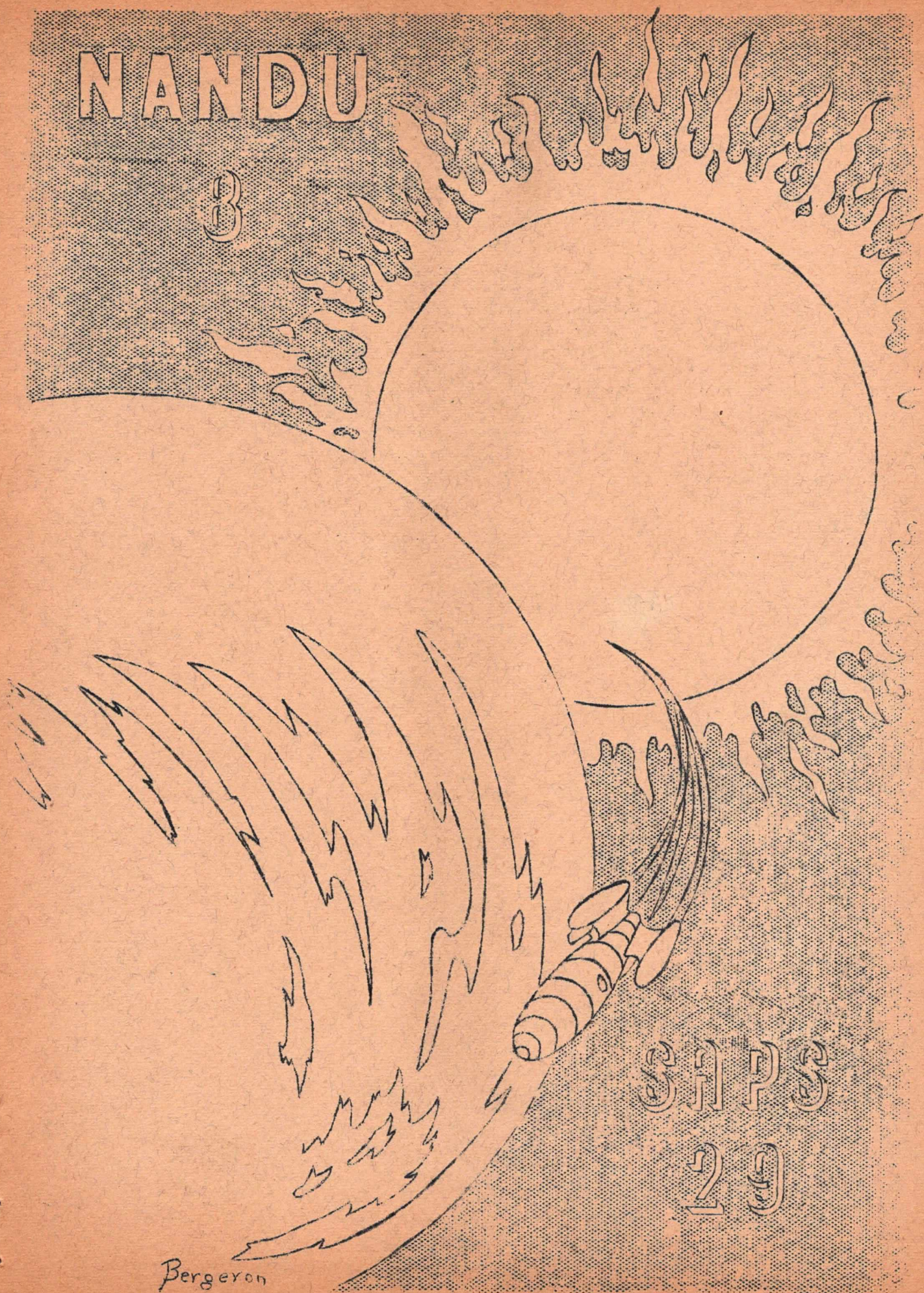


NANDU

3



SAPS

29

Bergeron



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AMERICAN

1911

1911

1911

The first of the year was a very successful one for the company. The sales were up 10% from the same time last year. This was due to the fact that the company had been working hard to improve its products and its service to the customer. The result was a very successful year for the company.

1911

1911

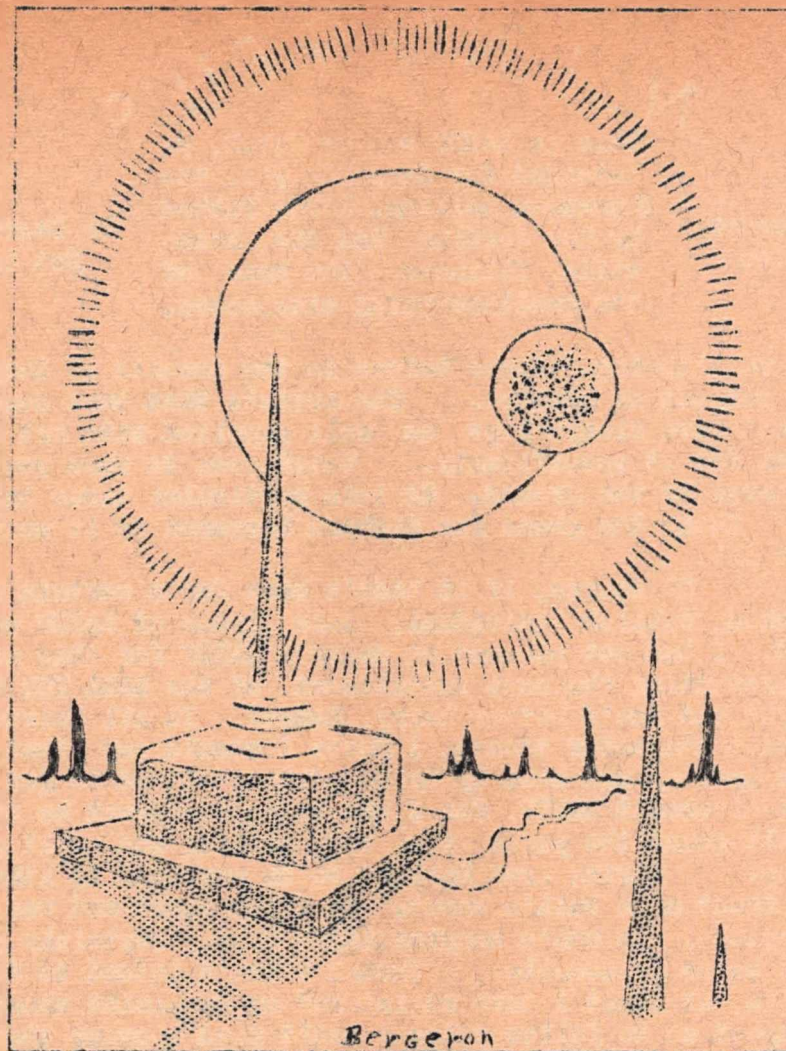
1911

The second of the year was also a very successful one for the company. The sales were up 10% from the same time last year. This was due to the fact that the company had been working hard to improve its products and its service to the customer. The result was a very successful year for the company.

1911

The third of the year was also a very successful one for the company. The sales were up 10% from the same time last year. This was due to the fact that the company had been working hard to improve its products and its service to the customer. The result was a very successful year for the company.

1911



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Artwork - Cover, illo on contents page, and illo page 28 all by Bergeron, bless his ever lovin' blue-eyed Roscoite self. This is a 200th fandom publication - de garren haa det gut! And then some.....

# NANDU NEWS

A 200th Fandom  
Publication

This is NANDU # 8 or Vol.2, #4  
intended for Saps Mlg.#29, the  
September mailing, 1954. Pubbed  
by Nan Gerding, Box 484, Rose-  
ville, Illinois - the home of  
the gaalloopping mimeoooooo.

De Garran Haa  
Det Gut!

I am slipping. Never before in the annuals of Nampublishing have I ever run out of artwork. The artists that have done work for me in the past have always kept me well supplied with art without my having to ask for it specifically. Which goes to show you shouldn't run a good horse to the ground. So this particular issue has no full-page cover. Thank the ghods for Richard Bergeron or it wouldn't have any cover at all.

Of course, if it hadn't been for a certain bull-head-ed, bull-necked, bullish individual, this issue of NANDU would never have existed. I had not planned on doing a NANDU for this mailing.... aside from presenting the next installment of the SAGA FOR SAPS(which isn't here yet and you'd better hurry, Remus). In all fairness to the above mentioned character though, I guess I should say that I brought all this woe upon my own head by my own doing. I had to get smart and dare Wrai to discredit NANDU, for I was quite confident he couldn't do that and still count the pages for the mailing and still get a good night's sleep. Daring Wrai Ballard to do anything is like waving a red flag in front of a bull's snout. So I got smart and was outsmart-ed in the process. So who's complaining?? I am. Certainly you do not expect me to be so reasonable. Though I don't intend to do anything in retaliation, at least I have registered my complaint about individuals that expect me to follow rules I can't read because they were never printed in the first place. I hope Ballard's nightly repose is fraught with Freudian frumpery. In short, with guilty subconsciousness significance. Happy nighthorses!

And a few words to Claude Hall. I am amazed at your self-discipline, Claude. I mean it, I'm not being flippant. What I said in NANDU 6 I meant....it wasn't the context but the manner in which I said it that was wrong. And instead of blowinggg your top as you would have had reason to, you sounded only mildly indignant. I'm not reniging any concerning what I said but I would like to apologize for the lang. used.

A word about A SAGA FOR SAPS. If any of you can supply Fred Remus with a complete list of those who have ever been Saps members, from its inception to the present group, he would appreciate it very much. He wants to use all members in his saga, one verse for each person. Quite a monumental ambition.

As for you, Nance, apparently my needling was a good deal rougher than I ever intended. It is certainly out of character for you to blow your top like that; so I must be mostly at fault. All I can do is apologize again I guess and hope that you believe my sincerity in saying that. Irregardless of what you say or think, I do like you very much, and as far as I'm concerned personally, we're still as good a friends as ever. The rest is up to you. I don't force myself on anyone.

It's always hard for me to

do a Sapszine without mailing comments. Since I am desperately short of time this trip, I simply don't dare pick up any of the pubs and start commenting. I seem to be quite incapable of doing short comments and I know only too well what will happen once I start digging into the Sapszines....pages and pages. So I am sticking to my guns and doing no comments just as I stated in NANDU 7. Sigh. It seems that every time Peter Graham has a zine in, then the following mailing I don't do any comments. Believe me, Pete, that is not deliberate but coincidence. About the third or fourth time it happens though, you will begin to wonder. Welp, let's hope we get together soon.

Now, I'd like for some one to do NANDU's one-shot column for # 9. Gerry has done the first one and who wants to volunteer to do the second? No holds barred though I reserve the right to delete if I think necessary. Here's an opportunity to really let go, the chance of a lifetime. Anyone game??

Darned if I remember who it was that made the statement, but some Sap refused to believe that anyone was actually named K. Houston Brunner.....s'fact.....that's his real name. If you want to check, he's a pilot in the RAF, no I don't know whether he's a pilot or not but he's in the RAF.

If the picture is missing from Vee's page, don't blame me...the snaps aren't here yet, this is July 22, and if they don't arrive in time...well, draw your own picture.

Many thanks for all the nice cards and letters I received, some of which I answered after a fashion and some of which I didn't. Martin, I would love to come up to see your Remington Rolling Blocks. And thanks for the pic of same. Since the pic was of only half of your collection, I shall make a special trip to see the other half. I think there must be a madness in your method(that's a real George type typo, eh wot?).

Artists, authors, press agents, lend me your material. Come one, come all. Heck, I know this doesn't sound like me, but today I don't feel like me. Odd feeling really. Perhaps I'll get back to normal one of these days. By the way, I also want volunteers(artists), at least one anyhow to do the cover for the next Ballard Chronicles. Plize? Pretty plize? Please...

Garth Bentley has had a book of poetry published and if you like his light verse as well as I do, or even if you don't, this delightful collection under the title of PINFEATHERS FROM PEGASUS can be obtained through The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Massachusetts for \$2.50...it's worth umpteen the price in entertainment.

Oh, yes, I must say something about THE GOURMET'S CORNER....this too could become a regular feature of NANDU, I say could, I didn't say it would. For one thing, I want to stay in business and for another, I doubt that what intestinal fortitude I managed to muster this time would stand the strain, ugh! I wonder if Demund has tested(tasted?)any of his recipes eh? Ugh!

