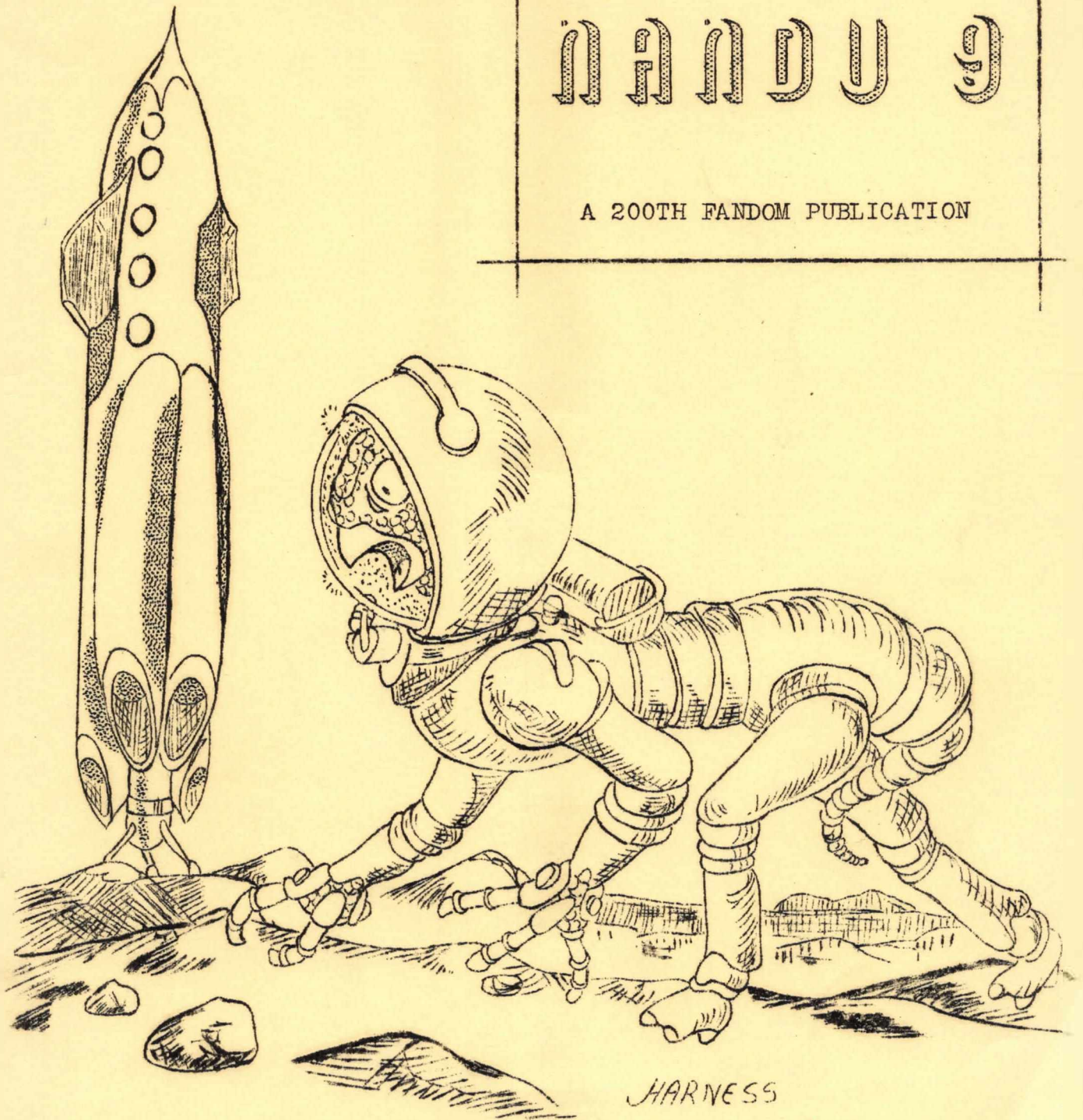


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A 200TH FANDOM PUBLICATION



SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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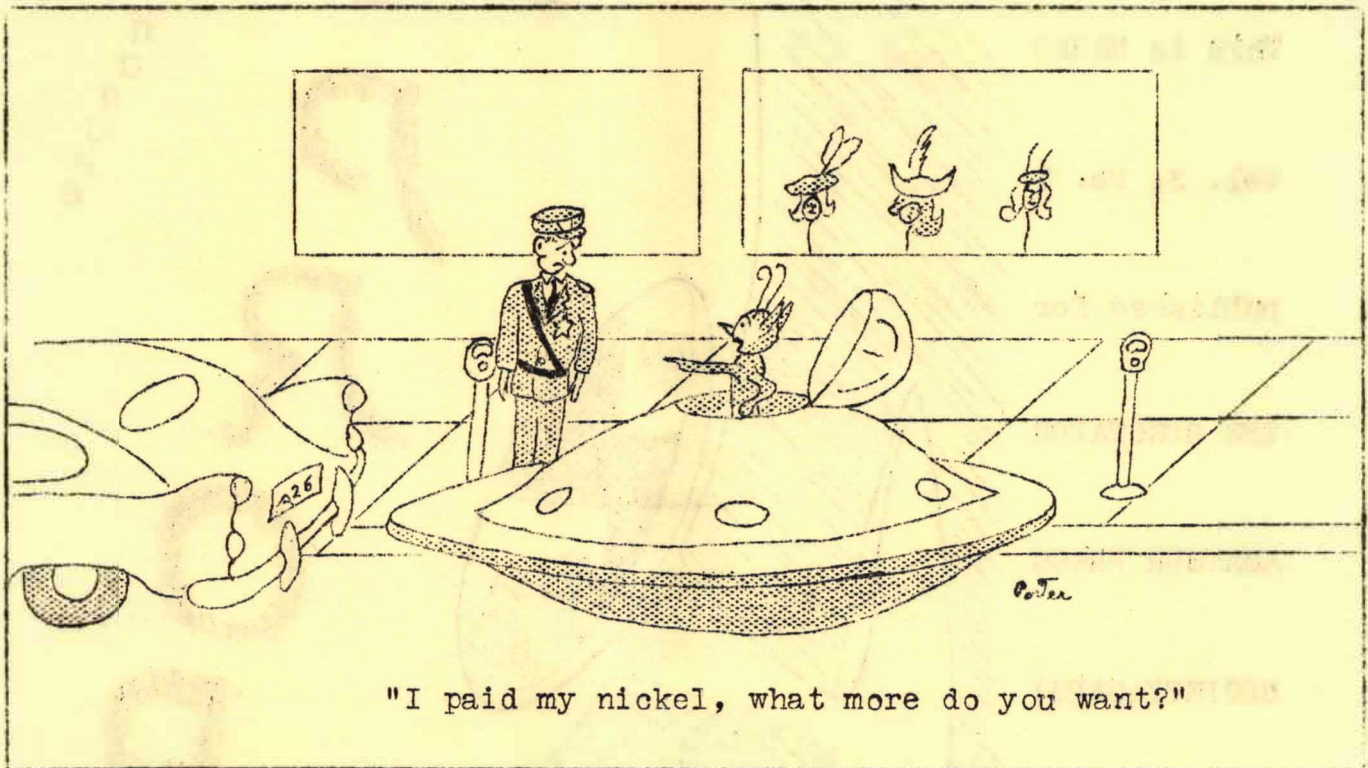
BOB TUCKER -- REDD BOGGS

SAPS MLG. #30

WINTER 1954

DECEMBER

CONTENTS



Apropos - editorial - nangee - page 1

I Attend A McCarthy Hearing

factual article - Briggs - page 6

Graphology

character analysis- Brunner- page 10

Nanviews

mlg.29 reviews- nangee - page 14

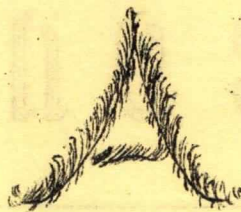
'55 Con Membership - advert. - page 30

Art Credits

Harness -- cover, pps.1, 6, 13, and 14

Porter -- contents page, page 9

NANDU



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This is NANDU

Vol. 3, No. 1

published for

THE SPECTATOR

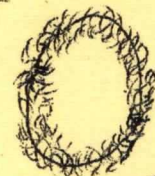
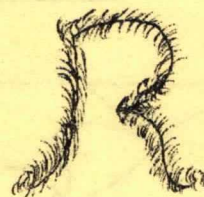
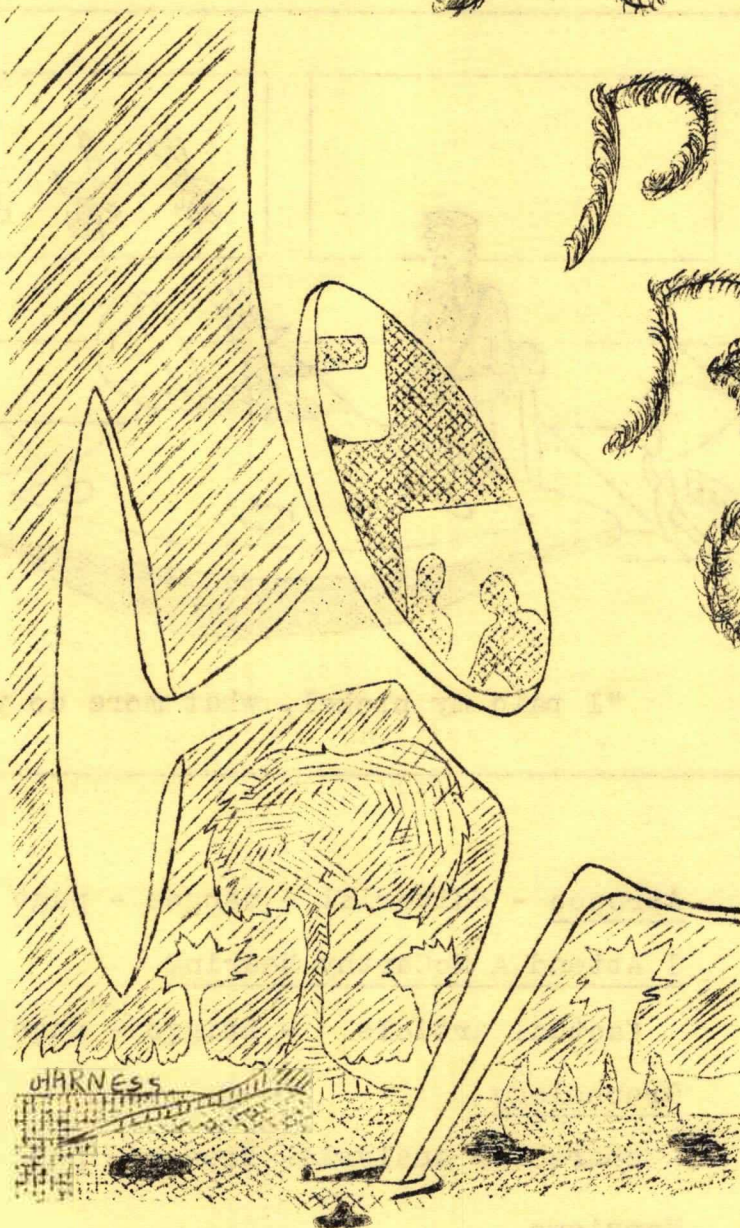
AMATEUR PRESS

