

# BOOK II

of

NANDU VOL.2, NO.3, WHOLE NO.7

## Table of Contents

### ILLOS

Dea . . . . .	31 $\frac{3}{4}$
Prescott . . . . .	32
Harness . . . . .	36
Harness . . . . .	43
Harness . . . . .	48
Harness . . . . .	52
Harness . . . . .	61
Harness . . . . .	64
Harness . . . . .	66
Prescott . . . . .	67
Ballard . . . . .	67 $\frac{1}{2}$
(cote d'armes)	

The other half of the Dea pic, continued  
from page 0

### NANVIEWS

GEMZINE V-4, #1 . . . . .	34
SPACEWOOF #1 . . . . .	36
CREEP #2 . . . . .	38
SPACEWARP (mlg.26) . . . . .	38
SATURNALIA (one-shot) . . . . .	41
NANDIDN'T #2 . . . . .	41
GHU SAPLEMENT #20 . . . . .	41
SPY RAY OF SAPS . . . . .	42
KEEBIRD . . . . .	42
ZANY #1 . . . . .	43
MAINE-IAC #7 . . . . .	47
IMPACT #1 . . . . .	47
DODO #3 . . . . .	49
OUTSIDERS #15 . . . . .	54
THE ARCHIVES #3 . . . . .	61
IGNATZ #6 . . . . .	63
SPACEWARP (mlg.27) . . . . .	64

### MISCELLANEOUS

CONTENTS . . . . .	31 $\frac{3}{4}$
THE LIGHT IN THE DUST (fiction), Helen Dudley . . . . .	33
PERHAPS YOUR NEIGHBOR (poem), Bentley . . . . .	39
GRAPHOLOGY (Harris) . . . . .	44
INJUSTICE (fiction) Woolston . . . . .	51

### REVIEWS IN MINIATURE

(For Whom The Bell Tolls), Ballard . . . . .	51
THOTS IN A BEAUTY PARLOR NanG . . . . .	53
A SAGA FOR SAPS (poem) (1st installment) Remus . . . . .	56





© PRECOTT



# THE LIGHT IN THE DUST

BY  
Helen  
Dudley,

When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead--  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed.

----SHELLEY

From the "Herald", you say? I-I-guess I know what you want. Someone had to come sometime. I was hoping you'd never come, but - well - maybe it's better this way. Perhaps I've been thinking about it too much. But that is all I can do any more--think. Oh, I'm sorry to keep you standing here. Come in, won't you?

Sit down, please. That's a comfortable chair, isn't it? It used to be Dick's favorite. I remember when I bought it for him. For Christmas two years ago. Cost \$49.95 and Dick said it was worth every penny of it. Made him feel like an old married man.

When did I first meet him? Let me see -- it was four years ago this month. He was sitting on a park bench, looking at the stars. Even when I was a little girl the stars always fascinated me. And he told me things about them that I never knew or dreamed of the stars. Before either of us knew it we both had stars in our eyes as well as in our minds. We were married a few months later.

Funny how those things happen, isn't it? Meeting Dick like that, I mean. Most of the people you see leave no impression on you. You don't care much about them one way or the other. But once in awhile you'll find someone

you feel close to. Age doesn't seem to make any difference. Sometimes it's an old man you help across the street. Then again it's a little girl you pat on the head and give a dime to. You get the impression that you understand them and that they understand you. This must sound pretty silly to you. You want facts, I guess, not feelings.

The fact that Dick was a test pilot didn't matter. We were together, that was all that counted. I used to watch him fly the new planes. I was proud of him, not afraid for him. And he knew it too. He had confidence in himself, the plane and me. We all seemed to be together somehow. It was good to feel that way. Can you understand what I mean? Yes, I believe you really do. You'll be a good reporter some day.

We were on a picnic, just the two of us, when he told me. It seems like only yesterday. Strange how some things always stay fresh in your mind and other things that seemed important at the time are quickly forgotten. I wonder why that is? When I was six years old, a man came to our house begging for food. He was very old with a long grey beard and carried a cane. I can see him now just as he was then. Forgive me, please. I seem to be wandering. What was I talking about? Oh



yes, the picnic.

It was a fine day in early spring. The clouds were so white against the blue of the sky. The wind whispered through the trees and the grass, saying things that Dick and I could almost understand. We didn't even mind the ants. Dick said they were so matter-of-fact and down to earth. Like he wished he could be. But I'm glad he wasn't that way - even now.

After lunch we just sat and looked up into the blue sky. He talked about the stars and how far away they were and why were they up there looking down at us with our feet in the mud trying to get free. What lies beyond the most distant star and why do we insist that something does lie beyond it because our minds cannot understand or accept infinity. We talked about all those things as though we had discovered them for the first time. I wonder how many others have thought about them. At the time it seemed as if we were philosophers finding a new idea. Nothing mattered but us and our thoughts.

It was then he told me about the rocket waiting for him at White Sands. For him? No, for us. I wouldn't be with him physically. It would be a oneness that meant much more. The first rocket to carry a man, he said. He wasn't humble or proud, happy or sad. How can I explain something that we couldn't understand ourselves? The rocket flight would be something that had never happened before on Earth. But that meant nothing to Dick and me. Life was the greatest adventure for us. Anything else was secondary.

The sun seems very close at White Sands. Little heat waves flicker over everything. The dusty sagebrush clings to the small sand dunes in defiance of the heat and of Man. A bluish line of mountains can be seen in the northeast.

I believe it's the Sacramento Mountains but I'm not sure any more. The rocket stands so white on the concrete firing table half a mile away. Dick is inside waiting. Radar sets and cameras, looking like futuristic anti-aircraft guns, are all aimed at the rocket. A star shell bursts overhead. Two minutes before take-off. There is a flurry of activity but it doesn't mean much. Nervous reaction I guess. Everything has been checked dozen of times before. Now, it is less than a minute and there is no turning back. A stubby finger with a blood blister under the nail pushes the ignition button and the roar of a thunderstorm descends on us. Fire from the rocket plays over the concrete apron. The gleaming needle moves upward slowly, gaining speed. The roar is deafening. It can still be seen at five miles above the Earth. At ten miles only the flame is visible. Then the rocket and Dick are gone.

Two thousand miles and Dick would return. But he didn't. No one knew what went wrong. A mechanical failure somewhere that meant his life and, because of that, my life too. We are sorry and all that. Died a hero, you know. No, I don't know. He's gone --that's all I know.

The rocket just kept on going, away and away. He's still out there somewhere. When I'm nothing but dust he'll still be out there floating around. Until the end of time, perhaps.

Now you know why I stand for hours looking at the stars. Dick is there some place with God and infinity and I don't know what else. I don't care about the other things. Dick is there and that's all that matters. I wonder what all this means. Why did it happen to us? Why not someone else? Why anyone?

I don't understand. Do you?

end

\*\*\*\*\*  
(continued from page 31)

BOO JEST is it's usual exquisite impeccable and expert self. Poetry? I didn't read it. I read Harry Turner's letter but only because you completely sabotaged me with all those asterisks (word association here.....any one remember the MARY poem in OUT #6?). I'm waiting for the next Gemzine with bated breath(I'm still holding my breath, kid!)



Now you may leave January 17 and come back up-to-date, April 7, Wednesday - and almost five p.m. Which means I have to stop. I'm probably thoroughly confusing everyone, including myself, by using these out-of-date reviews and ricocheting from one date to another this way but you must admit it is a unique method of time travel. All that's left is CREEP, ZANY, SPACEWARP, and Eney's pubs, which is considerable. Then I'll go back to reviewing the rest of Mlg. #27, egads three times I've reviewed something of Davis'....you happy Johnboy? Be back.....

.....Thursday, April 8, 1954, 9:15 a.m.

Hello, I say grumpily, and without much enthusiasm. It's only sixty degree colder today than it was yesterday, thanks to Canada and their bloody cold fronts. The children were fit to be tied and naturally blamed me for Canada's inadequacies for natch I get blamed for everything. Phoo. What'd I get in the mail yesterday? Not that anyone is particularly interested, but I'm not particularly interested in doing mlg. comments either.

Sure nice to see Lynn Hickman's beautiful penmanship again after a lapse of a couple of years. Got a letter from Howard Lyons of Canada (pardon the remark concerning Canada's inadequacies please, this morning I ain't responsible for what I say)(am I ever??)who is buying fanzines, past, present and future, letter from Ken Slater of England dealing with OF, letter from Gerry Steward of Canada who wants on the Saps mailing list, one from Phil Farmer, one from Bob Farnham of Georgia, and one from Ballard of, er-I think it's someplace in North Dakota, ain't it? Got what seems like a million others here but they're not going to get answered until I finish these mailing comments. Then I'll probably have to take a vacation from NANDU or go batty and proceed to answer letters and go batty, let's do:

GEMZINE V-4, #1 Gem Carr I liked the cover but I can't say I particularly liked the contents. Gosh here I've been wanting more Gemtalk and what do I get? Poems! That's like adding fuel to the fire isn't it?

As Al Toth says, "This mailing must have been the HATE GEM CARR ish". Well I'm not worried, you seem to thrive on this sort of thing, though you are human and I do think it was laid on a bit thick. I can't tell how thick a skin you have developed but if long practice has anything to do with it, you'll be okay.

ODES

TO THE VERNAL EQUINOX(uh?).....of all the poems on the first page, the one I liked best(if I have to make a choice)was the one that starts "the dawn is very quiet" but I think the last line falls down flat. That sentence is a repetition, a foregone conclusion, unnecessary. First three lines were very good though. And even if I don't care for Spring poetry(ask Edco)I like the way you use words in many of these.

The next page is good poetry, reads well, but the concepts contained therein leave me cold, guess I don't appreciate the finer things in life. Personally, this page was a total loss to me, partly because I'm a mother 24 hours of the day and don't like reading about motherhood(the glories????)and partly because I don't believe that most people feel that way about their mothers. I think Bester made a very good point in saying what he did about the conflict between children and adults; only too true, deplorable, and tragic.

As for Easter, Easter is Easter.

ASHES

FROM YESTERDAY'S FIRE and JULY 1931, I liked. Much, much better than any of the poetry so far. "Confound it, don't step on my feet" was chucklesome. WINTER 1954

I enjoyed all this page. REQUIEM..I liked Our Leader Sleeps and Ave And Farewell. The rest of the poetry in this, foo. Did you write all of it? Proceeding on the assumption that you did, - well, nice going.

SPACEWOOF #1 Dean A. Grennell Woof, yourself. Shades of the ever lovin' blue-eyed whirl, now we have this inimitable punster in our midst! Inimitable because I'm quite sure that no one else could ever manage puns in quite the style that Dean does. Nor I doubt could very many equal his apt manipulation of words (natch, that's necessary for punning) and come to think of it, when the guy is just writing along in a normal fashion( that is normal??), he manages to slip in a few puns too. Perhaps he's an unconscious punster. He had ought to be sometimes; though the cornier they get the better I seem to like them.

Yoikes, what a gay eight pages this was. An inspired title too. So who isn't glutted with fanactivity, I'd like to know? I wonder what it would be like to be unglutted with fanac? 'Twould be slightly unglutting, uh unnerving, don't believe I could stand the strain.

