

8

1941-02

SAPS 54

RAOTAROK





EGOBOO FOR ALGERNON

by Carl Brandon

progris riport 1--martch 5 1962.

Dr. Strauss sais I shud rite down what I think and evrey thing that happins from now on on account of it may be important. I dont know why but he sais he has to file a riport to the head of his com-itty. Hes from the NFFF. I sed thanks alot of times but he just shruged and said just another NFFF benefit. Miss Kinnian sais maybe they can make me smart they do alot with new fans. I sure hope so. My name is Charlie Gordon and Im 37 years and 2 months old. Ive been in fandom five yeers.

progres riport 2--martch 6

They gave me a quiz today but I couldnt figure it out. It wasnt aboute Hugo Gernsback or Henery Kuttners pen names like most quizzes though. What happind is Dr. Strauss showed me some white cards with ink spilled on them or something. He sed Charlie what do you see on this card. I was very scared and I told him it was an inkblot but I hadnt dun it. He looked sad and said that wasnt the rite idea he said he wantid me to say what it reminded me of. So I looked at it some more and sed it reminded me of the reproduktion I get on my mimeo. But he sed that wasnt the right answer eether so I guess I faled the quiz. But that was reely what it reminded me of.

progris riport 3--martch 7

Dr Strauss sais its okay about the ink they know I didnt do it. He sais theyl try to help me. Miss Kinnian told that whenever we had a quiz at our klub I always tryed hardest and they liked that. Dr. Strauss sed you noe if we make you smart it might only be tempirery. I said I noe. But Ive never been smart like the other gys in the klub and just onse Id like to be able to answer those quizzes. I dont care if its onley tempirery.

Then they gave me sum more tests. One was sort of a game with this mouse. His name is Algernon. Algernon was in a box with alot of twists and turns like all kinds of walls and they gave me a pensil and a peper with lines and lots of boxes. They sed it was a race could I get through the maze befor Algernon could. We raced ten times and it made me mad cause Algernon beat me all ten times. I got mad because I thought they mite laugh at me but they didnt. But I was mad

a little bit anyway so I outsmarted them I picked up the peeces of paper and looked at it for a long time and then sed Nice paper and dropped it on the table. Then I leffed. I red about saying that once and its a smart thing to do. Maybe Im getting smarter all ready.

progris riport 4--march 8

I asked Dr. Strauss if Ill beat Algernon in the race after the operashun and he said maybe. I sed could I answer the quizzes then and learn all the big words like they use in DISCORD and all. He sed I could probly rite a colum for DISCORD if the operashun works. But I dont noe. Some peeple say Im a fugghead now. Miss Kinnian sais that isnt rite that isnt what it means. She sais it doesnt matter if your eye cue is 68 that doesnt make you a fugghead. But when I start riting a colum for DISCORD I bet nobody will call me a fugghead anyway. I wonder what Ill call it. Their giving me the operashun tomorrow.

Progress Report 5--Mar 15

The operashun didnt hurt. He did it while I was sleeping. They took the bandijis from my eyes and head today so I can make a PROGRESS REPORT. Dr. Strauss looked at some of my other ones and he told me how to spell PROGRESS and REPORT rite. I got to try to remember now.

Dr. Strauss sais I should tell what I feel and what I think. I didnt noe what to think but I tryed. All the time when the bandijis were on I tryed to think. Nothing happened. I dont noe what to think about. I sed when I get the bandijis off I could read a discussion fanzine and it would tell me what to think but Dr. Strauss and Miss Kinnian both sed they dont help you to think at all reely. But when I got the bandijis off I did read Ted Paulses fanzine anyway. It didnt help me think so they were right. Besides there were too many big words. I couldnt read it good. I guess to read those fanzines you just got to noe big words. I said that to Miss Kinnian and she smiled. She sed I could think without reading those kind of fanzines but I dont noe.

