

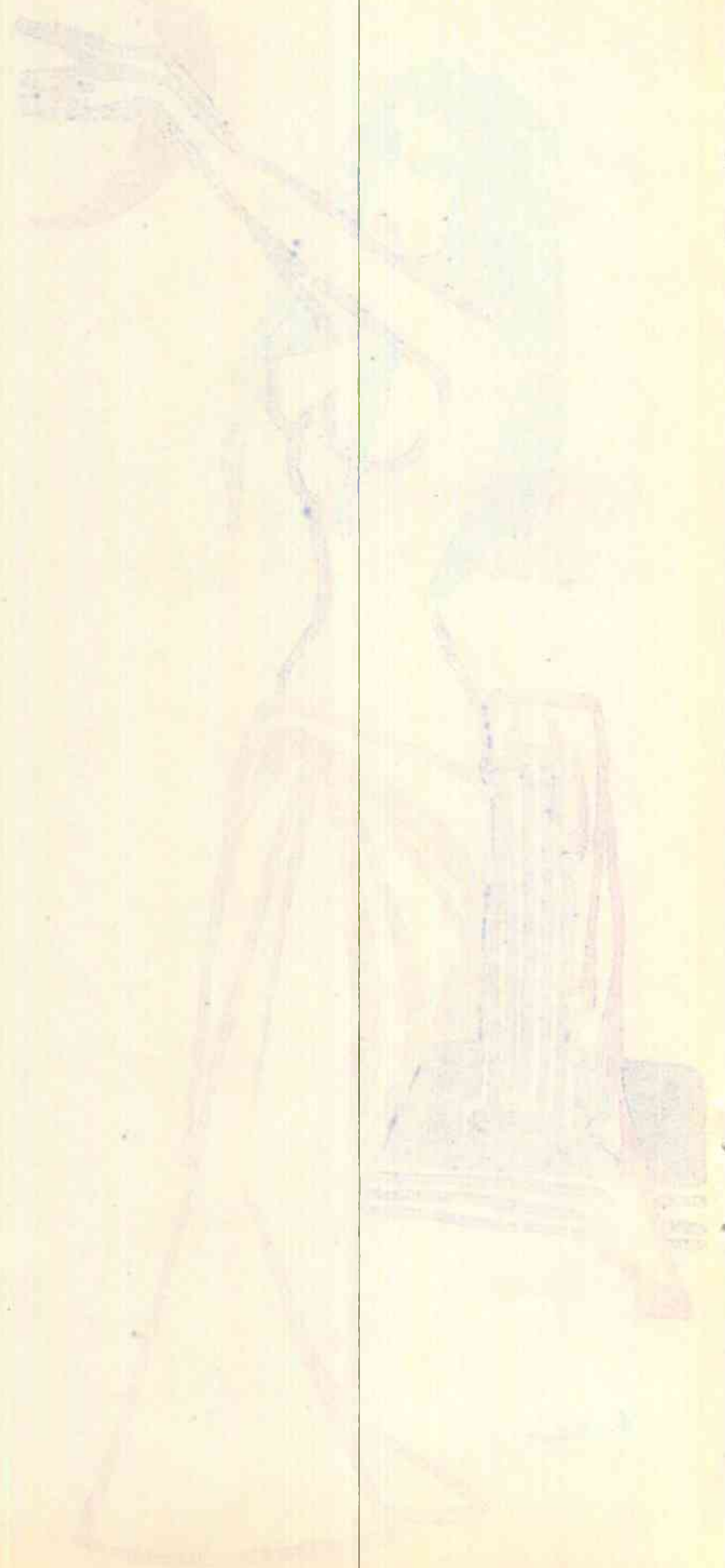


RAGNAROK 6

Published for SAPS by
Terry and Miriam Carr

trina

RAONAROK 8
Published by the
Terry and Wanda Dyer



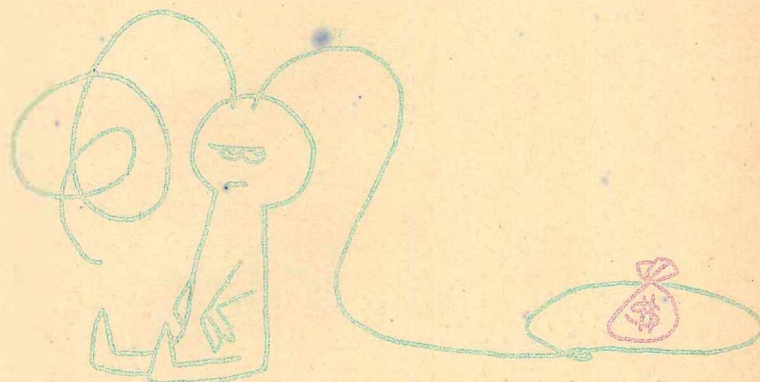
RAGNAROK 6 is written and published for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Terry and Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California. This is the July 1960 issue, intended for the 52nd SAPS mailing.

Lent, hell!--I gave it up for keeps!

Greetings!

We dropped our customary editorial salutations in our mad rush last issue, but here it is back again. Dunno that it makes much difference, actually, but at least Art Rapp will be glad, because we always use that Gothic lettering guide he likes so much. So this is A Page For Art Rapp.

Actually, I meant to write An Article For Art Rapp this time. It was to be about a six-page tour through the madcap byways of the San Francisco fandom of the early '50's, inspired by the night at the SFCon when Art Rapp and George Young held a roomful of us enthralled and gutbusting for hours just sitting there on the floor telling us outrageous tales of the escapades of the Michifen.



But things once again got kind of rushed towards the end here (Next Week We Must Get Organized), and I found I didn't have time for a superb six-page piece. So instead I had to content myself with dashing off a superb three-page piece.

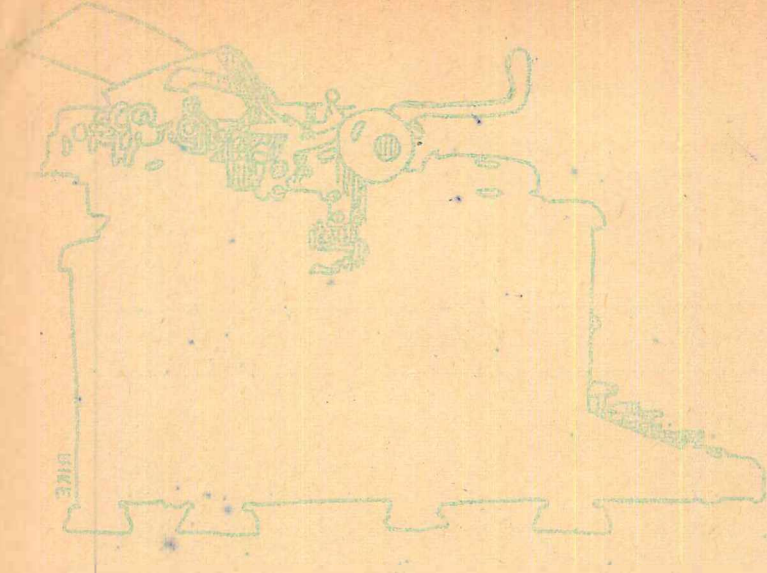
Miri says she wants to apologize to all those SAPS to whom she meant to write me's but didn't get to--particularly the Busbies. She promises to do a full set of mailing comments next issue, and I hope she does at that. I like reading her stuff myself, bighod.

Aside from those two omissions, we're pretty well satisfied with ourselves for once. Last issue was kind of a mess, but even though this one is again rushed we managed to get some semblance of order and coherence into it.

You know, it occurs to me that our apazines (this, and KLEIN BOTTLE in FAPA) are the only regular zines we publish. Well, PANAC doesn't count, really--we have Ron Ellik to lash our backs if we let more than two or three weeks slip by between issues. But KLEIN BOTTLE has missed only one mailing out of the last five, and RAGNAROK (formerly S---, the title that will live in fans' minds forever) has now made six mailings in a row. This is somewhat of a record for us, I assure you.

Artwork credits, to wrap things up: Cover by Trina, baceover by DEA. Interior cartoons and illos by Rotsler, Rike, Georgina Clarke, Adkins, Steve Stiles, Ray Capella, TCarr, DEA, Art Castillo (he did the werewolf sequence and the sad-sack robot ones), Ray Nelson, Trina, and Lars Bourne. A fair amount of the stuff included was obtained through the Fanzine Material Pool (David Rike, Prop.)

--tgc



THE HIERONYMOUS. FAN

by Terry Carr

"I was looking through some old fanzines today," said Evan Saxton to me, "and I came across a zine published by one of my old fan-friends. It brought back memories, by ghod."

"How so?" I said.

"Well, he was sort of a fabulous fellow, you might say. Sometimes he called himself the Hieronymous Fan."

"The Hieronymous Fan?"

"Yes. You see, he was in sort of peculiar circumstances --an actifan who didn't have a penny to his name. Couldn't buy paper, stencils, duplicating equipment, or even a typewriter for himself. Yet he maintained memberships in two different apas for a couple of years, and corresponded with fans and wrote for several fanzines."

"That sounds impossible, without any money at all," I said. "Did he freeload off other fans?"

"No no, nothing like that. It all started when Campbell went on his Hieronymous kick--listen, sit down and have a beer, and I'll tell you all about it."

I opened a can of beer and settled comfortably into a chair. "Tell me all," I said.

Well (said Evan Saxton), like I say, it started with Campbell. Before the Hieronymous stuff broke in ASF this fellow was always wanting to get active in fandom, but the best he could do was attend an occasional club meeting and sometimes write something for somebody else's fanzine on a borrowed typewriter. But I remember the night he discovered the Hieronymous theories.

He came dashing into the clubroom, excited as hell. "Look!" he said, waving a copy of ASF around. "Read this!" A few of us raised eyebrows, some of us yawned; to tell the truth, we were getting used to fans dashing in hollering about Campbell's editorials, and we weren't much interested any longer. But he explained the gimmick to us--about machines that didn't need moving parts, and psi powers and all that. Seems he'd been doing quite a bit of outside reading too, and correlating his data. He said he thought there was something in it. We told him to go ahead and try it out, and let us know what happened. But I don't think any of us took him very seriously.

A couple of weeks later I saw him again. He said he had

The Hieronymous Fan--II

something to show me.

"It's my new typewriter," he said. And he brought out the goddamnedest thing I'd ever seen. It was just a big piece of cardboard, with a drawing of a typewriter on it. It had all the keys of the keyboard, and all of them labelled, and all the parts of the typer drawn in carefully. But like I said, it was just a big piece of cardboard.

"It's a Hieronymous typewriter," he said.

"I'll be damned," I said.

"Let me show you." He sat down in front of the thing and started typing. He didn't even roll a piece of paper into the machine--I mean, he couldn't have, it was just a goddam piece of cardboard. But as he typed there was this clatter-clatter, just like a typewriter, rattatattattattattattat-tat-tat-whomptattatDING! Like that. And a piece of paper emerged from the cardboard, right where it would have come out if that damn thing had been a real machine.

"I'll be damned," I said. "How do you do it?"

"There's some mysterious mutant strain in my makeup which makes me different," he told me. "I have very strong psi powers, so I can make it work."

"Well I'll be damned," I said.

"I've applied for membership in FAPA," he said. "I can publish now, you see."

I thought about that for just a moment. "But you don't have a duplicator," I said.

"I'll build one," he said. "I'll get some more cardboard."

Well, he did get into FAPA some time later. And he did build a mimeograph. You know, Martin Alger once put out a FAPA-zine with complete plans for how to build your own mimeo for three dollars and seventy-five cents--of course, you had to have your own lathe. But this guy didn't worry about that--he didn't need the lathe. Nor the \$3.75. He got a big piece of cardboard and drew himself a mimeograph.

When he offered to show it to me I couldn't resist--I halfway believed it would work before he ever demonstrated it for me. After all, the typer had worked, hadn't it? So he brought out this cardboard mimeo and set it before me. "Look at it closely," he said. "All the parts are drawn in, to scale."

I did look closely...and there was something missing. I mean, besides metal, and rubber for the roller and a felt pad and all. His mimeo didn't have any crank.

"How do you expect to run this, even if it will work?" I said. "There's no crank."

"It doesn't need one," he said. "It's electric." And he set the counter, jabbed at the place on the cardboard marked ON-OFF, and all of a sudden the thing started to hum, and there was a swish-click, swish-click, swish-click--and pages began to pile up right where he'd drawn a paper-tray.

"I'll be double-damned," I said.

I picked up one of the run-off pages and read through it. It was a page of mailing comments, and they were duplicated as well as most any fanzine I've ever seen. Oh, nothing spectacular and Bogga-like--I guess even psi powers have their limitations--but a

The Hieronymous Fan--III

pretty good job of mimeography all the same.

"Did you type these stencils on, ah, your own typewriter?" I asked.

"What stencils?" he said. I let that pass.

"I'm going to finish up the zine tonight," he told me.

"Why don't you stay and keep me company while I type?"

Ghods help me, I stayed. I watched him sit down with the mailing next to him and type mailing comments. He'd pick up a zine and flip through the pages, waving a dowsing-rod over them. When the rod dipped he'd stop and read that section, then type out a comment or two.