SOCIETY (SAPS)

BY Nan Gerding

Box 484, Rose-

ville, Illinois



It's hard to realize that I've been in SAPS for two years. If I only kept my used stencils I could reproduce the first NANDU in this second anniversary issue. I've always considered that first issue as my favorite, probably because it introduced me to Saps. I think the other members might find a reproduction of the first issue interesting if only for comparative value. Not enough so to warrant restenciling it however.

The first issue was the smallest NANDU so far (over six but under ten pages) and I hope it keeps that distinction. Since that time, the ship of Sapdom has covered a lot of water and though there have been several gales it's been an exciting and stimulating voyage.

Unless something unforeseeable takes matters out of my own hands, I expect to be around Saps for a long time yet... a long, long time. If I benefit as much from my association with that sterling organization in the next two years, as I have in the past two years, my cup will indeed be full.

Nanviews this time are separated by another type of nanview that is under no circumstances to be regarded as an interlineation. Instead, these views should be considered parenthetical pauses (PP) designated to take the place of paragraphing. All parenthetical pauses signed "et tu" are Nangee originals in the sense that the only reference I used was my own experience and the resultant convictions thereof.

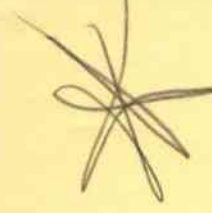
Some of the et tu's were written in moments of hope and some in moments of bitterness. Some in moments of impulse - and some in moments of deliberation. Many were written because I needed a new paragraph, a very rare few were written with sheer impish delight. None were written in moments of peace or contentment - such moments are too fleeting for me to capture. All were written out of my own need to say them.

Since a belief or conviction is the unwilling victim of experience, it is subject to the same changes, reformations, and inconsistencies that an ever-changing life is subject to but at the time of writing, I held these truths to be self-evident. Et tu?

I think it is now time to inform the membership-at-large that hereafter all OE's will have an official badge of office. This badge is verry symbolic and exists in the form of a pair of brass knuckles. They were the parting shot of the last OE and were formed with loving care and attention. Painstakingly inscribed on the grip is the following inscription: "SAPS OFFICIAL PERSUADER". This powerful emblem of office will be the heritage of each succeeding OE until Saps ceases to exist, may that time never come. Not the least of the symbolism displayed by this ominous token of power is the fact that it will fit only a woman's hand. Heed ye!

I received a highly indignant letter from K. Houston Brunner protesting the infamous implication that he is not for real. Said letter and accompanying graphology will appear somewhere in the following pages. I don't remember who instituted the infamy but I claim neutrality in any name-calling. I am nothing if not an impartial editor.

I find myself rather disappointed that so far no one has volunteered to do the one-shot column for this issue. I



wanted it to become a regular feature of Nandu. This is November 1 and hope is dwindling fast. This column could be a beautiful opportunity for any one who is feeling controversial. I am shocked at the lack of response. Where's your spirit?

Anyone for a cure of gafia? Following is a recipe given me when I was suffering in the throes of that dread disease:

AUNTY GAFIA RECIPE #1

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pound red mimeo ink, 3 oz. attar of roses, and 1 old **SPACEMARP** that has been read to pieces. Bring ink and attar to a slow simmer over hot enthusiasm. Shred in old **SPACEMARP**. When critical mass(mess) has been reached, spread over salted reminiscences and current events. Serve with a slight amount of backspin, making sure you clear the net and land on the forecourt. Three or five courts are no longer within bounds. Follow these directions, you will no longer have gafia.....courtesy fred remus

Though there were quite a few gaps in Mlg. 29, there were three regular contributors missing that left me with a feeling of real disappointment and broken continuity. Those gaps were IGNATZ, BOOK OF PTOTH, and DODO. These three personalities had become an inherent and necessary ingredient in the blending of a mailing. As yet I haven't heard from any of them concerning an issue in the making, but I am consoled by the thought that they have to have six pages in for this mlg. to save their membership. The thought that there might not be six pages from them is too appalling to countenance.

"Wonder how many more Saps have an 'issue' in the making???"

Another contributor that I hope will become a regular one* is Dean the Grue better known as Dangerous Dean McGrue**. Since he is not represented last mailing I will now take the opportunity of relaying a message to him. Dean, you remember, no doubt, Ole Doc Kincannon (The Mad Dentist) and his Spartan*** suggestion re birth control. This was too good to keep so I related the remedy to a well-known Spartan who lives temporarily in North Dakota. He did not let us down but came through with typical Ballard-type-er-repartee. He said he liked the Kincannon idea since he was a great believer in a short-cut to any solution. But he was very curious about one aspect of the affiar. He wanted to know whether it was the Dean or the Jean that protested the most to such a hackneyed concept?

*of issues?????? **Langorous Dean McGrue?? ***Procrustean??
((**and***courtesy of Dean himself))

Sorry, Saps. I don't often practice such deliberate intrigue. I'd be infuriated with any one that pulled it on me so I will accept all protests without complaint. It was simply a piece de resistance I couldn't resist.*

At this point I was interrupted by the phone. A very pleasant interruption in the form of Fred Remus and we just finished a long, illuminating discussion of various Sappish affiairs that may bear some fruition in the field of Sappish endeavor. Oh, flay us not on the field of endeavor. One item mentioned was Eva's THE BRONC and I discovered that Fred said in a few words what I so bumblingly tried to express in many words. I gnash my teeth.

In OUTSIDERS was a mention of the Ballard-method of reviewing mailings. I review mailings exactly backwards to that of Wrai's. When I get a mailing, I skim it lightly, and that applies even now. Until I'm ready to start writing comments that's the only reading I give it which certainly does not speak well for the mailings I didn't comment on. I can neither read a mailing or comment on it at one sitting and do it justice. I read each mag thoroughly and then comment on it before going to the next one. Even then I reach a bog down point every once in a while.

My comments this time represent my first deliberate attempt to cut down on mlg. reviews. Heretofore, I have written exactly what came to mind in chronological order. But it has been mildly suggested a time or six that some blue penciling was not out of order and I'm inclined to agree.

Perhaps you would be interested in the bog-down points of Mlg. 29. I started with the Spec and got as far as Ghu Saplement...that was one day's work. Then on another day, I did Ghu Saplement through Gemzine. Another twenty four hours saw me tripping merrily from Maine-iac into Star-Proof, and, finally the last group ending with Clunque. That grouping does not represent one sitting at the typer since such sittings are regulated by many outside influences ---- a fact I have no doubt sufficiently impressed upon all of you by now.

The bog-down point occurs when I pick up a pub and discover that I have no interest in either reading or commenting on it. That is the time to stop. And I don't start again until I can pick up that same pub with a reasonable display of enthusiasm. Outside pressure sometimes demands a breaking of that rule; especially in the home-stretch. I do so unwillingly and with a feeling of guilt.

All comments are subject to the Gerding whim and mood both of which are notably unreliable. I am nothing if not a creature of impulse. Right there is one justification for justifying for the transition from draft to stenciled form pretty well negates harmful impulse. There are always ex-

ceptions to that rule but generally speaking, justifying will tell what I want to say. It also curdles any objective judgment or liking I might have had for my material. I don't see how authors withstand the terrific ordeal of revision. After three or four re-writes, my material assumes the appearance of a long dissertation quite without any meaning or value. I suppose some of that might be due to the fact that once I do start, I don't stop. An elapse of time between stages would no doubt eliminate some of the difficulty. And I discover suddenly that I am talking to myself more than to anyone else. I Boggs! Down! again. Tuck 'er in and say good night.

I should quit while I'm ahead. However, a comment of Edco's in Maine-iac must be noted. That's his insistence that I am responsible for the quality of mimeoing in his pub. Three-fourths of the secret of good mimeo work lies not in the turning of a crank handle but in the quality of stencil-cutting. It's almost an impossibility to mimeo a cleanly-cut stencil poorly. In reverse, no mimeoing in the world will reproduce a badly-cut stencil. If anyone wishes to say but yeah you got that automatic metal monster at your command, you would be quite wrong. I am at its command. And just as seriously, the only difference I've discovered between the big machine I have now and the small stripped-down affair I had before was not in the quality of work produced but in the time involved in producing it. That's quite generally speaking. There are nuances and there are nuances all of which I went into originally but which I am now cutting out quite ruthlessly. It means a difference of a couple or three pages. It concerned the techniques of stenciling and mimeoing, and the pro's and con's of materials and machinery in the field. Ptui on it. No one would agree with me anyhow and I am nothing if not an agreeable editor.