Progress Report 6--Mar 19

Nothing is happining. I had lots of tests and races with Algernon but he still beats me. Dr. Strauss sed I could go back to the club agen if I want. Im glad because I miss all my frends there and all the fun we have. Miss Kinnian is glad too. She sais not to worry Dr. Strauss is a smart man and has been in the NFFF longer than Ralph Holland and he noes what hes doing. She sais it might take a while befor I get smart but I should keep trying. She sed maybe I should get on a NFFF round robin letter and it would make me think. But I still dont noe.

Dr. Strauss told me he operated on Algernon thats why he all ways beats me. It took a long time with Algernon but he got three times smarter. If I was three times smarter I bet I could rite that colum for DISCORD. I bet I could. On a typewriter even. I bet I could learn to type if I was three times smarter.

So far Algernon looks liko he mite be smart perminent.

Mar. 25

Its fun to be back at the club again. They dont noe Im going to be smarter because I cant tell them. Dr. Strauss said its top secret in the NFFF because if I dont get smarter everybody will say its just another NFFF project that didnt get done.

We have a lot of fun at the club. Joe Carp said when I came in

Egoboo for Algernon--III

Hey heres Charlie where have you been. I didnt want to answer but it was okay because he didnt wait for me to. He said We didnt know what to do without you Charlie. Weve been telling everybody for years that your the only real slan in the world and your in our fancub and then you didnt come around for a long time. Then everybody laughed but I dont know why because he was talking about a story by Van Vogt and Ive never been able to read Van Vogt. But Frank Reilly says thats okay he cant understand Van Vogts stories either and he has a cosmic mind. I dont know what a cosmic mind is but Ill bet its something smart. Maybe Algernon has a cosmic mind. If he does I guess Ill have one too sometime because I had an operashun like him. Ill bet Frank Reilly will be surprised when he finds out I have a cosmic mind.

April 2

Last nite at the club I told everybody that I was going to publish a fanzine some day. They laughed and slapped me on the back like they always do when they like me. They said it was a good idea and theyd show me how. Then Joe Carp got a fanzine from the clubs collection and said Can you publish something as good as this. It was called THE HAPPY SAP and it looked like those inkblots Dr. Strauss showed me only better. It had a story called The Battle Of The Gods but it didnt have an ending. Joe Carp said why didnt I finish it. Then everybody laughed again including me. Joe sure is funny.

But anyhow I borrowed the fanzine and brought it home. I didnt want to tell them I couldnt type. But Im going to buy a typewriter soon as I can. Im going to learn to type.

April 9

Everybody at the club is so nice these days. It must be because they know Im getting smarter. I sort of told them. Anyhow I said I was learning to type. They were all glad and said to bring my typewriter to the clubroom and theyd help me practice. Frank Reilly said hed loan me all of his TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS. (Thats how you spell them.)

I did take my typewriter to the clubroom and I practiced there. Frank Reilly and the others watched and we had a good time. I asked him where the TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS were but he said hed forgotten them. He said I could make some myself if I was smart enough.

Then Joe Carp gave me a lesson. He types with all his fingers which I cant do but he makes mistakes anyway. I could tell. But everybody said not to worry and pretty soon Id be able to type like him. They said its better to make mistakes with all your fingers than just one. I dont know though.

Miss Kinnian says Im really getting smarter all right. I dont feel any smarter though. I told her the guys at the club are helping me to type but she frowned. She doesnt like the club because shes in the N3F. At least thats what the guys say. Im all mixed up about it. It doesnt make any sense. In fact I keep wondering about all sorts of things these days. Joe Carp says if Im really getting smarter I should be confused all the time because thats how things are.

April 11

I beat Algernon! I beat him eight times in a row today. Dr. Strauss said he wasnt surprised and this would sure show everybody that the NFFF could get things done no matter what they said. But Miss Kinnian looked at him kind of funny and said quietly that she somehow didnt think theyd be impressed if we told them that the NFFF helped me

to beat a mouse in a maze game.

Algernon sure is smart though, and I'm proud that I beat him. They let me hold him for a while, he's not so bad. He's soft like a ball of cotton, and warm.

April 20

I brought my typewriter home from the clubroom last night. I was there practicing typing with all my fingers. Several of the fans came in and gathered around me like they always do.