"What in the name of all that's holy are you doing with that damned dowsing-rod?" I shouted all of a sudden. I'll admit it, my nerves were getting a bit shot by that time.

But he wasn't offended. He just looked at me calmly and said, "I'm looking for hooks for comment. I don't like to use checkmarks, you know--it messes up the zines. So I've sort of adapted another psionic principle."

"You and your goddam mysterious mutant strain," I muttered.

Well, I spent that whole evening watching him first type his mailing comments, then run them off on that fantastic thing he called a mimeograph. When he'd finished he talked me into helping him assemble the zine.

We were just finishing up and stapling the last copies --I don't have to tell you what kind of stapler he had, do I?-- when it occurred to me to ask him why he didn't make himself an automatic assembler.

"Well, I tried it," he told me, "but it was too complicated. I couldn't figure out how all the parts worked, and I just got a big mess when I tried the thing out. So I burned it."

I told him that was the first sensible thing he'd said all evening--which, come to think of it, just shows how far gone I was by that time.

Anyhow, he put out another fanzine or two during the following months, but eventually, as with so many fans, he gafiated. I guess even psi powers are no guarantee against the scourge of gafia. He just sort of faded off the scene, and the rest of us in the local group tried to cover up as best we could. And I guess that's the whole story, actually.

Evan Saxton sat back in his chair (he'd been leaning forward intently during his monologue) and sighed. I opened a can of beer and handed it to him to cool his overworked throat.

"That's quite a story," I said. "But even granting that it's true, it still puzzles me."

"Puzzles you?" he said, smacking his lips after a long swallow of beer. "Why's that?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "But you said something about trying to 'cover up' when he gafiated. And frankly, Evan, I've never heard of this guy anyhow--you must have done a mighty good job of 'covering up'. Who was he, anyhow?"

"Oh, you've probably heard of him," Evan said. "I told you, he was The Hieronymous Fan--Carl Brandon."

--tgc

I remember Barbara

by Miriam Carr

My best friend when I was a freshman and a sophomore in high school was a real nut--really an extremely fannish type chick, and an entirely delightful personality to those who had the stamina and endurance necessary to maintain a long-term relationship with her.

When I met the fourteen-year-old Barbara Lewis back in 1953 the main thing that impressed me was that she was a harpist. I mean you just don't meet harpists every day, especially in your junior high school homeroom. She was also quite a pretty girl even though she wore no makeup at all. A red-head blessed with naturally dark eyebrows and lashes is rare enough (I don't think I know any others), but her brows were of a beautiful arch and shape, and her lashes extremely thick and long. Her eyes were green.

Her complexion was smooth and creamy-fair, and she was never once plagued with that nemesis of all adolescents, facial blemishes. Her nose was short and kind of turned-up. She had a plethora of freckles (not quite so many as Bjo's, but more noticeable as they were smaller and darker). She hated these freckles with a terrible passion--she wanted to look aesthetic, exotic and seductive, not cute and pretty.

She could sit on her thick, glossy auburn hair, far and away the most magnificent head of hair I've ever seen. She was quite short--5' to 5' 2"--and plump.

Barb, a few other girls and I more or less banded together because we weren't POPULAR--mainly because we refused to conform. But Barbara was far and away the most startling nonconformist of the crew.

As though being a harpist wasn't bad enough, she wore her hair flowing down her back Alice-in-Wonderland style, and grew her little-finger nails two or three inches long because all her other fingernails had to be short for playing the harp. She either wore no makeup at all, or wore very extreme things like green eye-shadow on her lips, black paint on her fingernails, or put eye-shadow below her eyes, on her cheeks, her neck and like that to give herself a gaunt and haggard look.

She wore the strangest clothes she could find--Army surplus stuff, old clothes of her mother's from the '30's and '40's that were not only bizarrely out of style but also ill-fitting and generally worn-out looking. I want to make it clear that she did this on purpose; her family could afford and was perfectly willing to buy her pretty clothes, but she wanted to be boHEEmian!

I remember Barbara--II

Barb's family didn't approve of me, because I tolerated, enjoyed, and respected Barbara's desire to be as nutty as she wished. They also disapproved of me because of my Roman Catholicism; they being D.A.R.-types, they had very little tolerance for other people's modes of living. They were really very stiff-necked people. Barbara was rather a religious fanatic, too; she varied between being an atheist, a Roman Catholic, a Buddhist, and an Episcopalian. I'm not kidding, either--she was terribly devout and serious about whatever philosophy she was going in for at any one particular period.

She had two favorite ways of expressing herself vocally. Everything she liked was "seductive;" everything she didn't like was "vomit". One time, she and her mother and I were shopping in Pasadena for a blouse for her to wear in concerts; this blouse was also to double for being worn on dates. Her mother had tried to get her to buy this one blouse that was fancy and expensive and all but almost unbearably modest. Barbara was absolutely appalled, and ran out of the store and down the street, screaming, "I want a seductive blouse, a seductive blouse, Mother, I have to have a seductive blouse!" The scene was too much for Mrs. Lewis, who forbade Barbara to see me anymore--I mean, obviously this was all my fault.

From then on, Barbara became more or less of a religious fanatic about being my friend. She made up excuses to get out of the house and then ran the mile-and-a-half to my place and arrived in hysterical tears--which made my mother think that maybe Barbara wasn't such a good companion for me. There wasn't anything really bad or wrong with Barbara; it was just that she was too much for most people.

Like, one summer I got my ears pierced, so naturally Barbara had to have her ears pierced--and, naturally, her mother forbade it. And, naturally, she went right ahead and did it. She wanted me to do it, but I was afraid of her mother, so I told her just how it should be done--only naturally she didn't do it that way. I told her to use an embroidery needle threaded with dental floss; she used a great big needle threaded with, ghod help us, an old harp-string. A great big, dirty, old coil type harp-string. I didn't see her for a week or so (this was during the summer), but by the time I got to see her her earlobes were hideously infected, and she still had these old harp-strings in her ears in enormous loops that hung down to her shoulders. She was terribly upset about it, but couldn't see why I was upset with her. (I fixed up her ears with regular gold ear-wires and got rid of the infection with alcohol and forcing her to wear her hair back so that it was no longer going to get mixed up with her ears.)

Life as Barbara's friend was a continuously hectic but delightful thing. She was full of mischief, like going to second-hand music stores and picking up tenors and things and telling them that she was the illegitimate daughter of Marcel Cragenot (sp?) and that she was earning her way through Huilliard as an itinerant journeyman tailor. Stuff like that.

I could go on and on, but I think you get the idea. I wonder what she's doing now?--I'll bet it makes the rest of that look pale.

--mde

let's face it boss us cockroaches
don't have much use for modern
progress

TEETH FOR THOR

by Miri



is a purebred Siamese sealpoint, but she got out, and the father is a dark-gray-or-black and brown tabby.

There's really not much more to say about the kittens, because they don't do much yet or anything, but it's absolutely fascinating to watch things being born.

Speaking of things being born, about a year ago Terry and I saw a French film starring Jean Gabin that was propagandizing for natural childbirth. It was really a strange movie, and it was made stranger yet to us by the posters outside that said, "Adults only!" "Do you dare to see this movie?" and like that. And the producers of the film felt duty-bound to make the movie into a drama, with Gabin playing this misunderstood City Doctor trying to Get Through To The Backward Natives With Modern Progress. We also had a perfectly beautiful unwed mother who really and truly was pregnant, too, and her rich playboy cad of a boyfriend who wouldn't marry her, natch. It was all rather too much!

But in the end of the movie, after a hectic truck-ride with all the women of the village cheering the girl on (these women had formerly been very cruel to our heroine because she was In Trouble), she finally got to the hospital and right before our eyes gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. It was really fantastic.

I forgot to mention another sub-plot, about this one very extremely beautiful girl who slept behind a locked door and wouldn't let her husband come near her because her first baby had caused her so much pain she wasn't about to let that happen again. She and her husband were reconciled at the end, of course, when she realized that having babies was a snap.

Yesterday (June 13) was terribly exciting. At five o'clock I was cooking dinner and the cat was sitting on a chair by the sink talking to me, as is her custom. Suddenly she let out a piercing shriek, and I heard another little voice too. Fortunately I was somewhat prepared for the situation, and led her in to the bed I'd made for her in Terry's bottom-dresser drawer. She immediately went into labour, and by the time Terry got home at five-fifteen she was in the throes with her first. Jim Caughran was over too, and I invited a neighbour girl down to watch too.

Pye gave birth to five kittens between five-thirty and seven o'clock. Three were black and two are gray-and-brown tigers. The first one, a black kitten, died when he was only about half an hour old. As you probably already know, our kitty

Teeth for Thor--II

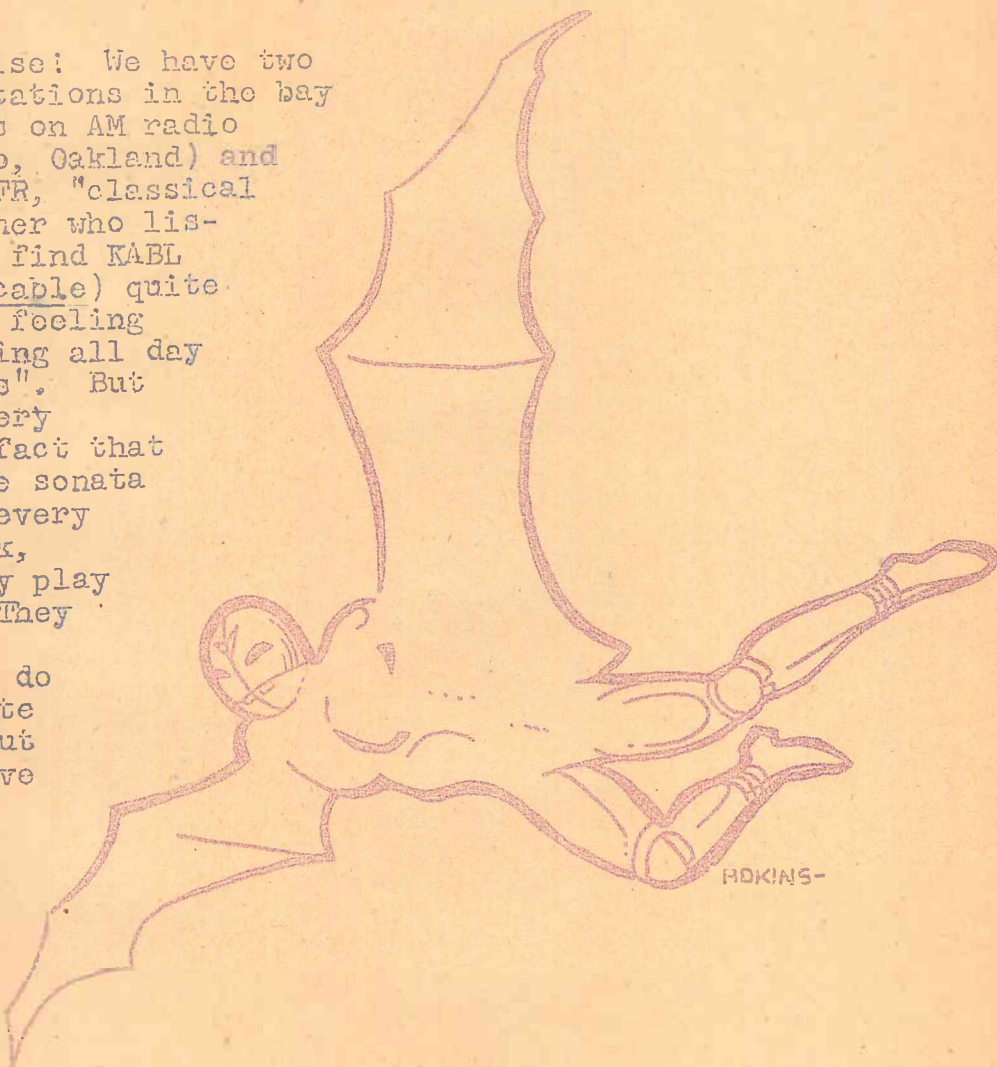
Wolfgangers arise! We have two snob-appeal music stations in the bay area; one of them is on AM radio (KABL, San Francisco, Oakland) and the other is FM (KSFR, "classical music for the listener who listens"). I actually find KABL (they pronounce it cable) quite inane; one gets the feeling that they play nothing all day except "Greensleeves". But actually, they're very boastful about the fact that they play a complete sonata or concerto almost every day, and once a week, goshwowboyoboy, they play a complete opera. They have real asinine station-breaks, and do such things as Salute A Local Teenager (but never say why). I've given up listening to them, because it's just plain old dreary.

KSFR, on the other hand, is not at all pretentious, plays good classical music, and has what I feel may be a unique feature, in that the announcers don't take themselves dead-seriously and just aren't so bored as is so often the case in that type of programming.

