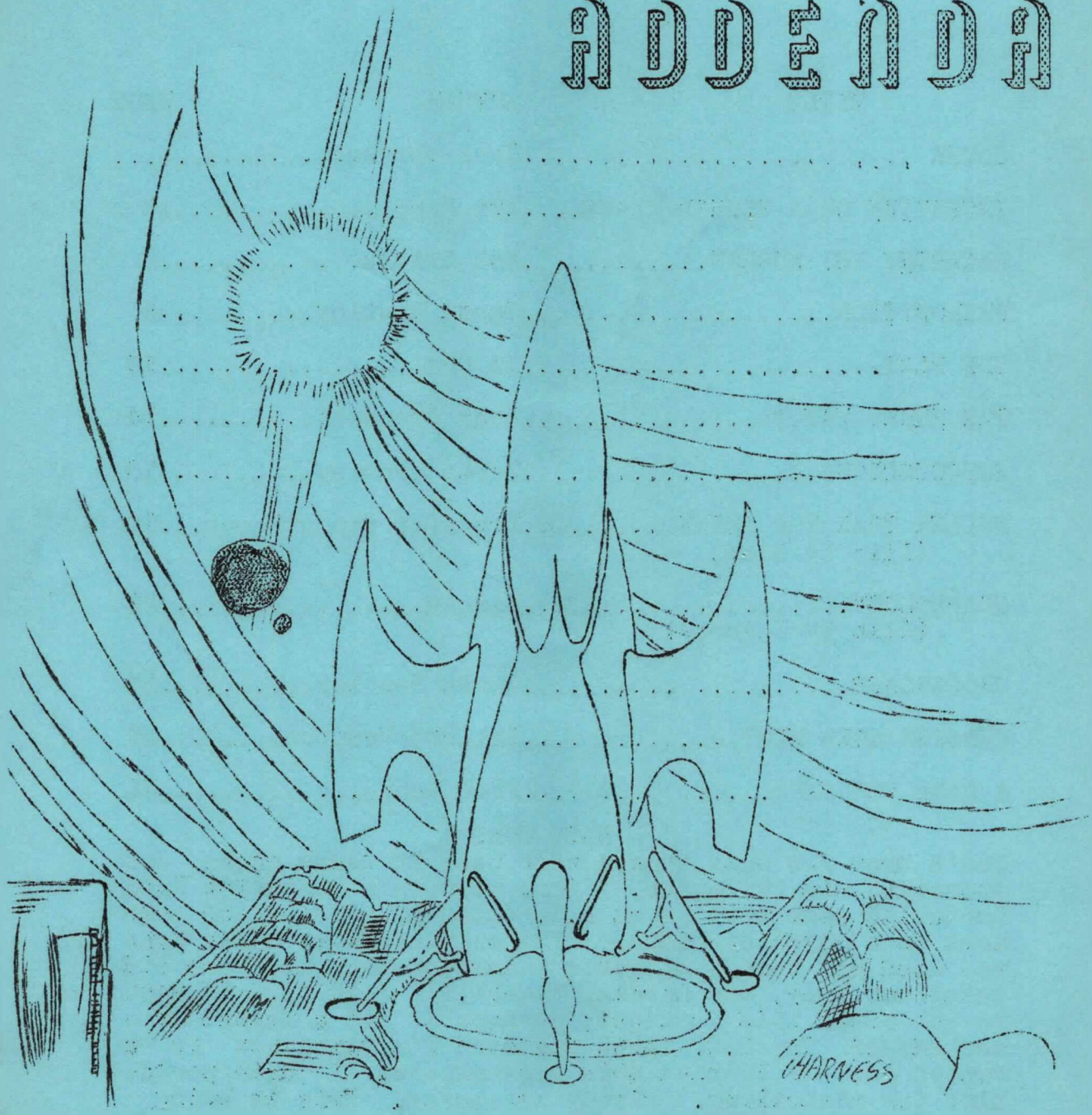
Nandu Nine's

APROPOS ADDENDA



Saps 30

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LAST WORD

Don't know how many typers were used in these pages. Art stenciled his own pages. Some were on a Remington Rand Portable, some were on an L.C. Smith Standard,- and some were on a Royal Standard. The only place my elite type was used was that apologetic insertion to Eney. Pore old thing(not Eney, the Gerding typer). I sold it. It went to pot after it's accident; perhaps it had a mental er - breakdown? The L.C. Smith Standard I'm using now is a rented one. I learned this much anyhow. I hate portables for stenciling. Bloody creatures. This is being done December 10th because Remus didn't get the five verses of the Saga to me until today. He's had a rough time; so guess I won't complain about having to hold Addenda so long. Good thing I decided to do NANDU in two parts. Couldn't have stapled it all together anyhow.... Have fun! And see you next mailing.....ng

INTERVIEW

ON A HIGHER PLANE

Q. I understand you are willing to clarify a few points in this Garden of Eden legend of yours?

A. That is correct. But let's not call it a legend. "Allegory" is a somewhat more accurate term.

Q. By the way, you don't look much like a god to me.

A. You should study the writings of my critics more carefully. "Man created god in his own image," as Voltaire puts it.

Q. But even a perfect human is a long way from being a god.

A. What gives you the idea that I am perfect, except perhaps by human standards?

Q. But you are "omniscent" meaning you know everything; you are "omnipotent" meaning you have the power to do anything.

A. Well, that's right so far as it goes. But even human scientists now realize that, even assuming complete knowledge of past and present, the uncertainty principle makes accurate knowledge of the future impossible; and as for omnipotence, why of course I could rearrange the Universe in defiance of its ordinary laws, but should I be any quicker to do that than a human scientist is to tamper with his apparatus because his experiment is developing differently from what his theory had led him to anticipate?

Q. But that's an indication either of an imperfection in the theory or a deficiency in the apparatus; one or the other needs to be changed.

A. You aren't familiar with research technique. In such cases one often learns most by letting the experiment run to termination and then analyzing the results to determine what went wrong. Besides, you can't necessarily compress my purpose into a humanly-comprehensible lable like "scientific experiment."

Q. Let's get back to this Garden of Eden tale. I gather that you don't expect me to take the story literally?

A. That's up to you personally. A lot of humans regard it as a factual account, you know.

by Art Rapp

Q. I'm willing to concede that some extremely intelligent men decided the story should be recorded in its present form, or rather, in the form which is the basis of our English translation.

A. Yes, they were very intelligent, and also had an excellent rule-of-thumb knowledge of what you now call social science.

Q. So, I suppose, like most enduring literature the story of Adam and Eve has a multi-level significance?

A. Let's grant the assumption that it's not written merely as entertainment.

Q. Now the puzzling thing to me is why eating the fruit of the tree should have such vast consequences.

A. By that action they acquired the knowledge of good and evil. I don't see why that should puzzle you, if you regard the story as a symbolic rather than a literal record.

Q. No, here's the point -- you told them beforehand that they shouldn't eat the fruit. But before eating it they had no concept of good or evil, and therefore no motivation for obedience or disobedience of your orders.

A. When an animal understands your order but does not obey, you punish it, even though the animal does not evaluate its own actions in terms of good or evil.

Q. But that is the way an animal learns; through pleasure or pain stimuli. Do you mean that prior to eating the fruit, Adam and Eve were merely animals?