This is now August 3, 1954. I would say that my SOS for material had pretty fair results. Here, Sir Ballard, is your six darned old pages and then some. Your dastardly plot failed - er - or did it, after all? I wonder?

Martin Alger has broken my heart. He sent a pic of the rest of his Remington Rolling Blocks...now what excuse do I have to go see him? And Fred isn't here with the Saga yet...too bad.....NanG.

# GRAPHOLOGY

Graphology chart specimen by John Davis dated June 28th, 1954  
Following are a few lines of John's handwriting and following that is his graphology reading. I would like to make one thing clear. The graphologist stated that I should check with John before printing any of this. Formerly, the graphologist did these readings, leaving out anything too detrimental in the actual reading and enclosing what had been cut out of the reading in separate form. I objected to this the last time. If someone wants their handwriting analyzed, it seems to me they want it done thoroughly which naturally should include the bad as well as the good characteristics. Anyone too timid to want the negative as well as the positive characteristics of his personality exposed in print, will have to state that when asking for a reading. In that case, I will send that person his reading before printing it. Otherwise, I publish the reading without reservations. Since John made no such stipulation I am taking the bull by the horns and shaking him. I hope he doesn't throw me....NanG

*done the cover (I wouldn't trust y  
dyed-in-the-leer Roscoist! It's real  
or KNOW? The quick brown fox jumps  
the lazy dogs? John Davis*

Yours is an emphatic personality according to the overall grasp of your handwriting --- and an all-encompassing geniality is expressed as one of your chief characteristics.

You love magnificent things of scope and space, your mannerisms will be expansive, and when you do things, your accomplishments must be large and generous, even though you repeat for emphasis, you will be sure there is nothing small about them.

Your ambition is unsettled yet, indefinite regarding your final purpose, but quite pronounced, and you possess a remarkable drive that will fulfill your ambitions when they are channelled.

You will never be limited for very long at a time, your optimism is effulgent.

Your signature is different from your other writing, more positive, denoting that familiarity enhances your will power, and that once you are familiar with any subject, you speak with authority.

Your overtones show a definite sense of humor, but a temper that varies. Your pressure shows progressive energy. These qualities prove your ability to succeed in any chosen field if the temper is governed.

Your f's show a double personality, a twofoldness of concept, you have one thing, you want something else, yet no where is there any sign of twofacedness, you make friends easily, and are considerate of your friends.

You usually carry through what you start, you have persistence above average, even though you lose your enthusiasm for something, yet you will continue it to the finish anyway.

You are not always quite as frank as you think you are, and though honest, you do not mind keeping to yourself anything you feel. Not exactly secretive, you can still keep a secret, and you can be too emphatic about what you think others should or should not do. This is the only danger to your popularity. You are not overbearing, and bullies get nowhere if they attempt to give you orders.

You show a consciousness about the opinions of others, a sensitivity you do not admit to yourself. You dislike delays of any kind. You think things out thoroughly, not too fast, but definitely. You enjoy using mental energy whether it pays financially or not.

Your t-bars are all short, and show ability for precision work. The z's show literary ability, and your looped letters show that you could be an excellent organizer.

You are subject to various emotions, and can be almost considered emotional under stress, but your stability and common sense carries you through, and you are always relieved that no one noticed.

Your writing varies in size, oddly it varies differently from the average. You will be considered unpredictable one day and prosaically reliable the next, yet actually you maintain a rather good balance. You merely show a different side of your nature at different times. This might cause your friends to misunderstand you at first acquaintance.

You can persevere at detailed work even when it bores you, but it must have a goal you consider important. Just money is not enough, you want a purpose underlying the effort.

If you watch your arguments, you will be more popular, these vary also, but there is a definite tendency to prove things if you are right, in other words never let a discussion turn into a temper.

Careless dotting of the i's in the regular script, and a pronounced dotting of the i in your signature means that in everyday life you do not use your full talents. Only when there is a goal of importance, do you want to really dig down and use all of your capabilities.

Many different careers are possible for you, but the decision is yours alone, so I could not predict one. You probably won't like this reading, but you won't be able to argue about it to me as I remain anonymous, (I HOPE).

You will go through life an emphatic success, I have no doubt, especially if you make a definite decision that is high enough to maintain your enthusiasm. You'll do much better, easier, if you choose something you also enjoy. You would carry through anyway, but you should use all of your talents if possible for you to be happy. Being a success is not enough to satisfy you.

Your devotion can become a bit possessive and selfish, unless you watch it, but you are most sincere and devoted in the usual sense. Your sense of humor is excellent and can carry you through many possible misunderstandings, but watch the arguments where your lady love is concerned, or she will be hurt.

I sincerely hope I haven't offended you in any way, and Nan should consult you before printing any of it.

A by TO ARMS  
FAREWELL bill calabrese

Being a sort of farewell from Bill Calabrese who departed the ranks of Saps to enter the Air Force and wanted to get a last word in before disappearing entirely. As follows:

A SHORT NOTE REGARDING THE CONTENTS OF THIS ENVELOPE:

Mine dear you,

As you may or may not know by now, I have signed up to join sweaty palms with the United States Air Force. For this reason, I have allowed my SAPS membership to lapse (not without great regret and sighs of sorrow). However, having obtained the 28th SAPS mailing through strictly legal means, I find the need to say some sort of farewell (at least a temporary one) to the good people of SAPS. I only wish I could say a personal "Hail stranger, well met." to every member but time forbids. So I am choosing the eight SAPS whom I consider the sterling core of the organization and penning to each of them a sort of letter, combining personal salutations with comments on their 28th mailing efforts -- this being probably the only way I will get to comment on same.

Read on, oh noble one.....

Dear Nan,

Hi! About furshlugginer time I wrote you a letter methinks. After enjoying your excellent whimsy for so long and in comparative silence at that.

Ah, gad, a two-volume NANDU! I can see that this morsel will take some time to comment on, so, we'd best have at it, bestent we?

You write mailing comments while bowling? That's a strange twist of fate, I write mailing comments while playing baseball. Right now I am playing first base and by an ingenious devise, have arranged to have a typewriter strapped to my chest so that I can write this letter while fielding my position. Yoikes!

Ah, on page 14 there is a photograph - "What light before yon window breaks?" 'Tis NanG and AB Dick is the mimeo!"

I have a weird constitution (physical-type, not written-type) - even the smell of wine can make me ill, but beer, ale, rye, and bourbon in pretty man-sized proportions can be consumed without adverse effects.

Mark me down as positively in favor of dragging along all those concubines and playgirls with the expedition - but then I am a FAKE FAN.

Pinned that Bluebeard cat and let me state that it sent me a message. In fact, I read the whole thing four square.

I hope you will excuse the frantic air of this note but this is my last day of freedom and well.....

Ah, yes, Dr. Doolittle - I remember him. I

also remember a character named Freddy the Talking Pig. (But most of all, I remember Momma)

Ah, sweet sanity, I am given an entire stanza in the SAPS SAGA. Does this mean that I am a BNF? Yoikes, indeed.

Hmmm,

NANDU poses a problem - I mean the reading of NANDU poses a problem. I find myself reading your excellent ramblings, chortling now and then, nodding my head in agreement here and there and still, through it all, coming up with very few comments - anyway, as you have probably noticed, I have trouble saying anything in more than one sentence.

Darn nice

of you to say those kind things about ECTOPLASM ( but, after all, we must speak kindly of the dead, mustent we? ((mustent! - now there's a novel word for ya!)) )Anyhooohoo, I'm going to miss NANDU and thank you muchly for the pleasant moments your enchanted prose has given me..... Best wishes and good luck and all that stuff...tersely, Bill.....

# THIS HOUSE

by

K. Houston Brunner

This is the house by day. The sunlight strikes

A jagged pattern on a dusty floor.

An errant zephyr wanders where it likes

And stirs a cobweb, swings a creaking door.

The birds flit through the windows. Overhead

The ivy tangles in a shrill green maze

And dogrose blossoms pink and white and red

And hides its ugly scars from careless gaze.

This is the house by night. Its eyes are blind.

Its hollow passages contract and wait.

Its dark-wrapped hinges creak without a wind.

And then its eyes flick open. Through the gate

The shadow comes; a shadow, yet uncast,

It melts with blackness, and there is no sign

Whose shadow it may be, until at last

The spiders come to worship at their shrine.

# HELP WANTED

B  
C  
Greene Baron

It had been a mere five eons ago that Demon xv224971 had been promoted from Chief Furnace Stoker to Foredemon. Still, he was feeling sorry for himself. It takes a great deal to make a demon feel sorry for himself, and the number of red hot pennies Demon xv224971 earned had nothing to do with his problem. "He"? "His"? "Him"? None of these pronouns is exactly accurate.

Demon xv224971 is, as are all the members of the heirarchy of the Lower World, more of an "it"; though definitely possessed of a gender. Yes, indeed! In fact, it is said by many of the elite that he ( I'll call him "he", the masculine form being considered the strongest ) is the most vorsatile of all during orgy season. Demon xv224971 is able to transform himself into any of the seven sexes instantaneously; and even, after having imbibed a sufficient amount of brimstone, into an eighth, a feat it is whispered, which only His Infamous Foulness can accomplish - and then only after He has schemed for quite a while.

Anyway, Demon xv224971, after five eons of stoking furnaces, five more of supervising the stoking of furnaces, and five more of being a Foredemon, was feeling sorry for himself even though the emotion was scarcely perceptible. Demon xv224971 was laugh-maniacally.

Now you all realize that maniacal laughter must accompany the burning of damned souls, but very few humans know that this was the cause of one of the biggest strikes Hell ever had.

For many eternities, the task of laughing maniacally while the damned were being tortured belonged to the Furnace Stokers. Have you ever attempted to laugh maniacally and wield a shovelful of damned souls at the same time? Well, I have, and believe me it is a very trying and unrewarding task.

The Furnace Stokers' Union brought this to the attention of the Devil's Own Court, and demanded that the Chief Furnace Stokers be given the job. The Chiefs in turn, passed the buck to the Foredemon, and the feud was on. The lashing of forked tails and the foaming at mouths by the assorted infernal attornies was indeed a spectacle to behold. And how unpleasantly and obscenely confused His Supreme Injustice became juggling the parties of the first, third and second parts ( His Supreme Injustice had attained this degraded position by proving to be the most obscenely confused of all lawyers ).

A strike resulted and all the furnaces shut down. Newly arrived souls, such as yourselves thought they had gained admittance to that unspeakably holy place above. They slipped into unguarded bodies and sat around getting suntans and cavorting between the dying embers of the great furnaces. It was great fun and so, of course, would never, never do. The demons held various and obscene orgies but this palled at last so His Supreme

Injustice was bribed to reach his most unpleasant and most vile decision, which was this: The Foremen would have to laugh maniacally while the damned were being shoveled into the furnaces.

Well, the Foremen considered striking for awhile, but realized they would never be missed, so they returned to work and everything settled down to a normal hellish uproar.

And that brings us up to the point where we found Demon xv224971 feeling sorry for himself as he laughed maniacally. It was difficult enough he believed, trying to drink his quota of brimstone and copulate at the same time. Surely there was something that could be done about the situation --- and then, suddenly he knew there was.

At first, however, he thought he had gone quite sane and had, by some quirk of fate, acquired a soul ( this was, of course, impossible, but demons have folktales too and one never knew for sure ); for the laugh which pierced his thoughts was by far the most maniacal he had ever heard - soft, to be sure, but nevertheless maniacal. His recovery was swift when he realized that the horrible sound had come from the shovel filled with ugly, squirming souls which one of the Furnace Stokers was now hefting.

"Halt!" the Foreman commanded.

The Furnace Stoker dropped the shovel and ugly black souls squirmed onto a floor of smoldering ashes.

"Which one of you damned laughed just then?" the Foreman thundered.

The writhing things on the floor bunched together and after much squealing and shoving, ejected one tiny, and exceptionally black soul from their midst.

"Get into one of those bodies over there," Demon xv224971 said emphasizing the order with an expert prod of his trident. "I want to try something and it had better work or I will get you an extra eternity here."

The soul scurried across the floor to where a heap of bodies lay decomposing. It picked the worst looking one of the lot ( which caused the Foreman to flick his tail in surprised approval ) and slipped inside. The body breathed once, shudderingly, to adjust to its rebirth and then returned to face the Foreman.