On weekday mornings, from six to nine, we often find ourselves listening to Al Levitt, who conducts the Wolf Gang show. Musically, the show isn't much different from any other classical music program except that there is an emphasis on Mozart. (I've been typing "Wolfgang" as "Wolf Gang" up to now.) Regular listeners to this show who let Levitt know of their existence become members of the Wolfgang and get a decal to display in public, with a picture of Mozart on it and the motto, "Wolfgangers arise!"

As you've probably already guessed, I'm a member of the Wolfgang. When I joined, besides the sticker I received a letter telling me the rules which must be followed in order to keep membership. Hooahaw, it's noted at the bottom of the letter, after the signature, "cc W.A.W."

These are some of the rules: Twice a day face Salzburg and hum something from Mozart. From now on KOECHEL must become a word you use each day. Keep your starch up! Think MOZART all the time. Be nice. Don't let the boss push you around. Don't let the employees get away with murder. Smile. Don't smile. Don't give the Wolfgang a bad name by fighting with lost Romantics. Anyone doing this will be banished to KABL!



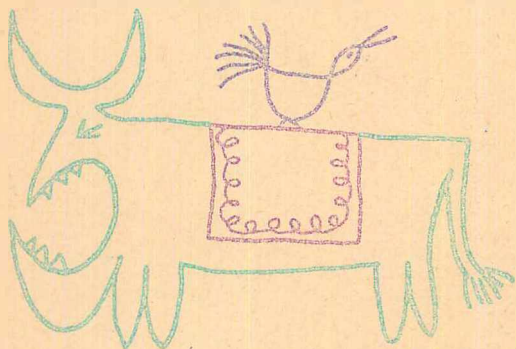
Teeth for Thor--III

Fashion Note: I'm wearing a white, frilly blouse--the kind that men sometimes wear with certain kinds of dress suits, with these ruffles down the front--and red-and-black-and-white vertically-striped capri's. Oh, and I'm barefooted, too.

Forty-two pounds of edible fungus, dept.: I'm searching for a book. I have no idea of the title or the author or the names of any of the characters, but I'm dying to find out and then get the book and read it.

KPFA has an hour of Programs For Children every weekday, and one time there was a little boy on there reading what seemed to be a chapter from a quite amazing book. I wasn't, strictly, listening, but what I did hear was something like this:

There was this little boy whose grandfather ran a doughnut factory, and he was always talking about mass-production and modern progress and all this, and everybody in the town, Centerboro, always laughed at Grandpa, except this one lady whose great-great-grandfather had founded the town. She was very hot for mass-production and modern progress too. So anyway, there was this housing shortage, and she had a hundred identical houses built on her estate, and it took less than two weeks, and she put identical furniture in every



house complete with identical prints of Whistler's Mother and identical trees on every lawn and everything. And so, in honour of this, this peanut butter magnate threw a festival called A Hundred And Fifty Years Of Centerboro Progress Week, and the African Baptist Church composed a cantata which gave the entire hundred and fifty years' history of Centerboro progress. The cantata told of how the founder of Centerboro had led a wagon-train of settlers from the east and they were set upon by Indians and all, so they were starving to

death, but when they came to the land where Centerboro now stands they found forty-two pounds of edible fungus, so they didn't starve. And they stayed on and named the place Edible Fungus. (In nineteen-ought-twenty-three they changed the name to Centerboro.) So anyway, the African Baptist choir was singing, "Forty-two pounds of edible fungus/Now prosperity reigns amongus."

Has anyone read this book? I suppose I could call the station to find out about it, but that would be the easy way. And besides, this is already on master. Oh well.

By all means, see "Kidnapped". I'm not going to review it here, because I imagine everybody knows the story and all, but suffice to say that they stuck to Stevenson, even to a great deal of the dialogue, the acting was excellent, the direction and photography, scenery, et al, was superb, and generally when Disney does something right he really does it right.

Does anyone know whether or not Will Rogers was an illiterate or something?

I think Mort Sahl is a contemporary Will Rogers, in that they both use/used commentary, witticism and sarcasm on current

Teeth for Thor--IV

events as their main source of material. Except that I think that Will Rogers was probably either a big poop or a big phony, because of all this homey little philosophy and holier-than-thou business, and mainly because in his writings he has so goddamned much humble braggadocio. What I mean by that is that he was always telling about "Gee, I sure made General So-and-so laugh," "Gee, I sure made the President laugh," "I had 'em rolling in the aisles when I said Alsace-Lorraine," and he capitalized every noun in sight, or else no nouns at all, and he capitalized verbs, for godsake. (Gosh, I sound like Holden Caulfield or something. So what--I feel like Holden Caulfield.) And I bet he couldn't throw rope worth a damn, either.

No matter how hard you try, you can't bend a cracker, dept.: which is as good a way as any, I suppose, to lead into some items I've discovered in the last week that I don't have enough on to really discuss.

The Newspaper Guild was founded in 1933.

There is a nine-page glossary of labor terms in our encyclopedia.

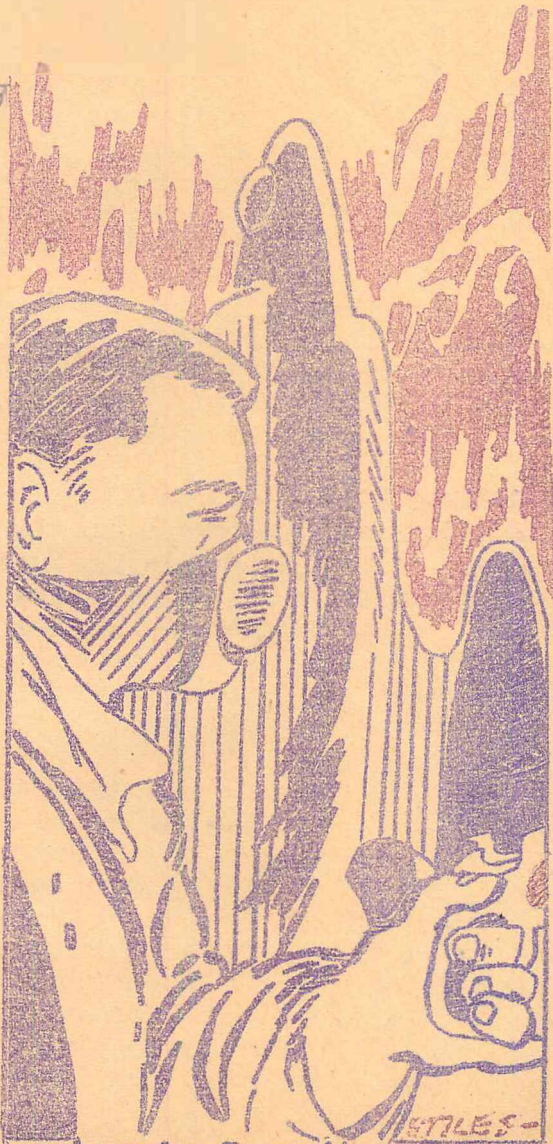
Woody Guthrie was hired by the government to write songs about the Colorado River Water Project.

I saw this man at the supermarket buying ASF, and I asked him if he liked it better or worse since it's become Analog; he said, "I hate it since it's gone up to 50¢."

I happened to find a copy of a British anarchist weekly newspaper on our sofa, and in the lettercolumn they were having an argument over whether one should raise children by Reich or by horse sense.

There is a white poker chip in our refrigerator.

Yawn. This is more masters at a sitting than I usually do, so I feel kind of all-drug-out and disgruntled with everything. So anyway, I guess this will be all I'll do for tonight. The next page you will read will probably be mailing comments--but then again, it might be more natterings; you never know. Anyway, if they're mailing comments, I hope I do a more complete set than I usually get around to. Like, last time we ran out of masters or paper or something and I had to stop in the middle of a comment to Bjo, which maybe I'll finish and maybe I won't. Cheers.



Teeth for Thor--V

BJO, GIM TREE #4 (cont'd)

As I was saying last mailing, when you arrived and I sort of stopped doing mailing comments, from Florida St. I moved to the 21st St. address (the basement flat) where you visited us.

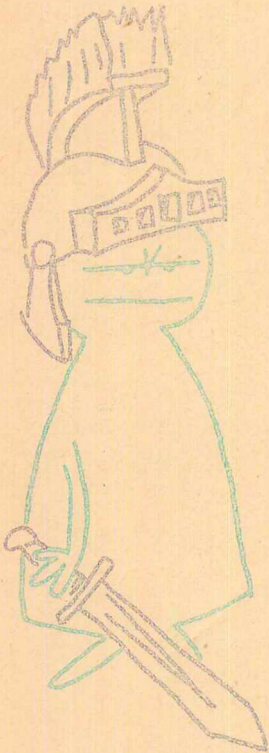
The topic under discussion in those ill-fated mailing comments last time was actually not just an enumeration of the places I've lived since I fled the next, but the kind of places they were to have company.

Even though we had tons of company at the 21st St. flat, I was never really very comfortable about it, because the place was so small and awkward and cramped that I couldn't help but feel uneasy.

After the building was condemned there (our ceiling was too low, the wiring was unsafe, and the bathroom was off the kitchen--also, another hazard, tho it wasn't a condemnable feature, was the water heater, which looked like an espresso machine and you lit it with a match and it had no thermostat, so that if we'd ever forgotten to turn it off after half an hour we might have blown up the whole building) in June of '59 we moved to Liberty St. just around the corner, which turned out to be a horrid place. We had thought it to be perfectly marvelous when we rented it, because the rooms were so large and all and the ceilings were twelve or fourteen feet high, which seemed to be a terrific feature since we knew we wouldn't be kicked out because of the building being condemned. However,

the rooms being large and the ceilings being high turned out to be baasd instead of good. We couldn't heat the place, nor could we light it properly. Everything was just too far away from everything else. The place was furnished, and we didn't have any lamps of our own, and since we didn't have any fourteen-foot ladder to use to put in bigger lightbulbs in the ceiling fixtures and our chintzy landlord and landlady thought 60 and 65 watt bulbs fourteen feet up were going to light the enormous barnlike rooms, we just couldn't read at night there. Another dandy feature of that place was that there was only one electric outlet in a living room that was 16 x 20 anyway; this made things awkward, all right, and it also made them cluttered. (The picture of Terry and me on that SPELEOBEM cover shows us sitting in front of the ironing board, iron, microscope, phonograph, radio, and Ghu knows what--all, right in front of the kitchen door!) Beautiful planning, not?

When we decided that we could no longer take that place, we decided to move to Berkeley. We moved into the Andersons' basement (when they were at 1906 Grove) as a stopgap until Terry could get a job here in Berkeley and so that we could look for a place to live at our leisure instead of just taking the first place we could afford. I'm sure lots of you SAPs have been in all sorts of dreadful apartments that people took because they were in a rush to find a place and then stayed in because househunting and moving is such a hassle. Anyhoo, I'm sure Karen would attest to the fact that that basement room wasn't exactly the best place in the world to have guests in-- I mean it really was a bit cramped.



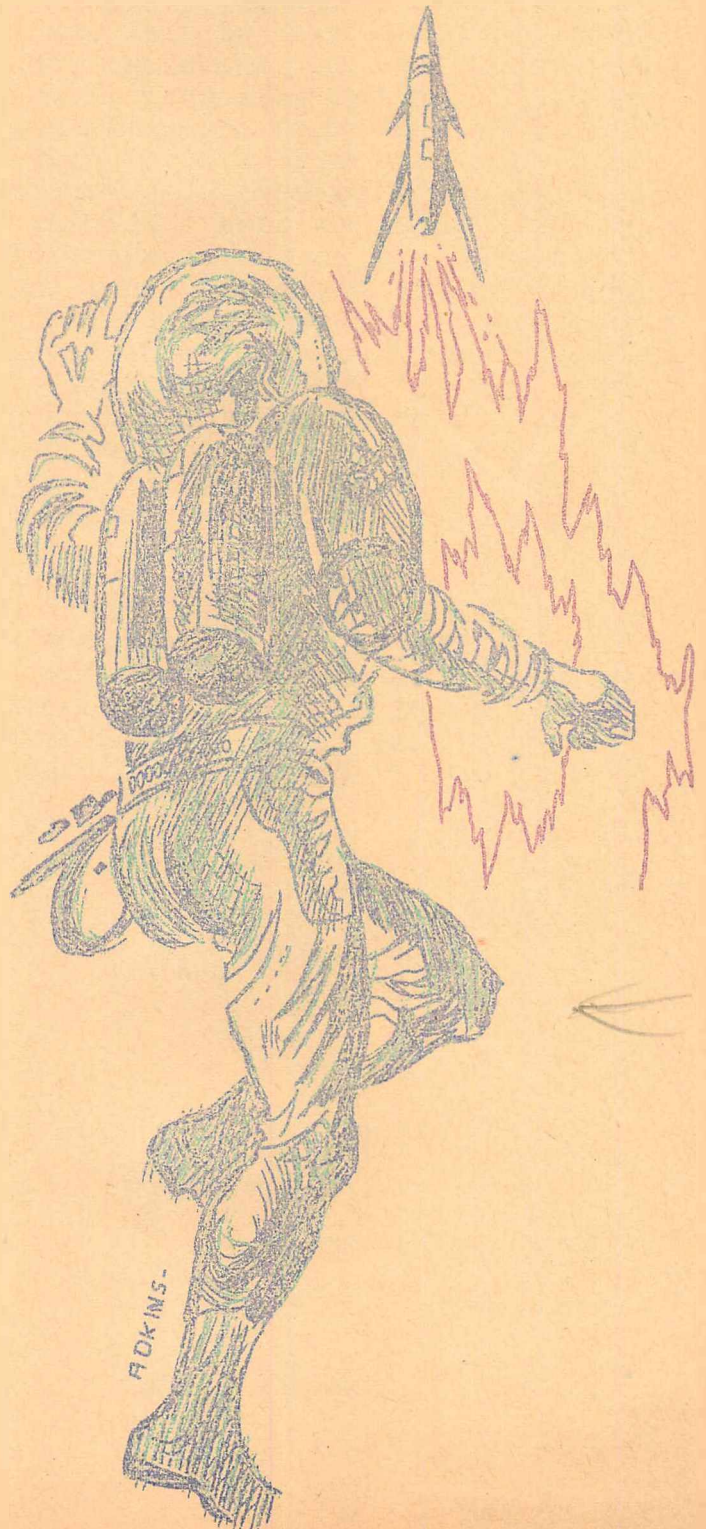
Teeth for Thor--VI

However, that was just a temporary measure, and it did get us over on this side of the bay, and saved us some money, too.