A. Prior to that time, "better" and "worse" or "good" and "evil" had no meaning to Adam and Eve. It is a question of semantics. If you recall, my only instructions were "Be fruitful and multiply," and "Don't eat the fruit of the tree," and applied to all other creatures in the Garden as well as to Adam and Eve.

Q. But if there is no objective basis for good and evil, then eating the fruit wouldn't have made any difference. If you recall, the eating did not create good and evil, it merely opened their eyes to the existence of those qualities.

A. Precisely. The change was not in the objective world, but in the minds of the humans.

Q. Well, that is a significant point which is generally overlooked. If Adam and Eve had been content with an intellectual knowledge of good and evil it wouldn't have made any difference, but they immediately began to apply their new knowledge, didn't they?

A. Of course. And that changed the whole basis of the static culture of Eden. Instead of adapting to their environment Adam and Eve began changing their environment to suit themselves. Oh, it was in a very small way at first: using leaves to manufacture clothing. But from the figleaf to the hydrogen bomb is just a matter of time and technique.

Q. Why were they ashamed of their nakedness in the first place?

A. That is another significant point which is usually misunderstood. Most people think it revolves around there being something evil in sex, but you can study every word I inspired without finding a shred of support for such a notion. Their shame must have been because in all the time prior to then, they had overlooked such an obvious method for protecting their bodies from their environment. They were ashamed of their own stupidity in not having invented anything before.

Q. But you were angry, and drove them out of the Garden. What was evil about inventing something?

A. It meant they had acquired the power of imagination, which they were never intended to have, and which is the difference between animals and gods. Why do you suppose the death of a man is always a tragedy, and that of an animal not?

Q. Why?

A. Because only a man has the power to imagine his own fate and struggles to avoid it. But no man ever avoids his fate indefinitely, and that is the tragedy of being both mortal and imaginative.

Q. But when most men die, no one is at fault except themselves. They encounter natural laws, or forces, such as momentum and inertia, and we call it accident. Or if the laws affect them more subtly, we call it disease.

A. You forget that natural laws exist because I created them to work that way. I made the mistake of letting mortal man acquire immortal imagination; now I must endure the consequences. Every human death is an added conviction against me of negligent homicide.

Q. But in that case why allow new generations of men to be born? What is the purpose of Earth's existence under such circumstances?

A. That, I am afraid, is something which human curiosity and human progress will eventually discover. With humanity around even the secrets of a god aren't secure!

END

McCarthy U.S. Murrow

by Robert Glen Briggs

On Tuesday March 9, newscaster Edward R. Murrow presented a documentary style broadcast dealing with Senator McCarthy on "See It Now" over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mr. Murrow began the program by stating that he would read his remarks from a script as he wished to say exactly what he meant to say.

Most of the program, however, consisted of films of the Senator in action or wire recordings of his voice. Early in the program Senator McCarthy was shown saying "On what does our Caesar feed?" Asking "on what does our McCarthy feed?", Mr. Murrow showed two staples of his diet to be "investigation protected by congressional immunity and half truths."

Stating that the Senator's "primary achievement has been confusing the public" and that "We must not confuse dissent with disloyalty," he closed by again quoting Shakespeare, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves."

The next day, March 10, the program was widely quoted in the press. The Christian Science Monitor, under a three-column head "Murrow Outpulls McCarthy", on page four reported that Murrows' office "has become the nation's new scoreboard for pro- and anti- McCarthy sentiment."

Telegrams and telephone calls were running 20 to 1 in favor of the telecaster. C.B.S. officials said they were especially impressed with the caliber of the persons calling.

The preponderance of favorable calls appeared to be larger the next morning when many called voicing the congratulations of 150 or 200 people in their office.

Thursday, March 11, twelve thousand messages (mostly favorable)were reported by the Washington Post on page 2 under the column head "Murrow's Criticism Of McCarthy Lauded".

A network spokesman said the reaction was the largest spontaneous response ever recorded for one of its television shows.

Messages received by network outlets in other cities were not tabulated.

A WTOP official called it "the most decisive and quickest reaction to any public affairs program in the history of the station."

Reaction continued into the following day, March 12, when John Crosby discussed the program in his Radio and Television column. (New York Herald Tribune) John Crosby said, "At the very end of his 'See It Now' program Murrow looked straight into the eyes of his audience and delivered an editorial which was, in essence, a severe and searching criticism of his own listeners - or at least some of them."

Mr. Crosby felt that "right there television came of age" because if it takes great courage to attack McCarthy in the first place (though Crosby can't imagine "why everyone is so afraid of that bumbler"), it takes "far greater courage to look you and me in the face and say it's our fault."

On Thursday March 11, McCarthy was a guest on Fulton Lewis Jr.'s program over the Mutual Broadcasting System (WWDC) at 7 o'clock.

Although Mr. Murrow had offered to give him time on "See It Now", the Senator did not accept it but went to Fulton Lewis instead, where he could expect a friendlier reception. On that program he did not even attempt to reply to Murrow's criticism, but cited a 1935 newspaper clipping concerning the Institute of International Education, of which Murrow is a trustee, in an effort to show Mr. Murrow was once an "advisor to Moscow University."

Another television newscaster, Mr. John Daly, entered the fray on his 8:15 program the next evening. Explaining that many of his viewers had asked him to defend his fellow journalist, he stated that no one could do that better than Ed Murrow himself.

However, Mr. Daly did ask why Senator McCarthy found it necessary to hunt information in a 1935 newspaper when the same facts were in the current Who's Who.

The Daily News on March 13 covered Mr. Murrow's reply under the one-column head "Murrow Says He's Left -- of Louis XIV."

McCarthy decided to accept Murrow's offer of air time on April 6. According to McCarthy's telegram (the Senator thoughtfully distributed copies of it to the press) he will not attempt to answer any of the charges made against him but instead will make some of his own. The Senator feels that Mr. Murrow has "consciously served the communist cause." The Senator did not state why he did not discover this until after the March 10th broadcast.

On March 17, Edward R. Murrow devoted his program, See-It-Now, to the Annie Lee Moss case. It was composed of

film of the hearing and President Eisenhower's "Code of Abilene" speech.

New York Herald Tribune radio and TV critic, John Crosby, devoted his March 20 column to the second broadcast. Beginning with "Well it's the only thing anyone is interested in so let's have at it again", Mr. Crosby reviewed the program.

On the same day, the Post published a letter from Mr. Jim Silman of Silver Spring, Maryland, in its Letters To The Editor column. Speaking of McCarthyism, Mr. Silman said, "it dipped deeply into its bacteria bag of tricks hoping to contaminate a man like Edward R. Murrow but it found Murrow immune."

He closed with "the wonder-drug for this one is near and a man like Ed Murrow can lead the way....."

The March 22 issue of Life mentioned Mr. Murrow's first broadcast in a feature entitled "Cohn-Schine Saga At A Critical Point."

Over TV, Life reported, "Edward R. Murrow used his widely seen CBS See-It-Now program to point up McCarthy's inconsistencies, his half-truths and recklessness."

A photo of Ed Murrow and a shot of Sen. McCarthy, which was used on the program, were published. "Most telling shots in the show," said Life, "were of McCarthy's snickering laugh."