"What are you writing?" said Joe Carp.

I said I was just writing The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

"That's pretty good, but I think I've read it before," said Joe.

"I didn't make it up," I said, "I read it in a book." Everybody laughed and Joe frowned. I think they were laughing at him, that's why he frowned.

"Do you read books now?" he said. I said yes, and went on practicing typing. But Joe was kind of mad, I guess, he wouldn't let me alone. "Aren't fanzines good enough for you anymore?" he said, "We loaned you THE HAPPY SAP just a little while ago, why don't you read that?"

I told him I couldn't read it, because the reproduction was so bad. I always thought it was because I couldn't read good, but I don't think even Joe Carp could read it.

"It's too bad, I was looking forward to reading the ending of The Battle Of The Gods," Joe said, "I figure you're the best person I know to finish it. But why don't you go ahead and write something else, anyway, I've got an issue of my fanzine coming up pretty soon and I have a page to fill. They said if you take fifty million monkeys and leave them at typewriters long enough they'll write The Enchanted Duplicator eventually. Maybe you could write something for me."

"I'm not fifty million monkeys," I said. "You'll have to fill that empty page yourself."

I hadn't meant anything by that, but Joe got mad and said all sorts of things. He shouted a lot of words at me that I didn't know and when I asked him how to spell some of them, because I'm keeping a notebook on spelling now, he threw his hands up in the air and walked out of the room. So I brought my typewriter home. I don't think I'll go back to the club for awhile anyway.

April 28

I saw Miss Kinnian again today. She told me I'm making great steps, but I still make mistakes. Like with my punctuation sometimes. She said I committed 37X, and I was horrified, because last night I was reading a book on sociology and I thought 37X might be something like sodomy or pederasty. But she said it wasn't, and explained that it was running two sentences together with only a comma between them. Somebody had called that 37X. I won't make mistakes like that again.

Then I went by the clubroom again. There was nobody there, so when I borrowed a bunch of fanzines from the library I left a note. I borrowed issues of QUANDRY and SKY HOOK and PSYCHOTIC and HYPHEN and DISCORD and a lot of others. I borrowed a copy of "Slan," too. I'm going to read them tonight. I can read fast now.

May 15

I'll try to review all the things that have been happening in the past several weeks. I first read all of the fanzines that I had

Egoboo for Algernon--V

borrowed from the club, then borrowed more from Miss Kinnian. She has a large collection. I was especially interested in some of the discussions of changing trends in science fiction, and I read back files of various of the magazines. In particular, I wanted to analyze the sense of wonder; I did experience something like it when reading a few of the stories, but on the whole the concept is a puzzling one. One fanwriter, for instance, claimed to achieve a sense of wonder while reading the works of Leggh Brackett. I'm afraid I felt no such thing, though Hal Clement was quite fascinating in places. Perhaps the sense of wonder is not strictly an intellectual-level reaction? I can certainly remember that in the earlier periods of this experiment I achieved a strong sense of wonder simply reading the comic section in Out Of This World Adventures, and, a little later, from the letter column of Planet Stories. The evidence seems fairly certain that whatever the experiment has done for me it has not sharpened my sense of wonder.

I have continued to read through the older fanzines, of course. I was quite surprised when I mentioned to Dr. Strauss a clever satire on Jack Darrow in THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET and not only had he never read THE FOURTEEN LEAFLET, he did not even know who Darrow was! Perhaps Dr. Strauss is not so well-read as I had thought.

But, again, how can this be? Engaged in serious research in fandom as Dr. Strauss is, surely he must have familiarized himself with the history of the fannish movement. There are levels to it which seem beyond him.

May 16

I am very disturbed. I saw Miss Kinnian last night for the first time in over a week. I returned some fanzines and books to her and made a few comments on them; she simply stared blankly at me. I was shocked. Surely she must have speculated beyond the superficial level about the implications of Tolstoy's theories of history on such fannish milestones as Bob Tucker and Claude Degler; the works of all three are in her own collection. And when I tried to refer her to "The Immortal Storm" in reference to a point I completely lost her by a mild side-observation on the psychological aspects of the book. Has she read it only as fannish history? If so, she has missed a fascinating psychological study!