Sooo, what this was all leading up to was that now we finally have a real nice place, one that we're really proud to have people over to.

At this point, when we were doing RAGNAROK 5, I was rough-drafting these very comments, to make sure I got the chronology right, and Bjo walked in the door--and it seemed sort of pointless to go on. Quite a few other fans were here too, and a party developed. Right about this time ten weeks ago, Bjo and Ronel were having a tickle-fight on the couch, with Bill Donaho and Al Harsheyes Lewis kibitzing, Jim Caughran was sitting there casting aspersions on poor Pyewacket (who was simultaneously pregnant and in heat), Terry and I were working on the SAPSzine, and Joe and Robbie Gibson and Danny Curran were drinking coffee and trading cat stories. It was so darned fannish that I think you can understand how I felt in not wanting to do such a mundane thing as describe my new apartment for a SAPSzine. But I think I will, now that this is a different Saturday afternoon, with a greater abundance of peace-and-quiet than company. I mean, we don't expect any company till seven-thirty tonight. (The Westercon-bid committee meeting will be here tonight, and we expect Karen Anderson, Rog and Honey Graham, J. Ben Stark, and Lew Kovner; we don't expect Bill Collins, another committee-member, because he's in France.)

Weil, to describe our apartment, it's the bottom half of a duplex in a brand new building that's never been rented before. We



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have our own private entrance, and a nice garden that we don't have to take care of, and a nice, dry, clean, safe store-room with shelves and everything, that has plenty of room for our mimeo and our ditto, and a washing-machine if we had one, and all sorts of odds and ends, like unsorted parts to various collections, and all like that. Like, goshwow.

The livingroom and kitchen are technically one room, with a bookcase room-divider that matches the rest of the woodwork. I find this an extremely pleasant feature, because I always used to miss out on so much of what was going on because I was in the kitchen preparing food or something. The walls are a half-and-half mixture of pale pink and pale gray (I mean the paint is mixed half-and-half like that, not that the walls are striped or anything). The woodwork is a pale wood with a light gray woodfinish that shows all the grain and knots in the wood; the landlord did it all himself. The kitchen has gray tile, as does the bathroom. I have thirteen cupboards and a broom-closet in the kitchen, plus six drawers--and I just counted the cupboards again and found two that I missed last time I counted. My range is built-in; it's electric, with the burners in the drain-board or sink-counter or whatever you call it--it measures about ten feet across. The oven is built-into the wall next to the burners; it's all very snazzy and modernistic, like.

In the livingroom we have the usual assortment of furniture, except that for a change it's ours and not the landlord's. We have thermostatic heating, and screens on our windows, and we even had waxy waxy floors for awhile. Our hall is the usual hall sort of hall--you know the kind, the bedroom and the bathroom are off it and it has a coat closet.

The bedroom is about 8 x 10, with enormous sliding-door closet. It's the only room that isn't pinkish; the walls are a pale aquamarine. The bathroom is really the most beautiful bathroom I've ever seen in my life--it's straight out of House Beautiful or something. It has three cupboards plus a huge linen closet, and

five drawers, with all the woodwork still in that same finish I told you about. Everything's all tiled and just so darned fancy I can't get over how nice it is. I mean, who'd ever think of a beautiful bathroom?

The reason that everything is so nice and not at all chintzy is that it's almost just like the landpeople's flat upstairs. Anyway, you can probably see that this place is just perfect for our needs, and that we're proud and happy to have company here.

TED JOHNSTONE, A FMZ FOR etc.

Well, at last I'm commenting on the mailing at hand, and I may as well make with a fashion note. I'm wearing a pink-and-white woven striped blouse with an Ivy League collar and baby-doll sleeves, not tucked into a pair of



Teeth for Thor--VIII

Levi's, white cotton beebie socks, and dark-blue and white Spaulding saddle oxfords.

Kathy should be encouraged with her artwork. The gal sure does show promise.

Ed Cox is not Squink Blog! I know who is, but I don't think I'm supposed to tell.

I'm glad somebody knows when my birthday is! It's a cruel and unusual punishment to have a husband who gets your birthday confused with Mercer's Day.

Speaking of Pacifica Radio, Ted, I'm glad you subbed--but I didn't get any credit for your doing so. I mean, your mentioning that I was influential in getting you interested probably wasn't even written down; after all, they are a non-profit organization. All I did was send KPFA a list of everyone I know and/or know of in the LA area, hoping they'd get enough takers from the mailing to cover costs and maybe even make a little money. I've found out since that quite a few of these people were already subscribing, and that my brother and sister-in-law and Don and Mary Wilson were charter subscribers. This was quite gratifying. As much as I want to see Pacifica Radio succeed financially, even more I want my friends to hear all the wonderful things that can be heard on Pacifica Radio and nowhere else. (By the way, I sent a list to WBAI, KPFA's sister-station in New York, also. Les, Mike, Rich, and Walter--if you get any literature you'll know who's responsible, and I hope you won't be cross with me for taking this liberty.)

Here are some of the more interesting items (to me) in KPFA's current folio. (The folio covers a two-week period.) Part nine of the BBC dramatisation of "Vanity Fair". A speech by Aldous Huxley called "Matter, Mind, and Survival". "The Goon Show," starring Peter Sellers (BBC). A talk by Margaret Mead called "American Marriage Mores". "Yom Kippur Scandal," a Yiddish story by Sholem Aleichem which was read in Yiddish and then English. James Roosevelt's address to Congress on the abolition of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee, entitled "The Dragon Slayers". The Episcopal bishop of California speaking on "A Catholic in the White House". Book reviews by Kenneth Rexroth. Theodore Bikel has a weekly program of folk-singing and this-and-that. A documentary program produced from tapes made at and around the recent HUAC sessions in San Francisco. A BBC production of Shakespeare's "The Tragedy of Julius Caesar". --And that, gentle reader, is just a listing of a few highlights from one week's broadcasting. Pretty goshwow, huh?

I know I have more comments to you, Ted, but if I go on any longer I'll end up only commenting on two or three zines again. Anyway, I'm glad you're in SAPS, I liked your zine, and the Last Blast was.

EARL KEMP, SAFARI Annual

This is one of the more worthwhile fan-projects that one has



Teeth for Thor--IX

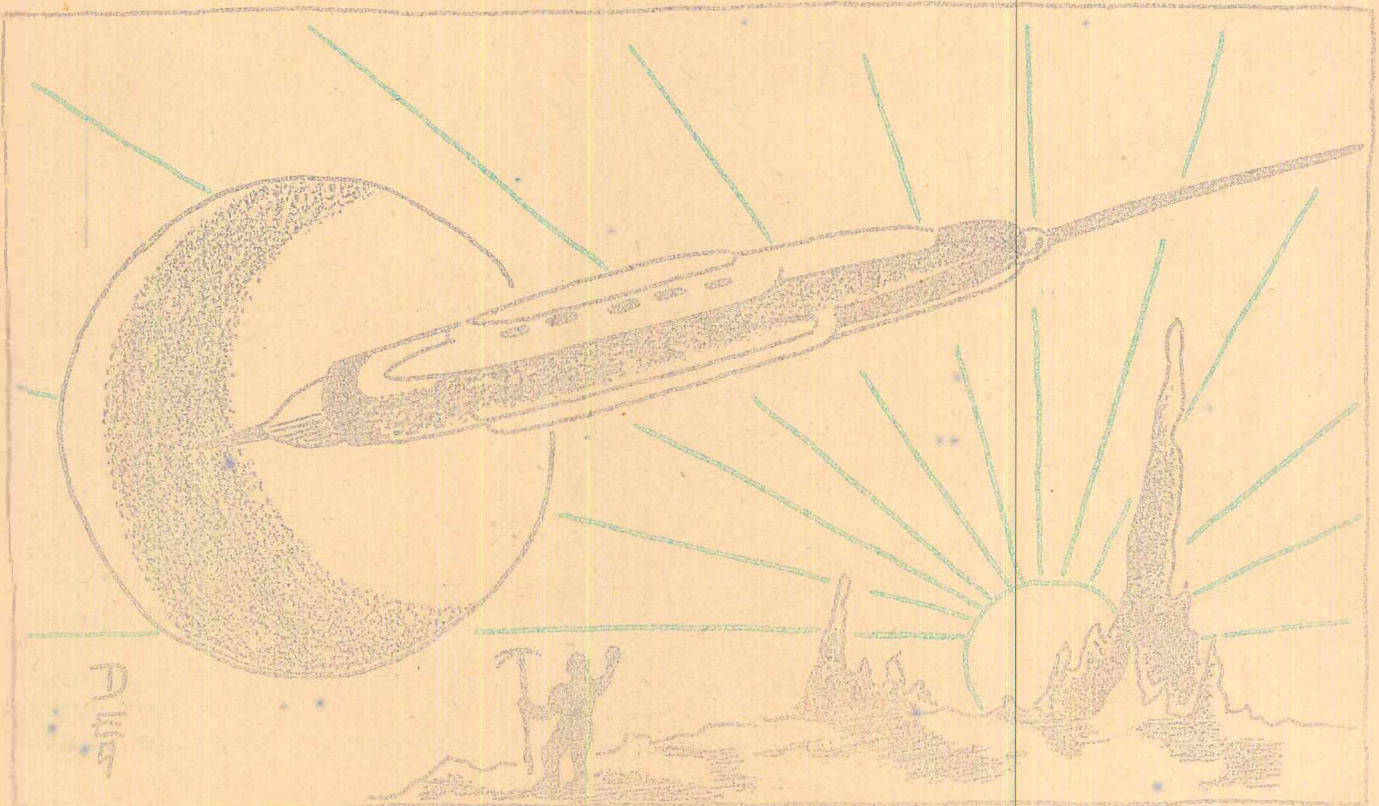
the opportunity to enjoy. I can't really comment on it, but I must thank you for it. Thanks.

BOB LEHAN, NEMATODE #6

Speaking of dogs, let's. You opined that a Boston Bull was "the safest and gentlest dog of them all". Oh no, come to think of it, you just said "bulldog"--so I'm not quite sure what sort of dog you mean. Did you mean a Boston Bull, or an English Bull, or one of the other sorts? Anyway, a Boston Bull once attacked me, but (it being such a little creature) I just kicked it away. To my mind, the best possible dog for children is the boxer. (Boxers are, of course, related to one or more types of bulldog.) I think a boxer is a good dog for children because they have so much patience, gentleness, and such a strong protective instinct. They also seem to have very good shepherding instincts. You could let your children play unattended with a boxer and have absolutely no fears or worries about the child running out into the street in front of traffic, and with no worries about strangers bothering them.

Some of my favorite movies, as of this minute, just off-hand, are: "A Place in the Sun," "Compulsion," "Wind Across the Everglades," "Alexander Nevsky," Cocteau's "Beauty and the Beast," "The Day the Earth Stood Still," "Battleship Potemkin," "The Seventh Seal," "House of Wax," "Tales of Hoffman," "Story of Three Loves," and "Sixty Seconds on the Brighton" (I'm not sure of that name).

Those are in no particular order, and for a tremendous variety of reasons--but for one reason or another those are definitely some of the most memorable and/or enjoyable films I've ever seen.



Teeth for Thor--X

Before Ted Johnstone or some other cynic points out that this reads as though I'm changing my clothes every ten minutes, I'd like to make it known that I'm typing these comments a little bit each day, and that these fashion notes have all, so far, been 24 hours apart. So, without further ado...Fashion Note: I'm wearing a pale, slightly greenish yellow princess style dress with an olive green and black print. I'm also wearing the bolero jacket that matches it, and white bobby socks and no shoes. I started making this dress when I was a senior in high school and never got around to finishing it. Karen finished up the machine-sewing for me last week, and I've just finished putting in the hems and all today.