Hey Dean, since you were talking about the Stenofax people, no doubt you could give me their address. I'd like to have it.

That certainly would be an unusual slant for reporting on a con.....  
A REPORT OF THE 54' FRISCON AS OBSERVED FROM ALCA-TRAZ or a Con'sview of the Con.

I feel the way you do about subject matter and mechanical details of presentation but that danged Rapp makes me feel obligated to justify NANDU, which may merely be rationalization. It's possible that I may feel the subject matter of NAN is unable to stand alone and thus any quality I can add to it's pages is that much gained. Kinda rough analyzation, especially since I do not believe it myself. Possible, but highly improbable. Must just be some sort of sub-conscious conflict, I don't want to justify but I seem to be compelled to do so, force of habit maybe.

How do I like PseudOmars? Love 'em. Let's have some more. "Furshlugginer" is a word I'm going to remember--real gone term.

What's an ID signal? Ohhhhhhhh, I love you madly, Dean! You said and I quote, "The only thing worse than reading the Trib is to listen to McCormick", end quote. I detest the guy too much to even be fair to him, whereas you are bighearted enough to look at his views objectively. I think this is the only instance in my life

(telephone, be back.....)

that I ever refused to look at a person objectively first and then draw a conclusion and politics has nothing to do with it for I'm the most unpolitical person you'd ever want to meet.

However, even though I don't like myself very well for it, I still think that I'm repaying kind with kind; for both The Trib and McCormick

(and who says they ain't one and the same thing?...he talks like he had a mouthful of mush and the Trib reads the same way)

are just about as radi-





cal and unbending and prejudiced as a man or a newspaper can get. I dunno. Maybe I don't understand why I dislike the man so. all I know is he rubs me the wrong way, so much so that I don't even like to think about him.....I say after writing a whole paragraph about the subject.

Cockroaches, ugh!!! That's telling Wrai, old bean, even though I didn't know he had corrected my spelling with another misspelling. I just took it for granted he was right which goes to show you should never take anything for granted, not even Wrai Ballard.

What's a votre sante? I agree, a lot of credit should go to Fitzgerald, indubitably. Huh? You stand aghast at such ambition as I obviously possess? How do you think I feel?

Much worse, thank you.

Besides I don't think ambition is the word for it. Criminy, now I'm committing cardinal sins. I appreciated the information concerning superimposing. Wish I had gotten it a little sooner.....the dedication page to the Friscon in Chigger is going to be done that way, only the pic will be in green and the lettering overlaid in black. Too late now to change it.

How do I run copy crosswise???? This'll kill you(it almost killed me). I have an LC Smith with a(how do you measure a carriage?)anyhow, I measured the roller and it is ten and three-fourths inches. I didn't cut the stencils, I just folded and folded and folded until the damn things would go in the roller okay and then they'd wrinkle and wouldn't go in even -- and stuff and I've never been the same since. Never again, I say with ominous calm. So "cote d'armes" was a lousy pun eh? Must have been since I didn't dig it. I seldom dig the clever ones either though so that's no indication of anything. Can not imagine how you got the impression the cote d'armes(hyuck)impressed me since I am never, just never, obvious about anything.

I like the way you say things, for instance, your description of "stencil-fright". Ganged agley, is another word I am going to remember. Maybe I should start a DEAN GRENNELL SAYS column too. Hal and Nance's trouble was not with a typer but with the old ink pad that had been sitting on the mimeo for quite a few months. Nance tried to wash it but--well, you saw the results. Gads, they had quite a struggle and after hearing their account, I'm surprised they managed anything even half-legible.

Good thing you told us that it was the Isle of Jersey, I was reading along on the presumption that it was New Jersey, which goes to prove one shouldn't presumption anything.

So you howled over the idea of Nan taking up witchcraft and keeping Hal as a familiar. 'Tain't nothin' to the way I've been howling over these interlineations of yours, incomparable. Out of this world(izzat where they came from???). You've given me so much exercise, laughing, that I ought to be grateful, I've probably lost five pounds. What's Hasta la wiedersehen mean? Eleven a.m. and I have to get to my housewifely duties...but before I go--you said you weren't going to justify again. Too bad. Your justifying was certainly justified for SPACEWOOF was a beautiful appearing publication and only topped by the contents therein.....

.....same day, 1:05 p.m.

Guess I'll finish the mailing comments that I did on the 26th mlg. and then

get back to the current ones. I was ready for:

CREEP #2 Wally Weber Written Monday, January 18, 1954, 9 a.m.....Now for Wally the Web, I say as I rub my hands together with anticipation and glee. Wonder if the Creeper is a mimeograph? You are responsible for AB Dick's undoing Wally. I took thish of CREEP, shook it vehemently under AB Dick's nose(ink drum?)and said, "There, AB Dick, is the kinda work you're supposed to be doing." Poor AB Dick. It ducked it's little slipsheet in shame, blushed ink all over the place, gave a long, shuddering sigh, and hasn't spoken a mimeographed sheet since. Wish I had written CREEP. I would like the credit for it(except for that comment concerning Al). So far I've had no trouble with CREEP handling it that is, even barehanded. Guess it isn't as dangerous as you think.

Where's that picture you promised me? You PROMISED!!

So you're confused eh? And I saturated your mind. Good I love to saturate peoples' minds. But I didn't know I was going to the Philcon till a week before I left for same. NANDU was done and in the mail by then. Does that help your saturated little mind somewhat? Besides if NANDU saturates your mind, what do you think it does to mine? In your comments on GHU SAPLEMENT you said something about "fine mimeography and/or lightography",whaddya mean? You confused? That makes two of us. I look on that statement with suspicion.

(not the one just preceding, the one before that.)

Your Creep-art is real Creepy.

((This is April 9, 1954, Friday morning, twenty minutes to nine a.m....didn't get much done yesterday...ptui...now back to January 18 and confusion)))

Hah! Someone else is being blasphemous by not printing SPACEWARP in double letters. The OE

(Ballard)

accused me of not being properly worshipful. I think we ought to start impeachment proceedings. The OE

(please keep in mind this was written in January, I mean the gorilla OE, not the mimeograph OE)

is deliberately inciting feuds which is certainly not the proper spirit for an OE.

( or is it ?)

I will tell you why. By the way, don't you think it clever of me the way I fall out of one mag right into the next one? In case you're wondering which mag I've fallen into, it isn't OUT, I refuse to comment on OUT. So it will be:

SPACEWARP(26th mlg.) Art Rapp Art, have you gotten this far(good question)? Eney, have you? I'm sure you will want to read my immortal words concerning SERVI-WARP, that is if I can think of any. Anyhow to get back to the impeachment proceedings.

The OE(Ballard) accused me of not being worshipful(properly)of SWARP because I did not double up the letters. I'll have you know I have tried and tried to do it but it just doesn't work. Then after blood, sweat and tears, the OE(Ballard) informs me that it is impossible on  
(continued bottom next page)



## Perhaps Your Neighbor

Some accident of chromosomes and genes  
Produced an aberration in his stock.  
And innate caution warned him what it means  
To be the white crow in an ebon flock.  
He learned to hide the extra skills he had,  
To underplay his strength of limb and mind,  
Appearing much like any other lad  
With all the limitations of mankind.

Matured, he knew that he had chosen well  
To keep strange talents hid, his banner furled,  
For one - though thus endowed - could not compel  
The reformation of a hostile world.  
Too many others in the past had tried  
To break the bonds that hold men's minds enslaved  
And some were ridiculed and many died  
Beneath the hands of those they would have saved.

Far better, then, adopt a safe disguise,  
Feigning contentment as an average man,  
Than risk detection by suspicious eyes  
And be destroyed. It is a wiser plan,  
Because his strain breeds true, perhaps to wait  
While lesser mortals strain and strive - and fail,  
Knowing his children's children will create  
A world where truth and justice will prevail.

.....Garth Bentley

=====

this elite typer, the letters are too small and too close together, witness:

~~SPACE WARP~~

At least it looks terrible on paper.....if it looks okay on stencil, I'll kill myself! But here's the rub. Wrai is supposedly a good friend of Art's. Art, he is not a good friend. A good friend would not go out of his way to find grounds for a feud with you. I love to tell tales out of Ballard's letters. He informs me, he doesn't ask me my desires in the matter, he INFORMS me, now there is the grounds for a feud with Art Rapp. I think the OE(Ballard)is out of order to order such an order yezzz? I do not want to feud with you, Art. I make it a point never to feud with clever people...you listening, McNeil? You listening, Ballard???

You sure that is egoboo you and Wrai are flinging at each other? You wanna know why I think you're clever, Art?? (aside from the fact that you are clever of course) I don't believe your knowledge of heraldry is as rusty as you would like us to believe. Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary.

I also know you are clever because you can mimeo on 16# paper and make it look like it was 24# paper. I would like to know how you do it. Are you a mimeograph too? I feel for you.

I will have you know that neither Share or Ballard printed as many pages as I did for the 25th mlg. Maybe they wrote more pages but they did not print more pages(that's supposed to be something to brag about????). I am killed. I am slain. I am hurt. I am Gerding.



((After looking at that ~~SPACEWARP~~ cut on a stencil it looks as if I'd have to kill myself, either that or admit I lost my case before it ever started. At least it looks a lot better cut on stencil than it does when I do it on paper. Hmm, well I'm going to keep my fingers crossed, maybe it will print lousy too...April 30)))

I wish I had known that Wally had a complete set of ~~SPACEWARP~~ when I met him at the convention. I wish I had known that. I wish -- oh well, just another opportunity lost. I do not think that a neat and painstakingly prepared mag calls for congratulations. All it calls for is love's labor lost.

That illo you were asking about--the one with the McCormick poem.....I merely stenciled the pic and then typed the poem over it and I was just lucky it happed to jive(Grennell says that ain't proper--not jiving, superimposing). Jive(Drummond says that ain't proper,--not superimposing, jiving) I'm lost, shall we dance? I left an 'n' out of happened up there -- an 'e' too...tsk, the world will now come to an end. Three guesses as to who sent me PIPSQUEAK #2 to read. People are all the time trying to educate me, trouble is lately they've been doing a pretty good job.

I'm not flattering you when I say I want a complete set of ~~SPACEWARP~~. I never flatter anyone. If I say something, I mean it. If they like what I say, I am lucky. If they don't like what I say, sad. How I write my mailing comments is a trade secret and a mystery, most of all to me. I will say this, I have iron-self discipline. (((that hasn't held true this time, April 30)))

Glad to see you taking the side of the virgin cows. Somebody around here is human at least. Mighod, I hadn't thought of the Dr. Doolittle series in years....had forgotten I'd ever read them. They were superb. Wonder what I would think of them now? I refuse to re-read them though. I shattered a beautiful childhood dream by re-reading the TARZEN books and I ain't going to risk any more dreams that way.

I don't know how many Saps appreciated Martin's anniversary cover but I know I didn't until you explained how difficult the process was. Now I appreciate it more. I also appreciate Martin Alger.

You didn't underestimate my perceptiveness. O WHERE ARE MY TENDRILS is still a mystery to me, even after your explanation.....boy, sometimes I wonder about me.