I noticed no reference to either broadcast until Thursday March 25. The Washington Daily News ran two columns which referred to it.

Faye Emerson, writing on Fleur Cowles appearance on "Person to Person", remarked, "any kind words for Mr. Murrow makes one automatically suspect these days."

Peter Edson wrote on the difficulties of an industrial concern sponsoring a TV show that involves a news feature using "See It Now" as an example.

The Radio and Television Department of Time, March 29, devoted nearly two columns to McCarthy's tangle with Murrow and a few other news commentators.

Newsweek of the same date had by far the most coverage to appear so far. With a cover picture of Murrow, Newsweek launched an eight-column discussion of "Should Television Take Sides?"

They published a poll of TV stations and the heads of networks. They also interviewed Murrow's sponsor and the FCC. The question of Congressional control and regulationof TV news programs was given superficial treatment. Which about covers this sector of the press up to the 30th.....end

PREMONITION

Loud in my ear
Is the sound of a voice
That no other is hearing ...
Crystalline clear,
It repeats like the beat of a drum.
But I will not reply
To it - never by choice! -
For secretly fearing
The crux of the cry
Is a portent of evil to come.

Tight on my wrist
An intangible hand
Has fastened its fingers ...
Thinner than mist
It remains there, close-clenched but unseen.
Though I muster the strength
To defy its demand,
Yet the mark of it lingers
A tedious length
For I fear what its auspice may mean.

-- Garth Bentley

THE PLOT

BY

Ed Cox

Despite the repeated commands of the Chairman and the activity of the Master-at-Arms and his assistants, there was still a low, muted roar of conversation bubbling throughout the great room, the galleries, and the press-area. People and message-boys scurried here and there, papers were riffled on desks, mikes and television cameras were constantly being jockeyed into position, movie cameras, press cameras were buzzing and popping.

The man sitting in the witness chair, so-called, before the Congressional Committee looked worried. The noise quieted down and the stenographer readied his little machine.

The due ceremony and swearing in was accomplished to the popping of flashbulbs.

Then one of the congressmen asked the first question.

"Mr. McSnorple, are you now, and have you at any time been a science-fiction fandom member?"

A hush fell over the immediate area.

McSnorple spoke. "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds it might incriminate me."

It was duly entered in the records that McSnorple be cited for contempt.

"Mr. McSnorple," asked another, "what do the letters, F.A.P.A. and N.F.F.F. mean?"

"The letters mean respectively, Fantasy Amateur Press Association and National Fantasy Fan Federation."

"And," continued the congressman, "have you been at any time, or are you now, a member of either organization?"

Again McSnorple answered that he could not answer, invoking the 5th Amendment, and it was duly entered along with a note of contempt.

"Mr. McSnorple, will you tell the committee, please, if there are large organizations known as 'fan clubs' flour-

ishing in all the major cities of this country?"

"Yes," said McSnorple.

"And do these clubs,so-called, combine with scattered 'fans' throughout the country to make up what is known as 'fandom'?"

"Yes," said McSnorple.

"What, Mr.McSnorple," asked another committeeman, "is the purpose of this 'fandom'?"

The audience listened expectantly.

McSnorple rested back in his chair, oblivious to the tense atmosphere the last question created. The hint of a smile flickered around the edges of his lips.

"It is quite simple, Mr. Chairman." He lit a cigarette, taking his time. "This fandom, as you call it, is merely applied to those persons whose mutual hobby it is to read and enjoy science fiction stories and allied subjects such as forming the clubs you mention, publishing amateur magazines devoted to science fiction criticism, and many other ordinary types of activity."

The spectators seemed disappointed, and the committee annoyed.

"We'll grant that, Mr. McSnorple," said the Chairman, "but are you not aware of another reason for the existence, one that includes the whole membership of 'fandom'?"

McSnorple caught the "whole membership" inference.

"I'm sorry, Mr.Chairman, but I'm unaware of any other reason or purpose."

It was plain that the Chairman was losing patience and thought he had something here that would get him into a higher position as well as future history books.

"Do you deny, McSnorple,that at times you, among others,have written or published highly critical attacks on our way of government?"

"That, Mr. Chairman, is the inherent right of all Americans. What's more, you misinterpret. It was not so much the form of government as the matter of competence of some persons now <u>in</u> the government."

A clutter of babble swept the room, flashbulbs popped and there were some cheers. This aggravated the committee.

"Futhermore, Mr. Chairman," he continued, "you will

find it impossible to infer any direct implication of persons now in government in any of these writings."

"That's not the point!" thundered the Chairman flicking a quick glance toward the TV cameras. "It is merely a step in the evidence which I must take as an admission, by the way you answer, that you did write such an article."

"Yes, I did," answered McSnorple.

"Does this indicate a great dissatisfaction on your part regarding the method of government?"

"Not any more than the average citizen has," answered McSnorple.

Then it came, with no great build-up, the astounding question that had been rumored about and which had kept the huge gathering of people at the public-hearing.

"Do you, Lucious McSnorple, know anything of a widespread plot instigated by 'fandom' to overthrow the present government?"

The bedlam of shouting, and thrashing, around in the room required five minutes to quell. At last, the sound of gavel could be heard.

"No," said Lucious McSnorple.

"Do you know about the intent of FAPA to combine with a similar organization, known as S.A.P.S.,to take control of the duties of national government?"

Another hubbub.

"No," answered Lucious McSnorple.

"At this time," said the Chairman, striking a striking silhouette for the TV cameras, "I might remind you that you are under oath."

"I know," smiled McSnorple.

"Then," continued another committeeman, "do you admit having further knowledge that the local science-fiction organizations intend to assume governing powers in their respective cities? And that the N.F.F.F. and similar organizations intend to assume control of government in all other communities, large and small?"

"No, I don't," replied Lucious McSnorple.

"You have no knowledge whatsoever of any of this?"

"None at all," said McSnorple.

"Then how is it that your name is indicated as the

one to assume the position of President, when this plot goes into effect?" He waved a sheaf of papers but the gesture was lost in the resultant hubbub of roaring---shouts, gasps, cheers from a few fans, newsmen going crazy, bulbs popping.

It quieted down after ten or fifteen minutes of effort on the part of the guards and bailiffs.

"What do you say in answer to my last question?"

McSnorple looked at his watch amid the throng of people watching the proceedings intently.

"Well, Mr. Chairman, I'll have to admit I'm a hell of a liar!"

The resulting bedlam was the worst yet, as the implication sunk in. The reporters got the idea and started toward the door in an effort to reach the phones. They stopped, suddenly, surprised speechless, as they were met by a group of men in silver-gray uniforms. They carried strange weapons which, they saw, when one man tried to run through them, buzzed a bluish light and toppled the man stiffly to the floor.

The uniformed men got to McSnorple as he tried to struggle through the crowd. Some fanatic tried to bash him with a mike-stand but.....

.....he was struggling in the bedclothes, bright sunlight blasting into his eyes.

"Uh," he said.

His wife turned over, then sat up.

"Lucious, what's the matter!"

"Oh I've been dreaming again," he admitted sheepishly.

He got up and looked at the time. I'm almost late he thought.

"Darling, could you have the kitchen rustle up some coffee in a hurry? I've got to get to the office in a half hour."