Movies and dogs seem to be the gist of my comments to you, Bob, because I realize that the fashion note probably wasn't of earthshaking moment to you. Needless to say, however, I enjoyed NEMATODE quite a bit.

BRUCE PELZ, SPELEOBEM #7

First of all, the overall appearance of this magazine is excellent. The cover and the dryad illustration pleased me, and the mimeography was irreproachable. Honest, I'm not trying to ploy you, but that first page, the red paper, just killed me. I really think that's one of the prettiest pieces of paper I've ever seen! I do wish you'd use standard staples, though--those Big, Heavy, Safe SHAGGY staples make your normal-sized zine seem so wiggly.

I'm in complete agreement with you, Bruce, on your reaction to the handling of the Pillar Poll and OE election results. The dissemination of information like that can be regarded as nothing but unethical, unfair, and childish.

WALLY & OTTO, WRR #5

I haven't got too much in the way of constructive comments this time, because my most outstanding comments are on two items which I definitely did not like. "Fandom's Own Science Corner II" just didn't come off, as far as I'm concerned. It was extremely silly, without having the right touch of whimsy to keep it from being inane. Sorry, Ed, but don't hide your talent like this.

The other thing I

"SIDNEY, ARE YOU SURE THAT THIS
IS AN IRT SUBWAY STATION?"



STILES

Teeth for Thor--XI

didn't like, I didn't like even more, if you know what I mean. That was Mr. Hal Shapiro, db and his rantings, ravings, and general nastiness at the expense of others that he called fanzine reviews.

BOB LICHTMAN, HERE THERE BE SAPS #3

The only comment-hook HTBS provided was the query as to what the captain's name was in "Beanie". You'll probably be deluged with response on this, but his name was Cap'n Hufflepuff, and Beanie called him Unca Cap'n for the simple reason that he was.

May as well comment on KTF while I'm here, as I've been meaning to write you a letter of comment all this time and never did. The fiction was utterly delightful. Joe Kennedy's story was really far better, but Alpaugh's was so darned wacky that it was almost as enjoyable. In any case, my boy, you have done fandom and N'APA a service by reprinting these pieces.

BURNETT TOSKEY, FLABBERGASTING #14

Who, me? I, you mean I, Miriam Carr? I have such a low Ego Index? I hardly see how this could be possible, as I am very fond of me, and I really like to dramatize myself in print. I really do.

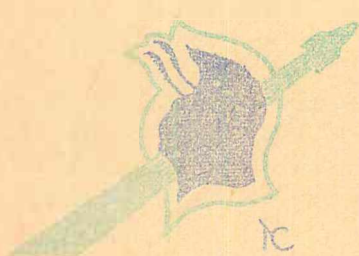
Tosk, a day has gone by since the above comments were mastered, so another Fashion Note is in order. I'm wearing blue-and-white saddle oxfords and white bobby sox, and a white nylon lace-trimmed slip.

Your interest in my poll was quite gratifying. I think you showed more interest than anyone else, besides me. I'm willing to go along with your hypothesis that I can't add; however, the thing that made you decide that there was proof that I can't add was indeed strange, besides being completely beside the point, and no proof at all. You said that I listed the number of people who preferred each apa, as well as those who had no preference or declined to answer, and that adding these numbers up only comes to seventeen. This is all very well, that seventeen does not equal twenty-nine, the number of replies I claimed to have had, but all it proves is that twelve members of SAPS who answered the poll aren't in any other apa. (And besides, I used an adding machine.)

Before everyone jumps down my throat on the discrepancies between my writeup of the poll results in S--- #4 and in the FAPA-SURVEY AND SAPSURVEY REPORTS, like, let me hasten to add and emphasize that not only did I get late SAPSurvey reports that weren't included in the first report but were in the second, but also, there were questions which people answered in ambiguous ways and I probably assigned different meanings to these answers the second time I tabulated. E.g., "How long have you been in fandom?" Answer: "Well, I started writing to the proximes in 1935, but I didn't send away for a fanzine till 1942, but I was in a science fiction club in junior high school in 1939, and my first convention was the Chicon II."

In case you were wondering, the average FAPA is in .72 other apas, not 172. That, gentle reader, was what is known as a typographical error.

I'd like to poll SAPS and FAPA again soon, with a better questionnaire whose questions can be answered in a more easily tab-



Teeth for Ther--XII
ulstable manner.

ED COX, MAINE-IAC #21

Gala Magazine Review no. 5 was most enjoyed, but as for the rest of the magazine, why did you bother?

ART HAYES, MEO + DJEE #4

I meant to tell you mailings ago, and in my own careless way never got around to it, that I enjoyed the cover that had the dogs on it. Your cover this ish doesn't impress me overly, layout-wise, but the drawing tickles my fancy. Like, I hardly noticed it the first time, but it grows on me. I don't know if it's the touch of whimsy or what, because I've certainly seen better drawing in my life.

You're right
and I'm wrong re NFFF
and N'APA memberships.

OTTO PFEIFER, BOG #13

Ho-wdy!! your-
self, Otto, and con-
gratula-tions.

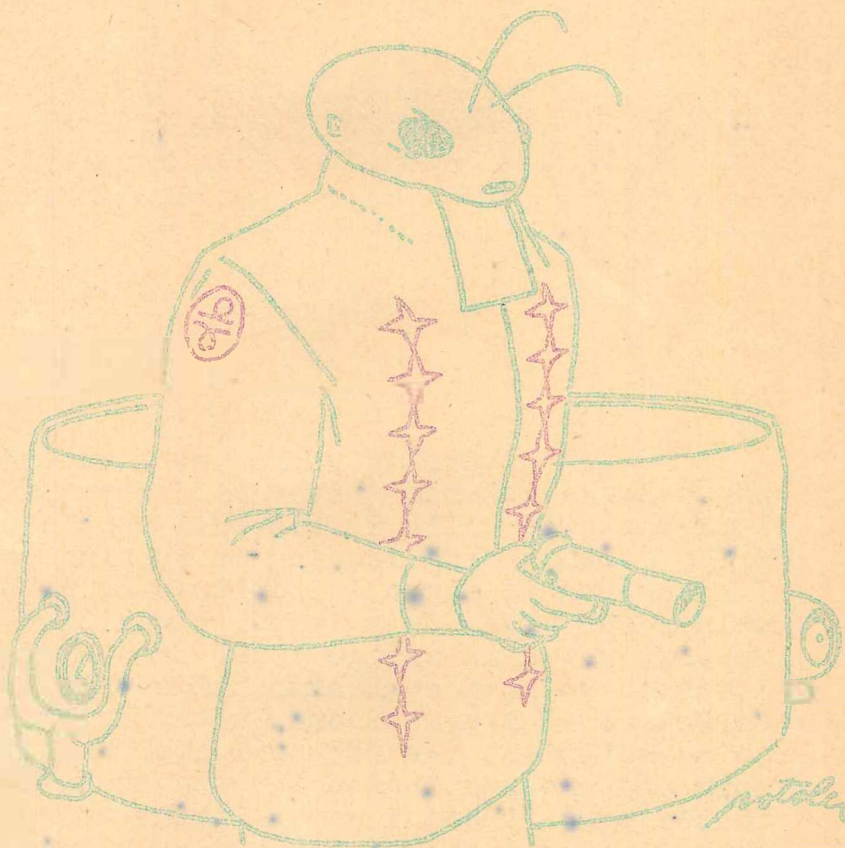
LEE JACOBS,
BALLARD CHRONICLES 3

Don't be such
a kook! Lee.

BURNETT TOSKEY, THE
DEATH OF PROF. AMES

The cover is
perfectly charming. I
like Miss Walston's
artwork quite well. I
forgot to mention that
I liked the cover on
FLABBERGASTING too, but
I like this one even
more.

Actually, Burnett, I didn't read your W. Kraus stuff, because I don't like your fiction--so I'm going to comment some more on FLABBERGASTING here. You don't give money to charities, you say, because you feel that spending money on necessities and luxuries for yourself is so much more satisfying. Seventy-five dollars for the Garcone cover, eh? I hope to hell you never do get married, Toskey, because you are not a social animal. Any woman that you could make happy, with your overly-selfish and overly-egocentric attitudes, would be far, far too sick a woman to be on the loose. I have a picture in my mind of the wife in "Reflections in a Golden Eye" by Carson McCullers. I don't like the image, and I didn't conjure it up deliberately (I mean the wife of the man who was making it with the C.O.'s wife, the one who was a hypochondriac). She lived in humiliation and abject subjection for years, and then mutilated herself.



MEAD OF KVASIR

by Terry



A couple of weeks ago I was talking to F.M. Busby on the phone long-distance (never mind why; I've been involved in three long-distance calls in the past couple of weeks since Ronel took off for Long Beach leaving me running the home office of FANAC), and I asked Buz if maybe it wouldn't be better for me to skip doing a column for CRY's July issue, since that issue would carry my Solacon report, which is enough TCarr for any fanzine to bear, and since I wanted to have some extra time this month anyhow to devote to this SAPSzine. Buz agreed and, with the spectre of having to write something brilliant for CRY no longer haunting me, I immediately sat down and procrastinated for two weeks before starting on this zine. What's more, there I was thinking to myself, Ah, now I won't have to keep an ear cocked for ridiculous conversations to immortalize in print, and then all the goddam Berkeley fans, seemingly subconsciously set free, started coming out with line after line of deathless wit and whimsy. I've been getting in on the damnedest conversations these past weeks. There's nothing for it; even though I'm not writing a CRY column this month, I've got to write some of them down.

For instance, just a few minutes ago I was having dinner. Lew Kovner was (and still is) here, and Miriam said, "The kittens should be opening their eyes soon--it's been a week and a half since they were born."

"Hell yes," I said; "they're about due."

And Lew said, "They're probably trying to hold out for as long as they can before they face the world."

"What's so horrible about the world that little kitties can't face it?" said Miriam. "They're just bundled up in the bottom drawer of our dresser, with the shades pulled to keep it dim so their eyes won't be hurt when they open. It's warm in there, and Pye nurses

Mead of Kvasir--II

them and purrs in their ears all day long. I should think all would be right with the world, as far as kitties were concerned. Why shouldn't they want to face it?"

"How would you like," said Lew, "to open your eyes for the first time and find yourself in a dresser drawer?"

The other night Miri and I went and visited Jim Caughran in his new apartment. He and Ron have been rooming together for almost a year now, but they're splitting that up now; seems that, for one thing Jim was finding that all the people he saw were goddam fans, and his social life was suffering, so he wanted to take an apartment by himself, or at least with a nonfan roommate.

Well, he's got a real nice apartment now--second floor, a gasser of a place with a fine view from the livingroom window, high ceiling, a kitchen that looks like a home bar, and so forth. It also seems that when he moved in he found that the previous tenant had left behind a copy of Dante's "Inferno"--the edition illustrated by Gustave Doré.

Anyhow, Jim has got himself settled into the place, with his crocodile head which his father sent him from Pakistan displayed on the livingroom table, and a set of antelope horns hung on the wall ("I shot him," said Jim. "Don't you dare tell me where," I muttered.) and so forth. It really looks like a goddam Playboy type apartment.

"Whatever you do," said Miriam, "don't give this place up. Get yourself a nonfan roommate so you can afford it when school starts again this fall."

"I guess I'll try to find somebody," said Jim. "Having another guy here wouldn't bother my social life, if he was a nonfan."

"Or if you can't find a guy," I said, "get yourself a girl. Hell, Jim, get yourself a mistress--the whole decor of the place absolutely demands it!"

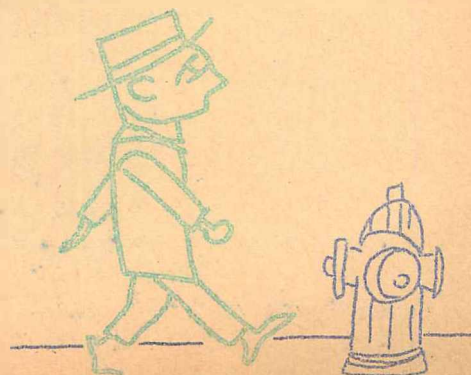
"Well, I dunno about that," Jim said. "Having a mistress would really cut into my social life."

We stared blankly at him.

And I really should leave the story ending there, but in fairness to Jim I guess I should go on and explain that what he meant was that he wants to get around and meet girls plural rather than singular--like, play the field. And getting hung up with a mistress would sort of tie him down or something.

But as Jim commented, "Oh well."

I have a new job, goshwow. Actually, I like it quite well, and in fact I propose to write about it here for a bit. I'm working at the University of California library, in the book mending division. My job is to handle all the books which come in from all the Berkeley branches to be mended or rebound; I decide if they're in good enough shape that a mend would be lasting enough to keep them in one piece for a decent length of time or if they should be sent out forthwith to the press



for rebinding. This is somewhat trickier than it sounds, too, because I have to bear in mind that quite a few of the books have original bindings which are valuable or especially attractive and therefore every effort should be made to preserve them without rebinding. And of course, old books (like eighteenth century or earlier) do not go for rebinding unless it's absolutely necessary; they're sent in for mending, where the head of that department does his best to retain the original binding or at least come as close as he can to duplicating it by rebinding it himself, carefully.