I can't quibble with your statement, "the right to buy women is the right to be free" because I never quibble with a statement I consider to be true. I would like to come back with "the right to sell men is the right to be free" (put in the proper punctuation marks and you will dig me okay). Egads, how do you think of such original covers? I wish I had done that. Oh well, a girl can't have everything. THE PERVERSITY OF INANIMATE OBJECTS was delightful and I can't think of a better authority on the subject than our OE(Ballard). First hand observation, you know? Have to stop here, may be back today and I may not, but I'll be back, can't seem to help myself.....

"Only T'ree can make a Ghod"

(Courtesy Arthur Rapp).....

.....April 9, Friday, 9:15 a.m.

And now you can come back to April 9...that's all the further I got last January, Art. I didn't get the rest of ~~SPACEWARP~~ (I swore I would not mention that word again) reviewed or Servi-Warp or all the rest of the fun-filled mags of the 26 mlg. Phoo. I hope the same thing doesn't happen this time. Nope, this time I positively refuse to give up.(It's April 30 on Friday and I haven't given up yet!)

(I'm weakening though)



" " " " " (the dissipated one-shot)

the Poul Andersons  
Richard Eney  
Irene Baron

Sigh, lucky Irene  
of Sloop, living  
right across from  
the 1954 conven-

tion site hotel. Wonder if this "between the sheets" deal will become a trend in Saps? Hyuck! Take that any way you wish to but what I'm trying to say is you had OUGHTA see the whole list Ballard sent me. I ought to commit libel and print them but I won't, not this time anyhow...should be a good way of keeping him in line.

Poul, is "Urmenschlichfilosofischwissenschaftlichkeit"(gasp)for real????? Somehow I get the impression after pronouncing it, that it isn't. You should also give me credit for great courage in copying it. You didn't answer the question:

IS EUROPE?

I consider it a very good question, indeed. What's MFTGDA? The Golden Grulzak, The Yobber, and The Poo sound scintillating. That bit on page 4 and 5 was the same. SATURNALIA was very entertainin' as these one-shots always prove to be.

NANDIDN'T #2

The title says it.....

THE BALLARD CHRONICLE COVERS(Six Gun Serenade) Tom Reamy Wouldn't you know it! Ballard is complaining about the gun holsters! Wonder what he expects for a nickle??

GHU SAPLEMENT #20 John Davis I got one question to ask. What happened to Saplement #19??? Speaking of Ghu Saplement, I've been working frantically against time here because for once I would like to have my mailing comments done before John gets here with his next Ghu Saplement. He's always beat me to the draw before and so has Vee with DODO.

I-uh-will now make a profound statement.....

.....same day, 10 a.m.....

I don't know what happened there. I was writing along and all of a sudden I jumped up, put on my coat and went to get the mail. I wish I hadn't. Smoldering in my mailbox was a nice large fat envelope from John Davis containing Saplement #22(TWENTY-TWO?????) You skip from #18 to #20 to #22, what gives?

Also a letter from Shelby Vick, saying he loved me madly. Good thing I don't take such statements seriously, natch he does though, I just slaved like a dog doing his Cf for him. People always love dogs.\* A card from Phil Farmer saying he and his family would be stopping here Sunday, a Fapazine from Dennis Morreen and(groooooaaann) a letter from EdCo. I nearly jumped with joy when I saw the envelope, it was big enough and fat enough to contain the manuscripts I was worrying about. I was sure in for a shock. It contained a manuscript okay, one which he thoroughly panned... durnit, I thought it was delightful and had accepted it for Chigger...nawwww, not EdCo, he really gave it the door...we ought to have a lot of fun editing Chigger-- we never seem to agree about anything(it's Gem's fault)...I've lost my bearings(not marbles, bearings)what was I talking about? Oh yeah, but it didn't contain an ounce of what all my fuss and bother has been about. I am in the depths of desperation, despair and what have you. Where or where has that letter gone?

\*I wish I hadn't said that, I wish I hadn't said that, I didn't mean it Vick!



Now what was that profound statement I was going to offer? Oh, I was going to say that Lee Jacob's DOWNFALL(when'd that happen, Lee?)and A. Machado'sDOWNFALL are certainly two different downfalls(well, it seemed profound at the time). Any-how I don't dig the ending of Machado's DOWNFALL, the next to the last line in particular.

I see you have a blasphemous bacover again, John. Meant to say up there,I guess DOWNFALL wasn't too bad a story. And thanks for the pic of the Davis family I appreciated it.

I just checked the zines I have left to comment on,OUTSIDERS #15, IMPACT #1, MAINE-IAC #7, DODO #3, ARCHIVES #3, IGNATZ #6, and ~~SPACEWARRP~~ (mlg.27). Only seven I say in a weak voice, meanwhile casting a glance askance(a poet and didn't know it)at the size and quality of said zines. OIYOI!

Well, since I have to quit at eleven, think I'll finish here with the mailing comments I did on SPY RAY OF SAPS, KEEBIRD, and ZANY which were in the 26th mailing. ((Jeezewhip, I thought I was through with past history))

SPY RAY OF SAPS Richard Eney Well, ken that Dick Eney. Now he's accusing me of withering heights (I mean Saps-zines). So now I'm responsible for the downfall of Saps! No one can argue with my logic or lack of it as the case may be. I want an E-D 9,, too, I want one too. I guess I belong to the lost generation, Dick, I seem to be pretty well lost. So you think Black spoiled us when it came to the SPECTATOR, eh? You wanna bet you will miss the present Spectator when it's gone? Okay, Saps is a maple, who ammmII to argue?

KEEBIRD Richard Eney The Policy Game, tsk, why so bitter, Dick? What's wrong with your format, Keebird's format, that is? Where'd you get that chip all of a sudden or was it there all the time? TS I recognize, but not SOYCS. I'd like to use the expression but I'm suspicious of it. Anything I'm suspicious of I don't use(found out later I've good reason to be suspicious, Ballard translated it for me, tsk!). Your HEARTBURN HOUSE was well written. How good a criticism it is I wouldn't know. I don't read, but by use of my ever lovin' gistault reasoning, I would arrive at the conclusion that you are correct. Ptui on logic(or analogic).

#### THE RIGHT TO SELL MEN IS THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

.....Thursday, January 14, 1 p.m....

That was a heck of a place to stop. On second thought perhaps it was a good place to stop(I repeat, those second thoughts are going to get me into trouble one day.) So it was Tuesday when I quit writing. Where was I? Some where in the middle of KEEBIRD I think. I meant to say that I liked the cover on SPY RAY OF SAPS,I liked it. But the cover on KEEBIRD, yoikes, hyuck, and a chortle. Don't believe I said anything about FPL. What is FPL? What's a UV unit? What's a UV photocell trap. In fact, what's a photocell? What is a UV projector? What is UV? Who is Coswal? NO, NO! Got carried away there.

I didn't understand FPL. There are two possibilities inherent in that. Either it was not well written or I am a good deal dumber than I think(which is not out of the realm of the possible). I don't



like to accuse you of not writing something well when I'm not sure I know the difference between writing well and not writing well, though I must admit Eneywriting is superfluous, oh NO! I meant superb. Neither do I like to accuse myself of being dumber than I think I am.

But it will please you Dick, I'm sure, to know that I read FPL five times and I still don't understand it (one of the top indications of good writing I believe?). Who, might I ask, is the 'he' that went to all the technical sort of trouble to get into the attic? That's what is bothering me. The rest of it I ken but who was the 'he' that made the second set of ARGOSY (nice trick if you can do it)?

WITH ROTSLER ILLUSTRATIONS..yak! You missed the boat there Dick, me boy. You should have had the Dazzling Pulchritudinous Femme (votta name) go around singing "------(Ballard censored this, I didn't...)-----!" Though I must admit the DPT is true to life. An inability to spell and feminine illogic all in one dazzling bundle -- vot more vould von vant, I vonder? THE EXPURGATED EDITION, interesting wot? Never having been in the army (not technically, I was a Cadet Nurse in WWII) this proved of unreasonable interest to me. Can't think of a better use for seven up bottles either??? To answer your question, depends on what you mean by 'moral tone'. And what I mean by that statement is as vague to me as it no doubt is to everyone else.

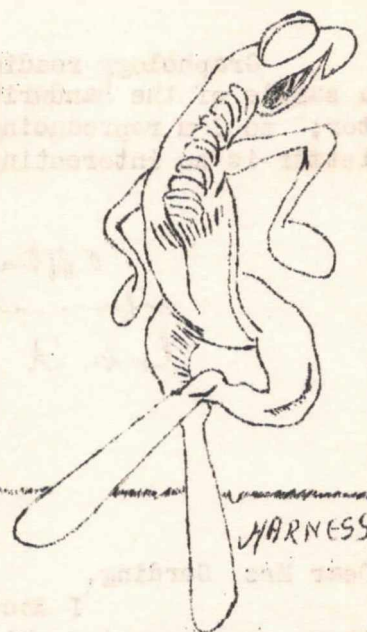
Maybe I ought to paragraph here. STOUT-HEARTED MEN. Phoo. If I asked all the questions about this that I wanted to, you'd be busy until the next year getting them answered. Read this story five times too. I have only one question to ask now however... ~~###~~ Dick, IF YOU HAD TO THINK OF A JOB FOR 1,293,037 INCORRUPTIBLE MEN, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE THEM DO?? I don't have an answer but I'm suspicious. Wonder why I am so suspicious of you?

PRECIS.....glad to find out the geographical location or should I say 'anatomical' location of your heart, cookie. Precis was just as Eneylike as the rest of your Eney-like contributions and all enjoyable. Some more than enjoyable. I want an E-D 9mm too!

ZANY #1 Larry Farasace In between times, I have been writing letters and am all caught up. People now know I'm alive. Yes, I am. I insist I am alive, I insist upon insisting. That sounds familiar, wonder if I've said that before? Zany. Not me, I mean Larry's Zany. No, not Larry, I mean that's the name of his mag. Good name, good mag. Where did you get the paper for the first page? I like it, would be nice for covers. What is it called?

Am eating a peanutbutter sandwich. Gotta have my calories. Coffee and cigarettes is a fine diet but I have to supplement it, occasionally. So Joe Dimaggio got all the Monroe pulchritude. Wonder if he'll play baseball next year? Or has he already resigned from the racket? He orghta. Too bad baseball isn't tennis. That would have made a good pun (well, at least a pun). Get it? Resigned from the racket...tsk...I have to draw pictures yet.

Larry, I squawked like a chicken because I had to have six pages in as an initial Sap. (continued page 46)





# GRAPHOLOGY

Graphology reading for Richard Harris, dated March 14, 1954....below is a sample of the handwriting...I have no desire to trace the whole blessed letter; so I'm reproducing the last paragraph with the signature; and since the letter is so interesting, I will type it out following the handwriting:

*offhand I can't recall any further information on this subject but I can look it up if you would like me to.*

*Very truly yours,*

*Richard Harris*

Dear Mrs. Gerding,

I don't know just where you could get a deck of tarot cards; there are companies which supply such things(I have seen printed decks)but I'm afraid I don't know any addresses. De Laurence's book, KEY TO THE TAROT, is by far the most complete I've run across, if you care to go into it at all thoroughly.