"Now, laugh again," Demon xv224971 said darkly.

The being complied fearfully and the Foreman watched the disembodied souls as the horrible sound - tripled in volume this time - issued forth. They writhed in agony.

So the trial period began. Demon xv224971's original idea was merely to recruit from the ranks of the damned a few souls which could laugh maniacally and put them to work with the Furnace Stokers who came under his command. But then he discovered that the common damned soul suffers in the process of being burned even more than usual when its entrance into the furnace is preceded by a maniacal laugh from one of its own kind.

Demon xv224971 informed the Foremen's Union of his find. It was received with much obscene frivolity and immediately put into the form of a Bill which His Infamous Foulness vetoed.

An extra orgy was held in Demon xv224971's dishonor and he was elected Chairdemon of the Maniacal Laughter Committee by dissent of the multitude.

Well, that lays the groundwork for the reason you have been assembled here. In my capacity as Chairdemon, I am recruiting for souls who can laugh maniacally while their brothers and sisters are being burned. You recruits were selected by a careful weighing of the amount of evil you accomplished while you were alive. Of course, it is necessary that you first pass a test. Those who fail will be given an extra eternity of torture. Those who measure down to our standards will be put to work immediately. There will still be a great deal of torture involved, but if your work is done improperly enough, you will be made full-fledged demons when your eternities have expired instead of being transferred to limbo.

The line forms to your left.

## TERRANOVA

Across this planet sparkling new, where ne're before man had set shoe,  
 Came laughing, loving, strolling feet, to taste the earth and find it sweet,  
 For love and laughter, gay as life, without a single thought of strife  
 To mar the perfect happiness that seemeth all their days to bless  
 Came man and wife, both newly wed. The ecstacy on which they fed  
 Would last forever, so they vowed, no storm or night would find them cowed  
 Afraid to shout to all in sight that they had love and all delight.  
 For audience they had the grass and birds and flowers. Time did pass  
 And still they lived in perfect love, thanking all the gods above  
 For sheer contentment sparkled through with peaks of ecstasy. Anew  
 Each night they pledged their hearts and souls and bodies. Cupids darts  
 Still held them pinned together so the earth and all the skies did glow.  
 The woman, tall and graceful, fair, with waves of softly curling hair  
 About her full and wondrous face, and from her eyes did lightning race  
 To strike and set afire his soul like tinder touched to glowing coal.  
 In intimate and deep embrace her lashes, like some midnight lace  
 Did flutter down and touch her cheeks while kisses seemingly for weeks  
 Would last and linger. Every touch was fire and pleasure, deep in such  
 Wells and pools of flame he stayed and watched while, green as precious jade  
 Seething, flaming, oceans roiled, heaved and leaped and ever boiled.  
 And every wave would have her form, curving softly, smooth and warm.  
 And she... and she... at times her eyes, as blue as summer evening skies,  
 Would disappear before his gaze and in their place two suns would blaze.  
 And then their souls and minds would meet, while swift the thoughts came  
 racing, fleet  
 As light is fleet in space. Each knew the pleasure of the other, two  
 Were one and souls intertwined, the thoughts together did them bind  
 While pleasures all pervading waves washed them to jeweled caves  
 Of ecstacy, and there they'd dwell 'till time itself would lift the spell  
 To bring them back to Mother Earth, their eyes quite filled with love and mirth.  
 Their laughter gay, on flashing wings, the kind that true love gently brings  
 To each of those by love inspired, and thus their days were happy, fired  
 By love and laughter, all these things they found where happiness has springs.

.....Fred Remus

THE DODO FLEW LOW RIGHT INTO ROSEVILLE.....AND SO? YEAH? SO????

b y

Vee Hampton

Here I sit at Nangee's typer, wasn't really going to have a thing here, but she let me argue her into it. Smart ain't I, Jawn? What a cheap way to get out of stenciling Dad, come all the way to the GREAT OE'S PLACE to get out of stenciling.

In a few minutes we are getting Bill to take our pics to have here, beings a few of you got curious as to what all of me looked like. Now if Nangee doesn't cheese there will be a pic of us two herein. I'm sitting by the desk and a nice cool breeze is coming in -- of course Bill has suggested slightly that we have a little brew on hand but right now brew doesn't appeal to me, ever since we have been home we've drank enough to fill the great lake region. Of course, we may get dry again before this is over, so don't look for anything bright and witty.

I, uh, don't think there will be any comments after all, there is a limit as to what even an OE will take.....you know? Uh, Irene, Nan vows that my hair is uh, auburn....so I uh, am not a brunette. Nan is tho, and when we put our heads together there is a world of difference. Maybe it will show up in the picture.

Oh yes, there's some damn jerk in this mlg. that I'd like to tell to go to hell.....his name is Claude Hall, now Claude, why don't you drop dead quick like? Beings you don't like hardly any of the zines.....why not quit SAPS then? I'd just as soon not have to even handle your zine, let alone read it.

And Share, Nan is a wonderful gal, really.....don't know just why you think she is bossy, but she isn't....far from it. I'd call her the helpful type.

Just took the pics and we took off our shoes, most of you know the saplike tendency to go barefooted, most of the saps anyhow. So to be proper, let me say our shoes are the invisible type.....they are there but you just can't see them. If you look long enough you can see 'em.....so take about two hours time off and just look steadily in a dead-eye glare and they will slowly appear before your eyes.

In the TTT that Cox and Jacobs did, I know why I fainted when I thot Wrai was Jacobs! They didn't really know so they just hinted at why....but to tell the truth I won't let them know why....

If some of you people uh - are expecting mail from me and haven't received any, just pass the word that Vee has GAFIA. But good, I'm doing good to get this out. Nan will probably do me one better to get it stenciled and mimeod.

And here is the space for the pic.....so grin and bear it.....(((no pics, the negatives were blank, also all opinions expressed on this page are Vee's alone;NANGEE)))

# THE GOURMET'S CORNER

Conducted By

D E M U N D

For this time, we will consider the delightful possibilities in the field of desserts. As everybody knows, no matter how light and fluffy, tasty and pleasing a cake may be, the frosting, icing or other garnishings add that certain added palate-pleasing touch. So herewith I present a tastebud titillating thriller for the discriminating.

## SPICED SPIDER CAKE

For you who wish something out of the ordinary, here is the little-known and appreciated "Spiced Spider Cake". Don't fret and worry about the intricities of preparing such an exotic dessert. It is most definitely simple and I am sure any of you can whip up this yummy concoction in your kitchen in no time. Now to the details.

Mix one package of the new Cinch spice cake mix as directed on the package. Pour batter into greased and floured 9x9x2-inch square pan. This should be baked at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Let it cool for 10 minutes before removing from pan, then turn out to cool (top side up) on a wire cake rack.

In the meantime, you should prepare the following topping, the essence of this different mix:

- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup raisins
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice
- 12 (or more) large, juicy spiders
- 2 tablespoons of cornstarch
- a pinch of salt
- 2 tablespoons of lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons of butter

Wash the raisins, put them in a saucepan with boiling water, sugar and spices. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat, add spiders, simmer until spiders are tender. Mix cornstarch with a little cold water and salt, stir into mixture and cook, stirring gently to avoid breaking the spiders, until thickened. Simmer for 3 minutes, then remove from heat and stir in lemon juice and but-

ter. Cool.

A special note on the preparation of the spiders. It is of paramount importance that you do this correctly. On obtaining the spiders now. If you live in the warmer regions of this country, you will have little trouble finding the big, fat furry devils in the country. If you live further north, in Illinois for instance, you may have to go into the less frequented places, such as barns or unused parts of a large house ( such as the cellar or in the garden ) to find the larger members of the spider family. An empty milkbottle is handy for transporting your prey, but be sure to take a stopper just in case some enterprising spider manages to crawl to the top of the bottle. The larger spiders are better since they are fatter and juicier. Don't disturb their web when catching them. Put the mouth of the bottle up to them and use newspaper or something similar to pop them into the bottle. Each little thud of a fat spider plopping into the bottle means a better cake topping for your enjoyment.

When you have a goodly number of the right variety of spiders (naturally, you're not going to trap a flock of black widows; the common garden variety, harmless and non-poisonous are what you want of course), take them home, alive, and prepare them previous to the preparation of the other ingredients of the Spiced Spider Cake.

If you have the large furry type, you must skin them in addition to decapitating them. Some of you may be finicky at this stage ((( oh mighod! -- NG )))but as you take your paring knife and hear the "squinch" as you cut off their little heads, just consider it the same as cleaning fish or something. With the larger, furry ones, you should try to turn them on their backs ( do not let the little critturs get hold of your finger and run up your arm now ) and slit them down the belly, peeling the skin outwards and removing it from their back. In this case, it might be wise to remove their legs, easily accomplished with the paring knife.

By the time you finish preparing them, they should be inactivated, making the rest easy. Put them in a tray(in the refrigerator for the time being)while you follow the previously mentioned instructions.

Now to continue the recipe. After the cake has cooled,split it down through the center to make two layers. Fill with cold sauce and raisins, reserving the spiders and half the sauce for the top. Arrange spiders on the cake, cut side down and glaze entire cake with the remaining sauce. Refrigerate until served.

If you wish, you may serve it with vanilla ice cream or whipped cream. However, the flavorsome tang of the spiced spiders melting on your tongue is taste-thrill enough for the true lover of the exotic in desserts.

# ONE SHOT

BY

Gerry Steward

COLUMN

The other day while at work I began thinking along fannish lines and recalled that I had promised to do a one shot column for Nan. I said to myself, "Steward, you are an idiot." And I answered me with, "You are absolutely right. I opened my mouth and then making like a chiropractic chiropodist, put my great big foot in it."

In a weak moment I promised to do this column for Nan, and it seems she got a raw deal from Ballard regarding NANDU Number # 7 and consequently needed a six-page NANDU # 8 for the 29th mailing. Nan had intimated that this might be possible if my "column" arrived in time.

So what do you write in a column when you are writing "from hunger"? I suppose I could use a couple of paragraphs criticizing a movie, in fact I think I will. But first, since this is/may be going into a Gerdingzine I had better slip into that schizoparanoiacphreniapsychoneurotic, ( take one ), style of writing which Nan employs.

.....July 6, 1954, Tuesday, 8:02

How many have seen (sound of a multitude of crickets, amplified several frequencies) THEM. For the benefit of those SAPS who are outsiders like Ballard, I shall endeavor to make like a movie critic. (By "outsiders" I mean people who do not live within spitting distance of a theater). If you have not seen this picture, then I suggest that you do so when the opportunity presents itself.

(pause here while arranging thots)

.....8:08.....

THEM is one of the better SF films which Hollywood has produced and is, in my eyes, comparable to THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. The plot concerns itself with ants, mutated to giant ( 8 to 12 feet long ) size by the first Atomic Bomb Tests at White Sands back in 1954, and the attempts of a New Mexico police officer, an FBI man, two scientists ( one female ) and two military personal (one General and his aide) to destroy them. Only those six people and their immediate superiors know about the ants until late in the film since the news might understandably cause a national hysteria and panic.

(pause here to light a cigarette)

.....8:18.....

I spotted only three errors in the film, two of the scientific variety and one, I guess you would call it technical. One of the scientific kind was a 90 degree corner in the nursery room of the ant nest, and ants do not, irregardless of what Hollywood may say, build 90 degree corners. The other error of science was probably due to the

fact that the producers, or men in charge, of the film have never heard of ganglion. (pause here to consult notes.....8:22)

(having consulted the notes and watched TV for half an hour, I am prepared to continue.....9:00)

A ganglion is a separate, semi-independent nerve center. During one scene, one of the mammoth ants gets his body ventilated by the 303 caliber bullets (I guess) from the police officer's submachinegun and, drops to the ground like a punctured balloon, without so much as a spasmodic twitch. However, due to the aforementioned ganglion, this would never have happened. Actually ants have been known to move about for two hours after having lost their heads.

..... 9:06 .....

The technical error I spoke of happens when the above-referred-to six split into two parties and take a couple of helicopters out to search for the ants nest. The helios are piloted by the General and his aide. I can't imagine any General in the U.S. Army doing anything but sit in his Pentagon office with his feet on his desk, smoking cigars and moving only to make a pass at his beautiful secretary, or to answer questions for some Senate Investigating Committee.

.....9:10....