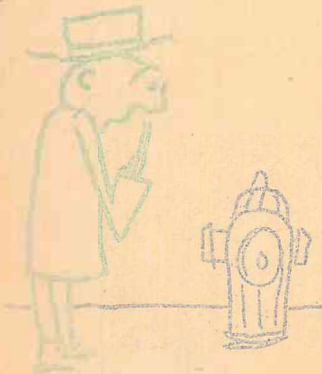
And when the books come back mended, I'm supposed to check them to make sure the mending was done correctly and thoroughly. This leads to some interesting situations; when I was hired I was told that I'd be expected to reject a shoddy job of mending, but of course I'd have to be tactful about it. Tactful, I thought to myself; you're damned right I'll have to be tactful--those people doing the mending are trained craftsmen who know their stuff, and I'm a complete tyro with nothing in my favor but an affection for books. I'll have to be damned tactful telling them I think the job they did wasn't up to snuff!

Well, I didn't have much trouble for quite awhile; I had to reject a few mending jobs, but those cases were easily handled, since they were just cases of putting the spine on upside-down, a situation on which they couldn't very well argue with me--like, it was a matter of objective fact that those spines were on upside-down, and unless the volumes in question were copies of Mad (which they weren't, no) there just wasn't any good reason for it. So for the first couple of months I got along quite well with the mending crew, with nary a hint of trouble.

I was being very tactful, I assure you; I'd say, "Mr. Pauls, sir...er...there seems to be something...ah, not quite right about this book...don't know just what it is..." And he'd take it and say, "Oh, the spine's on upside down--WHO DID THIS BOOK?" And whoever had mended it would come over and Mr. Pauls, the head of the mending division, would hand it to them and they couldn't very well argue with him, now could they?

To tell the truth, as I intimated above, I was really kind of afraid to make a serious objection on a mend job, and was thankful that the need hadn't arisen. But gradually, it began to dawn on me that those people actually expected me to have complaints now and then. In effect, I was their boss: I told them what to do with a book, how to label it if that was necessary, and I passed on whether or not the job was satisfactory when it was done. Me, a complete novice! I had Power, and it scared me.

But every couple of days Mr. Pauls or somebody else would come in and say, "Terry, I'm not exactly sure what to do with this one..." and would ask whether I thought the thing needed restitching or should they touch up the corners of the binding with leather, or would I tell them exactly what some title page in German meant so they could figure out what to put on the spine, or etc. It completely croggled me. Mr. Pauls, a man of forty or so who was telling me all about book mending, would come in and ask me what I thought would be best to do with a book--and whatever



Mead of Kvasir--IV

I decided would be an order, it seemed. What a strange situation! "Well, harrumph...oh, I'd say this should be restitched, definitely. Yes, certainly, restitch it; it'll come apart in two months of circulation if we don't. Save time, trouble and money in the long run. Eh?" "Yes yes, you're absolutely right." (Notice the "we" thrown in. Harrumph.)

One day last week I got a whole string of books I had to reject. Books bound upside down, or with the title on the spine erecked, or a torn page that hadn't been mended, ad infinitum. Two or three times an hour I'd take one into the mending division-- "Here's another one." As the day wore on I started getting a little irritated, in fact; finally, when bring in another reject, I remarked, "There certainly seem to be a lot of rejects all of a sudden."

Mr. Pauls looked up from the book he was mending and stared briefly at me. "Well, there are days like this sometimes," he said, and went back to his work.

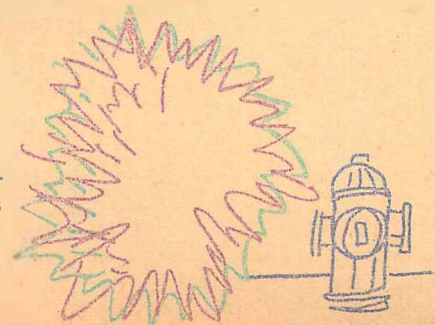
But I noticed that there were no more rejects that day.

The job itself isn't hard, and is interesting. In fact, at times it gets downright fascinating. I have books from one of the greatest libraries in the country passing over my desk all day long, and the job is sufficiently unrushed that if I occasionally want to spend five or ten minutes looking through a book or reading a section or two, I can. And of course, I do get old books, and they're always interesting. Books dating back to the early 1500's, their bindings crackled and crumbling. I had a book last week that was published in the 1500's, a book on medicine printed in Arabic --a Moorish book, by ghod! I couldn't read a word of it, of course, but I leafed through (back-to-front) looking at the diagrams. Saw a rather horrible treatment for Black Plague, too.

It gives me a feeling of Importance to be working with old books like that. I mean, I could really goof things up if I were to send one of the old ones out for a rebind--apart from esthetic and historic considerations, a buckram rebind on one of those books would drop the monetary value of it considerably. And it isn't just the old books that are valuable--some of the more recent ones are rare, and they shouldn't be rebound either. They usually come through with a note attached, but sometimes somebody goofs. It happened once last month; I got this book that looked like a dime novel of especially small worth, circa 1890, cheaply bound and so forth and getting pretty beat. I started to write it up as a rebind--and then I saw on the flyleaf, "RARE. Value, \$75." Good grief. I've been checking the flyleaf ever since, just in case somebody goofs again.

There's always the element of unexpectedness in the job. Couple of weeks ago I sent a book in for mending, an old one, and they had to take it completely apart. In doing so, they discovered that the paper that had been used to line the binding and the boards was apparently bits and pieces of old manuscripts; a date showed: 1613. They called me in and showed me the miscellaneus pages they'd found: "What shall we do with them?"

"Well, I dunno," I said. "Are



they valuable?"

"We don't know; we can't read them. Here, take a look-- can you read Spanish?"

Well, I took a year of Spanish in junior college, and I can sight-read well enough to get the drift of most things in contemporary Spanish; I didn't hold out much hope that I could read seventeenth-century Spanish, though. But I pored over the papers.

They were hand-written in a florid script--a rather messily florid script, I'm afraid. I couldn't make out much. There was a date, and a name, and something about sending something by post--but it all seemed very strange. Then realization dawned.

"Foesh," I said, "this is in Italian, not Spanish. I can't read Italian at all, except for what I can get from basic Romance roots."

Well, the upshot of it was that nobody else in the department could make heads or tails of the pages either. They didn't seem to be connected--just a bunch of different scraps of paper, varying in size, in several different hands and on two or three different kinds of paper. Two of them seemed to be the beginnings of letters (we could pick out the salutation), and a couple of others seemed to be monetary or trading accounts. We finally bundled them all up and sent them up to the Rare Books Room for translation and study. Haven't heard yet if anything came of them.

The people in my department are an odd lot, too; perhaps sometime I'll write about them at length. There's Adelaide, who can be depended on to break out at least five or six times a day singing, "Dream along with me..." and then let it trail off, because that's apparently all she knows of the song. And there's George, who's constantly getting me in a corner and regaling me with stories of how the department is a mess and the head of it is a boob who got his position by Influence (he held the position I have for a year or so and went directly from there to head of the department).

"They never do things the sensible way," George tells me. "I make suggestions and they ignore them. Kelly just doesn't want me to get any recognition. Why, I used to answer all the calls from the branch libraries, and work out rebinding problems with the heads--but Kelly stopped that. He wants to be the one who runs everything in this department, so he can get the recognition. Now he does all the talking on the phone, and he mumbles so that I can't hear him. That's why I bought this hearing-aid; I don't really need it normally." (This is untrue, by the way: half the time he can't even hear the phone ring, even with the hearing-aid.) There's Rosae, a middle-

aged Negro woman who is my favorite person in the office, I guess. She tested me out for prejudice within a week of my employment. She was glancing thru some magazine article, and said, "Look at this--they think all we can do is sing and dance!" I looked, and grinned, and said, "Yes, and play sports and grin with pearly teeth." She shot a quick glance at me while I inwardly froze, hoping I'd said the right thing. Then she laughed, and I know she'd understood me. "Actually, my teeth are awful," she said, and went back to her desk.

But for now, on to the mailing comments.



Mead of Kvasir--VI

BOB LEMAN, NEMATODE #6

I was amused at your description of the N3F as "the dreariest organization that fandom possesses". If I remember correctly, when I got the first VINEGAR WORM I was delighted at the amazing wealth of talent displayed therein and then appalled at a mention you made of joining the N3F. I wrote to you and said ghod no, don't do that!, and you wrote back and said it seemed like an interesting group to you and gave the impression of mind-your-own-business, in a mild way. But I can't resist the temptation to say I Told You So. (These words will no doubt bring calumny down upon my head from the SAPs who are Neffers too, but at least I'm in good company. All right, Bob, let's stand back-to-back and defend ourselves against the Neffer hoards--and don't forget that the best defense is a good offense. Bite 'em in the leg, man, bite 'em in the leg!)

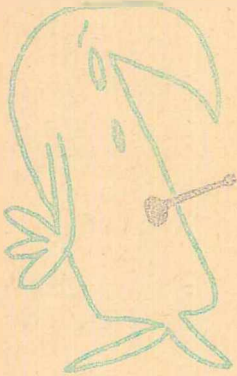
I'm sorry to disillusion you, since you say, "I never heard of a bulldog biting anybody," but honest, a bulldog bit me. In fact, that's the only time any dog ever bit me. It was my own damn fault, tho; I was about ten, and was running by where this bulldog was sitting, and I saw him and stopped dead and reached out quick to pet him. He bit my hand and ran away. I couldn't get my ring off for a week because that finger was swollen, but there was no real damage done.

The five (or ten) best movies I've seen? Well now, this is going to be subjective as hell. In fact, this list probably won't even be a list of my five (or ten--or twenty) favorites, since I'll just name a batch that immediately spring to mind as having been especially enjoyable to me: "Gunga Din" (I've seen it four times, but not at all since teenagehood), "Diabolique" (saw it twice, and tho it dragged the second time I think that's because I was in an extremely uncomfortable seat and the suspense didn't get to me when I knew what was going to happen), "Wind Across the Everglades" (has anybody else seen this?--it's a remarkably good movie starring Christopher Plummer and Burl Ives, about 2 yrs ago), "The Seventh Seal" (this currently holds absolutely top spot with me; I saw it for the second time last night and it still moves me incredibly much), "Your Past Is Showing" (an English movie starring Peter Sellers which was originally titled "The Bare Facts," I believe--at any rate, I saw a mention in an OMPazine of a movie by that title starring Sellers, and it sounded like the same one--it's probably the funniest movie I've ever seen), and I guess that's five. One more: "Julius Caesar," with Marlon Brando--I might not like it if I saw it today, tho. It sure impressed me as a teenager, tho.



It's now a day later, and Miri and I have been talking about movies in the interim; I'll have to add a few more to the list. Like, there definitely should be an Eisenstein movie on the list--but I'm not sure which one. I wouldn't pick "Potemkin"--even though it was voted by the critics at Brussels in '58 as the greatest movie of all time, it just didn't impress me that much. (Nor, for that matter, did the critics' second choice, "The Bicycle Thief".) I think maybe I'd add Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" or maybe "Ivan the Terrible"--tho I'm undecided about the latter, because I've seen only Part I. (Incidentally, in reading back issues of Karen's ZED--surely one of the greatest of all SAPSazines, in its heyday a few years ago--I came across an article in which Poul said the battle scenes in "Alexander Nevsky" were the most convincing ones he'd ever seen in a historical movie; I couldn't, and can't, understand this, because those battle scenes impressed me as jarringly milquetoast and obviously acted. I was completely unconvinced that anybody could be hurt, much less killed, by such "fighting". But the general tone of the movie, the mood it created, the air of authenticity about all the other details, and the striking film technique, more than made up for what the battle scenes lacked in forcefulness.)

STABBED BY
A POISON
PLONKER!



And since I'm mentioning films I've most enjoyed (because I don't think I, at least, can adequately draw the line between enjoyment and intrinsic worth in all cases), I definitely should mention my two favorites during my childhood: "Lost Horizon" and "1,000,000 B.C.". Those were real sense-of-wonder things for me; I haven't seen them since, but I think I'd risk disappointment for the sake of nostalgia.

More recent movies which I've enjoyed inordinately despite the fact that they probably weren't that good were "The Egyptian" and "Love Me Or Leave Me". "The Egyptian" was tailor-made for me: I'm a bug on ancient Egypt and particularly Akhnaton--and Jean Simmons is the woman I'd most likely choose as the most beautiful actress in the world. "Love Me Or Leave Me" is quite a different case: aside from the fact that I was a tremendous fan of Doris Day when it was released, I can't explain why I saw the movie seven times in two weeks. For some reason, though, the thing got under my skin. I even went down to a newspaper and did research in their morgue on Ruth Etting, the heroine of the movie.