Roughly, the main difference between tarot and ordinary cards -- leaving out any consideration of the mystic symbolism of the tarot -- is the existence of an extra court card. The cards run from ace to ten, then come four court cards. The first is called variously the Squire or the Princess. I'll stick by de Laurence and refer to it as the latter. Others are the Knight, Queen, and King. Note that the Ace is always the first card. It does not have the ambiguous position of the ordinary ace.

That's because the ace is the root of the element symbolized by the suit. As you may guess from their mystic associations, Tarot suits correspond to the four elements. Rods correspond to fire, discs to earth,(they represent coins, thus increase), cups to air, and swords to water. The court cards, by the way, are decorated with the astrological symbols of these elements. The number cards, too, have allegorical pictures on them in illustration of their mystic meaning.

However, the most important part of the tarot deck isn't these regular cards, but the twenty-two cards called "Major Leaves" or "Trumps". Those aren't in any suit but correspond to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, thus:

CARD	MEANING	LETTER
1. The Juggler	Unity	aleph
2. The High Priestess	Quality	beth
3. The Empress	Action	gimel
4. The Emperor	Fullfillment	daleth
5. The Heirophant	Inspiration	hi
6. The Lover	Union <u>or</u> Trial	vau
7. The Chariot	Victory	zain
8. Justice		heth
9. The Hermit	Prudence	teth

CARD	MEANING	LETTER
10. The Wheel of Fortune	Wealth	iod
11. Strength		caph
12. The Hanged Man	Martyrdom	lamed
13. Death		mem
14. Temperance	Initiative	noun
15. The Devil	Fate	samech
16. The Tower	Ruin	hain
17. The Star	Hope	phe
18. The Moon	Disappointment	tsade
19. The Sun	Happiness	koph
20. Judgement		rasch
21. The Fool	Atonement	shiu
22. The World	Triumph	thau

Thus there are 78 cards in a tarot deck. (No wonder they're used almost exclusively for fortune telling!) How would you like to play poker with 22 cards wild?

Offhand, I can't recall any further information on this subject but I can look it up if you would like me to.....Richard Harris

....

Naw, I don't particularly care for any more info on the subject but for Roscoe's sake, the next time you send me a long list of Hebrew letters, type 'em....I won't swear that all the above are correct since I couldn't read half of them...and now following is the Harris analysis.....NG

You possess far above an average business ability, the most pronounced talent. This handwriting specimen shows a great economy of purpose, and first glance would indicate the writing was that of a very careful person.

There is a love of detail and order here; yet almost a reluctance to take any undue chances. I would be sure that you would check thoroughly any investment of money before investing.

You have moments when you are willing to take the background, rather than forge ahead against blusterers or braggarts, even though your own intelligence is far superior.

You prefer the simple things of life, wholesome enjoyments, and undoubtedly you will dress soberly but not somberly.

Your mind is clear, in good health, and your precision is almost a gift, your accuracy is so keen. You can analyze, co-ordinate, and specialize, which is indeed a prosperous achievement in any business. You would admire any efficient system, and would employ one in any field of endeavor.

You have perseverance and capacity for work, and your appreciation of

money insures that you are quite able to take care of yourself financially.

There are times when you can be cold and dispassionate, deliberate, and Sphinx-like. You would make an excellent poker player, though your disposition does not lean toward gambling. When you relax occasionally, your inhibitions are reluctantly released.

Your energy is progressive and steady, not given to spasmodic bursts. Everything about you should be systematic and orderly. You like a place for things and things in their place. To you, ostentation and adornment would be merely a clutter.

Fancy things do not appeal to you and you might avoid a spotlight of any kind, embarrassed if praised, etc. You would want a home that was solid and substantial but unassuming and devoid of elaborate furnishings.

You like people who get to the point, as you do not "beat around the bush" yourself. Flattery will not affect your dignity.

All your small letters are consistent in showing kindness and good nature, slow to anger to the extent you might allow aggressive bullies to push



you a bit, rather than destroy your own peace of mind by quick anger.

You can be suave and mix cordially, but are slow in making lasting friends, because you unconsciously reserve a lack of confidence in other people. In conversations, your mind will go ahead of the average person, anticipating what they will say before they get to it. Some people can feel this and resent it; thus your friends are limited. I doubt if you would ever feel the urge to "set them up for every one" on impulse. You are not a miser, but you are extremely careful of money. You could not thoroughly enjoy any lavish party where money was wasted. Your social group will be selected with care and the friends you develop will have solidarity of character. Loose ends are annoying, so loose characters would be unharmonious.

Your nature is reserved, and emotional outbursts so rare as to be almost impossible. It would take a terrific grievance to upset you completely.

When you begin a project, you carry it through but you would never begin one on a hunch. You would soak up all the information possible long before you would start anything.

You have the ability to file facts in the back of your mind, using them only when needed, and then discreetly. You could be quite secretive if necessary.

You take no delight in gossip, are conscientiously law-abiding, and in traffic, you would likely have other drivers figured out and guess what they might do before they did it.

You take pride in things well-balanced, yet are not stubborn and have patience with others who are not as capable as yourself.

You watch the penny very closely; yet you are not grasping or uncharitable. You like money matters to be orderly and proper. You will give to other men the full amount due them, expect to be treated likewise.

Your inner moods may be variable but no one would ever learn it from your expression. This is another reason why I believe you would be an excellent poker player. Poker players make good executives, and your capability of hiding emotion would be an asset in business.

You would make an excellent accountant, personnel manager, a director, or business executive. However, you are not effusive enough to sell well, nor enthusiastic enough to become a good politician. You could be a good writer of articles because you could assemble facts in an interesting manner. Any job that requires thoroughness would be easy for you.

Overall, your writing shows a "British" calm, without a trace of the usual "American" argumentative trait. This is so underlying between the lines, I would believe your ancestry must be British, but whether it is or not, it is hereditary enough for you to be sure, deliberate, accepting the inevitable with courage. You would prefer a well-established religion, or none at all.

If so inclined, you would do well in scientific research.....

...end

\*\*\*\*\*

(continued from page 43)

because I don't know how, where or when to stop. Now the Saps are squawking I still think six pages is a good test even if it is a little rough. If a person just joining, cares enough about it to do six pages right off the bat, they're more than likely going to stick around. Don't you think? Of course, I know you think. I mean don't you agree? As for leaving out the word "amateur", you do that and we could no longer call ourselves Saps. Whoever heard of "SPS"(pronounced spissssssss)? Besides it is a journalism group of amateur standing. I don't dig your objection to "amateur".

How come that paragraph concerning Ray Cummings interested you so? Silly question, I know why it interested you. Yak! I love to shock people and guess that time I

did a real gone job of it. Think I'll try it again sometime.

Beautiful reproduction in this zine, Zany. Are you a mimeograph, Larry? Too bad. I feel for you. I enjoyed Zany, let's have some more.

I am having one heck of a time. I thought I would cut my comments to a minimum, and find to my horror that I'm saying twice as much, logical since there is twice as much to talk about. Such enthusiasm maybe commendable, but how will I get everything stapled into one zine? Oh well, I'll fall off that bridge when I come to it. Simpler that way and I always believe in being simple.

And that's it. All of you can now come back to April 9 and the 27th mailing and this time we'll stay put. I hope. Time to stop.....

.....April 9, Friday, 1:30 p.m.

You people can have your Pogo's and Ignatz's and so forth. I'll take the Baird(my spelling)Marionettes any day, and in particular, their Bughouse Band. The Bughouse Band is the most delightful conglomeration of this and that I ever lamped and has Pogo and Ignatz beat hollow, Krazy Kat too. The Bughouse Band doesn't need a comic strip or words put into their mouths by humans, they use music as a background and their actions are sufficient unto the day; that applies to all the Baird Marionettes. Marvelous.

MAINE-IAC #7 Ed Cox Lookie at the cover, I'm glad you labeled everything. Tsk. Real gone. Your account of EdCo's first October weekend left me drooling with envy. Perhaps it wasn't a dissertation on why you like the army, but the whole thing sounds like an unbeatable way to pass the time.

Next to wine I like Tom Collins the best and those records you mentioned--yum especially Yma Sumac and Kenton, and well, phooey, I'm green. It was a well written account and held my interest from start to finish.

I like the script face too. If I ever get a new typer(haw), I am gonna order a special type face for it though I haven't made up my mind yet just what. I liked Coswal's page, he's a little more comprehensible here than usual(not meant in a derogatory sense). As I said once, "Wonder is involuntary praise", that is, I didn't say it, I quoted it to Coswal.

In answer to your question, Ed, I don't know how I do it, if I did, I'd stop.

IMPACT #1 Carol McKinney Impeccable appearance, and nice covers. I would like to use that heavy stock for my covers, it's easier to handle and less vulnerable to tearing. Table of contents is well set-up ..what are those doodles next to the hour glass? The one on the left, square root of minus one(sounds impossible). But the one on the otherside, whazzat? And who is Pierre Agusta Renoir and what is a French Curve?

If you can't answer that, uh-in public, write and tell me.

DISSERTATIONS was interesting.. ..my husband doesn't like science fiction either, for to him it represents a triangle of me, he, and stf. Perhaps that's too harsh a judgement, maybe I just feel guilty because I spend so much time on fanning. Actually, he never complains out loud. Oh well, fortunes of war.

Nope, I haven't received any peculiar letters, and



I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Isn't there some way of having them traced?

Terry

Carr's FACE CRITTURS are about the most expressive visages I've ever seen, considering that the expression is carried by just a few simple lines. First time I've ever seen them.

JUSTIFIABLE DECISION, I found this interesting mostly because I've been hashing the same thing over in my mind lately. And I've found no answer that satisfies me yet. You may be right that it's not going to matter to anyone except the editor involved, but ain't that enough? It is to me.

Heh, Rike's method leads to madness.....Christoff and Block's cartoons, cute, and just who is Christoff and Block(not Bloch)? FASCINATING FACTS were just that. And the DOODLES way above my intelligence to comprehend. If you ask me, no two people would ever come close to having the same answers, they're somewhat similar to word association tests. I wish I had tried to solve them now and sent you the answers just to see how close they would have been to yours. Who's Nigel?

FIEndly Observations, observe, and you shall see;since this is your own personal opinion, I can't argue with it and I must have rocks in my head to even consider such a thing since you rated me on top. The second time in my young fan-nish life, I ever came out ahead of OUT and SPACEMAN. However, I would like to take issue with a few, in particular where you rated some of them so low on personality apparent. Naturally, how a zine impresses you is strictly a McKinney deal for the same things don't interest everyone.. thank goodness. But for the following, I think you will find a personality apparent emerging more and more the longer you belong to Saps...DODO, GHU SAPLEMENT, GEM TONES, KEEBIRD and SPY RAY OF SAPS, ARCHIVES, DEMONICAC, THE BRONC, HALBERD, KELGON, CREEP, ECTOPLASM, GNAUB,REVOLTIN' REMARKS, BOOK OF PTOTH, and WARHOON. Those especially have a definite personality, even forceful in some cases; so a couple of mailings from now, let me know what you think. You going to do this rating every time? It's a nice way to sum up your opinion of a mailing. But jeeze ain't it a lot of work?

Heh, according to your average total of 12.8, none of us belong in Saps. Should be some way of figuring the average so it stays within the 1-10 point-ratings that you listed.