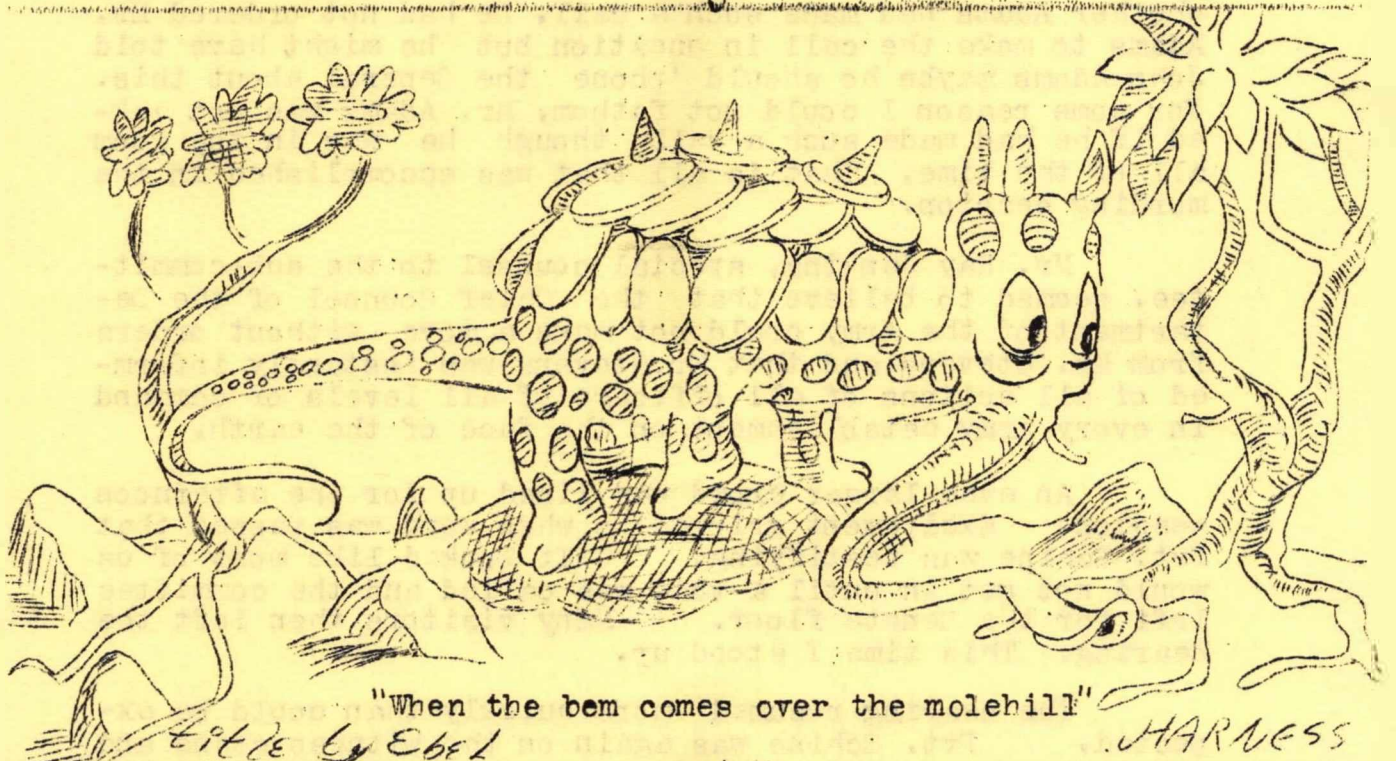
The theme of thish is "On the Sea of Life may I never become a Flying Dutchman". The moral is "too sharp a point on a pencil tends to break; too blunt a point accomplishes nothing" or "PTUI!" This issue is dedicated to Bob Tucker, and Redd Boggs. Respectively, I hope it proves to be more understandable and less Wolfe-ish.

On this snowy November 1, I have only what you will see between these covers in the way of material. Anything arriving after this will be apropos addenda to Nandu's second anniversary and will appear seperately under that title. A very merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to each of you.....

Footnote: Various and sundry typers were used to do thispub because I have had typer trouble of all kinds. The above editorial pages were stenciled on a Royal Standard. The rest of this pub was done on one of those bloody portables (Royal). No doubt part of Apropos Addenda will be done on my regular standard L.C. Smith. Gay life. And what have you.....

I ATTEND A McCARTHY HEARING

ROBERT
BY GLEN
BRIGGS



"When the bem comes over the molehill"

Like many other Americans, I have attended a hearing of the Army-McCarthy investigation. No passes are required. I merely entered the Senate Office Building and stood in line. In spite of an early arrival, nearly a hundred people were ahead of me.

A highly diversified crowd waited on the balcony outside the Senate Caucus Room. A young couple whispered and held hands behind one of the pillars. Whole families were attending enmasse. Enlisted men, school children, and grandmothers from many states of the Union were waiting for 10:30 A.M. and the opening of the session.

We were ushered into the Caucus room ten at a time. Each group of ten was not to take photographs, to leave all large packages outside, and to make no demonstration of approval or disapproval. The ladies were warned that large handbags were subject to search.

McCarthy Hearing--Briggs

When it came my turn, I was sent down a short hallway to the door and rushed up the aisle by harassed guards. People lined the walls and overflowed down the middle of the aisles. I wondered why they didn't fill some of the still empty seats. I didn't wonder long; as soon as I sat down the committee disappeared behind the heads of those sitting in the front rows.

Secretary of the Army, Stevens, was on the witness stand that morning. The questions concerned a 'phone call allegedly made by John Adams, Army Counsel, to the Commander of Fort Mormouth. Mr. Stevens said he could not recall whether Adams had made such a call. He had not ordered Mr. Adams to make the call in question but he might have told John Adams maybe he should 'phone the General about this. For some reason I could not fathom, Mr. Adams was not asked if he had made such a call though he was in the room all of the time. That is all that was accomplished in the morning session.

Mr. Ray Jenkins, special counsel to the sub-committee, seemed to believe that the Chief Counsel of the Department of the Army could not make a move without orders from Mr. Stevens and that Mr. Stevens was instantly informed of all actions of all officers of all levels of command in every army establishment on the face of the earth.

An even larger crowd was lined up for the afternoon session. Excitement gripped us when word was passed that Pvt. Schine was testifying. It looked like most of us would not get in until a vote was called and the committee left for the Senate floor. Many visitors then left the hearing. This time I stood up.

The hearing resumed more quickly than could be expected. Pvt. Schine was again on the witness stand and questioning concerning the now famous photo-without-Colonel continued. His testimony was almost finished when Senator McClellan questioned that he might have delivered the photograph to some members of the subcommittee staff at the Colony Restaurant on the preceding Thursday.

Schine seemed confused by the date but after a time admitted he had brought a picture to a gathering at that restaurant but not the picture of himself and Mr. Stevens "alone".

Committee Counsel, Jenkins, took up the questioning. Mr. Jenkins refused to subpoena this new photograph preferring to cross-examine Pvt. Schine as to what it was a photograph of. This may be good court procedure but it didn't help to clarify the situation.

Suddenly it was of vital importance to know who was at that table on Thursday (or Friday said Pvt. Schine) and

McCarthy Hearing--Briggs

now the photo was forgotten. After an incredible waste of time, Pvt. Schine was caught between conflicting statements and he settled down to figure things out. It seems that members of the McCarthy staff frequently eat at the Colony Restaurant (a full ten minutes must have been spent trying to determine if it was Colony Club - House - Grill - Restaurant) and he was confused as to what evening Mr. Juliana had been present and what evening he brought the photo. He had paper and called for a pencil. This was supplied along with a calendar.

Then he asked Jenkins for the date. Mr. Jenkins refused to tell Pvt. Schine the date of the month and stated "You are in the witness chair, not me."

At long last the fog was lifted. Pvt. Schine stated that the meeting took place on Monday and Sen. McClellan had confused him by naming Thursday. Now he could say Mr. Juliana was not present on that evening.

Mr. Jenkins refused to believe Schine could be confused. Heaven knows I had been confused by the questions and I was not under pressure testifying on the witness stand. Mr. Jenkins asked the question, "Was Mr. Juliana there?". Schine had just testified that he was not but with this second questioning he answered no to the best of his recollection he was not. Mr. Jenkins asked the question incessantly for what seemed an intolerable length of time and every time Schine answered his reply was more vague than it was before. The session ended with Schine saying he couldn't remember whether Mr. Juliana was there or not and the whole point lost in the fog. I don't believe that Jenkins, Pvt. Schine or the Committee realized to this day that Schine testified under oath that Mr. Juliana was not present on that Monday night.

That evening, I watched all the news reels I could find on TV and the night summaries. In the opinion of an average citizen with only one day's first-hand observation the television highlights you see do give everything significant that happened during the day. Those highlights are more than the most significant happenings; they are the only things that did happen.

The rest of the time was passed in acrimony.

The Senators have a keen eye for the cameras and too often address a little speech to their distant constituency. More than once a Committee Member passed his turn to question a witness only to use much of his time explaining he was passing to speed the hearing.