Foosh, Bob, we weren't "pressured" into changing our title to RAGNAROK. The fact is that we prefer the new title; the old one was chosen because it was mildly clever and we needed a title in a hurry. Believe me, we're not the kind of people to be "pressured" by such rantings as Toskey gave forth.

But you were remarkably astute in your guesses as to what S--- meant for those four issues. Actually, we didn't bother figuring out meanings for the last two issues, but the first S--- stood for SAPS (which you missed) and the second for SOUL (which you guessed). I was thinking of working up some ploys on ole Tosk over the title, but it rapidly became obvious that Tosk is a fellow who just doesn't need ploying, so we didn't bother.

Head of Kvasir--VIII

Your analysis of "Awake Monique" is quite possibly correct, but I can't help the feeling that your prejudices are showing, Bob.

Yes, I'm still quite enthused over the idea of "subbing" to Unknown. But fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be (we couldn't afford it anyhow), nobody has anything even resembling a complete set for sale.

Good heavens, haven't you heard the line, "I have a cosmic mind; what do I do now?" before this? It's a fannish classic! Speer took a trip across country in the early forties, and mailed periodic postcards to people as he went. He mailed one with the above message to Degler.

We watch an average of $\frac{1}{2}$ hour a week of tv. This is because we don't have a tv set; and so see tv only when visiting friends or relatives. If we did have a set, I imagine we'd watch it about three hours a week--there's probably that much good stuff on. Every now and then we faunch because we don't have one (like the time "Green Pastures" was on and our upstairs neighbor was playing it almost loud enough for us to follow it), but for the most part we don't much care.

The SAPSish "If You Want a Receipt" was excellent, though I frown on your rhyming S--- with wit. Please don't be so offensive, sir!

Bravo! for your paragraph beginning, "As a matter of fact, lots of my friends write me letters that are crud." and going on from there. You, sir, are an Intelligent, Upstanding, Cosmicminded, Clearthinking Person. (Except regarding politics, but oh well.)

Sure, "hood" is a contraction of "hoodlum"--but, at least out here during the last ten years, it's always pronounced to rhyme with good.

Thus endeth my comments on NEMATODE at last, but Miri (who's finished her me's) says to tell you that her second-favorite poem in the English language (second only to "Lepanto") is "It's swell to go swimming in the great state of Colorado".

BURNETT TOSKEY, FLABBERGASTING #14

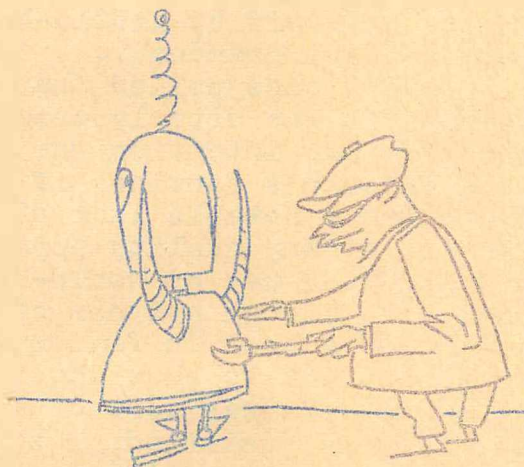
I used to dream about finding hoards of old stfmags and collectors' items too, Tosk, though --and this is one of the most irritating things about my dreams--I never could read any of them. I can never read in my dreams. I never have dreams in technicolor, either, dammit.

I have a subnormal mind; what do I do now?

By the way, Tosk, how do you dream, if you have no sub-conscious mind?

That was a nice ploy, the blank page right in the middle of the comments to us. At least, I suppose it was a ploy. Anyhow, you had me going for about three seconds.

Your Fog Index on that page, by the way, was 0.0. Like, You Have No Mind.



BOB LIGHTMAN, HERE THERE BE SAPS #4

As far as I know, good looks is as much a criterion in hiring bank telleresses (good grief!) as is the case with waitresses. At least, most all the tellerii I've ever seen were good-looking.

No, the Rotsler wench juxtaposed with the anecdote about Miri and Trina was not on purpose.

But yes, that "Shelby Vick" allusion of mine a couple issues back was to the fabled teeshirt. Congratulations, sir, you've passed the test--collect your Seventh Fandom beanie at the door. (Well, after all, the former Seventh Fandomites, if there are any of 'em left, are Oldtimers now.)

ART RAPP, SPACEWARP #66

A real fine issue, Art. Hell, I even liked the Nanshare cover.

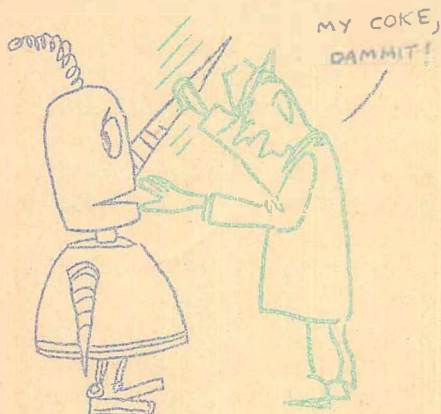
Those Gothic titles we sometimes have are done with a letteringuide. It's the only letteringuide I've ever bought, myself. I have about 10 or 15 others at hand, but they're all either ones that were given to me when former fans gafiated, or ones on loan from currently active fans in the area, for whom I do all artwork- and heading-stencilling. I didn't really need that Gothic letteringuide, but I couldn't resist it--even though it cost \$4.00 for even that small a version of it.

Well...sometimes I think maybe Miri was born on April 31. She's kind of unbelievable at times.

No, I (a subzine publisher, to whom you directed your question) don't reject material just because it's not by BNF's. INNUENDO has published a fair amount of stuff by little-known fans--like, for instance, the early work of Carl Brandon...

I once pulled that gag of printing something in INN just because it was utterly crackpot. Y'see, when Rike and I started the zine our intention was to pub sort of a oneupman's fanzine-- or a fansman's fanzine, if you prefer. It was during a time when there was a notable lack of good fanzines (ABSTRACT was the only fanzine of any quality appearing with any semblance of regularity, and ABSTRACT was no world-beater, after all), and it seemed to us that even though neither of us had ever published anything outstanding, still, we'd been in fandom for several years each and knew the ropes, so we set out to show the Seventh and Eighth Fandomites what a decent zine was. It was sort of a concsited attitude, actually, but it was largely justified, I think. The title INNUENDO fit into the policy: our intention was to run to articles and fannish fiction filled with allusions to things fannishly esoteric--another fansmanship ploy, in a way.

Anyhow, in the course of time Dave dropped out of the editorship (Willis called INN "one of the Great Fanzines," and I think it shocked Dave into fannish immobility). In the first solo issue, #6 (the first INNISH), I printed a letter from one Eric Ericson, a Canadian fan who'd been publishing a small zine filled with crackpot rantings about The Kingdom Of God and Christ being a



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prince from another star-system and suchlike. I'd found it an absolute gas, in my own cynical way, and had carefully written to Ericson asking for an article setting forth in outline his Revelation for fandom. "I think my readers would be interested," was about the way I put it, by way of indirection. So I printed "A Letter from Eric Ericson" in INN 6, and it drew the expected letters filled with surprise, becrogglement, puzzlement, and guffaws set to print.

And then about a year later I got a letter from Eric Ericson beginning, "I am writing to you from a mental institution. I have had myself committed, because it seems that my mind doesn't work right, and I'm very confused..." He went on to apologize for the revelations he had given fandom, saying that they were apparently incorrect. "I'm very very sorry for any false hopes I've raised, but please understand that I was just trying to give people a shining future..." Ghod, I read that letter and felt like a snake.

I printed the gist of his letter as an item in FANAC, but withheld Ericson's address from print, since it seemed to me he'd be better left alone. I haven't heard from him since.

But anyhow, that's why I don't print crackpot stuff anymore, and a large part of the reason why INN since that issue has become so much more sweetness-and-light. I just haven't the stomach for it any more. Right now, for instance, there's a former fan in the Southern California area (not anyone active these days in the fanzine field) who is literally insane. He has delusions of persecution on a grand scale; he sends mimeographed letters to friends of his (including several fans) warning them against The Attackers, or The Enemy, or whatever. Those letters are at once hilarious, saddening, and frightening. And they're certainly up-setting.

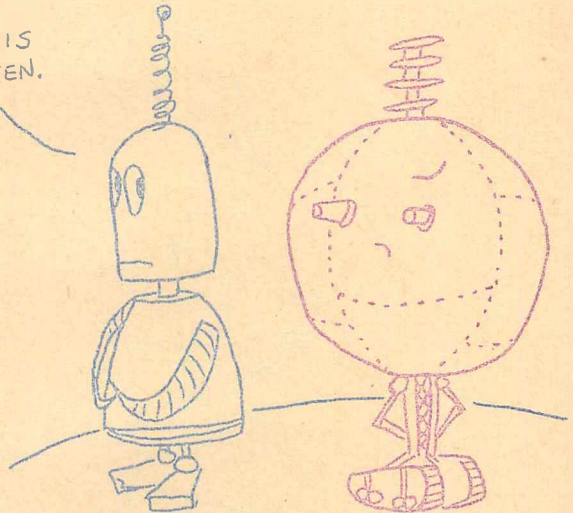
George O. Smith is still writing stf, a little. I remember he had a story in Astounding about a year ago. I saw his name on the contents page and bought my first ASF in years. When I'd read the story, tho, I vowed not to buy another ASF for more years to come; ghod it was awful!

Speaking of The Snows of YesterSAPSdom, we have a Van Splawn illo on hand for use soon. Got it through the Fanzine Material Pool, and I don't know who sent it in; maybe Ted White, who probably got it from Ellison's DIMENSIONS backlog. I've always liked Van's drawing, and it's admirably suited to ditto.

Laney wrote "I Am A Great Big Man!", not Burbee.

The reprint section was wonderful. Schaumburger's poem was remarkably good, considering the reputation enjoyed (?) by his

MY PENIS
IS BROKEN.



fanzine, THE LOXYGEN. But then, I remember Schaumburger as one of my favorite prezine letterhacks back in those days. So, while speaking of Snobs of Yesteryear, how about Michael Wigodsky, Joe Schaumburger, Rex Ward, Marion Astra Zimmer, and Rick Sneary? I especially wonder whatever happened to the last two...

Laney's article is still one of the best ever written on fanzine editing...the only one I can think of to compare with it is the series Vernon McCain did for Cliff Gould's OBLIQUE. (Kind of a funny thing about that series--the last article of the series discussed the fact that faneds shouldn't hold up material if they couldn't publish it within a reasonable length of time--and Gould gaffed before finishing publishing the issue; it's never been distributed to this day.)

"A Stf Master Nobody Remembers" is an oft-used gag, but quite well-done. Is this by any chance the first time it was done? Not likely, I suppose. And who was "Lyon de Coeur"?--you? Boggs? Harmon?

The plot for Axtell's "The Man Who Followed April" is excellent; hell, I'd like to read it. Sounds like something that would have been written by Kornbluth or Wollheim or one of the other Futurians in the early 40's. Remember Wollheim's "Aquella"? This plot would seem to me to call for much the same sort of mood and treatment.



trina.

TED JOHNSTONE'S ZINE

You're right about Burbee being a person who gets "a great kick out of existence and to really enjoy all the crazy things that go along with it." But my favorite comment on Burb's writings was made by Boggs, I think it was; he said that the things Burb wrote about weren't really funny or amusing, except as seen through the eyes of Burbee. Hell, anybody (me, for instance) can sit down and record a witty conversation, but it takes a Burbee to make a Boring, Pointless Conversation (hi, rich brown) screamingly funny.

But don't underrate Burbee's cynicism completely, Ted. Remember "The Wingless Rooster" and the masterfully offhanded way he dissected one Louise Leipiar:

"This Leipiar woman, who may or may not believe in the transmigration of souls..."

Why don't you check your facts before making cracks about FAPA, Ted? You claim that former members don't apply for readmission, yet 10 of the 44 FAPA waitinglisters are former FAPAns.

Okay, you've got me, with that photo of Carl Brandon. I'll admit it--Carl really does exist.

The best stfilm of the '50's, to my mind, was "Forbidden Planet". It was also the most stfish; none of this easily-digested, basic-plot stuff like "The Thing," "Destination Moon," or "War of the Worlds"--"Forbidden Planet" had scientific extrapolation and sense of wonder, bighod.. But I agree with you about "Invasion From

Head of Kvasir--XII

Mars"--that was a wretched picture! I saw it with Boob Stewart, and it was so bad we couldn't even laugh. At one point there was this scene, see, with these Martians, see--and we could very plainly see the zippers on their costumes. Whoever heard of a Martian with zippers in his skin?

Why should anyone call Elinor "Ellie" when Elinor is such a lovely name?

Yes, earwigs are sort of a nuisance up here, too; every now and then we find one in the house somewhere. Miri's afraid of them, but I got over it years ago. They're very easy to kill--just take a piece of paper and crush 'em. They're not fast enough to run away, and they don't crunch and squish like some other insects. (RAGNAROK, The Nauseating Fanzine.) Wonder why they're called earwigs, though? I think my mother once told me that there was an old wives' tale that earwigs loved to get into people's ears and grab on pinching. Ugh.