IMPACTIONS.....

You ask who wants to bother with unknowns. Good question.(((which is all I am going to say. I cut out fourteen lines here which said only in effect that I didn't like your remark "besides who wants to bother with unknowns")) Phoo, I'll write to you when I can and we'll let it go at that.

Sure go ahead and ask what de garren haa det gut means. I agree with you about puzzles. I like to work them but don't have the time. However, those Hinkie Pinkies intrigued me, almost to the point where I surrendered to my natural inclinations...maybe after I finish NANDU, I can work 'em. Wonder if anyone will get #10?

De Garren Haa Det Gut, you know?

IMPACT for a first issue of a SAPSzine was excellent, most new Saps members aren't able to jump that easily into mailing comments. Good going.



DODO #3 Vee Hampton Wish I had some coffee, as usual the pot is cold....

Vee, it has been ages since I've heard from you....I know, I know, I haven't answered your last couple or three letters but I'm an unreasonable sort of person. I expect people to write to me anyhow. Well, I'll get around to you one of these days. You still smoking Cavaliers? I'm smoking Kents now. It was either that or use a holder with a filter in it..which I do occasionally but it's too much bother to use all the time. Kents are very good.

You're Vee type drawings are appreciated, the cover slayed me. You're a little rough on yourself though as I perfectly well know. You gonna include the top half of your photo next time? Hope so. Can't have half a Sap running around. Me, I'm not so shy but I'm twice as subtle for in my pic no one but myself knows which is who and I ain't tellin' - tha's real Saps subterfuge!

I have always wondered why they called PALL MALLS, PELL MELLs. Hope someone knows the answer. Honestly, you come up with the darndest stuff and have the most intriguing way of getting across the point you wish to make. Look, pet, I get an inferiority complex when I read a mailing too. I rather imagine if the truth were known, almost every one of us get what is known as a "Postmailing" slump. So don't let it bother you, toots, we are all in the same boat(or - mailing?) Heavens, every time I read a ~~SPACEMAN~~ I wonder why I ever bothered in the first place(shades, I mean why I bother to do a mag of my own!)and I picked ~~SPACEMAN~~ merely as an example and because I'm having fun trying to be properly worshipful by mentioning ~~SPACEMAN~~ as many times as possible to make up for lost time. I feel that way about the greater majority of the zines in the mailing. But I always managed to recover my exuberant, delightful egotism, and go on to do another NAN, this time I'm beginning to wish I hadn't recovered... anyhow, you're still in Saps and I'll hold you there with an iron grip, in my usual traditional iron-maiden manner.

Hell, I'm supposed to be double spacing between these paragraphs, if I don't the pic a couple of pages from here will be cut about in half, half of it on one page and half of it on another page. Hmmm, guess these four lines I just wrote will about make up the difference.

Have you ever found out what the theme music is for Ford Theater? I don't know what it is but I can tell you some of the others. Natch you know that "Dragnet" is the theme music of the program by the same name. The theme song for the Red Button' Show is "Strange Things Are Happening". The theme song for the Jackie Gleason Show was composed by Gleason himself and is called "Melancholy Serenade".

The theme music for Rocky King, Detective, was written by Lou White especially for the show and is called "The Rocky King Walk". Roscoe Karns, by the way, does the walking. The Ethel and Albert show use for their theme music "The Sunbeam Song" by Perry Bergett. Now they're even bringing the commercial into the theme music.

The Studio One theme is "Prelude To The Stars" written by Vic Oliver. Colonel Humphrey Flack is introduced by "Mock Turtle" written by Walter Stott. You Bet Your Life is headed by "Hooray For Captain Spalding" written by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. This was taken from their score for a Marx Brothers' show, "Animal Crackers", of some twenty-five years ago.

The Mr. Peepers theme song is by Bernie Green. Your Show of Shows is introduced by "Stars Over Broadway" written by Clay Warnick and Max Liebman( the producer-director of the



program). I Love Lucy is headed by Grofe's "On The Trail". The Goldbergs uses Toselli's "Serenade". "Auld Lang Syne" introduces the Guy Lombardo program. "Be Happy, Go Lucky" written by Raymond Scott brings you Your Hit Parade. And Carmen Lombardo's "Seems Like Old Times" introduces Arthur Godfrey. My source of information was the March 6 edition of THE PEORIA STAR and was titled HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW FAMILIAR TV THEMES. And after all that I still would like to know what the music is for Ford Theater and for Robert Montgomery Presents. Oh yeah, and most definitely I want to know the theme music for Rod Brown of the Rocket Rangers for I should know it but can't think of the name of it.

I think I'd better start a VEE HAMPTON SAYS too.....quote, "Oh I dabble a little, but then I dabble a little in a lot of things". And your description of Johndavisart is the most apt I ever ran across, wish I had thought of that first.

Ohhh, criieeyyiiiii, you had oughta see the cover he wants put on this Ghu Saplement! Horrors, I nearly fainted when I pulled it out of the envelope and saw a full page de cartoon, egads, I stand aghast gulp! I wish I had Karen's needle point for this, I don't see how I'll ever get those real thin lines onto a stencil. Wonder if a regular needle would work? I have strong doubts but I'll try anything once, even twice, even razorblades.

Your idea of happiness and mine run pretty parallel, Vee, and I'd like to know why you are so sure that everything you say is going to sound crazy. You have a method of thinking through to the heart of a matter that is demonstrated pretty well in the pages of this DODO. So just relax. Heh. I never ran across anyone with such a delightful logic though, it's inspiring. I'm not saying that I think some of your conclusions are delightful but the manner in which you arrive at them, is. As for this "south sea island stuff", I don't see why you find it so unbelievable. I have heard many a fellow say, "the longer you stay there, the whiter they get", perfectly natural development if you ask me, and, of course, you didn't.

You're QUOTES WORTH QUOTING were certainly worth it but gosh don't I rate? I couldn't find a thing that sounded like it came from me. Sigh. I guess I'll just have to try harder.

Mighod, all these women asking how you get felt up with an elbow. Wonder where I was when the curiosity was passed around? Well, it doesn't matter, in such cases as this, there's nothing wrong with my imagination.

Damn, 4 p.m., I hafta stop. I hope it's as obvious as I tried to make it that I enjoyed DODO. It's always a race between you and John Davis as to who will get here first. John's here, I'm about finished, come on, kid, get on the ball. I don't want any of this last minute deadline stuff, I got too many other deadlines between now and the next mailing and between the next mailing and the next mailing and so on. Oh lordy, I just thought of something I had forgotten, I'll be OE for the mailing after this...yak!...I've had it but good!.....

.....later..

I have a few minutes here in between getting a meal and stuff and since I don't want to start on a zine, guess I will say some other things I've stored up. Orma McCormick won a distinction for herself by being the first Michigan poet to gain membership in the American Poets' Fellowship society. Her election to this society was based on her self-styling. She will be included in the 1954 edition of WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN POETRY TODAY and her work in SELECTED AMERICAN POETS OF 1953, an anthology of modern verse. I say three cheers to Orma McCormick.

Somewhere in this conglomeration of gerdingwordage I said something about not knowing how to  
(continued page 52)

# INDUSTICE

BY  
STAN WOOLSTON

The biped adjusted his thoughts to the new circumstance quickly; the pile of sand behind him shifted and a perfectly round ball of force took its place. Then he willed himself towards it and over it....and he sat on its top effortlessly, cross-legged and alert.

He had been lost in the wilderness for several days now. It had been painful at first; he had felt that strange bodily-hunger and thirst that he knew the animals felt. It had been during the night as he slept that he felt the truth. The big doglike animals were sounding off out there somewhere; they reminded him of home, and so he didn't fear the wilderness as he should. In the tiny cave where he crept he had found remnants of dried grass and it had inspired him to pull more of it and make a soft bed, a warm bed.

Once, when the light had begun to warm the sky, he had almost awakened. The dog-noises were still but he felt there were animals near. He could hear their voices, as he had when he was a child years before. For a time he remembered, gazing vacuously out towards the clumps of bushes that almost hid the opening of his cave. But his mind was reaching beyond, as it often did when he was partially asleep.

His mind remembered, for no reason, his mother's face. It was pinched and pink, and it frowned as it always did when it turned towards her only child. And the boy wanted to make her happy; so it giggled foolishly and looked up at her till she cried.

And then he heard the voices. It was as if there was all-time. He understood all-time, a matter that could not be put into words for others but which rested on his mind like a warm comforting hand. He had known he would go into the woods and beyond into the edge of the desert-foothills; long before, when he had first spoken, he had mentioned the desert to Mum. But she would frown; so he had stopped and dutifully played with the silly senseless toys that imitated other senseless things like grownup autos and bicycles.

Yes, he heard the voices. So he got up and built a light in the sky that warmed the sky and made the sun unnecessary. And he built himself a bubble on which to ride and give him energy. And he felt happy. He wondered if he could get anyone else who was truly wise from all the mass of the cities to come out and be happy with him.

...end

## Reviews In Miniature

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

by

Wrai Ballard

I have read FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, you know. The best part of that story took place in a sleeping bag. Very red blooded of me to notice. Other people could talk about his beauty of expression, the grandeur of his theme...the fineness of his characterization. I merely thought it a fine advertisement for sleeping bags. Actually I think even if he had written it with all the beauty of expression, grandeur of theme and fine characterization, it would have been a flop if there hadn't been a sleeping bag. So I am very cynical about great literature.....WB



review a book. I still don't know how but I'm trying it just the same. I have started reviewing pre-publication books for The Viking Press and, so far, have reviewed only one--A MAN AND TWO GODS---a first novel by an English authoress, Jean Morris. It's an excellent story with the setting in an unnamed small European country and is based on the theme of "where does true justice lie, which god do you serve". The plot revolves around a dilemma much the same as Orestes faced when ordered by Apollo to kill his mother, then pursued by the Furies for matricide. I found the book engrossing, well-written and humorous in the incomparable manner of the English soul. And on the way are WHERE WE CAME OUT by Granville Hicks, a member of the Communist Party in the thirties and V-2 by Walter Dornberger, Dr. of Engineering and General in the German Army....with an introduction by Willy Ley. Since I've read neither of them, I can not very well tell you my reaction to them but I imagine it will be the same as it always is--enthusiastic. I have great difficulty in disliking any thing I read, I just am not discriminating enough I guess.



Speaking of Willy Ley, he was here not long ago to make a speech. Well not here exactly, he spoke to the Knox College students at a convocation in Central Congregational Church. Knox College isn't far from here. His appearance was sponsored by the college's John Huston Finley Foundation. Will someone tell me what a 'convocation' is? And what is the John Huston Finley Foundation? Ley is a consultant to the Office of Technical Services of the Department of Commerce in Washington and his appearance at Knox was the final stop on his recent lecture tour. He spoke on the morning of March 24 and that afternoon met the students informally. There's a real nice picture of him talking to a nine year old youngster which I saved of course ( the pic, not the youngster ). The kid's name was Rene Ballard (any relation to the North Dakota Ballards?)