The only other fault of the movie might be the fact that the General and aide were not properly introduced into the pic. The one scientist is a female, but this is merely to keep the film from having an all male cast as the love element is subdued almost to non-existence. The actors were unknown to me but played the roles well, the pic was underscored by last year's academy award winner. To use a triple negative, don't not not miss this. (For those who got lost that means be sure and see it.)

..... 9:14 .....

Beware, Norm G. Browne is starting a department in his hashzine for "quotes out of context" and is gleaning these quotes from fanpubs. For example Howard Lyons said in his column in CAMEAN #21, "I got mine from Orma McCormick for 40¢." (He was referring to STARLANES.)

...9:16

Speaking of raw deals, which I was a moment ago, this distribution law which is perpetrated through Saps is, to me, the very least. Since I am only a waiting lister, I don't have any veto in the matter, but I fail to see what is wrong with mailing out a few copies of one's Sapszine to friends and/or contributors before the Sapsmailing. Ballard counted the 70-odd page NANDU 7 with the total pages for the 28th mailing, but refused to credit it to Nan's activity requirement. This is from my biased point of view, wholly unfair. I feel that if Ballard was not going to credit Nan with the pages for activity requirement, (which he didn't) then he should not, by the same rule, have counted the pages in the mailing total (which he did).

And vice versa.

....9:21

That does it for now. Heh, heh, who gets to write this column next time??.....9:22.....GAS

# FURY!

I lift up mine eyes unto the skies and hate... for of the sky  
was I abandoned.

At night, stars are the knife points of my rage in the thick black  
blanket of despair.

The cold stars migrate in their tracks, encircling my desolation.

I follow with mine eyes the journeyings of one, for thence was my  
origin, and there dwell mine enemies.

Fury follows within my eyes, fury bred from the womb of hate.....  
but sired by longing.

For I hate those that have what I have not, the warmth of the summer  
breeze slowly caressing the soft hills and strong mountains.

OH LORD GOD ABOVE, I WHO WOULD NEVER BEFORE BELIEVE IN THEE, BEG....

NAY..... I WILL NOT BEG.

FOR THOUGH I BESEECH AND MOAN AND WAIL UNTIL THE VERY SANDS OF THIS  
ACCURSED PLANET REPEAT MY ANGUISH, WILL THAT AVAIL ME?

WILL THAT RESTORE ME TO THE ARMS OF MY LOVE, THAT WE MAY ONCE MORE  
KISS TOGETHER IN THE STARK HALF LIGHT OF THE MOON, ALL OPEN  
MOUTHED AND EAGER?

WILL THAT RESTORE UNTO ME MY SOUL MATE'S BODY, WITH BREASTS  
QUIVERING AND NIPPLES HARD IN ECSTASY BENEATH MY KISSES?

NAY... NOR WILL BEGGING RESTORE UNTO ME THE MOMENTS OF FIRE, WHEN  
WE PRESS TOGETHER UNTIL OUR BODIES ARE ONE, AND THE WORLD EXPLODES  
SMOOTHLY INTO DARKNESS.

For mine enemies were strong in their power, and since I would not  
bow, but cursed them by their own foul gods, they have set me here.

They have builded me a hut, and to venture outside is to die in  
freezing, gasping agony.

Almost could I wish for the emotion of despair and song of  
my knife with its message of..... peace.

Yet because of hope I have waited, because of hope I am waiting, and  
because of hope I shall wait.

Until the end of time I wait.

Hating..... I wait.

.....Fred Remus

# SONG FOR SPRING

Ever the youth to the maiden,  
On the crest of the seasonal flood,  
Brings a heart that is heavily laden  
With the primitive urge in his blood;  
And he whispers his pleading, impassioned,  
Not knowing the favors he gains  
Are the links from which nature has fashioned  
Mankind's biological chains.

For nature, with cosmic perspective,  
Performs on a sapient plan  
Which has for its primal objective  
The mating of woman and man;  
And, behind his romantic devotion,  
Is ever the tangible trace --  
Disguised by a cloak of emotion --  
The urge to replenish the race.

The Spring is the time of gestation  
And man, although sprung from the clods,  
In his loins bears the seed of creation  
Which makes him akin to the gods;  
And woman, expectant and glowing,  
Is one with the substance of earth  
That awaits but the moment of sowing  
To bloom with miraculous birth.

And ever the tale is repeated  
And this is the pattern it weaves:  
The blood of the mammal grows heated  
With the budding of blossoms and leaves.  
Call it love, call it romance or rapture,  
It is fused in our primitive clay  
And the routine of chase and of capture  
Is an integral part of the play

.....Garth Bentley

## Epitaph For A Lost Race

Where stands the monument to them?  
Beyond the far-resounding seas?  
This way - or that? Where jungles hem  
the ermine robes of mountain peaks  
is their memorial by trees  
concealed? Sunk, where the white horse breaks  
above? Or is some carved gem  
lost in a desert? No man sees,  
or, seeing, no man speaks.

.....K. Houston Brunner

# EXPERIMENT 697<sup>ODH</sup>

by  
nang

The three t's are responsible for the above title. They're also responsible for this article, though I fear it will resemble more a pseudo-article than anything based on accuracy. I doubt too, if it proves to be either logical or coherent. This is more of an experiment than an attempt to be any of the above anyhow and I'm quite curious as to what the outcome will be.

Our Tv, my typer, and our four tots are the three t's mentioned above. The Tv and my typer are responsible for this article, the tots are responsible for lack of coherency or logic, and the fact that I have no reference books pertinent to the subject at hand is responsible for whatever inaccuracies may occur. As you've no doubt concluded by now, I am a very careful person, I leave nothing to chance or the vultures.

So I hauled my typer into the front room, put it on a footstool, turned on the Tv to a program called ADVENTURE and keeping my fingers crossed that the children would stay outdoors meantime, prepared to take notes. Have you ever used a typer with your fingers crossed? Try it sometime. Fun! In any case, I did watch just about the most fascinating hour of this and that, it's ever been my pleasure to encounter and I am sorry that I couldn't get more of it down accurately, not particularly for the readers' edification but for my own. Carrying the experiment to its bitter end, I put the notes away for several days without looking at them again. I wanted to see how much I could remember and how well I could put it down, after that length of time. So let's go:

## THE SIGHT OF SOUND

Here was presented the latest experiment being done by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, experiments which involve taking pictures of sound. I don't know the name of the instrument used, darnit, but the resulting films were called spectrograms.

The first sound I saw was that of the mc's voice, and following in quick succession, I saw films of piano notes, violin, flute, trumpet, and finally a spectrogram of the sound of an entire orchestra. The picture of a musical note is similar to that of a dancing flame minus most of the flickering and quivering, thick at the base of the pattern and narrowing to a sharp point. A high note elongated the pattern, a low note thickens it. The notes of the piano presented a rather short, broad pattern in comparison to a violin's notes which are very even, sharp pointed, narrower, and higher. The flute's pattern was somewhat the same, while the trumpet's sound pattern was again thicker.

When the whole orchestra played, the dancing flames went wild, the louder the orchestra the faster the movement of the pattern; the slower the composition the slower the movement of the pattern. In all cases, the high notes stretch and elongate the pattern to a great, thin height, and the low notes bring

the flames back down to a thickened form but still pointed.

The sight of the human voice is very similar, insofar as activity and height of the pattern is concerned in accordance with the loudness and speed of the spoken word, but there the similarity ends, for the human voice traces a pattern far more similar to the lines on a graph.

They also took films of the vocal cords in action while a person was intoning "ahhhhhh". For a high toned "ahh", the opening and closing of the vocal cords is swift, like that of a shutter. For a low-toned "ahh", the activity was reduced a great deal, the opening being much smaller and the movement of the cords, slower.

Third, after injecting barium(?) into the lips and nose of a person, they took front and side views of the subject talking which showed the action of all the muscles and structures involved in the process of speaking. It resembled nothing as much as seeing a skeleton talk and to say it was gruesome to watch is putting it mildly.

### THE SOUND OF SIGHT

This is the one that interested me the most and this particular bit I am bound and determined to know more about. Not only did I not catch the names of the scientific instruments involved, but I find in reading my notes that I don't understand as much about it as I thought I did at the time. If any of you know anything about the following or have any idea of how and where I can get more information on the subject, I would certainly appreciate hearing from you. This was the most fascinating, god-dangest, intriguing bit of this and that I've ever seen and I haven't been able to get it out of my mind.

It concerned what is so far pure research and since research is the forefather of practical application, my gistaunt reasoning tells me this is going to prove of great value someday.

The work is being carried on at Haskin's Laboratory by three scientists, a Dr. Frank Cooper, a Dr. Alvin Lieberman (both spelled the way they were pronounced) and the third doctor's name no one could spell, the way it was pronounced.

The two instruments they use are as follows: one is basically a speech recording machine, but there the similarity ends for what comes out of that machine is like nothing I ever saw before. The second instrument and the one that is proving of the most importance is a pattern playback which reverses the procedure of the speech recorder.

Take for instance the sentence, "never kill a snake with your bare hands". This sentence is spoken into the speech recording machine and there emerges a pattern on a film which looked to me like thick fat little blobs of all shapes and sizes, somewhat like shorthand that had gained a lot of weight. The people working on this discovered that no matter who spoke a given word, in what manner it was spoken, that same word always has basically the same pattern. They discovered this by a process of elimination and this is where the pattern playback machine comes in. The sentence "never kill a snake with your bare hands", represented by those same fat little blobs on a piece of cellophane, is run through the play-

back and converted back to sound but with a difference. The voice that emerges from the pattern playback has all inflection, emotion and individuality of voice removed.....the sentence is spoken in a dead monotone, yet is perfectly intelligible speech even though all that went into the machine were some symbols on strips of cellophane.

Now, what these scientists are trying to do and have done to a great extent is to find the frequency, number of vibrations per second, and the passage of time involved in each spoken word. Then they bone it down. They redraw by hand the pattern for "Never kill a snake with your bare hands" but simplified and run it through the pattern playback again and if it is still intelligible speech, redraw a third time and so forth until they have simplified it as much as possible and still obtain understandable words. In this way, they have discovered the rules governing the symbols of speech and have a set pattern down pat....to the extent that they can now sit down and draw freehand any words they wish to. They use paint, a paintbrush, and a strip of cellophane as their only instruments and it's rather awesome to watch them daub some paint on a piece of cellophane, run it through the pattern playback, and hear a robot voice emerge that has no human origin.

They've even gone so far as to produce accents in the pattern playback and they illustrated this with the word "Alabama". By drawing two different patterns, the one pattern produced the word "Alabama" as a northerner would speak it, the second pattern as a southerner would speak it. It gave me cold chills.

Of course, they have gone through the alphabet, learning the symbols for each letter and then combining them to produce words, and are now experimenting with music, studying the sounds of music in the same way they've studied the sounds of speech, transforming the sound into symbols and back into sound again. They have discovered too that geometrical patterns, for instance, each have their own special sound and symbol for that sound....a simple triangle being quite different in sound and symbol than a rectangle. A series of symbols that looked exactly like a long strip of scotch plaid came out as music when run through the pattern playback.

What they have, in actuality is a form of synthetic speech and the possibilities inherent in this research are almost limitless. I'd give my right arm(almost) to be working on something like this. One thought that occurred to me all the time I was watching the proceedings was what a wonderful gimmick this would be for a science fiction story. Communication is of primary importance in the world today, and will become of greater importance when dealing with alien intelligences. It follows that the simpler and the more basic and the more universal such communication becomes the better because the margin for error is narrowed until misunderstanding based on dissimilar philosophies, societies, etc. would almost disappear, if not entirely. Also there are many telepaths being trained all over the world today and mental images are far easier to transmit, than actual words. Thus the patterns they have discovered that represent certain words and without deviation would possibly supply the basic mental language that many experts believe is a necessity for the neo-telepath.

I wonder if they have delved yet into any form of speech other than the English language. I don't know but

it seems to me that a form of synthetic speech such as this would do a great deal toward eliminating language barriers. In any case, you can bet your sweet life, they'll run the complete gamut before they're finished and would I ever like to be in the middle of it, at least watching if not participating. Languages, mathematics, music, art, egads, there's no end to the fascinating possibilities those three scientists have the privilege of exploring.....the sound of sight a brand new exciting field.