They frequently interrupt each other and never stop until they have finished. At one time during the day the witness, the Chairman, the Committee Counsel and Senator

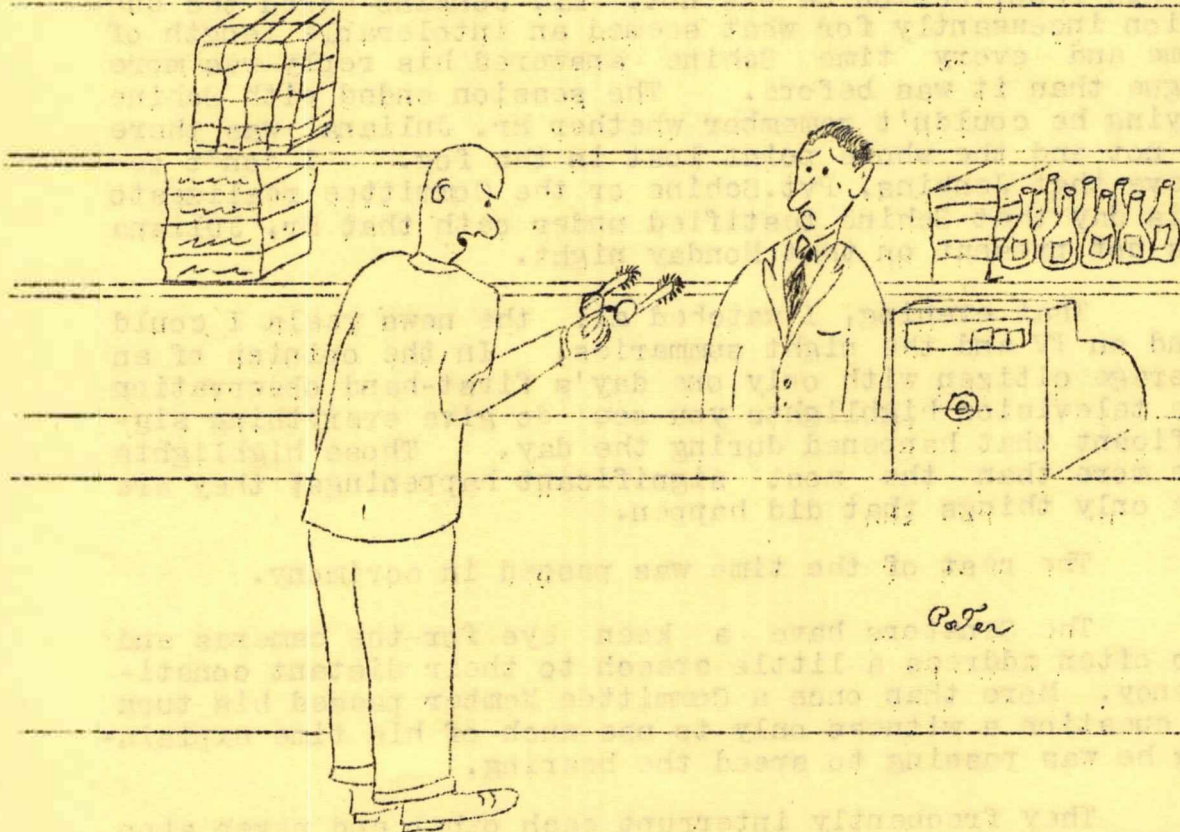
McCarthy Hearing--Briggs

McCarthy were all talking while a Senator was questioning the witness. They all finished their talks too and no one understood a word any of the five men had said.

My back-seat eye-views are these: Chairman Mundt exercises all the authority of a tubby tuna among a school of sharks; Mr. Jenkins conducts the investigation of a U.S. Sub-Committee like a criminal prosecutor and a prosecutor running for congress at that. If Senator McCarthy made only half as many points of order, the hearings would progress at twice the present speed; for as long as they explore every incident and debate every new issue, that long will they make no progress because new issues rise like toadstools after a heavy rain.

I entered the Caucus room with a low opinion of Senator McCarthy. I left with a low opinion of Messers McCarthy, Mundt, Stevens, Adams, Cohn, Welch, the Sub-Committee in particular, and the U.S. Senate in general.

I can suggest one program of action; however, that might aid the committee. I propose that a group of public spirited citizens present acting Chairman Mundt with a large stout, heavy GAVEL.....



"About that bottle of hair restorer you sold me....."

GRAPHOLOGY

* Send a letter

Graphology reading for J.K.H. Brunner; handwriting specimen dated 7th Oct., 1954. His letter follows, then a stenciled version of his handwriting and finally his reading:

Pilot Officer J.K.H. Brunner,
Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force
Bletchley, Rondes(?)
UK

Dear Nan,

Forgive the ball-point -- forgive the manuscript.. which is more illegible than my typing, even.....the ball-point because I haven't any ink in my pen...the ors(?) letter because I can't wait to get out of the office to find my typer. Impatient? Sure I'm impatient! SAC-RILEGE, that's what!

Let's be calm and collected about this. The facts (says he - eyes glazed with ever-reddening anger) are these: on page 2 of NANDU 8, it is stated that some Sap refused to believe in me. ME! I ask you!

Tell the said bumblehead that I do exist. The full and ghastly truth is that there is such a person as John Kilian Houston Brunner ---known as K. Houston Brunner for writing purposes (see any number of fmz -- SLANT, PEON, CATAclysm, STARLANES, NANDU, etc., etc., etc.) and also as John Loxmith, and also as John Brunner. WOOF! I am not a pilot - I merely hold the rank of pilot officer (read second lieutenant) in the secretarial branch.

Tell him that, will ya? Please?

Good grief!

Well, that should prove my reality (setting colloquialism(?) aside).

I liked Remus' FURY. I disliked practically nothing. I was much puzzled by THE RETURN OF EDDI HANLEY. Was positively intrigued by the graphology as usual. Say! how do I get a buck to you or will you take it in barter? And have this analyzed? I don't often write ors(?) letters now; the Air Force is wrecking what handwriting I had. Besides which I really must exist, if I have handwriting, no?

I look forward to those illicit copies of NANDU now. I must figure some more rhymes or blanks to ensure you don't go out of business.

P.S. I still think that Sap's middle name is Egghead!

JB

John (?) Brunner

Graphology - Brunner

Editor's Footnote--some of this letter I couldn't read. I put a question mark after the words I wasn't sure of and I tried to stencil those places in - maybe some one else can read them.....handwriting specimen below:

wrecking what handwriting I did leads which, I really must exist if I have handwriting, no?

Should think the graphologist could have a field day with my writing. I own about five mixed alphabets it looks like to me IF I START WRITING IN UPPER CASE, I use different capitals from the ones I use when it is a proper name or a sentence & start by beginning-of-a-sentence is different from that of the end & even in the midst of same. Have I used all the letters? No? A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

This is the writing of a mind that holds independent thinking, slightly rebellious at regimentation and legal restriction, but careful, and capable. You can take care of yourself financially and physically.

You possess perseverance and a capacity for work. You are highly intelligent, level-headed, and have a better-than-average education.

You are idealistic almost to a point of occasional unhappiness, yet you never permit yourself to become so melancholy that you are a source of irritation to your friends. You show great ability for self-discipline.

You possess a moderate amount of ambition, and at times can be Sphinx-like and dispassionate. There are times when your mood shows imperturbability; then you relax reluctantly. Your general disposition however is quite different. You have a sense of humor and appear quite cheerful, even when you are not.

You have certain days when you would like to be whimsical, putting off decisions of any importance. You are variable, but possess enough self-control to manage

nicely in almost every situation. Your temper will flash fiercest at unjust criticism, than most annoyances.

You have great diligence and resolution, your stronger strokes on endings denote you like to finish what you start, usually with a flourish if possible. Your side strokes show a definite literary ability, creative thinking but spasmodic.

Your m's and n's show consistency throughout -- while many of your other letters denote you can be quite inconsistent. This contradiction is caused by likes and dislikes, which are quite pronounced. For instance, in a social sense, if you like a friend really well, you are a very true friend in return; if you like the job you are working at you will carry it through excellently, and, if you do not, you will finish it in a hurry; your consistency depends on your opinion of its worth.

Yours is a refined nature, you loath anything coarse or unwholesome. The printed letters of John Loxmith show a poetic trend, but the artistry is deliberate. The printed letters of the alphabet on another page shows an affection for artistic things, quite lacking in the printed penmanship style.

You govern your inhibitions and natural temperament, mixing cordially with other people, and undoubtedly make many casual friends, even in large groups; actually, you do not prefer large numbers at all, but a select few.

You are imaginative, your mind constantly soars to far-off places and this gives you a false emotional lift. However this is also a mood with you, indulged in occasionally, and not a pronounced habit. You face reality well.

You have exceptionally good taste, and you are almost a stickler for neatness and order.

You are economical but not stingy, and have the happy faculty of being able to strike a nice balance between frugality and generosity.

At the time this specimen was written, your mind was full of many other things in addition to the letter. Your energy was bursting bounds, and your ambition was already making plans for you to do something else immediately you finished.

Your o's and a's proclaim you to be a self-contained individual, at times most reserved, and certainly discreet. If a friend or acquaintance tried to "pump" you, he would find you positively secretive. You are quite law-abiding, and do not consider the good things of life as being dull.

Your t's show a varying degree of ardor, enterprise, and enthusiasm. You have a vitality that can sparkle, but there are times when you feel like using your wit for sarcasm. You very much like your own way, but unless this can be obtained by mental force, you

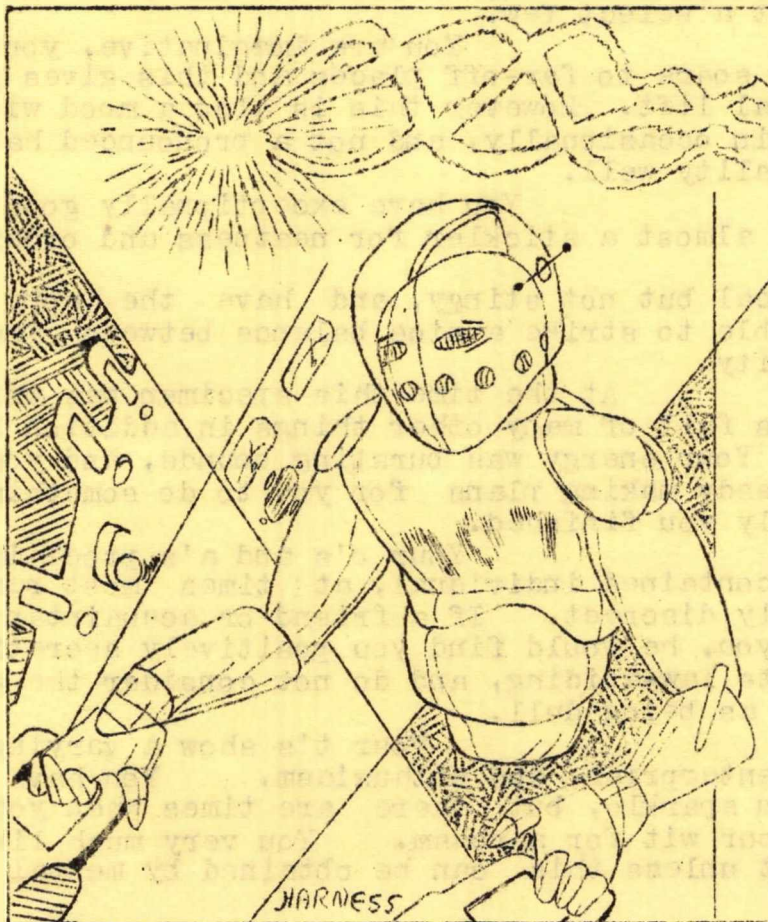
do not insist on securing by brute force. Your tongue can be sharp when crossed, but there is no brutality in your make-up. Your determination never hurts anyone else.