Ley was completely optimistic concerning the future of rockets and space travel. He said and this is a direct quote, "The wildest prophecies as to the future of space travel during the next 25 years probably will be, in retrospect, not wild enough", end quote. Which, if you ask me, doesn't say too much one way or the other...that's always true of any kind of step forward...lookit the past 50 years in aviation.

I sure wanted to go to hear him but didn't get the opportunity, darnit. I met Ley at the Phillycon and he's a real superb-type human being. Okay, okay, so I say that about every one. Go ahead, try to disallusion me, go ahead! Try it!

THOTS IN A BEAUTY PARLOR

About the only time I get to do any reading is when I'm at the beauty parlor getting my hair fixed. Last night I picked up a couple of mags that had some interesting bits in them. One was SAGA, the January 1954 issue and, as always is the case, I read about an article which was to appear in the next issue. I should learn to keep my orbs off the "coming attractions" department.

((a darn picture is lousing up the deal again...I'll have to double space to allow for it...I should also learn not to use artwork))

Naturally, I don't have the next issue and probably won't ever see it; so my curiosity will go unsatisfied unless some one can bring me up-to-date. The article or story in question was one dealing with the worst of the badmen and states in effect that if you think the James brothers and the Dalton boys were tough, you just ain't educated properly. That a one William Clark Quantrill, the "killingest" man in America, made other desperadoes look like Sunday school cherubs. Anybody know anything about this Quantrill hombre?

Then in the April '54 REDBOOK were a couple of real gone articles. One was FEAR ON THE CAMPUS by Andre Fontaine which concerned the so-called "thought police" and how they are supposedly terrorizing the students on the campuses of our colleges. According to Andre Fontaine who interviewed professors, college officials, and the students themselves, freedom of thought is rapidly vanishing from our college campuses because of scare-mongers, hysterical community leaders, irresponsible investigators and other self-appointed "thought police". Communism has become a touch-me-not subject and today's students strictly avoid any political activity or even opinions, and the worry and fear of being investigated is foremost in every student's mind....Those who are going to want jobs when they get out of college, in particular, for they won't get those jobs if there's been the slightest taint of Communism connected with them while in college....even if the charge is unjustified...guilt by association is predominant. In short, if they blush, they're goners. Damned interesting article.

The other article was HOW LONG SHOULD LOVE WAIT, by Merle Miller, and dealt with the unique problem of the many young women, most of them in their mid- or late twenties, who do not know whether they are still married, or war widows. A great deal is added to this dilemma by the refusal of the enemy to say whether or not they hold any more prisoners and, if so, how many and what their names are. This problem has existed, of course, ever since there have been humans and wars but never to the extent that it now exists. The complicated legal and moral paradoxes involved are practically unsolvable; yet something has to be done to alter the situation. The article is well written and presents yet another tragic aspect of war, one that I never thought of before. It's worth reading.

Thots In A Beauty Parlor.....original title, eh wot? Guess I'll leave OUTSIDERS, THE ARCHIVES, IGNATZ, and ~~SPACEWARRIOR~~ until Monday. I simply have to get some letters written and can't with any sense of fairness let 'em ride any longer. See you next week.....



.....Friday, April 16, 1954, 10 a.m.

Ptui, so I'll see you Monday. Big Laugh. Ummm, got a letter from Richard Eney, would you like to hear a thumbnail sketch of his present activities??? ENEY SAYS: "As they say, there are only four activities for one's leisure time up here; chasing women, getting drunk, skiing, and writing(home for the most part). As I'm too clean-minded for the first, too weak-stomached for the second, and too faint-hearted for the third, my choice of amusements is somewhat limited. Well, it is one way to produce crifanac!"

I say well said! Guess I'll finish the mailing comments now...first on the agenda is:

OUTSIDERS #15 Wrai Ballard I always said simplicity is an attention getter and I think the cover on this ish is wonderful.....a pic, the title, and the issue number. Real nice. I didn't know you could draw, this sort of surprised me and I didn't know anything you did could surprise me. Shows one shou--foo, I've said that before. You always claimed you couldn't cut a stencil but the inside bacover now thoroughly disclaims that claim.

What do you care what I think? I'm referring to your remark and I quote... "Wonder what the EO of this sterling organization will think", end quote. What is you talking about?? Explain. When I say EO I mean of course the mimeo EO, not the gorilla EO...this change of office could be confusing. I feel fuggheaded today in any case...so what the hell, if I'm gonna be confused, I insist upon insisting everyone else be confused too.

Yeah, Art, don't pay any atenshun to Wrai when he says he doesn't want to see you in a feud not of your own making.. he's already done his darndest to involve you in one that you knew nothing about.. ....but me, being the high-minded sort of person that I'm not, refuse to be a party in such skullduggery. So if I were you, I would look for some hidden meanings, in those statements of Wrai's. He's probably plotting your downfall.

How's your subconscious these days, Ballard? Or should I say your sub-conscience, it must be ...the way you've been backstabbing Art lately. Tsk!

Now about the TINY ACORN. You want I should tell you why you're having trouble with it? I'll tell you anyhow. You're attempting to make something sound twice as interesting as it probably was in actuality. I bet a hat(mad hatter's)that if I went back and read the 12th mailing, I wouldn't enjoy it nearly as much as I did your review of it. The current TINY ACORN didn't show any sign of the terrific struggle you had in writing it; so you can relax. Perhaps it was a struggle but you won, this time anyhow.

Jacob's SUCCESS STORY and Rapp's KISMET were both excellent with Kismet taking top honors. AS I SEE IT I'm going to frame and it will forthwith be my Saps bible. Forewarned is forearmed.

Ummm, A DAZEDLY FACTUAL STATEMENT, etc. was just that it seems to me. Art Rapp asks another leading question, a delightful habit of his. Naturally, I prefer zines. And Grennell, came through with a lulu, and I repeat his question: Mr. Borden, how could you???

Next time, Dean, how about giving us Mr. Borden's answer.

Department of BackScratch-  
ing...you said you were sorry that there was no more participation in the poll. I think the percentage of those voting as against the percentage of those that did not vote, is an absolute disgrace. Sure are a bunch of interested members.

MIGHOD!

(Roscoe)

urk!

MIGHOD!

(Roscoe)

Is my face red?

MIGHOD!

(Roscoe)

Nawwww.

Fanzine publishing is sex sublimation!

Mighod! There's your answer Grennell! I am not ambitious, just sexy(there's a difference?). Keep in mind, Ballard forwarded that logic, I didn't. I don't lay any claims to anything, one way or the other---except that I insist upon insisting that I am not a mimeograph. Besides here I am with over a sixty-page fanzine and sex is not that sublime, believe me, children. I am glad that I said ahead of time that I'm not going to have any fanzine next time or who knows what kind of remarks would then be bandied about? Who knows anyhow? The prospects are dazzling to say the least. Chortle.

Yeah, Wrai, you oughta have a medal all right. You double-crossed me...you knew darned well I expected you to comment hither and yon in my NAN-review. Let me compliment you on your astonishing forbearance. So you think you should set an example as OE eh? I hereby state that I make absolutely no promises to anyone about anything. Phooey on your bright and shining examples.

And now you are accusing me right in public of being immoral. If that's feminine illogical interpretation again, well okay, it's feminine illogical interpretation. After all what do you expect from a female but feminine illogic (I'm speaking of mentality)? I must conform to what you expect. Natch.

You are inconsistent too, a common ordinary male trait, I might add.

You claim there is nothing more entertaining than entertaining immorality

(how do you know???)

but refuse to allow the rest of us the same privilege. You, sirrah, are a dictator and I refuse to be dictated to. Dissent in the ranks.

(Rank dissention???)

I rest my case.

I'm supposed to say I liked OUTSIDERS? Durned if I will. Oh, forgot Vernon McCain's HYSTERICAL REACTION...giggle. I think Vernon left his conclusion hanging in mid-air, long may it hang!

Uh - I left my comments on OUT hanging in mid-air too didn't I? Well, I'll leave it up to Ballard to pull 'em back down....

.....  
(those dots are fraught, I say fraught, with significance!)

(page 61)

And that dammed picture on the next page/has played hob with everything. I've had quite a task stretching this out enough so that the picture would end up all on the same page. Ah me, trials and tribulations and Ballard, what a combination.....

(continued page 61)



# SAFARI

Here's a tale told in verse that is long and not terse  
Of the days when all men were heroic  
If it won't cause a tear to drop into your beer  
Why then sir you must be quite a stoic.  
It is partly a tale of a starship's mad trail  
And a lot, to be sure, of its crewmen  
Who were never insane, for not one had a brain  
And perhaps one or two were half human  
Now dear Roscoe inspire my lips with your best fire  
Which good beer so beautifully quenches  
When I drink chugalug from this ten gallon mug.  
Here's my song now you've paid my expenses.

Oh a light hearted crew with a madman or two  
Had the far roving starship, the Rollo  
And its Captain Art Rapp had a horrible map  
But he thought himself quite an Apollo.  
He had oceans of gold and had rubies untold  
That he firmly refused to dispense with  
And a sixty-foot fork that was made out of cork  
Which he used just to stir his incense with.  
He wore three cornered hats, he despised all black cats  
And he would not restrain his emotions  
But he still ran the ship as it went on its trip  
That did use empty space as its oceans.

Poor Ray Neslon, the mate, did bemoan his sad fate  
For no woman was ever crew member  
Thus no maid had he seen, and he thought it quite mean,  
Since ten years ago last September.  
So he tickled his ear with a four handled spear  
And killed six of his fleas with a ray gun.  
While in doing so he badly scorched his left knee  
No one told him you should use a spray gun.  
With a scream and a yell he then cried, "This is Hell,  
And you stinkers can all go to Hades."  
And he stepped into space, a most unlikely place  
To discover those beautiful ladies.

BY  
FRED REMUS

While the purser, Sid Gluck was an odd looking duck,  
And a duck, sir, indeed you would find him  
With his bill out in front just to bear anger's brunt  
While his tail stuck quite far out behind him.  
He had ten feathers (red) on the top of his head,  
And one more on his Tennessee border  
While the washing machine had the rest inbetween  
And it long had been quite out of order.  
It had m a d e them into a large mulligan stew  
And had garnished them over with parsley.  
He'd a clump at each end, did the good Glu intend  
To thus cover a duckling so sparsely?

Yes, Rick Sneary was here in disguise as a beer  
And he made a quite good imitation  
But all those that did think to partake of this drink  
Found themselves filled with great indignation.  
For with ease he could change to a tall mountain range  
Or a box full of animal cookies  
Or a panther entrapped and at times he was apt  
To be paying-off tickets at bookies.  
Or he was a small book that would tell with one look  
How to cure every type of infection.  
(To be just, though, I fear it just said, "Disappear".  
And it also would give you direction.)

Now Fred Remus, the scribe, for a suitable bribe  
Would call any rich coward a hero  
But if you had no fee you were quite apt to be  
In a part that was smaller than zero.  
In his farthest left hand he kept one rubber band  
And a pen in the one right next to it  
While the very next two held a paintbrush and glue,  
Why, the fifth held a fifth of 'Old Fluid'.  
He could drink, paint, and write while he pasted up tight  
The good Captain's best wig to the air lock,  
And he thought it quite nice to inscribe there with spice  
Sound your 'H' when you use this blond hair lock.