Coupla days ago Miri brought some fanzines in from the store-room, and an earwig crawled out. I killed it, then took it outside and dropped it in the garbage can. "Why'd you do that?" she asked me. "You could have put it in the garbage-pail in the kitchen." "You never can be too safe," I said straightfacedly. "Its mate might come and pinch us if we leave it near us."

Jane Jacobs' reference to Birdbaths would date her to Fifth Fandom? Whasat? The Birdbath was invented by Harlan Ellison and was the symbol of Seventh Fandom, Ted.

I'm reminded of an amusing tale concerning Ellison and the birdbath, by the way, so bear with me. Honey Wood Graham was telling us many tales of her life in Cleveland when she was Assistant Editor of SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN and Harlan was driving her mad, as he apparently drives everyone mad, much as they may like him. (Eh, Bjo?) Seems Ellison and a few of the other

teenagers had just discovered the birdbath to fandom, and the first thing Honey heard of it was when she came home one day and found a big stone birdbath in the middle of her livingroom. Harlan said they'd stolen it from somebody's lawn, I believe, and were just storing it there for awhile. "Don't tell me about fannish birdbaths!" says Honey; "I've lived with the original one!"

I join Bob Lee Martinez in not liking fannish detective stories--any of 'em. Oops, forgot about those two fine stories by F. Lee Baldwin that appeared in the Burbee SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES: Raymond Chandler satires called "Crime Stalks the Fan World" and "The Girl With The Muddy Eyes". Oh, and Willis' "Mike Hammer at the Chicon," too.

Dave Rike once had the "h" key on his typer break off. He immediately ordered a new one, but in t#e meantime #is letters read somet#ing like t#is...it was maddening, especially if you've ever seen a full-scale Rikeletter, typed with little or no paragraphing in elite type. Along about the tenth page he got the key back, and broke out with, "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh, I've got my h key again! Ghu, bheer, Rhoscoe, mhoney, hheaven...!"



Head of Kvasir--XIII

Good grief, Ted, are The Little Monsters of America still in operation? I'll bet that's news to Lynn Hickman!

BRUCE PELZ, SPELEOBEM #7

That's a gorgeous cover that Bjo did; one of my favorite drawings that she's done.

"Wordsmithing" is a much-fun poem, Bruce, even if the metre is wretched. (I'll haunt you to your dying days, sir!)

"Why, today you'd have a hard time telling the difference between Morder and Los Angeles." Yes, the smog does make it a lot like Morder, at that.

I read through your cavilling at Toskey with great amusement. Hope you released some long-pent-up energy in that diatribe. I enjoyed it immensely.

Phooey to your determination to stuff the SAPSbundles! Seems to me we can damn well do without bundle-stuffers, particularly right now. You write good stuff and pub good zines, Bruce, but when you're deliberately padding you can (and do) write crud, just like anybody else.

Re me being on the SAPS waitinglist during Ballard's OEsShip...it's possible, but I doubt it. I was on it during Karen's OEsShip, I know, but I may have been on it one other time, too. At any rate, I seem to have this Gordon Black SPECTATOR here (or had--I sold it along with a lot of other excess fannish paper).

If you're still wondering who "Cantaloupe Flabbergaste" is, I'll give you a hint: he's on the SAPS waitinglist.

Sometime when I'm braving the LA smog again I must take a look at your bound mailings; would like to see how handy they'd be for my purposes. I think the disadvantages would outweigh the advantages, but I'm fascinated by the idea.

You should be shot for that "Bare ad Dur-words" pun. Or at least fined a nickel.

Re the Toilet Roll and TP Publications: toilet paper, as somebody by now must have told you, is often referred to as "TP".

RICH BERGERON, WARHOON #7

This is one of the finest goddam fanzines I've read in years, Rich--many, many thanks for it. I would like to see you stick in some of your own artwork to break up those Pages and Pages of Solid Black Type, but it certainly isn't necessary. Your writing



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outshines even your artwork. One serious gretch, though: why don't you paragraph between zines in your mailing comments?--it would make it much easier to find one's egoboo, not to mention plain old less confusing layout-wise. Or are you deliberately making sure we read the whole zine, and not just our own egoboo? I assure you, it isn't necessary.

And don't fret about your sabotaged ploys, Rich--you may yet achieve the Ultimate Ploy: being voted President of SAPS while not yet a member!

You're right: someone should get Eney to write an article on the genesis of FANCYCLOPEDIA II. As a matter of fact, I've been meaning to ask him for such an article for INN, but haven't got around to it. How about it, Eney?

Time out for a Fashion Note, or something: Miri just hollered in from the bathroom to tell SAPS that she has a white hair. She thinks it's distingued; it's her first, you know. I'm happy to say that within 45 seconds I talked her out of the notion that she was getting old ("But I'm twenty-two already!"), and she is now fascinated. Ah well, back to the mc's.

Beginning in the early '50's, there were several abortive plans for a revised FANCYCLOPEDIA or something like it, Rich. A British fan planned a Fancyc sort of thing in about '53, titling it THE FANCYCLOPEDIA, but he hadn't even heard of Speer's volume at the time. He was informed of it and when he said it was still a good idea and fandom needed an up-to-date version, he met with a complete anathy, apparently. Some fans even tried to talk him out of it; said that one of the most-fun things about fandom was learning the words and allusions for oneself. I suppose that's true, and I seem to recall Eney saying that he deliberately left out quite a few definitions from Fancyc II just so that the neofan could have the fun of discovering something for himself.

Your analyses of "Enchanted Duplicator" and "Road to Fame" were fascinating. There have been two other fanpieces on this theme, by the way. Jack Speer did one in the 40's called "Stefan's Progress" or something like that; I haven't read it, but have seen Ron Ellik's copy. And "Carl Brandon" used the allegorical road-of-life theme in a Carl Brandon version of "The Wizard of Oz" called "The BNF of Iz"--Ellik and I wrote it. Would be interested in an analysis of the latter, particularly--it's nowhere near as good as the WAW-BoSh piece, but would probably make for an interesting analysis, since there is a fair amount of hidden meaning and satire in it. Ted White published the thing in a beautiful edition last year; he'll be happy to sell you one for 25%. Or for that matter, if you'll promise to give such a detailed analysis of it as you've done here for these more important works, I'll buy one for you, goddammit. Are you game?

I DON'T KNOW WHY
SHE SHOULD FEEL
SO DESIRED--AFTER
ALL, SHE PUBLISHES
QUITE IRREGULARLY.



The subject of Seventh Fandom is dead in fandom these days, except in a historical sense--but it still isn't safe to write of Numbered Fandoms it seems, because Ted Paula just recently came out heralding Eighth Fandom again. *sigh*



Your continued use of the term "illio" despite the fact that it never caught on for common fannish usage reminds me of Bruce Pelz and "quover," a shortened term for "quote-cover". When he visited us in S.F. last year I noticed him using the term, and asked him about it. He said he knew it wasn't common usage, but at least it had been in Fancye II, and started extolling its merits. I stopped him by telling him that it was I who had originated the term, many years ago in an obscure FAPAazine. But hell, even I don't use it much anymore.

Your crack about Dulles' foreign policy (pg. 23) was lovely.

Hope Evial Ole Dikini's new tariff on non-members' sines in the mailings won't deter you from continuing to put in WARHOCN, Rich. This is lovely stuff.

WALLY WEBER & OTTO PFEIFER, WRR

No comment on the Shapiro pages, except to mention that I don't remember any Fugghead of the Year votes for "MezBradley, Poul's wife and some Chicagoans". Hum, excuse me--I think there was a vote or two for a certain Chicagoan (who shall be nameless here). Shapiro might do well to watch the next poll, though, if he likes seeing his name in print.

Either my mind is rotting or Otto is much funnier in this issue of WRR than he's ever been before. What happened?

Do I dare say that I think Pucon is an absolutely lousy name for the projected Seattle worldcon? Foosh--I agree with The Nameless Ones. "Seacon" may be lacking in spark (...or Zip...), but for all that it's five times as good as "Pucon" to my mind.

✓ BOB LICHTMAN, HERE THERE BE SAPS #3

Once again, I must say that your comments on the old SAPS mailings made fascinating reading. Egoboo unto you, sir.

Somebody recently pointed out that coincidences come in batches. You see a reference to something for apparently the first time, and then for days after you keep seeing more and more about it. This has been happening to me recently with Joan Grant's books. On the way to L.A. we rode with Lee and Jane Jacobs, and I passed some of the time reading a book Jane had by Joan Grant--rather good stuff, bighod. And then when we got back from the trip I settled down to reading the SAPS mailing, and came across two references to her books therein. The first was in Jane Jacobs' zine, which can be discounted I suppose--but it's certainly a coincidence that at this particular time you should review an old SAPSazine which had a review of Grant's "Winged Pharaoh" in it. Actually, though, I suppose these serieses of coincidences are simply due to the fact

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that the references to these things are always there, but after one coincidence you start noticing them.

On spelling reforms: the Russians tried to institute a complete writing reform in Communist China, changing the Chinese writing to an alphabet-system. But they failed to put it over; seems that even though the extreme complication of the present written language forces most Chinese to be illiterate, still the system as is has benefits they don't want to give up. It hasn't changed for thousands of years, while the spoken language has--there are many divergent dialects which make it totally impossible for people from different parts of China to understand each other. But these varying pronunciations don't affect the stagnant written language, so that any literate Chinese can read letters and books and such from other areas. What's more, the stagnant written language makes it completely effortless to read manuscripts dating back to before Christ. Can the English-language-speaking peoples say that? Or any people whose written language is an alphabetical one?

RICH BROWN, POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #7

Your introductory ramblings were quite good reading, Rich --keep it up. And why not tell us some more Stanberry stories? I think reading about him would be much more enjoyable than actually enduring him in person.

I'm surprised you didn't like the movie of "The Mouse That Roared"--I thought it was excellent, and quite funny. I started reading the novel when it appeared in the SatEvePost (where it was titled "The Day New York Was Invaded," I believe), but for some reason after the second installment I didn't read the rest; I think I missed the next issue or something. Anyhow, I liked both the movie and the book, what I read of it.

You got A's by submitting stuff of mine from LIGHTHOUSE and INNUENDO? Well I'll be damned.

"Talking Fandom Blues" is not from "Talking Atomic Blues," but they're both the same type of thing. The talking blues has many other examples, of which "Talking Atom Blues" is one of the most recent. We used "Talking Union" to get the verse-form.

Your mailing comments are not only enjoyable as communication, but also entertaining (if I make the rather subtle distinction clear). Several sections could be articles in themselves.

More, like.

JANE JACOBS, PSILO #2

The reference to "The Lost World" in the old Planet Comics was nostalgic as hell to me. I never could make heads or tails of the series when I read it circa age 9 & 10, but it fascinated me nonetheless. Always hated the way the Planet Comics artists slopped their panels all over the page, though. And, while I'm speaking of

former s-f comix, how about Startling Comics and Wonder Comics? It wasn't until a couple of years after I'd been reading the prozines that I realized the cover artist of those comix, "Xela," had been Alex Schomburg. (Xela equals Alex backwards.)

Kind of a funny thing: when I was first making the switch-over from the stf comics to the prozines, I had the idea that there was a magazine corresponding to each stf comic--like, I'd seen Planet, Startling, and Wonder Comics, and their corresponding prozines, so when I saw Astounding S-F I started looking around for Astounding Comics. Oh well.

Since you're so interested in ancient Egypt and novels about same, I suggest you check at the Public Library for some of the novels of Dmitri Merezhowski. They're excellent; I think you'll like him even more than Joan Grant.

In your mailing comments you reviewed PILES IN THE PARLOR, which is a FAPazine. Tsk.

The story was rather good, but I think you overemphasized the use of similes. Also, the particular ones you chose seemed somehow inappropriate and jarring--it's difficult to say just why, but that was the reaction I had.

I don't subscribe to the theory of reincarnation at all at all. Like, how do you explain the fact that the world's population is higher today than it's ever been before? New souls constantly being created?

"By golly, they HUNG him, and it made the movie." I daresay. (Jane, the past tense of the verb referring to stringing one from a gallows is "hanged".)

"...I'll sign off this little opus and wait for the mean comments about my writing ability." Don't be such a kook, Jane; you write quite well.

And so we come to the end of another issue of RAGNAROK, The Non-S--- Fanzine. I think this is probably the best issue we've done yet --and probably the largest, too. I don't guarantee such large issues in the future, nor so well-balanced ones, but at least we got this one done.

I suppose some otherwise-intelligent people will holler at me that a SAPSzine is not well-balanced if it has non-mc material in it. To

them (and to the Get Rid Of MC's Faction too) I say: let those who like to write articles and poetry and stories do so, and let those who prefer to write mc's do that. Each to his own, like.

But, specifically to those who want nothing but mc's in SAPS, would you be happy if Rapp wrote nothing but mc's? If Pelz and Johnstone abandoned their not-poetry? If Bjo never drew another stroke? If "The Ballard Chronicles" ended forever?

Foosh, I say in closing. --tgc