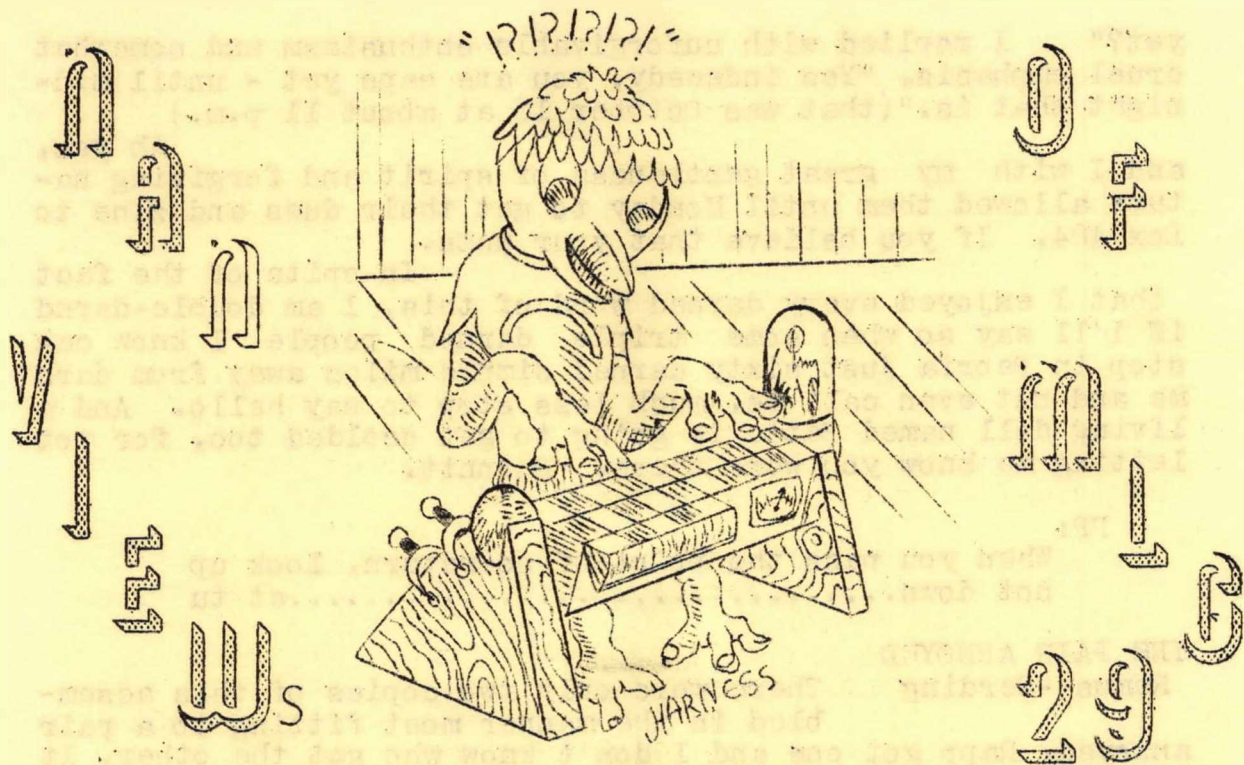
According to your looped letters, you would like to see a world of perfection, with all your own wonderful ideas incorporated in it. You have vision, a wonderful thing to have these troublesome days, but your ideals are far above present achievement, and thus you border on unhappiness when you are particularly idealistic.

You enjoy the age of speed and are progressively modern among moderns. Great expanses inspire you. Jets, rockets, things of air and stars, fascinate you. The infinite is mentally stimulating. There is nothing too "big" for your imagination.

You show great ability for research, and you would be most happy in a career where your excellent memory for detail, and your creative instincts could both be used. Of course, your research would have to be along lines you liked or it would not be consistently accomplished.

You have a wonderful faith in the future and intend to place your stamp upon it. You possess a love for the limitless which should carry you far in any field of your choice. Do not have too many irons in the fire, concentrate, and you can create your own world.....





(THE ENGINE)
THE SPECTATOR #29
Officialdom

Complaints and - contrariwise -- any
praise will be wasted. The Spec will
be done in whatever way the mood should strike me at the
time of its inception. That may apply to either the mood or
the OO or both.

PP:
Politics are a classical example of
juvenile delinquency.....et tu

TAILGATE #1

Young--Sims This appendage to mlg. 29 was one of the most
welcome sights to appear at Box 484 for a
long, long time. No explanation should be necessary. Be-
sides it gave me the opportunity to talk to -- er, which one
was it I talked to? I do know that whichever one wrote to
me concerning TAILGATE, I wrote back to the other one; think-
ing in my methodical way that I was answering the proper
half of this delightful pair.

I think it was Roger who called
me one Friday night whilst I was having my usual battle of
wits with ten lousy wooden-headed pins -- just call it The
Battle of the Wooden-heads. So when I arrived home, I found
a message saying I had had a call from Detroit.....finally,
I took my courage out of my back pocket....I keep it therein
case of emergency....and with it in one hand, I called back.
And here came this pleasant voice over the wire, asking very
mildly and meekly and hopefully (as is only proper when
addressing an OE), "Nan, this is Rog. Are George and I saps

yet?" I replied with unforgivable enthusiasm and somewhat cruel emphasis, "Yes indeedy, you are saps yet - until midnight that is." (that was October 15 at about 11 p.m.)

Ah yes, and I with my great gentleness of spirit and forgiving nature allowed them until Monday to get their dues and zine to Box 484. If you believe that your nuts.

In spite of the fact that I enjoyed every darned word of this, I am double-darnd if I'll say so when some triple darned people I know can stop in Peoria just sixty darned simple miles away from darn me and not even call me, much less stop to say hello. And a living doll named Bette is going to get scolded too, for not letting me know you were there. Darnnit.

PP:

When you pass the point-of-no-return, look up
not down.....et tu

THE PAIR ANNOYED

Remus--Gerding There were only two copies of this assembled in the manner most fitting to a pair annoyed. Rapp got one and I don't know who got the other. It took me an hour and a half to assemble those two copies, and I am not yet so dedicated to the cause of psychiatry that I would spend 57 more hours in assembling. And I'm afraid to be objective enough to state whether the end justified-er distribution but I will say this ---- Fred and I shore had a gay, maddening, neurotic 24 hours getting it done - and with the delightful disregard of all pair annoyeds -- it was well worth it to us. PP:

One of these days the Ultimate Psychiatrist is going to lose His patience and humanity's temper-tantrum is going to boomerang.....et tu

POSTWARP(julaug'54)

Higgs -----This proved highly uninteresting to me.

PP:

The stars are never out of anyone's reach. It is merely a matter of inertia as opposed to action.

et tu

SAPSTYFE #1

Higgs If you will allow me, I'd like to disagree with your definition of a stinker. No member of any club is a stinker as long as this member is willing and anxious to do his best in that club. The fact that his capabilities and potentialities have not been developed should not put him in that class. He may not be as valuable a member and he may even be disliked but he's no stinker. In short, the only argument I have with you is your choice of a word for the neo-member who does not know his way around and hasn't as yet developed his talents. The rest of your definition is fitt ingly accurate.

The rose of Roseville isn't

even a rose, doll. I feel more like an onion in a petunia patch. I also feel more than a little hurt that you omitted SAPS and FAPA from your list of organized ajay groups. Don't you consider either one organized ajay? Apparently not, since you call them "our very own fantasy-science-fiction groups" - jeeze! To quote Gobel, "you just can't hardly get them no more".

In my opinion, Saps and Fapa are just as much a part of organized amateur journalism as any of those you listed. Because they specialize in one field, rather than covering all fields does not excuse your omitting them.

I consider myself an ajayist and, according to your definition of same, I am right in that opinion. But amateur journalism minus any personal element is of negative value; in the general groups, I tried for a couple of years to find a niche, some common meeting ground and though, technically, I did all right with a couple of laureate awards to show for it, I was not satisfied. The people had little genuine interest in each other except for certain cliches that excluded every one else - and as a person I felt snubbed and ignored. In the specialized groups, I found an entirely different atmosphere. Here not only is there a genuine interest in good journalism but real adventure in the field of human relations. I found friendship and an honest interest in me--and in what I write.

In short, Ray, I found the specialized groups far more inclusive than the supposedly all-inclusive general groups. I hope that your future accounts of organized ajay are more inclusive than the one I just read.

Everybody is having babies. I like the name Joetta Rae. Give her my regards. SAPSTYPE was one of the best Higgszines I've seen to-date, possibly because you gave me so much delightful room to disagree with you.

PP:

For every bet on happiness, there are several bets on grief and who will deny that any odds but increase the winnings.....et tu

GASP #2

Steward Writing in those numbers is an infringement of the identical copies rule, I say mildly. Admittedly a minor infringement, and as long as the PO doesn't go technical on me, I'll say no more about it. Don't know where you got the idea that GASP! was only four pages unless you were counting just the sheets of paper. By being slightly elastic in judgement, I counted this six pages. Besides any one that takes four hours to stencil a cover should be allowed some leeway. I think this was the right time and place.

Wish I could claim the credit for stenciling the cover. This is beautiful mimeo-stencil work and the contents were just as interesting to me as you are. A very good first

issue Sapszine.