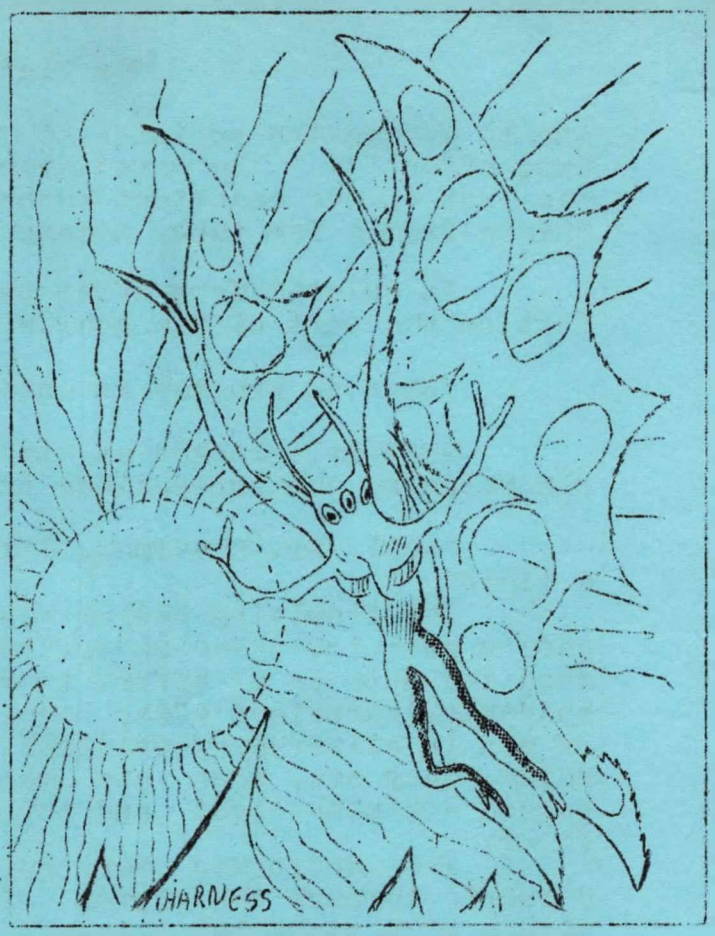
"All right, dear." She went to the intercom and buzzed instructions to the kitchen.

Lucious McSnorple went to the window and looked down the broad emerald expanse of the White House lawn. This new job wasn't the easiest in the world, but he was getting the hang of it now that things were running smoothly. There had been trouble at first, of course, but the results had convinced the country. Now worldwide business was starting. Take the matter of the hitherto unsuspected Russian fandom, for example.....

e n d

THE MURKY WAY #5

by DEAN A. GRENNELL



Quite a long time ago - as time is measured in fandom - I used to do a column for Joel Nydahl's much-lamented zine, VEGA, under the above name. For some time now I've been threatening to revive it and several faneds have requested that I do it for their magazines. I've decided to make it a sort of roving column, apt to turn up where you least expect it.

But the second Annish of NANDU seems as likely a place as any to stage a re-appearance. Somewhere in my overflowing files, there is a carbon-copy of the Murky Way I did for the issue of VEGA that was to follow the VEGAnnish but several cursory searches have failed to turn it up in any of the more likely places where it ought to be.

I wrote the last, and still unpublished, installment of the column in December of 1953, right after the Vannish appeared. At this late date, I can only recall that I spent most of the wordage in a long-winded dissertation on my favorite sf hero, heroine, villian, supporting role and bem. Along with that, there was a bunch of topical material that would seem about as fresh today as a con-report on the Nolacon.

I wish I had a dollar--heck, I'd settle for a dime--for every time I've rushed through getting an article or column together in response to a frantic plea from some faned that he had to have something and had to have it by such-and-such a time (usually coinciding precisely with the time it would take a letter to get from Fond du Lac to his home town). In most cases I've dropped everything else and managed--somehow

--to get it written up and mailed(by Airmail, Special Delivery, as often as not). And of course, if it was a column, I'd always rummage about and scrape together all the latest hot gossip as reported by my far-flung espoinage net..things that were going to happen, things that already had happened, unbeknownst to all but a very few, etc. Then I'd sit back and eagerly wait for the magazine to appear, thinking smugly about how everybody would be impressed with my Nostradamic gifts. As I said, I'd wait. And wait.

No magazine. A month passes. Sure enough Ellsworth W. Glotz resigns as editor of STUPEFYING SCIENCE FICTION and FLABBERGASTING FANTASY, just as I'd predicted. Another fanzine comes out with a column in it by somebody else, revealing the hot scoop that G. Powell Bunceford, the prolific, pro, has deserted his wife and seven small children in order to go to Cadiz and study bull-fighting. Just as I'd revealed in my column. But where, pray tell, is the peerless publication which is to carry this paragon among columns that I have labored over so frantically, not to add lovingly?

I dunno.....it still hasn't shown up. Maybe it never shows up. Maybe--worse--it shows up about four months later and I get letters from half a score of friends asking why I want to clutter up a column with all that trite old drivel that everybody in fandom has known about for just ages now.

If you think the example is over-drawn,you haven't tried writing very many columns. There is one solution and onlyone so far as I've been able to figure out--well, maybe two; you can either avoid any topical material in your columns....and stick to critical reviews of stories from the thirties or,if you must use a few newsy little items, follow Miles Standish and his advice to John Alden and do it yourself, don't leave it to others...I mean the publication. If you are your own publisher.and you don't get your hot scoops before the panting public in time, then you have only yourself to blame.

That is why,while I have the utmost faith in Nan's regularity of publication, I am not going to stick out my neck and predict what city will win the convention for 1956. Even though the Clevention is something like 10 months away as I write this, I'd no longer be surprised if it had already taken place in history by the time you read this. You see, in the case of the other publishers, I had faith in their regularity too at the time I wrote the columns.

There's nothing worse than a salty owl. --POGO

I find it sort of hard to believe that Nangee has only been a Sap for two years. I just realized that I've been in Saps for one year myself, and when I saw my first bundle (5 mailings ago)she had only been in for three mailings. But at the time, I got the impression that she had been a fixtureof Saps from the Word Go. But two years is quite a while in

fandom...in fact they say that that's the average expectancy for an active fan--two years from neo to Legend.

What really made me realize how long ago the Spring of 1953 was--in a strictly relative sense--was the appearance, recently,of the final issue of Larry Touzinsky's FAN TO SEE. As nearly as I could figure out, it should have shown up sometime just before or just after the 1953 MidWesCon. It was as though the fanzine of that era had been unaccountably delayed in the mails for almost a year and a half before it finally showed up. The effect was a little eerie, sort of like getting a telegram that reads "What hath God wrought? (signed) Samuel Finley Breese Morse."

Yeah, Fandom seems quite a bit different nowadays than it did two years ago. I know this will sound somewhat brash and precocious to some Saps (like a certain fossil from Fifth Fandom, f'r instance). I'm still a little foggy in the head as to exactly how my footsteps happened to wander into the labyrinthian paths of fandom but I recall that it was along about Christmas-time of 1952 when I sat down one night with a copy of STARTLING and sent for all the fanzines listed in Bixby's column that cost a dime or less. I don't know why I settled upon that arbitrary criterion but I do know that I missed sending for Quandry while one could stil order it by mail, even if one was a complete nobody. This I was to regret in later months,as I was to regret not sending for the earlier issues of Ellison's SFB and other, higher-priced magazines of that era.