May 23

It happened today. Algernon bit me. I visited Dr. Strauss to see him as I do occasionally, and when I took him out of his cage, he snapped and bit my hand. Dr. Strauss tells me that Algernon is changing. He is less cooperative, and eats less. Everyone is upset about what this may mean.

May 31

I have embarked on a project of my own. It is the result of a week's steady reading of every fanzine I could find, good or bad--and a week's reading for me is a considerable amount. I have discovered, by the way, that I can now read THE HAPPY SAP. It is an effect of the experiment I hadn't anticipated, but the increase in intelligence has made it possible for me to read through the typographical errors and bad duplication, to sort through the syntax of the fanzine. If Miss Kinnian thought it a strange sort of victory when I first managed to beat Algernon at the maze game, imagine what her reaction would be if I should tell her that one of the most significant effects of the experiment has been my new-found ability to read THE HAPPY SAP!

In my readings of fanzines and prozines and books I have uncovered a wealth of material for speculation and research. It's surprising that no one has worked on the many fascinating sociological and psychological implications of fandom before. I will make it my work. Leave the lighter aspects of fandom to those whose talent is for humor; I shall make my contribution in a sercon manner. (The word sercon by itself opens vast vistas for analysis.)

June 10

Algernon died two days ago. Dissection shows that our fears were justified: his brain had decreased in weight and there was a general smoothing out of cerebral convolutions as well as a deepening and broadening of brain fissures. The effects of the operation were not permanent for him, and so they will not be for me, perhaps.

I am already becoming absent-minded. I guess it's starting already. But I am determined to finish my study of fandom before the regression becomes too marked to overcome.

June 18

I am becoming irritable. I guess it may be the deterioration, but maybe not. I'm having trouble finding references for the points in my research. I had them in my mind, but I should have written them down. It's very irritating to have to concentrate so deeply simply to remember.

June 20

I asked Dr. Strauss and Miss Kinnian to leave me alone. Im having alot of trouble with my article. Not only cant I find where I read something, I dont even agree with what alot of my notes say, what I can read of them. Yesterday I read a Captain Future novel and found the sense of wonder as good as its ever been. It doesnt fit what I wrote, can I be that far gone?

July 2

I havent been writing to much because Ive been busy. Every thing is so hard now. I keep wanting to get done with that thing I been writing but I hardly know what Im doing. I keep thinking of Algernon instead, I keep thinking he has some thing to do with the article. But the articles about fandom, not mice. What does a mouse have to do with fandom, even a smart mouse. But they say fans are smart, maybe thats it. I hope Im still smart, cause Im still a fan. I dont feel any dumber, I just have more trouble is all.

Maybe I should have written that colum for DISCORD. Everythings so hard now maybe I wont do it.