### BALI, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

The third item on the agenda was an adventure into a human society. The setting is Indonesia, an island country broken up by the sea into many pieces one of which is the beautiful Island of Bali. According to ancient legend, Bali and its people are enchanted, favored of the gods. Bali was placed at the exact center of the world by the gods and merely lent to the Balinese for their use during their life in the world of the mortals.

Thus the one and only goal of these people in their life span is to please the gods and everything they do and say and think is directed toward that goal. They are an extremely friendly people but expect newcomers to appreciate and respect their religion and way of life. Civilization has left them unspoiled and unmarked, they merely absorb new things, making each particularly Balinese in nature.

Bali is unique for many reasons, one of those reasons being that it is the only island in Indonesia where the ancient Hindu religion (dating from 8 to 15 centuries back) has survived in it's entirety.

Bali is also the most fertile of the Indonesian islands and though its people could well take advantage of modern agricultural practices, they continue to use the primitive methods of planting and harvesting employed by their ancestors. Rice is their main crop of which there are two a year and they also have huge flocks of birds which run free during the day and are trained to return home at sundown.

The woman of the family may own and raise pigs for sale and any income she receives is her own. All selling of produce and much of the buying is done at a central market place which serves more as a social center than anything else. Cockfighting is extremely popular not only for the sport but because it is considered a religious ritual as well. In fact, everything the Balinese people do is a manifestation in some way of their religion. The people of each village act as one unit, each person is merely one part of an integrated whole, each acts for the good of all, something a few nations and societies could learn to very great advantage.

It is said that a Balinese is a prince by birth, a carpenter by trade, and a musician by choice. They are a highly imaginative people and even the arrangement of food and flowers for the various religious dances and plays are works of art. The carvings they do are something once seen, never forgotten. Their richly ornamented temples present some of the most beautiful architecture in the world. The basic musical instrument of the Balinese "orchestra" is called the *rejaun* (pronounced "rayjohn", I made up the spelling).

The dance is one

of their basic forms of art and they consider children as the best dancers, especially the little girls. At the tender age of five, these youngsters start their training for ritual dances. An old master teaches them the sacred movements, every subtlety of religion is expressed by every minute movement, and they learn to dance not as entertainment but as a language, as a means of communication with their gods. In all dances, a trance-like state is induced, and as they approach full trance, the body is then supposed to have been occupied by a god and it would certainly appear so. The child is no longer a child but a vessel filled with the immortal wisdom of the ages, and while in full trance they perform feats that would be physically impossible for them to do under normal circumstances. To release a dancer from trance he is given only water and afterwards has no memory of what has occurred, the personality reverts to its normal state. It's a rather memorable example of schizophrenia.

There are two main ritual dances, one being a dance play in which the problem of man's eternal struggle between good and evil is enacted. Evil is represented by a witch and her followers, good by a huge monster who also has a following. This is an extremely violent ritual dance and becomes more so as the dancers approach full trance. A white cloth symbolizes evil's most powerful weapon and the battle wages furiously back and forth between the opposing forces, first one advancing and then the other without either ever being the complete victor. The climax in which the dancers are now in complete trance comes when they turn their sharp pointed knives against themselves, symbolizing man's battle against the urge toward self-destruction. Convulsions increase in severity until they pass out or become completely exhausted and these dancers are taken care of by onlookers. Afterwards, the participants are unaware of the terrific struggles and convulsions they have endured during the dance. The music is positively the most weird and fascinating I've ever heard and the whole ritual is spell-binding in its intensity.

The second main ritual is the cremation of the dead. To the Balinese, the body is nothing, the spirit is all. They believe that when a person dies, the soul is still chained to the body and to obtain freedom to return to the gods, the soul must be literally torn from the body by means of earth, fire, and water. The cremations are performed enmasse at periodical intervals and the whole ceremony is an odd mixture of sorrow and rejoicing...sorrow for the loss of a loved one but great rejoicing because the spirit of the loved one is to be released for its homeward journey, back to the dwelling place of the gods.

The very finest in art produce and symbols are brought forth, most amazing being the coffins which are of varied and strange shapes, presenting an atmosphere of alien beauty. These coffins are carried on the shoulders of the bereaved families, and on the long trek from the starting point to the place of cremation, earth and water are invoked en route, the carriers meanwhile keeping up a continual mad twisting and running for the purpose of throwing all evil spirits off their trail.

There then remains the fire invocation which is a very intricate and complicated ceremony. Later, the families involved return to the place of cremation, take the remains into the sea to cleanse them and then but one more step remains. They gather the ashes putting them in coconut

shells which are placed on an altar, and then late that night, the ashes are intrusted to the sea and the air for all eternity.

So ended what I saw of Bali, an enchanted land incomparable for its beauty, and of the Balinese people also enchanted and incomparable for their charm and deep religious faith.....conclusion of Experiment C97odh.

Not a very successful experiment I fear. The only definite result apparent to me is that I watched an hour of enthralling entertainment. Other than that, about the only feeling I'm entertaining at the moment is one of frustration because I couldn't spell any of the Balinese or scientific terminology involved. Foo.

The next presentation of ADVENTURE will feature among other things a film on Amazon headhunting. I remember in particular one ADVENTURE I watched in the past, a film of an African native wedding in which the bride rebelled and ran off with another man in the middle of the ceremony ( tsk, they learn the ways of civilization fast!). The bridal gown is quite fascinating inasmuch as it's practically non-existent. Another film presented an African trial by poison. And Dean Grennell has foregone the pleasure of a TV set because he is afraid he might have to watch the tonsil action of Gene Autry or Frankie Laine! He doesn't know what he's missing.

I doubt very much if any of you are wondering about the title of this experiment, but just in case you are, "C97odh" occurred when I was simultaneously looking at the television, shouting madly at one of the children, and trying to write the word "couldn't". Nice trick if you can do it.....I C97odh.....NanG

### From NINE PLANETS

#### I -- The Twilight Belt (Mercury)

There, through the silent tundras flame  
On pilgrimages none can name  
The shapoless devotees of day;  
And shifting devils dance and play  
And ride the ever-moving air  
On perilous journeys, ending where  
The mountains ring the twilight zone  
And lonely beings die, alone.

Here, ice meets fire and light meets dark.  
Cold winds blow out the drifting spark,  
And, pausing, here the beings wait,  
Look on the ice-fields, hesitate -  
And die, or turn again to tread  
The plains that flow with molten lead,  
And through the silent tundras flame  
On pilgrimages none can name.

.....K. Houston Brunner

more

# NANDU NEWS

Er, yes, I know. I thought I was through, too. Which just goes to show once again that I shouldn't think. Yes. Well, a bit about THE RETURN OF EDDI HANLEY. I had forgotten I had this manuscript on hand -- illustrated and everything. I wanted to use it in NANDU but it slipped--er--my little mind. Uh, this story presents a paradox of some sort or another. You see this is yet another rejection to appear in NANDU. Fiction this time instead of an article. The paradox? It was rejected by the Editor of CHIGGER. Sounds silly, eh what? A rejection from my own subzine. Rather easily explained though. I accepted it, and Ed Cox rejected it.

Now as to the technical merits or demerits of the story, I suppose I'm no judge. But I did enjoy reading it which is all that matters to me. Soooo, into NANDU it goes.

This story is the sequel to Jack--the--Ripper's THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE PLANET which appeared in CHIGGER 3. And again thanks to Richard Bergeron, this of NAN has some artwork. The small illo on the contents page was originally intended for the cover -- that's all I had. But now I'm going to use the full-page Hanley illo as a substitute. I think the Ripper illo will make a wonderful cover. I'm quite relieved for if I remember correctly, NANDU has never been without a full page illustration, at least for the cover. Rich also did the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -page interior illo for the story. Bergeron! What would I do without a guy like you around?

I also heard from David Rike who sent me a page of handwriting for a graphology reading. So as soon as the graphologist is finished and gets it back to me, David's character analysis will appear in these pages too. And it appears that NANDU will be a good deal larger than I expected. Nothing out of the ordinary I guess, since that almost always happens but, gads, I'm appalled at the thought of what complete Gerding mailing comments would have done to this, probably another 70-pager, ROSCOE forbid such an event.

Remus is still not here with the SAGA and I'm going to give him a couple or three more days, and then I'll have to go ahead without him. The pages would be credited to him anyhow because it begins to look as if he'll get in as a member by mailing dead line.

And so, WWB, a pox on your measly six pages. I have almost six X six pages, even if most of them are by proxy and at least four of them credited to some one else. A pox I say. What's a pox anyway? Hope that isn't a bad word. The theme of this ish is as usual;

DE GARREN HAA DET GUT!

And the morale is: "Never tell me I have to have six pages done for a mailing. This is August 8, 1954, on a Sunday and this should really tie up # 8 tightly. See you next mailing maybe.....NanG

# THE RETURN OF

## EDDI HANLEY

By

JACK-THE-RIPPER

forward

Historians generally refer to the years between 2200 and 2300 A.D. as the AGE OF IMMORALITY. They touch upon the more conventional high points of this period in history. As a result, the average man has no conception of the structure of society during that lusty, hard-living age.

The scholarly pedants of today casually regard it as "a period of moral decadence" and seldom mention it in the polite society of the present time. Actually, the men and women who lived and died during that time were somewhat justified in their actions. Space travel was increasing rapidly. The risks were great and the rewards few. A spaceship was not the safe machine it is today. Life on the newly-colonized planets was hard. As a result, men and women lived for today and seldom thought of the future. Particularly the women. For space travel was primarily a man's job. The women who followed after were tough. They had to be. Each one wanted to prove that she was better than the next girl. Contests took place between the women. Some of them cannot be mentioned. One type of contest forms the background of this story. It was engaged in by the women of nearly every planet behind the expanding space frontier. It forms a necessary background because it is an important factor in the life of Eddi Hanley.

At one time, Eddi Hanley was one of the richest, most powerful men alive. And yet his downfall was brought about in an unusual manner --- by the ANTI-GRAV bra.\* This is the story of Hanley's revenge. It is a little known incident that formed part of the AGE OF IMMORALITY.

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\*See CHIGGER # 3.

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Vardis was near the fringe of Man's outward advance in space. It was the last comparatively well-civilized stopping place in that section of the galaxy. The people lived in a curious mixture of luxury and violence.

Eddi Hanley - he was now known as Ron Andrews - sat at a table in THE SINNERS' DEN. He hadn't changed much since his escape from imprisonment fifteen years ago. Still fat, heavy-jowled, with a scowling face. His sleek black hair was a trifle thinner, perhaps, but most important, his scruples hadn't changed. They couldn't. He had none. He was out for what he could get --- the methods didn't matter.

Hanley had nightclubs upon a great number of the more civilized planets. THE SINNERS' DEN was his newest venture. Broke fifteen years ago, he was a rich man now - for the second time.

Smoke from his evil-smelling cigar spiralled towards a coiling that was one huge mirror. Soft light streamed from hidden fixtures in ever-changing colors. Murmurs of conversation rose from every point of the crowded, ultramodern room. Luxurious chrome and plastic furnishings were everywhere.

He stared about the room, caught in a reflective mood. At the space-tanned young men who flew the void between stars. At the beautiful women in their extremely low-cut gowns. A slight frown creased his forehead as he saw that the vast majority of the women wore ANTI-GRAV bras. Scores of amazingly well-developed bosoms that seemed to defy gravity testified that Nature had received a helping hand. Some of the women had quite plainly decided to step the anti-gravity field up. An unusual up-curving effect was achieved. Modern youth! he thought wryly to himself.

A disturbance arose at the far end of the room and a throng of people congregated rapidly. A number of men dressed entirely in black worked their way to the cause of the commotion.

Hanley knew what was happening - it was the men in black who intrigued him. He knew them and their work, but, as a member of an older generation, he couldn't fathom the civilization that had created the Judges. For that was what the men in black were called. And they did exactly what their name implied - judged.

Nearly every woman on the frontier planets wanted to prove that she was better suited to live a tough, fast life than the next woman. Fierce competition arose between them. One would challenge another to a contest of some sort. The Judges were created to pick a winner. Salaries for the men in black were paid by the governments of the planets on which they operated. And the Judges were seldom idle in this highly competitive age.

Each Judge was completely honest. He could not be bribed or threatened to give a decision contrary to his wishes. This is not strange considering that surgeons set up blocks in certain channels of the brain of every man destined to become a Judge.

By far the most popular type of contest was one that was a direct descendant of the beauty contest of earlier centuries. The disturbance Hanley was observing will serve as an illustration.