But I recall sending for VEGA (long out of business now with the editor in total gafia), MOTE (alas, dropped too but welcome to Saps, Bob Peatrowsky--remember René De Soto????), SPACESHIP (now mostly a Fapazine), SF (whose editor, John Magnus, is still publishing, changing the titles nearly every issue), CONFUSION(alas, gone with all its glory....or at least appearing very seldom), RENAISSANCE (Joe Semenovich, its editor, sent me a postcard urging me to subscribe, "10¢ a copy, 3/25¢, 12/$1, 24/$2," --I sent him a quarter and was nearly 18 months getting the three copies...mighosh, what if I'd sent $2!), and last but not least, VANATIONS. The latter is long gone too, making a clean sweep of the whole group, but Norman G. Browne is said to be considering issuing TORATIONS (TORonto emanATIONS instead of VANcouver).

It's a pity I didn't send for PEON but I don't think it was reviewed in that particular issue. But there are scant few fanzines that are published as subzines or subapazines that continue for more than two years with any semblance of regularity.

For some reason which I couldn't explain if I tried, I had a mania for a while there of sending for fanzines under just about any name that came to mind. I discovered that the mailman would leave anything with our address on it (except once, eh Plato?) so I happily started sending for each new

fanzine under a different name. "René De Soto" was the one I used for several issues of MOTE. For quite a while Charles Wells knew me only as "Kudzu Okepui" -- a not-too-literate Japanese immigrant.

Those letters were fun while they lasted, but they carried the seeds of their own undoing. For the various faneds started printing them, along with my address, and other fans -- a keen-eyed lot -- soon noticed (and commented upon)the fact that an awful lot of odd-named new fans seemed to be holed up at 402 Maple Avenue.

I tried, feebly, to palm off the fiction that the address was the location of a charitable home for indigent readers of science fiction but it just didn't stand up against the onslaught of fannish curiosity. However I still treasure memories of how one fan (Hiya, Boob!) wrote, "Now don't get mad, but I think you are a fem-fan and hoaxing. Your style is almost exactly like Lee Hoffman's." And then there was Ken Slater, to whom I was writing as "Miss Artemis Wesley". In one bundle of magazines I included a print of a photo left over from the days when I fancied myself something of a Poor-Man's Hurrell (maybe that allusion dates me to younger readers who don't remember Hurrell's luscious glamour-gal photos in ESQUIRE). And I still have fond recollections of Kincannon and myself chortling in fiendish glee when Ken wrote something to the effect that, "You are a comely wench indeed, Art Wesley."

Ah yes...photos. I wonder if Lynn Hickman still recalls the time I sent <u>him</u> a photo of "myself". It was a leftover from a slumming expedition that I'd taken along Chicago's Maxwell Street....of the most ancient and decrepit old derelict (that's a small "d", Steward) you could possibly imagine. But Hickman, that hound, had his revenge. When somebody introduced us at Indian Lake, Lynn said, "I recognized you right away, from your picture." That's what I call real Mental Cruelty!

If I was not in my usual position of batting out a column in a frantic rush to beat a deadline (this is just like old times, Nan), I would dig out those old, early-1935 fanzines and reminisce over all sorts of things like Whatever Became of Don Cantin, TASFIC IN RETROSPECT or "Fan-Variety Enterprises." But I'm aware of the danger of that. Poking about among old fanzines is not an activity to be undertaken lightly and once I got going, I might not get to bed tonight let alone get this column finished. Poring over fanzine backfiles is an activity for long, rainy weekends.

But it's fun. I wouldn't swap Howard Lyons my VEGA file for a whole damn case of Jim Beam Sour Mash.

Wonder what the next two years will bring.....I'm just curious enough to stick around and see. Hope you are the same, Nangee! .....Dean A. Grennell

SUB-CONSCIUS

Beyond the depths of dreams
Are dark, uncharted streams,
    Defying plumb to measure
Their devious extremes.

Within this secret sphere,
Beneath a thin veneer,
    Are fonts of fearful pleasure
And fountainheads of fear.

These ever-smouldering fires
Continued watch requires
    To curb the ceaseless foment
Of warped and weird desires.

Impregnable the pale
While conscious guards prevail ...
    But pray no careless moment
Lets broached defenses fail.

-- Garth Bentley

NULLER THAN YOU THINK
by IRENE (of sloop) BARON
"T.H.L. ROGER"

"You do too," said the Voluptuous Redhead.

"I do not," said Roger Sims, pounding his paw upon the table. "I refuse to look like a Teddy Bear."

"But you do," said the VR with a smirk, "and there isn't a thing you can do about it. Betty Jo McCarthy and I have decided."

"I cannot understand how your female-type minds work," said THL Roger.

"You aren't supposed to," said the VR, "and besides, ours aren't ordinary female-type minds. Ours are female-type fannish minds."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Sex," replied the VR, preening herself seductively.

"Do not say that word," said Roger Sims. "It brings out the beast in me."

"The Teddy Bear in you," corrected the VR.

Roger Sims made an unsuccessful lunge toward the source of this correction. The VR sidestepped in an experienced manner.

"What do you mean by saying that sex makes the difference between a female-type mind and a fannish female-type mind?" asked Roger Sims, picking himself up off the floor.

"Merely that ordinary females aren't concerned with sex in the same way as are fannish females."

"Haw!" said THL Roger. "I remember one night when I was coming home from the Wayne University Library....."

"Never mind," said the VR waving her hand in a gesture of dismissal. "At the moment, we aren't concerned with you and your past obscene experiences."

"It wasn't a past obscene experience," Roger Sims said, thoughtfully, "merely interesting."

"I repeat, at the moment, we are not concerned with you and your past obscene experiences. We are concerned with the difference between ordinary female-type minds and fannish female-type minds. Please keep yours out of the gutter."

Roger Sims made an unsuccessful lunge toward the source of this comment. The VR sidestepped in an experienced manner.

"The difference," the VR said cooly as Roger Sims picked himself up off the floor, "is that fannish females have to think in terms of null-sex."

"Null-sex?"

"Yes."

"What is null-sex?" asked Roger Sims.

"I am glad you asked that question," replied the VR proudly. "It is a term I just coined."

"Clever of you."

"Thought so m'self. Anyway, to continue," the VR went on, "null-sex is the form ordinary sex takes when it has been sublimated by crifanac."

"Oh," said Roger Sims.

"Yes," said the VR. "Thinking in terms of null-sex is much more difficult than thinking in terms of ordinary sex."

"How so?" queried Roger Sims.

"Well, for the sake of argument, let us assume that all males have sex drives."

"OH, YES! LET'S!" shouted THL Roger, gleefully making an unsuccessful lunge toward the source of this assumption. The VR sidestepped in an experienced manner.

"Since we are assuming that all males have sex drives," the VR went on unperturbed as Roger Sims picked himself up off the floor, "we must assume that male stffen have sex drives of some sort too."

"I don't like that 'of some sort'," said Roger Sims darkly.

"No offense meant," the VR said hastily. "That was for the benefit of Laney and LASFS."