SHALL(oops)we bore all the other members by involved discussions on the subject of bowling. I think an explanation of the difference between the ten-pins I bowl and the five-pins you bowl would be very interesting. Or a history of the sport of bowling would not be out of order. You wrote an intriguing letter once about all this and now, I wish I had kept it. In any case let's get the Saps membership bowling-minded. Jeeze, 35 wooden-heads, can you imagine it? I wanna gasp every mailing.

PP:

Friendship is a precious commodity - as long as it is not bartered, sold, or worn lightly. It can only be given and should be worn with reverence.....et tu

MORNING OF SEPT. 13

Firestone

For a fast-service, miniature-type report on the Friscon, this was excellent. I'm always pleased when someone so obviously enjoys an sf con. I get pretty bored with hearing only the "this was wrong, that was wrong" side of it and most especially that ever-present, annoying"pro-vs-fan-vs-pro-vs-fan handout.

PP:

Knowing oneself should be the immediate goal of every man, woman and child...et tu

ZEITSCHRIFT #777

Anderson

Bless you, Karen, for the page of pics which was a real bonus. Die was good reading as usual but I'll be glad when it regains some of its former bulk. With Astrid's age beginning to number in the months instead of days, Die will no doubt will grow right along with her. May I have a pic of Astrid May?

PP:

In the architecture of human relations, the most difficult to build is understanding; once built it requires delicate and constant attention;and in maintenance repays its creators a million-fold.
...et tu

THE NO-HOLDS-BARRED GUIDE

Anderson

Wonderful! This will be filed away for future reference. I have an idea if I ever do refer to it, I'll have to be filed away too. Some of those spiritual aids sound real gone.

PP:

Life is just one durned thing after another and who would be silly enough to stop the sequence.....et tu

Harook Aggie, every time I read this I chortle a little more. Delightful reading. Heyy, you shouldna worry about asking questions. Only the ignorant refuse to ask questions. Yep, I put out both NANDU and NANDIDN'T. Several people were quite put out with them too. How do I you ask. I'm not sure. I still look with horror on that monstrous #7 and can well imagine that any one want-to review it would too. After this, I am going to try keeping Nandu down to smaller size - either that or break it up into several publications. I think.

But I didn't answer you as to how I do. Here I am trying to keep to the straight & narrow and already I am straying. Which definitely isn't an answer to your question? I dunno. I squeeze a little here and pinch a little there, neglect a little in between. Add to that a dash of bull-headedness, and a liberal sprinkling of absent-mindedness and you about have the general recipe--i.e.--the only time my kids get tardy marks, are those times I am working on Nandu and I forget to send them to school... ah yeth indeedy. I require little sleep and alot of Nandu is stolen from the sandman.

As for my being nice or just ultra subtle that is an intriguing question. Whether I am nice or not depends less on me and more on what others think of me. I like people immensely and 99½% of the time I actually feel nice toward them. The remaining fraction of time, I am usually at fault or some outside circumstance is. It takes a helluva shove to make me angry enough to be deliberately nasty. I'm not even sure I know what real anger is. I am far more likely to be nasty through hurt than I am thru anger. And subtlety...the only time I make an effort to be subtle in criticism is when I don't know a person very well; you never know just what feeling or taboo you may violate -- and subtleness sometimes eases you over such a pitfall.

Phoo. Reaching for an answer like that is the same as grasping a handful of thin air. You can do it okay but whaddya got when you're done? A lot of hot old air that's wot. This is a review? It seems to deal mainly with me. I am ashamed. PP:

Children could be a priceless heritage; it depends on the handling....et tu

GHU SAPLEMENT #23

Davis

Quite a gap here. I mean several hours have collapsed since I wrote the foregoing. Too bad. I feel quite cross. If I actually succeed in being cross, Jawn, it's not directed at you. Ghu Saplement merely has the misfortune of being directly in the line of fire. You properly terrified yet?

Yah, I gotta dictionary. But mine's just a common ordinary dictionary. I think a dictionary you sent me would be a lot more spectacular, inspiring, something with massive verve-ego. I refuse to look up frenetic or forensic in my common ordinary dictionary. I agree, men are

GHU SAPIE. HALF BAKED ART. #3 FAPA REP.#1 THRU THICK &

terrific. The whole human race is just real George terrific.

Uh-huh, I am revoltingly mortal and small. Couple days ago I felt revoltingly like a goddess, today I feel revoltingly like a sodden lump of clay. I carry around 125 pounds of clay and its stacked 5' 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " high - slopshiddly. I am glad someone besides me liked THE LIGHT IN THE DUST. That was written for experimental purposes by the Ripper, just to see if anyone would be able to tell a woman had not written it. Experiment perilous apparently. Sooooo.

Train-of-thought-style of writing, eh? Ptui. You jest can't hardlyy get them nooo more. That slow-moving freight has been traded in on a new model--complete with engine, and a varying number of passenger cars, depending on the current Saps enthusiasm.

I have always loved being called "wench". Decided I'd better look it up in my common ordinary dictionary to make sure of its meaning. Shoulda known better than to trust a common ordinary dictionary. It's liable to give common ordinary definitions. You will ignore the third definitional possibility. Roscoe help me if the definitions are reversed in verve-ego dictionaries.

My kids have finally reached the age of unreason. Latest query was "What do ghosts eat for breakfast?" Ans: "Ghost-toasties and evaporated milk."..... Shock treatment, anyone?

Do me a favor if you're still speakin' to me Jawn. Translate your comment on THE COLLECTOR. It's Howard's fault. As usual I derived great pleasure from your Davis-type-talk but darned if I'll admit it.

PP:

Sex being a biological fact could also be considered a way of life.....et tu

HALF BAKED ARTICLES #3

Jacobs ----This was way over my half-baked head.

PP:

A man is a slave only to logic; a woman a slave to all emotion.....et tu

FAPA REPRINT #1

Jacobs

Superb. I had an extra copy and sent it to the Cleveland Con Committee. I hope it has a tangible effect on the forthcoming con.

PP: The "all for one and one for all" theorem is a humanathetical impossibility.....et tu

THRU THICK AND THIN WITH MICHIEEN

Devore

Howard I'm sorry this wasn't stapled in with

Aggie's mag as you requested. But I received this first and had it stapled and in the bundles, before I received either Aggie's zine or your request. This report was enjoyable but it certainly isn't up to par with the account you gave me in

your letter. Wish now I had gotten permission to publish it.

PP: Deliberate humor reveals/^{only} the intent; spontaneous humor reveals the person.....et tu

STF TRENDS #16

Hickman

This was naturally a disappointment, Lynn even though I knew it was due to circumstances beyond your control. What there was of it was of its usual excellence. Thanks for the large print. You are extremely considerate.

To each of you that referred to the possibility and to those of you who only thought it, I want to make one point very clear --- there is no feud between Nance and I. There is a gap which I can't bridge alone for no gap is bridged from one side only. However, since I'm the one who created it, I can't complain. I just want it known to all I'm violently allergic to the word feud, and whether seriously or in fun, I want no part of it. In short, I do not take kindly to the realization that I am capable of the mentality and actions of an idiot and don't like being reminded of it. So lay off. PP:

All things go full circle which isn't too fatal as long as you control the compass point.....et tu

STF TRENDS #18

Hickman.

Okay I won't blame Howard. Since he had four pages in anyhow, I put him down as owing two pages this mailing. If any of you think that is being too technical, you can always say so. What happened to the intended post mailings? Same deal? Heb, from Devore's account you don't know just how near they did come to riding Briggs back home. And I thot I had trials and tribulations!

PP: The bell-like tones of sincerity are unmistakable. Insincerity has its own peculiar discord....et tu

SAPS CON ROSTER

Graham

This was awful. All I could do was sit in a forlorn, little heap and wish with great longing that my name was on it too. Foo(urk!)ey.

PP: Don't quibble with Fate. She'll tear you to bits with the cruelty only a woman knows how to achieve....et tu

GEMZINE 4/4

Carr

Aw, do me a favor. Translate your comments re Devore's CON REPORTS. This is in my opinion the best Gemzine I've ever had the pleasure of reading. You make any comment from me quite difficult -- in the field of comment upon comment anyhow. You discuss a subject thoroughly without any evidence of haste. The fact that I more often agree with you than disagree is not conducive toward conversation either. EGOBOO FOR YOU was superb commenting

all the way through.

COMPLAINING WOMAN --- I liked the concept expressed but I didn't like the poem. Too much flesh around the heart of the matter. THE ENCHANTED TEACUP --- again, I like me tea a little clearer than this; especially the last few drops. If you had said earlier that the teacups all had visages of Mrs. Tinkletwip's friends contained therein, then I would have understood the conclusion of the story. As'tis I dinna know for sure what you were trying to get across --- that all Mrs. T's friends represented yet another facet of her personality and thus the visages all resembled her.....which would mean that you were actually offering a meaning or rather an abstract interpretation of friendship. If so, it is no doubt a true one except that friendship is not usually so greedy. If this story was only an attempt at atmosphere, I think the visages should have resembled different faces, instead of all Mrs. T's.

I have an uncomfortable feeling that I have been unforgivably dense somewhere. Will you explain it to me? My denseness I mean. I have a great distaste for the names you pick, undoubtedly with deliberate intent, but that doesn't make me like 'em any better.

AMATEUR

PHILOSOPHER...Contenance, Devotee, and Cloistered would take the first three places. Philanthropist I didn't like at all. The rest were so-so as far as my own reaction to them was concerned. I'll LOVE YOU ALWAYS...jeeze, that poor woman! This was an excellent job of creating atmosphere. The open letter bored me possibly because I didn't understand it. I'd hate to admit to there being any other reason. NATURE NOTES were all notable.PP:

Sex without love is like the earth without its heavens; in reverse, it is still a point out of order. Only by the presence of both is the universal law obeyed
.....et tu

MAINE-IAC #10

Cox Nice, Ed. Or nice Ed. Either way applies. I always like the covers on Maine-Iac. I'm tempted to copy them - not the context, the format. Next time you cut an illo, cut it deeper. You will get better results.