A pretty blonde of twenty-five was seated at a table. The field of her ANTI-GRAV unit was turned on higher than most. The up-curving effect was very pronounced. A young dark-haired girl, obviously in her teens and with her anti-gravity field set in a more conventional manner, was walking by the blonde's table. The older girl made an insulting remark to the brunette. She replied in an even tone and started to walk away. The blonde jumped to her feet and shouted a, by no means polite, challenge to the younger girl. Whereupon, both of the contestants stripped to the waist.

A crowd - and several Judges - gathered. Seven Judges - always an odd number to prevent ties --- voted on the two girls. The blonde, who expected an easy victory, lost by a 5 to 2 vote. The brunette was surprisingly well-developed. The loser dressed hastily and left the club.

The Judges had made careful note of the winner and loser. Once a week the names of all the girls who had ever engaged in this type contest were printed in the telepapers - with the won and lost records. Only a few remained unbeaten. One of those few was seated at Eddi Hanley's table.

Shirli Driscoll was a tall, roundly-curved eighteen-year-old. Flaming red hair was flawlessly perfect in an up-swept hairdo. Cool green eyes stared from a high-cheekboned face. Her full red lips smiled slightly, as she watched the contest on the far side of the room. A low-cut scarlet evening gown, slashed to the waist, revealed why she remained unbeaten in the type of contest just concluded. Although only eighteen, she had amassed forty-three victories. Like Hanley, she held the ANTI-GRAV bra in contempt. But for a far different reason. It had cost Hanley an empire. To her it was a waste of time and money. She had once remarked that it couldn't improve what was already perfect. Other women hated her egotism, but had been unable to do anything about it.

Hanley neither knew nor cared where she came from. Shortly after THE SINNERS' DEN had been opened, she had asked for a job. He auditioned her and hired her on the spot. A buxom blonde held down the job Shirli was hired for. Both girls decided the place was big enough for only one. Nine Judges were called in and the bosomy Shirli won an easy 9 to 0 verdict. She'd had the job all to herself ever since.

"Something amuse you?" Hanley asked her.

She turned her green eyes on him. The slight smile was still on her lips. "I was thinking of that blonde who just left. She ran up against more than she bargained for."

"Don't laugh, Shirli. One of these days you'll know how she felt. You can't win forever."

That erased her smile. The green eyes were ice now.

"I have no intention of ever losing," she said in a cold voice.

"My apologies," Hanley replied in a cynical tone. "By the way, isn't it time for your act?"

The full red lips were smiling again. She stood up and gave him a deep bow. "Yes, master," she said mockingly.

His eyes returned to her face. "I'm forced to agree with

you. You can't possibly be beaten."

The admiring eyes of the men and the jealous eyes of the women followed Shirli Driscoll to her dressing room.

Hanley remained at the table, smoking his potent cigar and drinking Venusian Vinc.

Every light suddenly went out. In the velvet darkness, the roar of thundering jets filled the nightclub. A blinding spotlight winked on - focussed on Shirli Driscoll.

She was clad in a bulky, cumbersome spacesuit, complete with helmet, signifying the first landing on an alien planet. The music in the background, hardly noticeable at first, gradually increased in volume. As it did so, the red-haired girl began to shed the spacesuit. With lithe grace, she flung herself about the stage in a frenzied dance. Sweat gleamed on her nearly-naked young body. Clad in only a bra, not an ANTI-GRAV bra, she reached the climax of her dance.

The music stopped as though sliced with a knife. Shirli arched her back and took a deep breath. After what seemed minutes, but was in reality only a few seconds, a ripping noise sounded and the bra fell to the floor. The spotlight blinked out. Hanley wondered how many women had tried that in the privacy of their own homes.

The house lights came on slowly to reveal a deserted stage. Thunderous applause almost exclusively from the men shook the SINNERS' DEN. Personally, Hanley thought the whole thing was rather ridiculous.

A few minutes later Shirli, clad once again in her scarlet evening gown, returned to Hanley's table.

"Anyone leave a challenge for me while I was on-stage?"

Hanley snorted. "You're being rather naive. The trouble with you is that you always win. Lose once in a while, and give them something to shoot at."

People and conversation drifted past them as they discussed plans for a new dance routine.

The voice of the orchestra leader rose above the din.

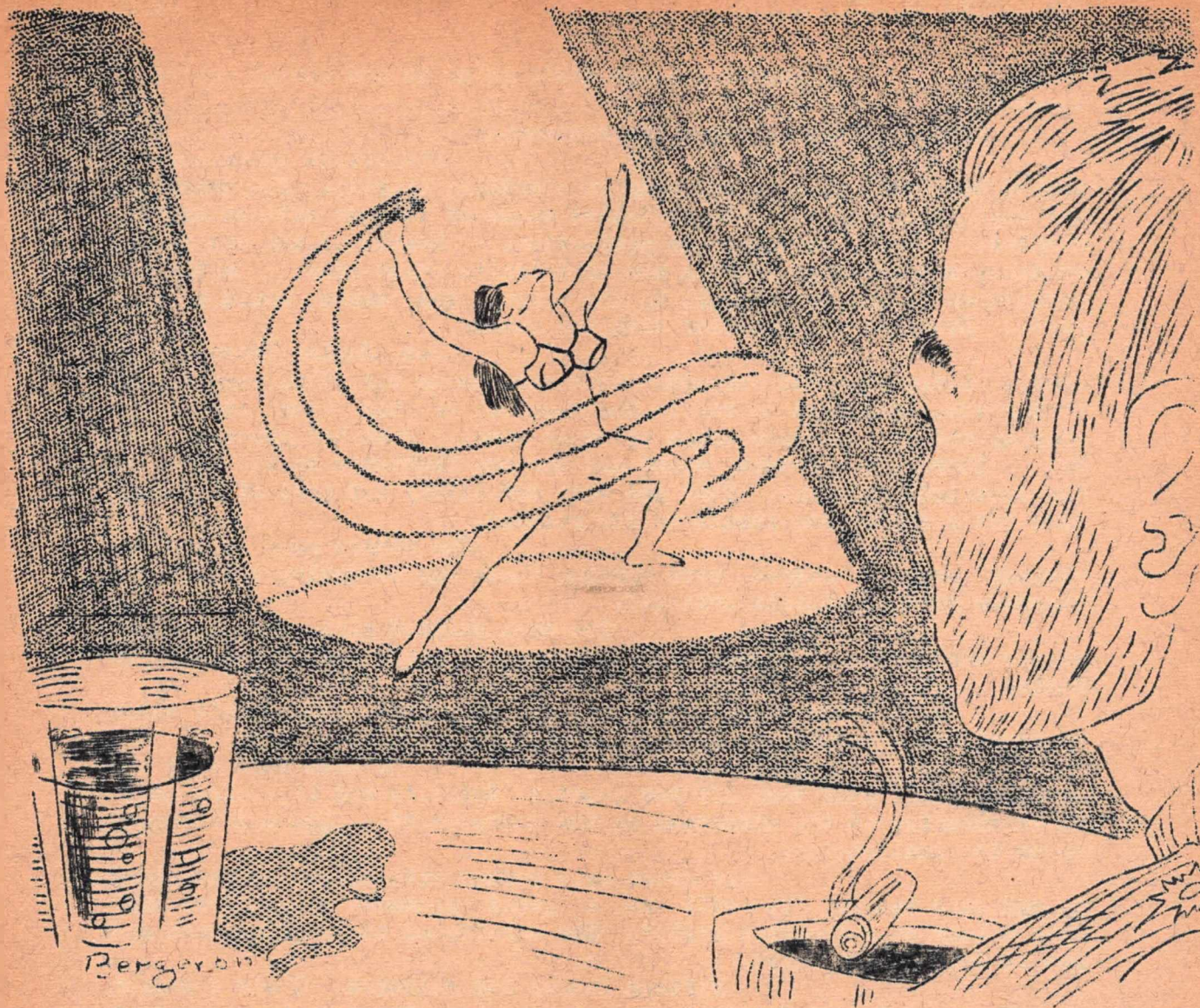
"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a famous personality in our audience tonight. I'm sure Korla Khan needs no further introduction."

Hanley hadn't known she was present. Sometimes he thought this fast-moving era was too much for him. Other times he was sure of it. Whose club was this anyway? He was supposed to know things, not the hired help. He shrugged philosophically. After all, Korla Khan was a big name on Earth. Why was she here, he wondered mildly. Slumming, probably.

Riotous applause broke out as the spotlight found her seated at a table nearby. She stood up slowly and smiled as she realized every eye in the place was on her.

Born in Africa, she had made a name for herself in the entertainment world. Although she was still under twenty-five, she was familiar to anyone who had a Tv set.

The light gleamed on her dark brown skin and the long jet-black



hair. The well-shaped, regal face turned to Hanley and she bowed slightly. Spurning the popular fashion of low-cut evening gowns, she wore slacks and an extremely tight sweater.

Hanley glanced at Shirli with a trace of amusement in his eyes. "Go easy, Shirli. She doesn't wear an ANTI-GRAV bra either. I'd hate to see you lose for the first time."

"Stop smirking, Ron. I'm not afraid of her."

Hanley gazed at the ceiling reflectively. "If my memory serves me correctly, she's one over a hundred contests and lost only three or four. And those losses took place when she was quite young and all given to her by members of her own race."

"Your memory seems to function unusually well," she replied acidly.

The audience clamored for the African to give one of her famous dances. She looked questioningly at Hanley. He waved his hand in a be-my-guest movement. A waiter appeared and guided her to the dressing room.

"I rather imagine she's going to use one of your costumes."

Frigid silence greeted his statement.

The bright spotlight revealed her dark, well-molded body in startling clarity. The dance was her most famous one, an interpretative dance of the now extinct African Jungles. Every movement was perfection. Nearly at the end of her routine, she was clad only in one of Shirli's white bras. After she unfastened it and let it fall to the floor, the dance would be complete. Everyone was familiar with the number.

But, Hanley frowned suddenly. Korla Khan had stopped. What was she up to? This wasn't part of her act. And then he knew. The muscles of her back stood out sharply and he could see drops of sweat running down her gleaming body. There was a tearing sound and her bra fluttered to the floor as the spotlight went out. That was very definitely not part of the routine but a deliberate insult to the redhead.

The others knew it too for already several Judges were working their way to Hanley's table and eighteen year old Shirli Driscoll.

The dark skinned girl, once again in slacks and sweater, walked over to Hanley's table and looked down at Shirli.

"I've heard a lot about you, Miss Driscoll, and I don't think we should beat around the bush. I challenge you."

A hush fell over the crowd as Korla Khan took off her sweater. Shirli's red lips were parted in surprise at the suddenness of the announcement. She had intended to do the challenging.

Her green eyes burned with hatred as she stood up and said smugly, "It will be a great pleasure to send you home with a loss to a frontier girl." She unfastened the scarlet gown and let it fall to her waist.

Fifteen Judges had gathered. Their decision was given and Shirli Driscoll had taken her first really important victory by an 8 to 7 vote.

Korla bowed to the young redhead. "You have proved yourself the better woman. I admit defeat." She donned her sweater and walked from the club. She never returned to Vardis again.

"Congratulations, my dear. I didn't think you could beat her."

Shirli shrugged carelessly. "Show your appreciation in my next pay check."

Hanley stood up. "If you'll excuse me, there's someone I want to talk to." He glanced about the room. "I don't think you'll be alone for long. I see a number of young men waiting for me to leave."

As he walked away, the spacemen flocked to the table. The women they had deserted were none too pleased but didn't want any part of Shirli.

Hanley made his way to a nearby table where a small, middle-aged man with bushy white hair was sitting alone. Though he didn't know it yet, Hanley was approaching another turning point in his career.

The small man had been pointed out to him before as a meteor miner one of those outcasts who earned a living - a precarious one - in the depths of space. His name was Sam Barstow.

Hanley sat down beside him without waiting to be asked. Barstow looked at him suspiciously until Hanley signaled a waiter for a round of drinks.

"I was watching you during the contest, Sam. You took one look, shook your head, and lost yourself in your drink. What's the matter? Think Korla Khan should've won it?"

"Oh no, no!" Barstow protested vigorously. "Your girl was much the better." He didn't want Eddi Hanley as an enemy.

"Why the lack of interest then?"

The little man was beginning to feel the liquor now. He leaned back expansively and gazed at the mirrored ceiling.