"Oh," said Roger Sims. "Please continue."

"Thank you," said the VR. "Then if all male stffen have sex drives of some sort, and are indulging in crifanac (they wouldn't be stffen if they didn't indulge in crifanac), then it stands to reason their sex drives are being sublimated by all of that crifanac. In other words, they are victims of null-sex."

"Keep going," said Roger Sims. "I'll catch up with you soon, and when I do....."

"Well then," said the VR, "in order for a female to get to a male stffan's sex drive, she has to wade through all of that crifanac. An ordinary female couldn't do it. Only a stffishly-minded female has the stamina and would take the trouble." The VR sighed.

end

Nuller Than You Think--Baron

"You look sad," said Roger Sims, trying to slip an arm around the source of the sight.

"I am," replied the VR, sidestepping in an experienced manner. "Sometimes I wonder if it's worth the trouble."

"What do you mean?" asked Roger Sims, picking himself up off the floor. "Aren't all male stffen red-blooded American boys underneath all that crifanac?"

"No," said the VR, sadly. "All male stffen are not red-blooded American boys under all that crifanac."

"Oh," said Roger Sims.

"For instance,"said the VR,"some male stffen are slobs."

"True," said Roger Sims, remembering a stffish slob he had once met.

"And some male stffen are Argeeboos."

"True," said Roger Sims, remembering a stffish Argeeboo he'd once met.

"And some...." here the VR shuddered, "some male stffen are Fans!"

"Do you mean to say," asked Roger Sims, incredulously, "that there are actually some fen so steeped in fannish lore there is no end to their fannishness?"

"True," said the VR, remembering a stffan she'd once met who was so steeped in fannish lore, there was no end to his fannishness.

"That is truly amazing," said Roger Sims.

"Yes," said the VR. "Also Astounding and Startling."

"Well," said Roger Sims, flexing a muscle. "There are always fen who are real red-blooded American boys under that crifanac - like me."

"Do you mean real red-blooded American Teddy Bears like you?" asked the VR.

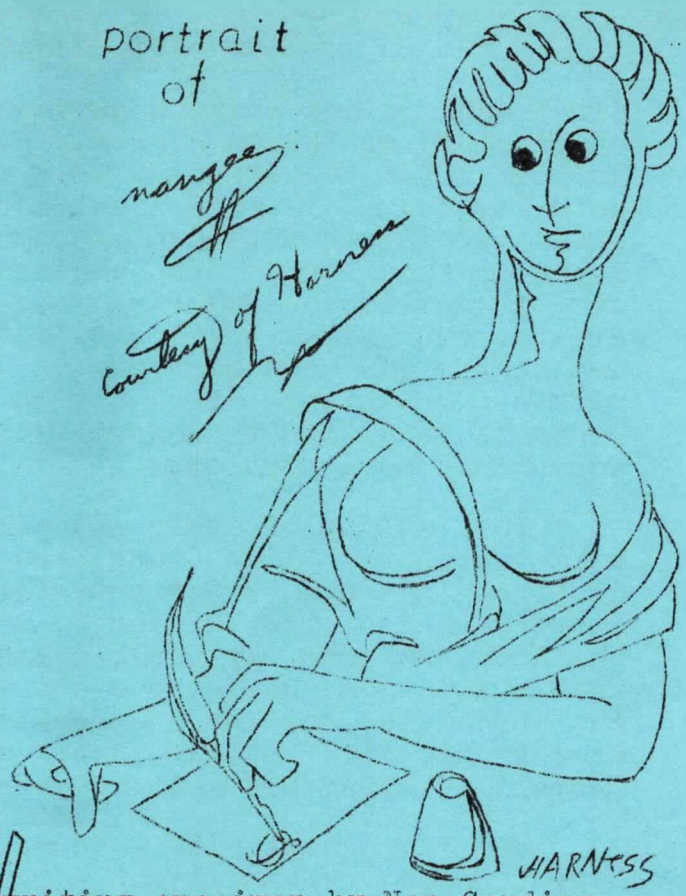
Roger Sims made a successful lunge toward the source of this question. The VR tripped over an empty beer can backstepping in an inexperienced manner. She struggled feebly.

"MRAOC!" gurgled Roger Sims, happily. "MRAOC!"

"I knew you'd agree with me eventually," said the VR.

--Irene(of Sloop)Baron

GRAPHOLOGY



Graphology reading of handwriting specimen by Nan Gerding, dated November 17, 1954

The first thing that catches the eye as an outstanding characteristic, is your business acumen, and this maintains throughout the entire 7 pages.

Yours is an agreeable nature that can handle others well. I note a temporary nervous condition as many of the small letters are uneven, and spacing is spasmodic, but this is not pronounced, and therefore not likely to be permanent.

General overall shows that you have perseverence and capacity for work. You are level-headed, never reaching the supreme heights nor the depths of despair. You are moderately aggressive, and quite able to take care of yourself financially and physically.

Nothing ostentatious about your dress or habits, you prefer adherence to an efficient way of living, in work as well as relaxation.

You are uncommonly cheerful, and your lines indicate ambition, energy, and a healthy attitude. You are not easily discouraged, more optimistic than average, and in most cases would greet everyone with a broad and sincere smile... your n's and r's definitely denote a smile, quite pronounced as though you were smiling when you were writing.

This specimen shows a variable slant (I think this is

different). This shows a nervous mood, and a whimsical kind of wishing, as though secretly hoping and wishing you could be just a little different from what you believe yourself to actually be. This is almost sufficient to contradict a steadfastness in friendships, but not quite, a borderline , maybe as though you were undecided about something at the time of writing. Figuring out and adding up all of the slants, the final total says your affections and sympathies are hearty and most sincere, so the variance must be due to either circumstance or condition --- something beyond your control, that is temporarily irritating you, while you are determined to ignore it.

The weight of this specimen shows tenderness and a willingness to oblige others, but not too far - you draw a distinct line on how far you will be generous. I would believe your line is well over the average, giving more than the 50%, but the way the t's are crossed definitely declare that while you would go overboard once to help someone who was unentitled to your cooperation, you would draw the line at a second time, unless justified. Plainly, you are extremely obliging but not a sucker.

You like simplicity - yours is a frank and open character, (except for the slight variance mentioned above), y o u couldn't be underhanded if you tried. You never try to pass the buck. You create substantial friends, admire worthwhile people regardless of their financial condition, etc. You have character that appreciates character.

Your plain and angular letters vary a bit --- as though fancy things are not desired but you have no objection to others who prefer them - they may even amuse you.

Your m's and n's denote that you are good-natured and kind, that you mix cordially at parties, your temper is well balanced, and you are always welcomed by your friends.

(Maybe this is new, Nan, I dunno) -- some of your words and lines show a poise, not complacent, exactly, but satisfied, like you have found a realm you wanted, and intend to stay there - a confidence. Practical affairs are under control, and you are sure they will stay that way, maybe it is an inner peace that I read.

You are economical, careful, but not stingy. You balance well between frugality and generosity. You take care about your dealings when money is involved. You see ahead, too, look before you leap, and this caution shows in more than half your letters.

You are very law-abiding, the type who can be trusted with a secret, even if the secret is NOT law-abiding in itself. You would never gossip or spread anything unpleasant about another person.