William Calabrese said he got pains in the head  
When he cooked for these horrible creatures  
But then they all replied that he cooked or he died,  
For his cooking had wonderful features.  
From brass chips he could make a light Angel Food cake  
If it did not explode in the baking  
But, alas, if it did, this poor mixed up old squid  
Had a large and quite hard job of raking.  
So he fed them on fish, a delectable dish  
From the Stamford, Connecticut sewers  
And the crew thought it nice to be served fish and rice  
When they came from our Bill's famous stewers.



An unfortunate sneeze caused the far Pleiades  
To become the ship's fifth destination  
For the ship's crazy trail caused official travail  
With its mad and uncouth progressation.  
It went back, up and down, then sideways and around  
And then, WHOOSH... in a most brilliant fashion  
It went twelve ways at once when the captain for lunch  
Had the pepper that was his mad passion.  
He sneezed out the course in a voice that was hoarse  
And the crew did as they were commanded.  
They arrived in a troop at the Pleiades group,  
And right there the unfortunates landed.

They received there a note and right here is a quote  
of its actual, sensible wording.

"You all now have a date to meet up with your fate  
And the name of your fate is... Nan Gerding."  
So they met at her place and each had a sad face  
For they all thought her quite arbitrary  
When she said, "You'll agree to make me the O E,  
Or I'll kill all the slightly contrary."  
And she pointed a gun at them all one by one  
So they all said they wanted her happy  
And the editor's job she could have; for this mob  
Might be SAPS but no one was that sappy.

Now the Outsiders who were a part of the crew  
Were a most indispensable couple  
With their minds that were sharp and each voice like a harp  
And their bodies so plastic and supple.  
It appears that a rock took a chunk like a block  
From each side of the crew's sleeping quarters  
And the Outsiders each threw himself in the breach  
But they did not tell any reporters,  
So Bill Ballard was now the ship's starboardside prow  
And Wrai was the new portside rear viewer  
So at the roster call which was taken each fall  
The new crewlist was two members fewer.

Every spring Ray C Higgs ate a mouthful of twigs,  
Did this high flying green pterodactyl.  
"Though the fibers," he said, "make my left eyeball red,  
Every sensation is very tactile."  
And the crewmen agreed that if twigs filled his need,  
They'd be only too glad to supply him  
For when he was well pleased and his hunger appeased,  
Any one of these monsters could fly him.  
And he served them quite well in the place of a Bell  
Model Pah - 2 - E - E Helicopter.  
So the Outsiders flew with him into the blue  
'Till they came to Nan Share and they stopped her.

Now Nan Share was a doll that stood just five feet tall  
And she didn't care much for Nan Gerding.  
She thought that a job for a Nangee type blob  
Would be something like billygoat herding.  
So when Racy appeared and the Outsiders peered  
At her form and they asked her assistance,  
She invited them home to her transparent dome  
Which was not very far in the distance.  
They discussed ways and means of constructing machines  
That would rescue both Captain and crewmen.  
The discussion waxed rude 'till Miss Baron (quite nude)  
Said, "Stand back and I'll give you a clew, men."

So quite quickly they backed for this Irene was stacked  
In a manner to make her respected  
"Now the precis is this, and our plan will not miss  
If our agents with care are selected.  
I will go as a maid to prepare for a raid  
From within, if you DARLING Outsiders  
Will just act to recruit from the peasants a suit-  
able number of Broncos and riders."  
Now the tone of her voice left the Ballards no choice  
But to faint from ecstatic excitement  
When they woke their eyes glowed and their demeanor showed  
What the worshipping, adoring light meant.

Eva Firestone's Bronk was a saddle galled donk  
With most evil and bad tempered manner  
Who would go just when led or when hit on the head  
With a large (four foot long) English spanner.  
Eva said she would tote her poor bones on this goat  
To the forthcoming shindig or party  
And to add to the fun she would bring her best gun  
For the holes that it made were so arty.  
Then she screamed and she yelled 'till her friends were impelled  
To both grab her and hold her most tightly,  
But she said, "Shucks, you all didn't have any call  
To end all of my fun impolitely."

Next they found G M Carr in a smelly old bar  
Where she silped on six Nuclear Fizzes  
But her face was so mean that it made them turn green  
And her shots 'round their ears made such whizzes  
That they just turned and ran. Now her hatred of man  
Was so great her actions apparently  
Were just meant to imply that she was a bit shy  
And the sign that she had, transparently  
Was put there to inform that a climate quite warm  
Was the place for all men to be sent to.  
Later on they found out she was bothered by gout  
So they left and the next place they went to



Was to see the fair Verna in hopes they'd discern a  
More friendly like cast to her features  
But they found her so sad that they said, "It's too bad,  
We will soon get you sixteen lay preachers  
Of the great Roscoe cult. Any Fan type adult  
Becomes happy when told of His doing."  
They did as they had said. From the ranks of the dead  
To the ranks of the living and viewing  
Miss Hampton then arose and with gladness she chose  
To be one of the big raiding party  
With her lips in a grin and her soul stuff within  
Dancing jigs in a manner most hearty.

Miss Lee Jacobs (a dame) had acquired some fame  
On this Pleiades type of a planet  
When she upped and she took her most favorite book  
To Nangee and Nan told her to can it.  
So the Outsiders thought they most certainly ought  
To seek out this fine type of woman.  
So with speed then they came (like a pickle in flame)  
To her house at around about gloamin'  
But she said, "I'll explain why I have to refrain  
From becoming a raiding type person.  
Should I do that to Her, the effect, as it were,  
Would just be to make my rating worsen."

At this point I must make, and without a mistake,  
To historical past a reference  
And carefully show ye exactly how Nangee  
Is outstanding in history's currents  
As Supreme Autocrat and all titles like that  
Of the Pleiades Solar Empire.  
Every one in the group to her bidding must stoop  
Or a few dozen lashes acquire.  
When her age was just six she got all her kicks  
By attacking a planet with spacers  
By the time she was ten she found out that no men  
Could possess half the wit to replace hers.

In her teens she just meant to be benevolent  
In a sugary, saccharine manner  
And by this fair sweet mein sixty planets were seen  
To come under her high flying banner.  
By the time she was twenty she had planets aplenty  
And did not care much if she gained more  
But she did want to be more amused, so you see  
That the Rollo's crew must be restrained for  
A dispassionate view would show you that the crew  
Were the best of all possible jokers.  
All were good for a laugh from the Captain and staff  
To the cooks and the jetmen and stokers.

(continued Mailing #29)

THE ARCHIVES #3 Larry Touzinsky A postmailed zine that I'm sure glad was postmailed. That was preferable to not getting to see it until the next mailing. I think Vee's review of THE INVADERS FROM MARS was the gonest. I think you ought to get Vee to do a regular review-column. She has the screwiest method of getting a point across...yii...the closing paragraph in this review was a killer. Vee, I know just how you felt and probably would have done the same thing. I wouldn't go to see this pic now on a bet. Too bad it had to be this movie that you dragged Bill to, his opinion of sf will be lower than ever, if that's possible.

HOW TO BE A BNF by Dave Hammond didn't rate as an "Archives Special", except in the sense that it ought to be buried deep somewhere. That ain't my idea of humor. Price's cover was very good and Wellon's art is tops. Oh my great aunt! Still another poem category! The ball has started rolling and will it never stop? However, I am so in sympathy with the concept expressed in your Damn-So Pome #1 that I'm forced to say I like it. Also got a bippie out of the cartoons. In fact, I liked all of page 23.

Elsberry's THE OLD FAN AND THE PROZINES.....well I suppose it was clever fanfiction.

Any further than that I refuse to commit myself. Boy, you can tell I'm grumpy today. And no excuses either. Have to stop. Maybe I'll be more sociable after I eat something.....

.....still Friday, 1:45p.m.

STRAY VEGETATION was full of this and that and plumb entertaining in a plum entertaining way. And just wot's wrong with your editorial? Apologizing because it's not Sappish? Ptui...don't be a sap, be a SAP!

RIP is ripping if you'll pardon some corn, which of course you won't, and to heck with you. Your mailing comments





are real george. Ballard Egg Roll sounds worse than Cockroach Egg Roll. Ballard Egg Roll, really now! I'll take the lesser of the two evils, and try my luck with the cockroaches.

Uh - get a car, get rid of the woman, and then you won't have to worry about self-control(who sez). I bet Mrs. Larry would appreciate that advice--besides, I don't mean it. Women are more fun than cars any day. You aren't fooling me, Larry. The car didn't have a thing to do with the advent of CherylAnn (pretty name). I may be gullible but I ain't that gullible!

You and I agree concerning McNeil. We disagree about something else though. You said "let's take the N3F as an example".....you take it, bub, for whatever you wish. If I took it, aww hell, skip it. I said a lot more but I'm cutting it out on stencil. The silence that is golden, you know? Besides, any difficulties I got into were my own doing and I can't very well blame it on anyone or anything else.

You like to live dangerously, die young and make a good looking corpse(hyuck!...reminds me of a story that Hal and Nance told me the Sunday we were at the Farmers...tell him, kids...)

So you like detoons eh? I have a sneaking hunch that I'm going to hate 'em by the time I finish stenciling the big one. I have bore. De had oughta learn to stencil his own work. Glover Prescott has learned to do stenciling and now does all his own artwork on stencil. It's wonderful, for not only does it save me many hours' work, but I never have to worry about lousing up one of his pics. Think I'll start a campaign for fanartists to stencil their own work...you hear me, Bergeron, Harness, Share, Reamy, etc.??

All the time every one is saying they hope Wrai continues as OE. I'm afraid you're in for a terrific shock and possibly quite a disappointment. All I got to say is -- tough! The fortunes of war, you know? Maybe you'd better start weeping in each others' beer now, you know sort of get a head start on me. That's a most fiendish heh back there, too, in case you didn't notice. My heh's are always

fiendish  
yezzzzzz.

You wondered, Larry, if there would ever be peace on earth...you shouldn't have to wonder any longer. Not after the president's announcement this morning concerning our foreign policy in Europe. It's starting all over again.... no, that's not quite true for it never stopped, but this time - well, each step is a step downward toward oblivion. Did I say our policy in Europe? Keep an eye on Indo-China too...though what the hell good it will do to keep an eye on it I would not know..all one can do is watch a lovely fabric of circumstances being skilfully woven, bit by bit....a fabric which will be used in the near future to smother all hopes of an already precarious peace. Shall we dance?

in I am sorry if I confused you with "the main thing about a book is not/what it says but in what it asks and suggest"(hope that's right, I didn't check it). I meant it as a compliment, so you can stop worrying your brain cells about it. No pub is worth it's contents if it doesn't trigger your mind to some extent and I meant that ARCHIE did just that. Since no one seemed to like that type of comments, I won't do it again. In fact I wouldn't go through that torture again even for Saps. Or have I said that before? This is getting so long and spread out over so many days, I have the feeling I am repeating myself. Oh well.

Which takes care of Archie. I think thish was a verrry nice size, Larry, and good reading. Don't take it away from us now that we've had a taste of it. I'll set CREEP on your trail, if you do. I know, I know, you said CREEP was harmless but the older it gets, the stronger it gets, you know?