"I wasn't always a space rat, Andrews -- uh, Mr. Andrews. Used to be a doctor back on Earth." His faded blue eyes were peering back through time. A shadow crossed them. "I was doing research on hormones in my spare time. It was pretty expensive. To get more money I violated the doctor's code." He smiled slightly. "I was discovered and kicked out of the profession. So - here I am."

"Hormone research?" Hanley asked with a noticeable lack of interest. He'd had troubles of his own.

"Yes, that's why I wasn't interested in the contest. I was developing a growth hormone just before I lost my license." His lips twisted slightly. "It could build up any part of the body. Almost any woman treated with the hormone could beat Shirli Driscoll then."

Hanley stared intensely at the other man, his odorous cigar laying forgotten in the ashtray.

"Barstow, be thankful you lost your license. I'm going to make you a rich man."

"I don't understand, Mr. Andrews."

Hanley's eyes stared at the many ANTI-GRAV bras in the room. A broad smile twisted his face.

"Sam, HORMONE, INC. is going to put ANTI-GRAV out of business. I've been waiting for this chance for a long, long time."

"HORMONE, INC.?"

"Our new partnership, Sam. I'm going to build you a laboratory so you can complete your research. I can see our slogan now: FOR THAT NATURAL LOOK. Yes indeed. The ANTI-GRAV bra is on the way out."

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Sam Barstow had just arrived by jet from his laboratory on the other side of Vardis.

Hanley gestured irritably to a chair. The other

man sank into it gracefully.

"It took you long enough, Sam."

"Two months isn't very long, Mr. Andrews. And the results were worth waiting for. Look!" He opened a briefcase and took out several photographs.

Hanley whistled in appreciation. "You mean this is that skinny girl you picked up out of the gutter?"

Barstow grinned broadly.

"The same. I told you I knew what I was doing. And take a look at the bottom picture."

"You have done the impossible, Sam," Hanley said, looking at the photo. "I didn't think Shirli could be improved upon."

"It wasn't easy to talk her into it, but she finally gave in. She's anxious to get back and pick up some victories."

"She'll never be able to find anyone to challenge now, Sam. Other women will hide at first sight of her."

"Well, that's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Exactly, Sam, exactly." Eddi stood up and clapped the other man on the back. A large, calculating grin was on his face.

The lurid advertisements and the slogan FOR THAT NATURAL LOOK reached every corner of civilization. Equally popular was the phrase, WHY WEAR A BRA WHEN YOU CAN LOOK LIKE THIS? A photo of Shirli Driscoll followed the words.

Hanley expected ANTI-GRAV to send a representative to call on him, but he did not expect to see one so quickly. It was proof that the ANTI-GRAV outfit was worried.

A short, balding man of about forty, wearing rimless glasses, entered Hanley's office. A tall young brunette followed him.

"Georg Dakin of ANTI-GRAV," he introduced himself. "This is Fillis Manning, my secretary."

Hanley waved them to a seat and stared at the brunette.

"I've seen you before, Miss Manning," he said. He turned to Shirli Driscoll. "Can you place her?" But the young redhead didn't hear the question. The two girls were regarding each other with open dislike. Eddi snapped his fingers. "Sure, I remember now. Earth refers to you as Miss Universe."

The girl smiled and nodded her head. "One hundred forty-two victories and no losses," she said, glancing at Shirli.

Hanley introduced the redhead.

"Only forty-four victories?" the brunette murmured.

"Down, girls, down," Hanley said hastily. "If Mr. Dakin's company accepts my offer, you'll get your chance."

Fillis, who looked as if she had been poured into her sweater, smiled sweetly at him. Her ANTI-GRAV was tilted at the most daring angle he'd ever seen. Special-

ly-made model, he guessed.

"What chance are you referring to, Mr. Andrews?" Dakin interposed.

"Let's not waste words, Dakin. You're here to buy me out and I'm not selling. Either HORMONE, INC. or ANTI-GRAV is going out of business. Here's my offer: four of my girls in sweaters against four of yours in sweaters." He waved a hand magnanimously.

"Your four will wear ANTI-GRAVs, of course. Mine will have no artificial support whatever. The girl who wins will be the deciding factor. If she's one of mine, ANTI-GRAV will be out of business. If she's one of yours, I will close up HORMONE, INC."

Heaven forbid the latter event, Hanley thought to himself. If I lose this, I'll be back where I was fifteen years ago. He'd invested all his money in this venture.

"Read this contract, Dakin. It puts in writing what I've just said. Oh and one more thing. The contest will be videoed to every part of the universe."

After slight hesitation, Dakin signed.

When the pair had left the room, Shirli said, "Save the brunette for me. She's mine."

Hanley leaned back and smiled with complete contentment.

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Camera men and spectators filled THE SINNERS' DEN. Barstow had returned to his laboratory to set the wheels in motion as soon as the decision was announced. Like Hanley, he was certain HORMONE, INC. could not lose.

Hanley was alone in his office. He didn't particularly care to see the contest. Besides the outcome was inevitable. Or was it? That Fillis Manning was no pushover. He shrugged and dismissed the thought. He'd told one of his employees to give him the details after the conclusion of the contest.

One hour later, the man entered Hanley's office.

"Well, Reed? Start at the beginning."

The blonde young man spoke in an emotionless, matter-of-fact voice.

"One of our girls did not show up, sir. But we got a volunteer who wanted to be on our side."

"All right, all right. Get on with it."

"Of the eight contestants, each side lost two in the first round. Our two who were left

were Shirli Driscoll and the substitute. Fillis Manning was one of the two on the ANTI-GRAV side. The Judges let Shirli and the Manning girl go against each other. The crowd seemed rather disappointed that the girls wore sweaters but they seemed to enjoy it pretty much, anyway."

"Get to the point. Who won?"

"The Judges voted 13 to 12 in favor of Shirli. She had a hard time of it."

"How did the pride of ANTI-GRAV take the loss?"

"She went completely to pieces. A doctor had to give her a sedative."

"How did the substitute make out?"

"Oh she won. Funny thing about her though. She's a blonde, very well put together." The young man paused before continuing. "She's thirty-seven years old."

Hanley snorted. "Impossible!"

"Oh no. The report on her came through just as she and Shirli met for the championship."

"Well, what's the difference? They're both on our side. We've licked ANTI-GRAV."

"Yes, we've beaten them, but - uh - well -."

Hanley's eyes darkened. "What happened?"

"When Shirli found out her opponent's age, she challenged her to take off her sweater. You know how Shirli dislikes older women anyway. The Judges gave their approval because both were on our side. ANTI-GRAV was already out of the running."

"So?"

"Well, the blonde accepted Shirli's challenge and they both took off their sweaters."

These women!" Hanley muttered. "Old enough to be Shirli's mother and she accepted the challenge."

"Sir," the young man said miserably, "She beat Shirli by a 14 to 11 vote!"

Hanley's cigar dropped unnoticed to the

floor. "What!" he roared. "There's no woman alive who could--. Wait a minute. A thirty-seven year old blonde?"

"Yes sir. She's waiting outside to see you. A friend of yours, she said."

There was a trembling in Hanley's voice as he asked: "What did she do after she beat Shirli?"

The young man shifted uncomfortably. "She was interviewed in front of the cameras, sir. She said that since the loser of the contest had agreed to withdraw from business, both HORMONE, INC. and ANTI GRAV should cease operations immediately. Sir, she won the contest with only what Nature had given her. We found out too late that she hadn't received any hormone treatments from us. It was - uh - all hers and always had been. She asked the Judges to rule and they upheld her decision. HORMONE, INC. and ANTI-GRAV lost to Nature."

A tired smile played about Hanley's mouth. "Show Betti Lannen in."\*

"But, how did you know --?"

"There's only one woman like her."

The young man left and Hanley stood up as Betti Lannen walked in.

"We meet again, Betti."

She stood facing him without speaking. He waved a hand in an airy gesture.

"It's all yours if you want it. You've won it." He walked to the door and paused there.

His eyes lifted from her sweater to her face. "I would have voted for you myself." He closed the door softly behind him.

As he threaded his way among the tables, he noticed Shirli Driscoll. She was very, very drunk. Her smug self-assurance was completely gone.

The night air chilled him. The cold, impersonal stars looked down on Eddi Hanley, a man beaten by Fate and a well-developed woman who had always said she'd get even with him some day. A rocket-trail flamed across the sky and was gone. Would the dark star of Eddi Hanley ever recapture its brilliance again? Perhaps, perhaps --.

\*See CHIGGER # 3, THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE PLANET

# GRAPHOLOGY

(RIKE)

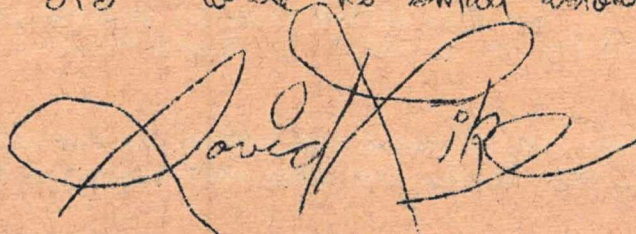
Dave, I'm sorry but this isn't a fully comprehensive graphology reading. You didn't write on plain paper which is necessary, for margins and everything enter into the analysis. So if you want a complete reading, the graphologist will be glad to do this reading over again. Write a couple of pages, making no attempt to improve your writing or anything but just write naturally. And write on plain paper, not lined paper. Also be sure to use all the letters of the alphabet. I'm going to go ahead and use the reading I have here. I don't have the time now to get another handwriting specimen from you and get it to the graphologist and back. But I will print another reading for you next time if you wish it. This is a rather short and incomplete one and you may not be satisfied with it....I'd better remind everyone too that these readings cost a buck. Haven't done that for several issues and those that have come on the scene late wouldn't know it.... So below is the reading and a sample of David Rike's handwriting - er, at least I hope there will be a sample of his handwriting. It's rather small and I don't know whether or not I can stencil it.....NanG

Handwriting specimen(undated)by David Rike

addicts (for that matter the whole group has probably been on the stuff, as have various audiences). Rather than this sort of thing, showing and including an "evil", they play to listen to music which acts easy on the ears

Is that enough, Nan? I surely covered every letter alphabet and did write no small amount.

Ghouls  
bye



A complete analysis is impossible because the writing is on lined paper. Nothing can be determined by margins either, as this paper has one of its own, carefully adhered to, I notice, which further limits the graphology.

Small, tight writing usually denotes a pronounced desire for economy, and with little space between words also, shows austerity, thrift, careful but not exactly stingy, but the overall specimen dis-

plays a reserved nature.

A desire to please and to be recognized is exceptionally pronounced, and may be the real cause of the apparent reserve. Your careful nature waits to see what will be best received by others, before forging ahead.

A great care for detail is here - all small letters like o's and a's are meticulously closed, all i's dotted. This rare trait, if unplanned, means a secretive nature. I question this because there is inconsistency in other letters. You are not always so cautious, you have moments quite different - moods, not the one you were in when you wrote this letter.

You are quite law-abiding, believe in doing unto others what you would have them do unto you, etc., (golden rule), and I doubt very much if you would ever be guilty of a practical joke or a harmful untruth.

Your greatest sensitivity appears to be for the opinion of others. You are quite serious, and can really be hurt by ridicule. You have a painstaking nature, and could excel in precision work of any kind.

There are times when you lack self-confidence, hesitate, although I see no inferiority complex of any kind, there is lack of decision when what must be decided upon concerns others. \*

You let yourself "go" when you came to the bottom of the page, and your signature bolies the rest of your handwriting. Were I to read only your signature, the graphology reading would be entirely different. I would immediately say that your artistic nature overruled everything else, even your thrift.

You will always take full advantage of your appearance, emphasizing any good features you may possess.

Your thriftiness applies to ideas as well as money, and you store new ideas and thoughts in the back of your mind for future reference, and have a great ability of analyzing their value once collected.

There is an odd trace of cunning in some letters, contradicting the other letters that denote openness, I would suggest by this, that it is possible you use this only if you feel you are being cornered.

I am truly sorry that this was not written on plain paper and that this reading is so limited. I would suggest that you write another specimen for me, on unlined paper, and write naturally, just as though you were writing a school assignment or something without any thought as to what the writing is going to look like, etc. Then I will be able to do a more comprehensive analysis for you.