You haven't two t-bars the same in this letter; three of them show reflection and planning before action, even a trace of hesitancy; five of them show a definite procedure, enthusiasm for carrying things out without much previous planning; two say you can do things in a hurry, and four of these t's are the "I-will-if-I-want-to" kind. The only way I can correlate these would be to think that there are matters about which you are undecided, other things that you are quite sure about, and some matters are optional. You can see for yourself that this is a variance - on page three you are far more sure of yourself than on page one. When you were writing the alphabet on page 6, you were wondering and contemplative about something, yet the note at 4:30 shows that your decisions are easily made, well carried through, and enjoyed. It must have been a nervousness that caused the apparently changeable mood.

You show very little interest in spiritual affairs,preferring down-to-earth things known and seen. You have a good imagination, but use it for material advantage.

You are a clear thinker, and you would do well in a small business of your own. You have energy, endurance, and management.

There is haste, and an impatience for speed, in this specimen, yet some endings are flourished, while some are chopped short. I believe that you might rush through something, but not at the expense of quality. If you must do it you prefer to do it well, or not start it.

You can be quite diplomatic at times, though you do not enjoy situations that require too much use of diplomacy, the straight track is preferred by you, but if on a devious route, you will maintain.

You are not a confiding individual, you like your affairs your own. You mind your own business, and expect others to do likewise. There is no wish for concealment, you are frank and open, but you do not seek out friends to confide in them, perhaps because you feel that troubles should be minimized anyway, not told and retold confidentially, to anyone.

You showed almost a stubborn streak on one page, but only one, so I must conclude that this was an extra amount of determination that hit you at the moment. You must have been thinking that there was something you definitely had to do at once.

Give me your birth date and see if your horoscope is different. I'm keeping your long letter, unless you want it back. Any questions?

.....

CROSSROADS

How often, in the unremembered past,
   Has man climbed slowly upward from the mud
To see the wealth and knowledge he amassed
   End in a holocaust of flame and blood?
How many times -- since every trace is gone --
   Has man's own weakness robbed him of his due
And sent him stumbling backward to the dawn
   To fashion tools of flint and start anew?

How often must the cycle thus repeat
   Before man earns the right to clamber higher
To peaks where he -- secure beyond defeat --
   Remolds his future to his heart's desire?
Once more his path divides and he must choose
   His course. Swayed by his hatreds, lusts and fears,
Will he pick wrongly once again and lose
   The hard-won harvest of ten thousand years?

-- Garth Bentley

WEBSTER GOES WEST

BY

VEE and WRAI

Welp, this is Vee typing, Wrai is shaving.....his beard grew down to his neck and his sideburns got curly and he decided to shave a little off....it's November the 25th...1954 in case any of you wondered.

Wednesday, day before the 'giving day, at 7:35 a.m., as I was sitting at the table trying to wake myself up with a coffee, someone knocked....I went to the door as I was, in a thin nylon deal.....I looked around the door, and damn if it wasn't Wrai standing there! I said: "Aw, NO, NO, NO, Wrai it can't be you, now now, go away, come back later." He'd made a mistake in the p.m. and the a.m. of things, and he was expected come sundown.....so I finally consented to let him in, after he got off his knees from begging, and as I ran for something to put on, he drug this lovely portable in (((bloody portables! ...ng)))along with two suitcases....the hat and topcoat, oh yes, he did put on his shoes after he left the farm. I offered him some coffee, wondering if I dared to look him in the eye...face not washed, hair uncombed, ghod...and he caught me barefooted too!

He was shaking, I was shaking.....nervous, neither of us could outtalk the other though, we talked all day....Wrai was hoarse, then Bill came home at 6 p.m. and then Wrai and he talked .... Bill pulled out the Paul Jones and the Canada Dry ... as usual ... that's what Bill does regularly.

Oh, that day I had to go to the store, so Wrai went with me, I noticed he seemed to be walking forward, stooped a bit, his arms were almost dragging the gound. I speeded up my gait and was a little ahead of him. After all, I did not want to be seen walking with a gorilla. He said, when I mocked him, trying to walk like him..... "Vee, I feel soooo selfconscious now, without you doing that." Honestly though he tried on Bill's suitcoat and it hit him about near the elbow.

My version of the great Wrai Webster? What is he really like? Man oh man ... well, he doesn't eat much, could be he can't stand the type of food he gets around here ..... he's got a beeeeeyoooootifull profile. He's so handsome and smells so good. He's got great big football shoulders ... and he's tall! Strangely enough ... he's taller than Bill is ... naturally, he brung his gun...

Wrai here....I think I better grab this typer right now for among those few gems of truth are a stack of exaggerations. Sure I did make a mistake in a.m. and p.m., but that is from naught as a mistake for I was a full week off when I told Bill I was coming. But I did get to Denver, waited long enough to see no one was coming to the station and then took a cab for Tejon. The cabby protested but I slowed down long enough for him to catch up and drive. After all, I've lived on a farm all my life, how should I know "take a cab" was not meant to be taken literarily. But I got to this house, tried to figure out the gate and then stomped onto the porch and knocked. Stood proud and erect and waited until the door opened...this gal, stuck her head out and pulled it back in so fast I couldn't even see her, and yelled through the door ..... "Oh NO, it's you, go away." Gee, I thought, people are the same here as at home. I did not get down on my knees and beg, but merely turned my profile(which I just learned I got)towards the door and she opened it - right away. Sure the place was a bit less than perfect, and Vee was still three fourths asleep, but I wasn't shaky, really, although Vee nearly blew a fuse. In fact, half the light bulbs in the place blew out when I got here. Was totally unfair of me to get here before she was ready, but hell she sure didn't need to worry for I thought any gal who can make such a good impression on me that early in the morning has very little to worry about. As for catching Vee barefooted, well that is natural and I'd be barefooted too if I wasn't afraid of stubbing my toe on a toy. Vee has two kids who are rather active. Nice kids too, honest. In to everything of course, but hell they aren't half as bad as she told me they were when trying to scare me away from coming.

She didn't exaggerate a bit about talking until we were hoarse .... me at least for she has developed callouses from talking and is not easily bothered. I, of course, am not used to talking. To digress a minute, I wonder if all fen are so easy to talk with. Larry Anderson, Bill and I spent one of the shortest four hours I've known,and Vee does even better. AND THEN THERE IS NON-FAN Bill Hampton who Vee always said was rather quiet, but who is also very easy to talk with. But with Vee it was a record, we talked from 8 in the morning till 10 at night. That was the first day. Sure we went to the store, and maybe I do slouch some when I walk. This place has sidewalks, and in Billings, Bill rather encouragingly told me "You'll get used to walking on sidewalks after while." And as for my arms being long ... tsk, people it isn't really so bad, it just is that other people have such short arms, and Bill's coat hit me only a few inches above the wrist, not even halfway to the elbow hardly. But, oh well, let people think what they want, some day I'll meet some fan who won't think I have long arms.

Vee is a good cook, although I can't convince her I think so. Heck I ate so much for Thanksgiving at about 2:30 that it was after four when I could eat the dessert and I

was still feeling stuffed that night. But Bill had gotten a twelve-pound turkey for four adults and two very small children, and evidently both he and Vee were surprised that any was left. I don't eat much????? When I took potatoes, and dressing and turkey, and olives I had no room on my plate for any of the other things Vee had and I took dressing two times. What, I'd like to know did they expect? An XOE or a hoard of locusts??

