat
 And whose ankles are half an inch thick.
 I would blazon her beauty in ballads;
 I would sing of her lavender eyes,
 Of her fur, which is greener than salads,
 And her bosom which droops to her thighs.

When she beckons with languid antenna
 And gives me her 'come-hither' look,
 I would follow her straight to Gehenna
 Or break every law in the book.
 For she holds my heart tightly imprisoned
 In the grasp of her six dainty hands
 And her tail, which is brightly bedizened
 With yellow and tangerine bands.

She's the acme of female perfection
 And I hope I can make her my wife,
 For I know that her clinging affection
 Will keep me contented for life.
 Each time that we meet, I discover
 New charms that awaken a glow;
 And why in hell shouldn't I love her?
 I am also a Martian, you know.



NANDU No 6