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\*You possess energy and determination, and can be tireless and tenacious. Spiritual aspects are important to you, and the right and wrong is uppermost when faced with making an immediate decision.

20. Irene Baron, as maid, saw the tables were laid  
And she carefully watered a plant or  
Some such similar act while her mind was, in fact,  
On her job as an agent of Trantor  
Whose chief spy, (he wore wigs), was Sir Robert Glenn Briggs  
A most outstanding type of a fellow.  
His right hands, all sixteen, had a bright orchid sheen,  
His complexion was scarlet and yellow  
And he walked on tall stilts, wore fluorescent scotch kilts  
So he glittered and flashed like a rainbow.  
Inconspicuousness was his goal, more or less,  
Thus he wore this bright mad and insane glow.
21. If he tripped in his vault, it was all Eney's fault  
For Sir Robert was sometimes a groucher,  
Who would not give a cent to the improvident  
If they could not give him a good voucher.  
So Dick Eney rebelled and with spirits unquelled  
To Nan Gerding he went at a gallop  
And when she found out why, she gave Richard a pie  
With an edge that was cut in a scallop.  
And she called out six girls who could dance in huge whirls  
While six others got paraphernalia  
Such as censors and wine, for this old libertine  
Was to have a full fledged saturnalia.
22. In the meantime, Ed Cox was removing his socks  
And was grinding them up for a gas bomb.  
He kept left far from right for he knew that they might  
Detonate from the critical mass from  
The moment that one came too near to its con-  
Federate from the opposite leg end.  
Then he sought out his friends who all said, "He offends."  
And they turned to each other to beg, "Fend  
This poor character off." An emotional trough  
For poor EdCo thus quickly resulted.  
If your friends should decide that they wanted to hide  
Wouldn't you become greatly insulted?
23. Thus it was that John Davis, an odd type rara avis  
Was the one that Ed Cox had selected  
To be his bombardier, all the others I fear,  
Had departed, decamped, and defected.  
So from five thousand feet, our John Davis, 'tout suite'  
Dropped the bomb that Ed Cox had constructed  
But since Eney turned coat, now the bombs downward float  
Was diverted, put off, and obstructed.  
By a forcefield which Nan had put over her clan  
And the course of the bomb was deflected  
To the palace in which lived the lovely and rich  
K.K. Anderson all men respected

24. For her temper which made an atomic grenade  
Seem a model of calmness and sweetness.  
When the bomb gave its BOOM it exposed every room  
To the gas with effective completeness.  
Swiftly, Karen arose and while holding her nose  
Said, "First get all the rooms disinfected  
And then search out the he that has done this to me  
And we'll see if when he's vivisected  
He'll repent of the deed." Now a massive stampede  
Left the palace to hunt up the bustard  
Which indeed Davis was. He came in with a buzz  
And he said in a manner most flustered,
25. "Madame, if you are wroth, put the blame on Al Toth,  
And his misdeeds I fully confesses."  
Now Al Toth could not stand for this very high hand-  
Ed way that was used to relieve stresses  
So he transferred his soul to the brain of a mole  
And he spoke up from under the flooring  
"This bird lies in its teeth, and a funeral wreath  
I will donate which I have been storing  
In a very safe place." His new star-nosed type face  
Had emerged and was sadly grimacing  
At the very bright light when he was tied up tight  
By a new brilliant red plastic lacing
26. By one Vernon McCain whose reptilian brain  
Was ensconced in a fifty-ton lizard  
If by chance Vernon drowsed, he was mean when aroused  
And would tread on his Wakeners gizzard  
With his large scaly feet while he tore chunks of meat  
From the hide of the one that disturbed him.  
But when he had tied Toth, he was soon in the broth,  
And Nan Gee saw that death was what curbed him  
When Claude Hall, with a mace, caved in Vernon's huge face.  
He cried, "Sic Semper Tyrannosaurus  
(Rex, sir, if you MUST know) after my valiant blow  
Now this ick tempered guy can not bore us."
27. One Larry Touzinski who was clad all in ski  
Clothes and who walked upon snowshoes  
With the form of a wombat gave challenge to combat  
When he said, "If youse tink I can't t'row youse,  
Youse had best tink again, I can t'row all youse men,  
But with Wimmen I rassels in private."  
And he mopped up the floor with young Howard Devore  
Who then said, "I see now what you drive at."  
And then Dean A. Grennell was disposed of as well  
When poor Dean was tied up like a pretzel.  
But the two rose and they had their innings that day  
When they stuck Larry's nose in a wetcell.

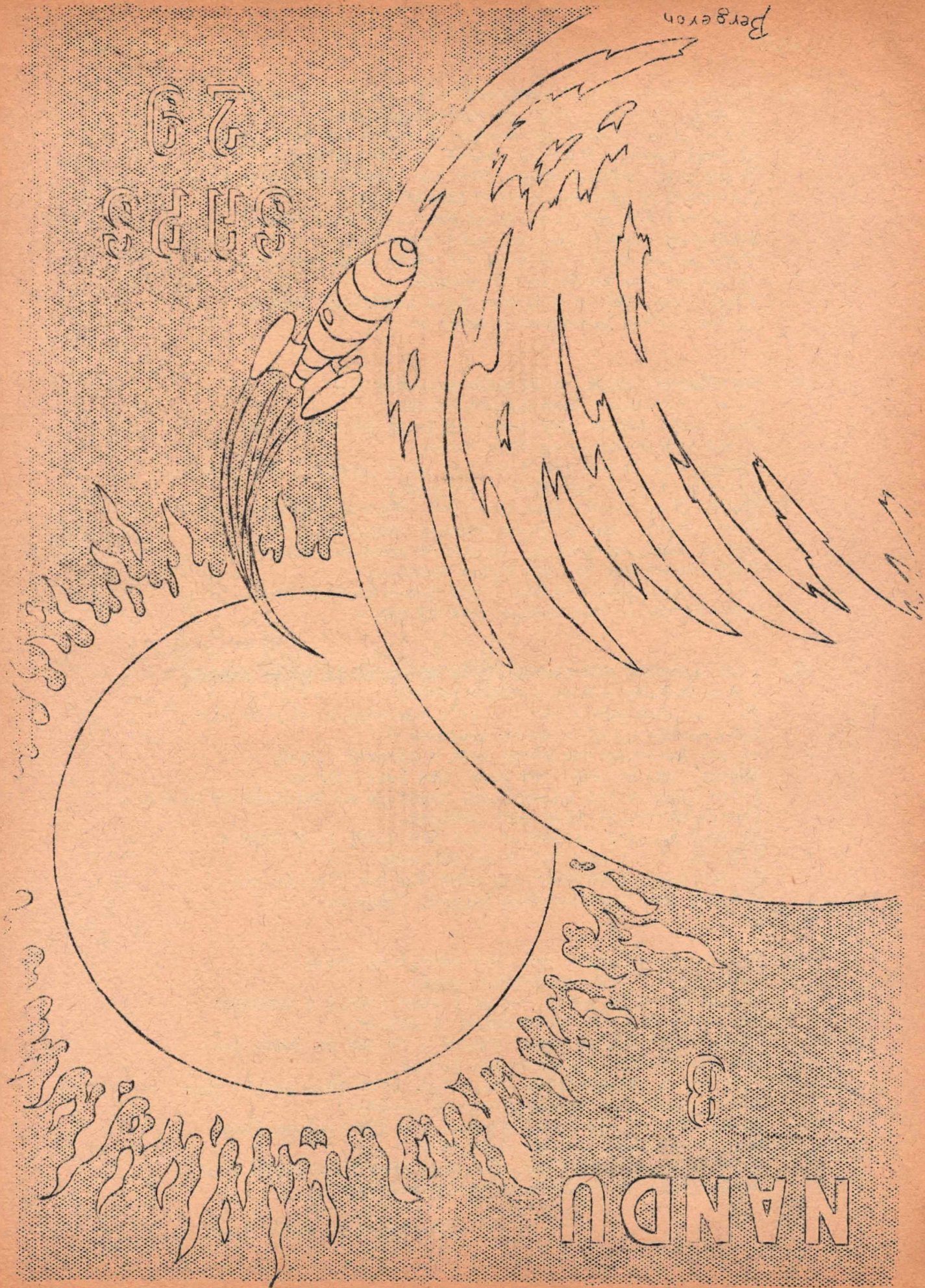
28. Which electrified him but disposed of his vim  
As he yelled of the sun on the beaches  
(Or a similar phrase) while his hair was ablaze  
With blue sparks and the fun of the itches  
That were unscratchable - were all his to the full  
And they held him thus 'till he surrendered.  
While he looked at the sight of this horrible fight  
Poor Ed Noble to tears was then rendered.  
For he was a quite shy, peaceful type of a guy  
That just wept when he saw any fighting  
For he feared he'd be hurt, and he'd loudly assert  
That that would be quite wrong and need righting.
29. For a Noble in pain is a thought most insane  
And Ed thought that the one that would hurt him  
Should be acted upon (a true sine qua non)  
In a manner that would disconcert 'im  
And his servants said, yes, they would make quite a mess  
Of the one that would damage their darling  
And they stepped to the fore. At their backs Edward's snore  
Quite outechoed his minions loud snarling.  
Through the castle it ranged and Coswal was deranged  
By the sound which came into his chambers.  
Walter Coslet loved peace and he wanted surcease  
Of this uproar so he put the same burrs
30. In his right and left ears that he'd bought for the rears  
Of the ones that had Nangee's protection  
Hoping thus to cause pain (though his hopes were in vain)  
For he wanted a massive defection  
From Nan's army of men. Yes, tonight through the glen  
Would come charging the Grand New Rebellion.  
The head men had cried, "Charge, for the glory is large,  
Show no mercy to the infidel yon-  
Der snoozing away for tonight is the Day!"  
Then with haste, each reversing his field  
Each headman to the rear ran with quaking and fear  
Where they had themselves quickly concealed.
31. All the girls in the ranks looked with faces all blanks  
At this normal type Officer action.  
(It's "Non-coms to the fore" in most any type war  
While the officers all show their backs, shun  
The front as a plague, while they drink Haig and Haig  
And await with the utmost trepidation  
The results of the fray. In the meantime, they pray  
If they're not busy with propagation!)  
Carol McKinney grinned, and said, "Although I've sinned  
And in fact hope to sin a lot more, sir;  
For yon fort at a run with the set of the sun  
I will charge on the back of my courser."

32. "Good," cried first sergeant Wrai, "on the back of your hay  
Burning steed you will be quite appealing.  
We will all storm the breach if we're led by a peach  
Of your type." Then he stared at the ceiling  
Where a microphone hung. Now the breath from each lung  
He expelled when he started in shouting  
"You will all get outside if you value your hide."  
From each window the army went spouting.  
Then, although it was noon the whole army was soon  
In uproarious march on the palace  
While each girl on a horse, as a matter of course,  
On her bottom developed a callous.
33. Hal Shapiro said, "I've been recently wed  
To the loveliest dame in existence.  
Now these damsels for sure would not be after her....  
I had better begin my resistance.  
Though they plead and they beg for a glance I will neg-  
ligently repell all their advances.....  
WHAT? They've all passed me by? What an insult! Now I  
Must inform them of their missing chances...."  
And he charged with the mass over palace-yard grass  
While extolling his multiplex virtues.  
"I'm intelligent, ma'am, I can teach English Gram-  
Mar to you, I will always convert youse.
34. I am handsome and strong I can sing any song  
I'm a dashing and passionate lover,  
You can just ask my wife. It's the chance of your life,  
Such another you'll never discover."  
In the meantime the group with a gigantic whoop  
Through the windows and doors had been pouring  
While amongst the chandeliers those great drinkers of Beers,  
The Outsiders, on Racy came soaring.  
So that swiftly it seemed each and every room teemed  
With the revelling hordes of the army.....  
No defenders were there... they had vanished in air,  
Leaving only a mouse that begged, "Harm me
35. Not, gracious ones, and your magnitude stuns  
Me so much I will instantly babble  
My sad story to you. You will know when I'm through  
Why this fort was surrendered to rabble.  
I will tell you my name, though it's one of small fame,  
And you'll also discover the reason  
That those strawberries there have such long purple hair  
Even though they are long out of season."  
As he uttered his name, through the fort like a flame  
Went a widening, queasy sensation  
Quite akin to dark fear, for they knew they would hear  
Such a tale as would cause consternation.

(Continued in NANDU # 9)

Bergeson

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