Whaddya mean "males only" when referring to razors??? Vee, shall we give man an intelligent discussion re the electric-vs-safety??

I use an old L.C.Smith Standard, elite type. Standard because in my hands a typer has no chance of survival unless it's a heavy one, L. C. Smith because that's the name on it - elite type because I can get more letters per line. The answer to the pica that you're now looking at is two-fold. The first is a simple mathematical equation: Typer plus Dawn M. equals no typer. The second is major surgery....a classical example of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.....I told Art Rapp that I couldn't stencil Nandu until I had got-

ten my L.C.Smith back and he defied that contention in a manner that no woman would ignore. As a result, I am painstakingly, bloodily, sweatily, and tearfully struggling with an inept, strange and deadbeat Remington Rand Portable. I am now nastily hoping with classical feminine assininity that none of this is legible.

I smoke king-size Kents because I like them. Don't own a car but if I had my choice, I would buy in the higher-priced Ford field. I don't drink beer. When I do drink, it is wine, preferably the best, usually the worst. I use matches, prefer a lighter but they have a bad habit of running out of fluid and flint and I have a bad habit of being quite lazy. That same laziness is responsible for my preference to lighters..ya' can't win for losing.

Bless your ever-lovin' heart for a real bonus in MEMORY GUNK FROM HOKKAIDO. It was beautifully written and apparently with a mental eye cocked toward my affinity to the oriental. Either that or our reactions are the same for it was written very much as I would have felt under similar circumstances. I endorse wholeheartedly the appearance of future essays of this nature. I also endorse a removal of the word "gunk" from the title and a proper substitution made.

Dammit, Ed, I've goofed so much lately with your stuff that I am beginning to wonder about me. I'm sorry about FALSE PAWN. I don't believe you have any basis for being unhappy with it other than my efforts to louse it up. And finally someone punctuated that controversial sentence correctly. I thought my subtlety(?) was going to go completely unnoticed. However, that was subtlety for subtlety's sake and not my personal endorsement of said statement. On page 15 - there is no accounting for people's taste in jokes - to each his own....

PP: Romance is as misleading and ambiguous as a fancy drink; I'll take mine straight.....et tu

TTTT #2

Leed Jacox The schizophrenia exhibited by one Leed Jacox is not immediately apparent, but just give it time. The only graphic comment I have to offer you re SANE-WAVE is "Duh?" Where is the long-awaited DREAM JUICE?

The president of FAPA in Saps, the OE and EO of SAPS in Fapa. What more do you want for a nickle?

Yeah I thought THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON was real touching-on the moronic. Of all the hammy hammed-up slices of ham that chopped all the honors. I love popcorn too and taffy apples and dill pickles and cheese and buttermilk and onions and horseradish. This isolated-type isodope (I godda cold) fairly dripped over that list of movies. Speaking of movies, I did see THEM and I agree with Gerry, dinna miss it. A bit of advice to the male element - take your girl with you to see it. If she reacts

as I did to part of the movie, the results should be fraught with pleasant pleasantries. I had to go alone darnnit.

From one schizophrenic to another - "Tuh-tuh-tuh-tuh tuh yuh tuh" and I allow you the privilege of translating.

PP: Good music is wine to the soul; good wine is music to the senses.....et tu

SAPS ROLLER #2

Harness I yam still gurgling. I took this to the kitchen to read it to Phil. I'd show him an immortal line and off we would go into gales of laughter again. By the time we finished, the whole deal became slightly hysterical in tone. I put the zine down finally.....Phil looked at me, horrified - I looked at him, delighted.....believe it or not, he had done the supper dishes without either of us realizing it. First time I ever unintentionally let him do dishes. And it all began because something full of fun like this is practically impossible to comment upon--with any degree of accuracy or satisfaction. Perhaps for once this fills the bill. Wonder what I'll do next time???

PP: The test of genuine humor lies not in the saying but in the reaction and therein lies its reward as well.....et tu

TTTTT #2

Leed Jacox Mutated Kraft Dinner - is that for real? It shore made good reading in any case. Wonder if the same could be said for your dazzled palates?

38-17-36, I don't believe it. In my humble female opinion, the middle is too narrow(sour grapes?)but the rest is superb. Sigh. Welp, I state with a philosophical calm that I am far from feeling, a girl can't have everything. Besides I can always take comfort in the thot that perhaps Vampira just has broad shoulders like me. She has been on some shows we've gotten here but I had the misfortune to miss them. I did see UFO and I agree with you concerning it. Has anyone tried persuading Westinghouse yet? What's "de K6EYH, etc."?

PP: Knowing oneself is not entirely a matter of self-analysis. It's only through knowing your fellow man that such insight is gained.....et tu

SPY RAY OF SAPS LXXVI

Eney I think that you people who use such things as "Fankomu-wa seik-atsu desu" should simultaneously translate. There's a good many of the uninited in Saps and what's the purpose in saying something if the point is going to be missed. Asking for translations is rather futile even if I get them because I'd have to go back a couple of mailings to put them into context and by then I've forgotten why I asked.

I commend

you on your rather successful attempt to rhyme words with Mraoc. Did you gurgle obscenely in the process?

I think you are cruel not to allow me at least a little female envy re the broad shoulders of Monroe and Russell. Coming from a man it's a howl, coming from a woman it's a snarl. I'm surprised you didn't realize the difference I say with hurt astonishment.

Hokay, Rich. Granted the sex drive is a source of pent-up emotions, bottled neuroses, etc., and I am quoting you. Why is that so? You feel so strongly on the subject, you should be able to answer that.

Yes I'm proud to be a member of the Bawdy Brigade. You may address my mail to 1313 Left Hand Path if you wish to, but the only place it will reach me is Box 484. If I have a sudden change of address, I'll make sure you're the last to know.

As for your last question, again I commend you, this time on your subtlety. Nance did a beautiful job on the cover for this.

PP: Like breeds like; one degree worse each time...et tu
(guess adversity was eating me when I made the above comment, Rich. Sorry now I see
TALES FROM UNCLE REMUS #3 [what I did but too pigheaded to erase it-nan])

Remus

Ya' know dontcha that most of the contents of TALEs fla-

grantly defies any attempt on my part to comment. To say I liked it would be understatement; to try to say more would be futile.

Sure I've predicted a time or six that I was going to skip a mailing and a time or six I should have done just that. Not doing mailing comments is the same as skipping a mailing. And a Sapszine without them is the same as a hand without fingers. It loses 80% of its original function. So, though my threats appear idle technically, I've done a fair job more than once of activating 'em.

It's been hinted on occasion that your analysis of my answer to "fanzine publishing is sex sublimation" is tragically correct. I never take the butcher knife to anyone for stating a truth. I hope that you are able to reverse the order of things and prove with the next issue that you are a master of your mimeo. You and Al certainly have a time of it.

PP: In the house of love there is only one
law: to serve.....et tu

THE ARCHIVES #5

Touzinsky

Beautiful cover, Larry. Price's illo -- well, you jest can't hardly get them no more. Paragraph three of TALKING TURKEY leaves me with the faint impression of what a pubber's paradise might be like. CONVENTION REPORT 2001 is a good example of Calkins-ability, and ASSAYER'S REPORT is a fair example of Ellison-ability. I THANK YOU could be called a self-portrait. Keasler cartoons

are an excellent example of what I like. Your mailing comments were enjoyable reading but left me with little to say. One thing tho. Couldn't read your comment on NANDU a'tall-of twenty pages in ARCHIE, that was the one illegible spot ---- the mills of the catachombs(ya' oughta see m'first spelling) grind slowly but exceedingly fine, eh? And what fan has not had the desire for an electric typer. In my case, a suppressed desire. Straight-jackets anyone? Sorry you weren't satisfied with thish of Archie, I was. Oh yah, if after reading this, Robert Clarke still wants to visit here, he's very welcome any time.

PP: Woman is a necessary evil; man is only
an evil necessity.....et tu
(I know, I know...even I haven't figured that one out yet-ng)

STAR-PROOF Saps 41

Coslet

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. That this gave me indigestion is not as indicative of the pudding's worth as it is indicative of the malfunction of my digestive processes. Skoal!

PP: The acquisition of knowledge is at times a bitter and hurting gain, for with each step upward twenty more appear.....et tu

OUTSIDERS #17

Ballard

I have no quarrel with the cover. Do not know how my record of Sapsac would compare with yours. I don't have the mlg. with my stuff in it and I dinna keep file copies of any of my pubs. It's hard enuff to forget one's past follies with out keeping tangible evidence of same.

I retained the double-page totals because it shows the members where they stand in actual activity credit and why. It also presents a fairly clear picture of the percentage of pre-distributed and original material. If I did it to the inth, I'd present it in at least four columns. Not only would I confuse every one else but myself as well-- and I don't feel like working that hard just to confuse every one. In any case, I hope someday to see at least one mlg of 100% original material. If I am going to aim high at all I might as well make it worth the effort and aim straight up eh?

JESSE JAMES...Singer Salesman was very interesting to me in view of the fact that I have been reading a lot of the better western lore lately. THE TINY ACORN was superb. Apparently it was a better mailing than a couple of the previous ones and gave you something more substantial to work with but my enjoyment of the actual mailing couldn't possibly equal my enjoyment of the Ballard-type review of it. You bring a discernment and sense of humor to the table with you that makes any meal an adventure.

Irene, I am unreasonably pleased at your return with TRIVIA MAGNA QUANTA. Or perhaps it is not so unreason-

OUTSIDERS #17

able at that. Quanta speaks for itself and my one hope is that your column remains a regular feature. Ye gods! All this and Quanta too. How lucky can you get, Ballard? I say with understandable fannish envy. I just re-read that and it doesn't say what I meant to say. I meant here is Wrai with his big beautiful OUTSIDERS every time and all that and then he gets Quanta too. Second time's worse than the first -- I shoulda left well enough alone. I quit.