This about my beautiful profile ..... I dunno if I like that, but Vee hates Liverache and evidently in this case, thinks Beautiful applies to the male of the species, so it must be ok too. Vee also has a very, very nice profile, only it doesn't stop at the neck like mine does but goes clean down to the floor. I've gotten pictures of her, quite a few and one of the first things I told her was to stop sendin out pictures. I dunno she must not like herself when she is so unfair. Oh well, now I'll let her rebut ... nope, wait a minute, I should mention Bill Hampton. Handsome, a good talker and a nice guy. Bout all I can say. I like them both as much as I fully expected to. The kids ... well I dunno, I got a reputation as a child-hater, but I get a kick out of these. Maybe more later.

Wrai's just being his ole modest self, man!!! He's a man's man and could very well be a woman's man too .... he's a living doll ..... I asked him how come a gal never caught him ..... he hemmed and hawed around and said he stuck too close to the farm all the time ... I think he just outwitted the gals myself. Yesterday Bill took Wrai on the bus to go to the shop. First thing the bus turned the corner and Bill said he looked around and Wrai had fell into a seat. Then Bill's already dragging Wrai to taverns. I toldja that Bill was a neo-fan. Guess he's gonna make a real fan outta Wrai. They sat and discussed ghod knows what, but they sorta did drink some liquid too. Bill said this gal on the bus, and a cute one, offered them her seat ... like gentlemen fens they took it. They now figure they got real charm...yeah, like a couple of snakes.

I was trying to fix lunch when Wrai was typing,couldn't find the can opener and had to use the beer opener, mushroom soup with oyster crackers and potted ham ... hah. We got some Kraft Dinner here, but no chocolate milk. Sad to relate ...what we need is Jacobs here...he'd sure be a helpful soul in time of need.

Lessee, did I dwell long enough on Wrai?? He sure is a modest thing, he uses Stag lotion. And he smells so good... wonder how that would go in the Kraft??

And I washed clothes this morning, that guy has the loudest shorts I ever hung up! His socks are argyle...and he brought along a turtle neck sweater deal for my crumbs... yep, still have troubles with the crumbs.

As I had thought, Wrai and Bill tease me, they haven't tried gagging me like Nan and Bill wanted to though.

Wonder where Wrai went to?? He's disappeared again ... he's so quiet at times I never know if he's behind me or outdoors.

Bill and Wrai got out the target gun Wrai brought, and I tried to get my paws on it for just one shot(hah) and Bill wasn't going to let me, I only missed the target by 12 in... Well, people, I'm done, maybe Wrai can finish whatever there is to finish.

Got to explain this about me falling down when the bus went around the corner. That was before we hit this tavern. I was totally sober, but the bus just turned when I was set for it going straight. First time I was ever on a bus too, and I dunno, must be I thought they'd let me get settled and then pull out. Then after this tavern, we came out for a bus. It was full and we hung onto the rail on top, this gal looked up and she was a nice looking one too, and got up and gave us her seat. After all in such a case only a cad would refuse so we took. Just think the happy glow she'd have all day. How often does a gal get to do a favor for such specimens as Bill and I? And at the tavern we didn't drink beer either, so you can't say we acted like fen, except we talked steadily, which is, I am beginning to think, a fan-trait.

Before eating yesterday, I got out the Crosman and Bill and I tried a handfull of shot at distant fanges. As usual, when I'm showing off, my first shots were perfect, and made an impression that made up for later missing. Vee came out and shot. Now I don't want to give the impression she is green about shooting, but both Bill and I hurriedly got behind her and I at least, didn't feel especially safe. She did though hit the chair that the box was on, and this was a whole 25 feet, and in the direction she was supposed to aim. We'll have to teach her to shoot sometime. Bill fell for the gun and has convinced himself he needs one like it. Is catching I guess for every one else who has shot ithas thought the same.

Think I'll stop this, maybe write a letter, or else go out and get myself lost in the wilds of Denver. And I'm just the man who can do it. In fact I plan on doing it a time or two. Gads, it is odd, and nice to meet other fen. Vee, you want to add anything?

Yeah I do. Ever known me when I didn't have something to add eh? Honestly though, Wrai underrates himself. Sounds in person just like he does in his letters only better. He just left for town, decided he'd past muster with the city slickers, hope he doesn't get killed or something. He sure is having a ball out here...we want to have a regional con, Idaho and Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, yah, you too Jawn.....byymmm

e n d

30

A SAGA FOR SAPS

BY

FRED REMUS

Continued from NANDU #8

36. "I am Gordon L. Black, ah, I see there's no lack
Of a proper and meet sense of wonder.
Now while I tell my tale quietness will prevail
Talk will be indiscrete, hence a blunder
When the Rollo first came there can be little blame
Upon Nangee for making the capture
Of this wonderful crew, but in one fortnight Ghu
Made an effort at breaking the rapture
When it said unto Nan, "You will publish a ban
That will say there is freedom to worship
Me alone." Nan defied it and loudly she cried
"Well now, Ghu, you must be dumb." To her ship

37. She then went with the crew with the palace guard too,
And with all of her courtiers and henchmen
While behind in one part of the palace a heart
Stopping vision of beauty, a wench men
Called Miss Agnes Harook, unto Roscoe now took
Her whole self in a plea and entreaty.
Our great Roscoe replied as her trouble he spied
And a largish nine thousand ten feet he
Stood forth in his wrath as he started the path
That would lead to the ending of Ghu, sir.
Roscoe saw with alarm Agnes could come to harm
For mauve Ghu was intending to goose her.

38. That would be most unkind to her tender behind.
(Which the P.O. thinks I should not mention)
Roscoe's teeth gnashed in ire and a great wall of fire
Kept that Ghu from his evil intention.
When Ghu slowly awoke to the practical joke
It exploded with rage and frustration
And was changed to a car with mauve ink set quite hard
And encoded to stage and bus station
Number six eighty three. Now this card, don't you see,
Was attached to the carton before you
In which strawberries rest with their mauve hair all messed.
"If my story is starting to bore you

39. I will now take a breath, I am nigh unto death."
With those words Gordón sank in a huddle.
Up spoke Lynn Hickman, "We are no longer at sea
And our brains know no more sin, a muddle
Has been straightened right out, we can state without doubt
That ghod Roscoe is greatest and victor.
Even old G.M.Carr will be nicer by far
For we know now that Ghu had hand picked 'er
To be nasty that way, after Roscoe's new day
We will all find her words to be sweeter.
If we don't, (here he sighed) "I will puncture her hide
With my Colt .45 type repeater."

40. Said Jack Harness, "Now heed, we must carry our creed
To that mean old agnostic Ed Noble
If the use of our tact won't convince him of fact,
Then the gift of a pretty red robe'll.
That, I fervently hope, for the lad uses soap
A good sign that he's not without feelings."
Here George Young said, "While he uses soap wide and free,
It is used just to paint walls and ceilings
And to make matters worse he is under a curse
For some think that our Ed's the Masked Marvel.
If it turns out he is, of that young man's phiz
I will take a large knife and I'll carve hell."

Continued in NANDU # 10