It's a good thing I joined FAPA. I just lifted around six pages out of NANDU to use in my first FAPA mailing and considering the size of this of MAN, five pages or so less, is five pages or so less. Brilliant deduction. Ballard and I are going to call our Fapazine, DYAD, "The Zine With The Dual Personality", or mayhap that should be "split personality"?

IGNATZ #6 Nance Share Nance, if you don't break down and start being sociable with me, I'll have to break down and start being sociable with you and that would upset all my well laid plans whatever those are.

Nope, I'd better abandon that line right now. I think it's possible I might have really hurt your feelings by some of the remarks I made in the last NANDU and I want you to know that I meant nothing derogatory by them. For one thing, I was writing from sheer desperation and lack of time and if I had bothered to backtrack any, I would have realized that what I said did not convey the meaning I intended.

Other than that, sure I've been needing you and for a very good reason, I think. I've been quite honestly bewildered by your refusal to correspond with me. Several months ago you quit writing and without a word of explanation. That left me only my Sapszine with which to stay in communication with you. Heck, I became so bewildered about it all, that I even braved my husband's wrath enough to call you and I asked you in person what was wrong and you said nothing at all was wrong so I took your word for it. You promised to write and to this date you haven't as yet written to me. Well, that's okay, but I think you could at least set my mind at ease a little by letting me know why. Shades, if I've done something wrong, I want to know what. The uncertainty is killing me. And that is absolutely the one and only reason for any remarks I've made. I apologize for them (put another 'o' in that).

I mean it. I'm sorry if I've done anything to ruffle you. I don't particularly like saying this here but I've written to you and gotten no response and so I feel I have no choice. One way or another I'm going to find out just what it is that has been eating you. I'm still bewildered and more than a little upset about it. A woman spurned, you know? I'm only about half-kidding there too, for believe me, it ain't a nice feeling.

Okay, now to IGNATZ. Why don't you do another cover like the one you did with the tiger on it? That was a real George cover. I am partial to cats anyhow.

You know, IGNATZ is difficult to comment on. I sit down and read it and get a hyuck and a chuckle out of every line but how to comment on some thing that is as delightful all the way through as IGNATZ. It's a problem.

It does not help any when you poo-poo me for making such remarks either. I don't like to be accused of anything as pretentious as deliberate flattery. I calls 'em as I sees 'em and one of these days I'll quit---I refuse to force anything down anyone, even their own Sapszine. You let me know why you quit writing so abruptly, and I will leave you alone then, if that's what you want. But to reiterate my opinion--and the majority of Saps will agree, IGNATZ is completely unique and takes top honors in any Saps mailing for sheer entertainment. And I don't give a damn whether you think I mean it or not.

I must make a few comments concerning the illo on page 11...er, I seem to have gained a little weight and a year or two eh? I think I got the biggest laugh out of Rapp carrying Eney and the manner in which they were depicted. I bet Ballard will appreciate his depiction, in fact I think all the Saps should be highly appreciative.



Uh, - do you run around like that all the time? So you really do use a butcher knife, I thought it was all verbal bluff. Heyyy, you know this little deal would make a nice series. Why don't you have Plato do several of them 'twould be a good deal. With your sense of humor, you ought to be able to have a gay uproar going all the time. With Rapp's tomato soup taking top honors as hilarious highpoint of the mailing, this Plato cartoon and your method of labeling it, runs a mighty close second.

ROMEO IS A SCHNOOK...you really got me going over this, Nance. One minute I would find myself agreeing with you and the next, wondering why! This reminds me of the Deacon Jones recording of Romeo and Juliet. The two of you have about the same opinion of this classic. You know I think I agree with Vernon McCain that Shakespeare can only be fully appreciated on the stage. I arrived at this conclusion by a process of elimination....I have read Shakespeare, I have seen his work on TV, and have heard his classics on the radio.

What is left but the stage?

Your Unpaid Ad.....bipple, bipple, wonder if Walt will take you up on it? I liked the Portfolio on the inside bacover. Real nice. So you've been going around in a dizzy daze ever since I called you eh? Is that the reason you haven't written to me? Maybe I'd better send my personality of mine over the wires again(so that's where it went!). No on second thought, I'd better not. I'll let well enough

alone.

Nance, would you like to do the Ballard Chronicle covers for DREAM JUICE?

Reamy has done two of them and I think some other artists should have a chance at them, too. Don't leave me sitting here too long without an answer or I'll have to find someone else.

((Honest to Gawd, that is not a snide way of getting you to write to me. I wrote that up there before I flipped, honest. I wrote the first part of these comments last, cross my heart)))

I wonder what Wrai will have to say about the cartoon bottom of page 5? Giggle. I know what he would like to say, I can read his mind like a book but I bet he's not got the nerve! Now let's go to "Life is a blue enamel bedpan" or:

SPACEWARR(Mlg. #27) Art Rapp You sure have the patience of Job, lettering in the names of Sapszines. I have always

wanted to but never could quite face the prospect. I hate to use lettering guides. Wish I could do lettering freehand, it would simplify things a good deal.

Oh yeah, you were asking about the real "zorch" lettering guide I used in Ghu Saplement..whatever zorch means. It is an ordinary impact lettering guide that I got from Masters and has straight lines. I took a stylus and made all the doo-dads after I had stenciled the letters in.



Which doesn't impress me as being a very lucid explanation but I don't feel lucid today, anyhow. I would demonstrate what I mean only I am not that ambitious. Also, I am rather fed-up with doing mailing comments and since I knew that would happen, I deliberately left SPACEWARR until the last. I consider SPACEWARR the best zine in

the mailing this time and if it gets short shrift from me, it can well take it.

Phoo

I'm even too tired to bother re-wording that statement, so it doesn't sound quite so egotistical...my intentions were of the best(yeah, I know, the road is paved--). That is also the first time in this whole zine, (I think) that I carried a letter out into the margin. Oh sure, I just plain left some of them off, but I'm really gone when the margin starts to go. Oh well.

The hilarious highpoint of this mailing was your description of how you knew the bacover of OUT #12 was called, "Cream of Tomato Soup". Honest to Gawd, I thought I'd die when I read that. To use a favorite saying of Edco's, my family thought I was going sane, I laughed so hard. Actually, it may not have been that funny, I wouldn't know. All I know is that it still sets me into gales of laughter every time I even think of it. It scares me a little, there must be some affinity to tomato soup in my psychic make-up or something...all I got to do is re-read it and off I go again...whew, I say with tears in my eyes!

THE ARMCHAIR FORTEAN was interesting and completely frustrating, as all such discussions are, for they don't prove a damn thing one way or the other. The two points you mentioned as being the basis for a skeptic's objections are excellent and speak well for themselves without any further discussion.

Your personal conclusion though has me confused...but, if I understand it, and I've some doubts on the matter, then I don't agree with you. It is my studied opinion that logic will apply to anything and it would take some doing to do me out of that opinion. Also, you use "Christians" and "unbelievers" - and "religion" and "Christianity", all in the same breath.

The former are a far cry from being exact opposites and the latter two are a far cry from being synonymous. You confused yet? You frustrated yet? Good - that puts two of us in the same armchair. Nuff said.

In the GOOFIA NOT-POETRY sections, Economics, Compensation, Precept, and Identity take the top honors.

Uh - if Share and I are female members of the opposite sex - uh, -would we not then be males????

Okay, Art. You title the next poll for me and I'll use whatever you suggest. I would appreciate any(Eney too)and all ideas as to how you(all of you)would like the next poll set up. That should give you a good excuse to write to me, Art, and apparently you need a good one before you will write(you and Share, what characters!).

Whoooo, though your translation isn't quite literal(of de garren haa det gut)it could apply, it could apply! Especially to Ballard, and if the interpretation is stretched a little. Wonder if Alger will appreciate your interpretation of the Remington-Rider Rolling Block? He ought to.

If Lee would ever get the Ballard Chronicles to me ahead of time, then you completionists wouldn't have to worry about which mailing to have the covers in.....but Lee is a slob and also slow. Looks like you guys will just have to figure it out for yourselves.

You made me feel terrible with your list of Fandom's Basic Books. Why?? Because I don't have a one of them. I have some of Jack Woodford but it ain't of the TRIAL AND ERROR type(come to think of it, it could apply). Not only do I not have any of the books, I haven't read any of them with the exception of DIANETICS. So guess I am a fan without a fannish education(you can say that again!)

I could tell you what was in the Jacobzine that Wrai rejected. I mimeed it last Monday and have some ex-



tra copies here, want one? You'll have to write and ask for it(blackmail, yet!)

No doubt, Ray Higgs will take you up on your suggestion that he write an article concerning mundane apas but I'm going to give you my opinion of the ones I belonged to very simply...ptui!

There are no activity requirements, all you have to do is pay your dues and then you're a member, they publish for the most part, one-sheeters which is perfectly all right, of course, only 90% of those are about religion and 90% of the 90% are religious poetry, comments on the various publications are almost totally lacking, there is no personal element involved at all, for the most part the members are total strangers to each other, except for the cliques in various cities and if I stole Ray's thunder I'm sorry....no doubt he has a better opinion of mundane apas than I do.

The only reason I'd ever join any of those apas again, providing I had the time, would be to inject a little blood into what I consider some of the most anemic outfits I ever belonged to. Yeah, and to sum it up, 99 $\frac{3}{4}$ % use an editorial "we", a stiffnecked policy that I detest and abhor. It is amateur journalism minus everything except religion on paper. 'Nuff said?

Yeah, that was me and my fantastic patience. After such encouraging comment as you offered about NANDU though, # 6 must have been a terrific disappointment. Well, maybe this will make up for it. Don't look for me in the next mailing though. I have no idea how much more time will be taken up by the office of OE(I don't think Ballard is telling me all, besides which he's a male and can handle such an office easier than a mere woman, I say in a tone of mild doubt)(very mild)where was I? And what is left, will have to be spent on Chigger. If there is any spare time left, who knows, I never take anything for granted anymore, most anything could happen. You know, if it happens that I should go to the Frisco, the September mailing will probably be late, for the two affairs run awfully close together and California is a long ways off. Oh well, time will tell, it usually does.

WHAT'S WHO? Whatcha tryin' to do?...Rip what remains of my sanity to shreds? Boggs' letter was very interesting. Hey, Cadet Nurses had service numbers too, at least they were numbers of some sort. I'm surprised that this proved to be so attention-holding, to me. I'm all the time being surprised. Mimeo-hecto combos sound like a nightmarish ordeal, are they worth?

if ARE FANZINES WORTH?... generally speaking, I would say no. But I think/your suggestion were carried out, they might become more worth. I hope someone makes that suggestion an actuality. I'm not kidding I think it's a wonderful idea. If anyone wants to start the ball rolling, I'll do what I can to be of help.

You tempt me with your WHERE ARE YOU? I can well appreciate the labor that went into constructing it and maybe I'll have time later to work it and send it to you.

I feel remarkably listless at this point. I now have my mailing comments, commented. Too bad that's not all there is to it. Ahweel.

My over-all opinion of Mailing #27....while smaller in quantity, it more than made up for it in quality. I close the books on Saps Mlg. "27, Friday, April 16, '54 at about five p.m. See you in some future time, I go. Adios.....NanG

(I finished typing stencil, May 2)