Nope Harness' mimeo is not familiar. Tsk, what a question I say mildly. I gave mine to a gal in Florida. My mimeo, that is. You have the most disconcerting habit of confusing me. Anyhow, I wish now I had not done so for I'd like to use it for multi-color runs. Trying to do multi-color runs on this temperamental monster is enough to drive anyone out of fandom entirely.

You also mentioned perfume somewhere. Dean the Grue suggested that I could lend more of a feminine touch to my pubs if I diluted the mimeo ink with perfume. Can't help wondering if it would work. Perhaps my curiosity will get the better of me---then watch out for NANDU, The Perfumed Sapszine! Quality of said odor is not designated.

Wot's droit du seigneur(ius primae noctis)? I ask despairingly. Is it worth??? Yak! I just glanced upwards and noted a real George blooper you betcha. That's the way I spelled "feminine". When I first saw it I was merely going to state, "Tha's a new word" and let it go at that. Then I wondered if possibly therewas such a word. I made the mistake of looking it up in my com-ordinary dictionary...All students of the subconscious are quite welcome to leave the room. I excuse you heartily, in fact I insist. I have strayed terribly from my resolution to cut down on comment. Not a word on this page is in the justified material I am supposedly copying. Now I gotta cut out all the comment I made to Ed Noble about SILVERLOCK, THE HARP AND THE BLADE and OUT ON ANY LIMB - except to say that the latter two will never replace SILVERLOCK in my category of special books. Amazing the way one can put a whole paragraph into one sentence if one has to.

Must say abit re your comment on JAWIBUCO, though I am wondering just how to say it. Er - Edco you with me? This is too darned much coincidence and I know now, Ed, that you are the arch villian of the piece. But I beg for no confessions. I don't need to. Wrai gave away the whole show here. And I do not have indentations just neuroses.

How about some more excerpts from Brother Bill who writes such priceless letters. Such should not be lost to posterity.

This is one doubtful-type fan that would never have been anything but a doubtful-type reader if it hadn't been for the letter column in AMAZING, isn't it? No, Doug never did tell me why he was so anxious to listen to Colonel McCormick while he was here. Why?

If you were sorely wounded

before and would have fained to lie doon...you might as well stay prone. 'Twill save you from repeating the process. For I refuse to answer any of your leading questions. Aside from stating that your answer to the question of Art's semantics seems fairly accurate, I refuse to be led. It says here. I really am ornosite you see and admit to nothing except great mental reservation.

You're welcome I'm sure.

Haw!.....Kitchen

Cynic indeed! I am sorely wounded and fain would lie doon. That was strictly from hunger, me bhoy! Kennel-rations I need yet. Or didn't you read the adjective definition of cynic?

Art Rarp says a portable pica cuts a cleaner stencil-- oh yes indeedy it sho' does. Cuts the bloody letters clean out of the bloody stencils. Bloody mess, that's wot!

PP: Which comes first, the chicken or the egg? The answer to that is a basic principle of good breeding -- the rights of senoraity.....et tu
(dedicated to Grean the Due)

THE BRONC #4

Firestone

You ask why true friendship is like radium. Could be three answers to that depending on one's viewpoint. One because it is so unstable,--two because it is so rare,-- three because it has such a priceless value. True friendship has one important quality that radium lacks though - an over-abundance would never lower the market value.

That bit on the cover of this Bronc should be adapted as a Saps criterion. Best description I've seen to-date. This is one of the few publications I can ride bareback the whole distance and never fall off once. If I commented on every thing in this that struck a responsive chord, I'd darn near re-write it. The most graphic possibility would be to send you a copy of Bronc Four and say "Here, Eva....here is the best comment I can offer you." I am too in accord with the whole issue to manage anything better. Bronc Four is a tribute to Saps and one of the truest expressions I've ever seen of a very real and likeable personality.

PP: I wish I was the kind of architect that could build a bridge at will from my mind to the mind of another for immortality could well spring from such architectural achievement.....et tu

PISTOL POINT

Masked Marvel

This set me to scrambling frantically amid early Saps mlg's.....and then I didn't find all of the items. This was fun because a lot of the by-lines surprised me. I wish I had written down the ones I did find, because now I can't remember them. If this is a standard sampling of histrionic Saps effort, it is one reprint pub I'll not object to. Did anyone else find all the author-artists?

Or may be someone has a photographic memory and actually remembered who did what. I would like to meet such a memory.

PP: Lead us not into temptation?? Deliver me
from lack of it.....et tu

SPACEWARP #56

Rarp
(I gotta enuff
bloody troubles
without trying
to double-type
SPACEWARP..ng)

'Tis a frightening moment, fraught with
frightening fright. I reach one of my
favorite personalities and wha'hoppens?
I find myself commentless, feeling quite
dull in fact. Perhaps the head cold I'm
suffering with such solemn stoicism has
stopped up my mental processes. The
fact that my mental processes could be so easily stopped, is
more frightening than finding myself commentless re SWARP...
Welp, either this SWARP was not up to par or my receptive-
ness isn't. The latter very likely. The fast express is run-
ning out of oomph, slowing to a mere crawl.

In lieu, here are
some comments you may wish I'd left unsaid. I dinna like
the cover on SWARP this time. Psychoanalysis tells me my
dislike stems from the fact that I had to stop between each
word of that sentence to blow my proboscis. Neither did I
like ALCOHOLICS UNANIMOUS. Tain't often I dislike this auth-
or's brainchildren and this one was even based on fact. Oh
well and kerrrchoooo! It defies analysis.

The Mathematics of
Sapsdom left me feeling completely frustrated. Mathematics
always did do that to me. I appreciate the arithmetic though
and you certainly hit a verry happy medium between the two
page counts. Your mailing comments left me happily speech-
less. No. Speechlessly happy is a happier implication. hap-
piness anyone?

The budding fanartist was Paula Sue or Tommy--
they both had samples hanging there but don't know which pic
was on top. Love your Mrs. Murphy story. Maybe someday I'll
have triplets I say hopefully though it would be far more to
the point to stop just short of that. 101 Facts was a very
special Special. I appreciated it. Pica to you too.

PP: The mind is an instrument of infinite power; only
lack of use renders its capabilities finite...et tu

SEETEE #8

Graham
I read this and enjoyed it. But I'm not going
to give it an enthusiastic review for two rea-
sons. I don't feel enthusiastic. And it was predistributed
material. If there is a next time, send it through Saps be-
for you mail it out.

There was one item of great interest to me
though and that was the white on black mimeo work. Where did
you get the supplies?? When I ask for black mimeo paper and
white mimeo ink around here I get a simple "you nuts?" stare
and no service. Disconcerting to say the least. PP:

In the court of human relations, Prejudice, Greed, and Intolerance are murderers and the verdict handed down should always be unanimous - capital punishment....et tu

THE GOLDEN GATE TO SCIENCE FANTASY

Graham

Yeah, I know, I am guilty of prejudice

at times. And I am tired and want only to get done. I am ignoring my bog-down rule clear up to my neck. I loved LUNA FLIGHT and WOIFPRIDE. But if Wesley's and Cantin's contributions were examples of outstanding items, I'd had to see the rest of the zine they appeared in to believe it.

PP:

Sharpening one's wit is as requisite as sharpening a knife for dullness entails loss of function. But be careful in the whetting. Get it too sharp to handle and you succeed only in cutting yourself..et tu

NANDU #8

Gerding

So, I too violated the indential copies rule. He who excuses himself, accuses himself. I'm going to anyhow. I unwittingly and witlessly stenciled the real name of Demund on the contents page and had no choice but to cut it out. In the SAGA, I still had no choice..... Remus insisted. He was so insistent, that he did it himself begorra. Thish had all it's fingers missing and I'm not at all proud of the surgical results. The contributing thumbs did all right though. By the way, I always did get a real buzz out of leaving the "g" out of "unwittingly". Yah, should have left the wit out too.

PP:

Fear of self-exposure has been the kiss of death to many a would-be writer.....et tu

FAN MAGGOT

Briggs

This sterling and matchless zine would have been more welcome had the matchless half been submitted before the sterling half. I liked the covers and am rather symbolic-minded by nature. I hope the PO is as literal-minded as I figured. I depended quite heavily on the twain never meeting - so far there has been no junction. A word of warning to all though. Keep it symbolic. That warning stems directly from an active conflict between my symbolic and editorial natures. It may be regarded by all as a general statement of policy.

PP:

Self-denial may be good for the soul but it's darned rugged on one's biologism.....et tu

(Haw! You betcha. A cymbalist de jure I yam. Cymbals all?)
(de jure of Saps that is)

McCain I hated to see this. The realization that this was a resignation issue was quite a shock. McCain is a real loss - you just can't hardly get'em no more and I don't mean the loss either. What one must do, one must do. All I can add is that his third entrance in to Saps will be awaited eagerly by me, myself, and I.

PP:

A difficult decision is not made but born - slowly and painfully out of the travail that accompanies all arduous births.....et tu

(LAST CAR)
CLUNGQUE #1

Rike To virtually ignore the first issue ofazine is a terrible thing to do. But I am adamant. Even the legible parts of this frightened me off. For gosh sakes at least paragraph once in awhile and allow some margin for error. I did like the covers and the illos inside. The artwork saved thish from complete oblivion. And I apologize sincerely, Dave, for this lousy bit of commenting. Not a little of my irritation stems from the knowledge that you write very entertainingly and I was cheated of that pleasure by a jammed, crammed format and poor mimeography. I hope #2 presents an entirely different aspect. You gonna send me another handwriting specimen? No extra charge.

PP:

Rare is the person who can write the manuscript of life without taking notes along the way.....et tu

That should be called a parenthetical conclusion for it is the final pause. Perhaps I should have called all of them parenthetical conclusions. But it would have been rather misleading....the pauses were not conclusions derived from any foregoing comment....they were written first and stuck in at random. If I got more hits than misses by such random shooting, it merely means the odds for once were in my favor. A very happy Christmas to all of you.....nangee

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