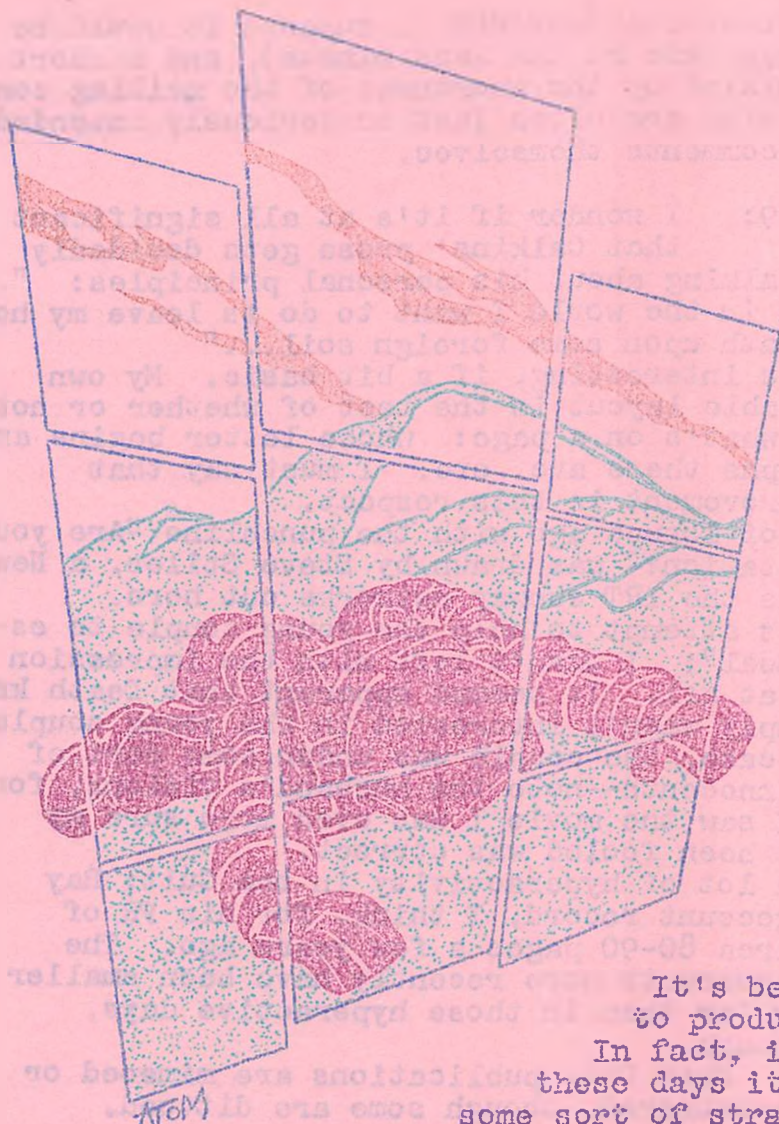
July 16

I went back to the club today. It shure was good to see Joe Carp and all of them. They acted funny at first but they still like me I guess. I told them I was smart now. I forgot I wasnt suppose to. They said they always knew I was a slen. Thats some one whos very smart.

I guess I mite not rite that article or anything. Everythings so hard. The smarter I get the harder it is to remember. The only thing I remember good is Algernon. He was reelly nice. I wish hed been smart enuf to understand cause I woud have liked to tell him I thot he was nice. Everybody needs some egoboo even a mouse. Thats why I like it when Joe Carp and them make jokes like they use to. You got to have frends even when your smart I think. I sure need frends and Im smart because of that operashun. But everythings so hard.

I have a cosmic mind. What do I do now.

--(Terry Carr)



Terry's section:

Mead of Kvasir

It's become sort of a habit of ours to produce RAGNAROK at the last minute. In fact, it's more than a habit with us: these days it's actually becoming a point of some sort of strange pride with us that we often turn out the zine in three or four days just prior to the mailing deadline. The idea is, I suppose, that it takes experience and probably talent at fanpublishing to be able to afford such incredible laziness as to wait till the last week to start a zine for the mailing. In fact, though the last RAGNAROK was produced, as I noted last issue, in four days, and a horribly hurried four days at that, we actually got kind of a kick out of people who had asked us earlier in the week if we'd have a zine in the mailing and had laughed at our reply that we were starting it the next day.

But the plain fact of the matter, despite all ego-gratifying rationalizations like the above, is that we tend to put off things till the deadline. It's pure laziness, of course, though we try to disguise it. We rush around publishing a biweekly fanzine and pretending that's keeping us too busy to do RAGNAROK. And sometimes, when the deadline begins to loom, we even go so far as to turn out a 70-page INNUENDO or something in an effort to prove we're too busy to get around to a lil' ole SAPSazine. When really pressed for a good reason for procrastinating, we run off other people's zines for them and holler "Too busy, too busy!"

Eventually, though, we sit down and start on a SAPSazine--because we like publishing for SAPS. That's why this issue is in this mailing, if it's in this mailing. Is it?

Mead of Kvasir--II

Anyway, this is a last-minute RAGNAROK (I suppose it would be appropriate if RAGNAROK always came at the last minute), and a short one at that. But don't be misled by the shortness of the mailing comments: the stories in this zine are often just as seriously intended as hooks for comment as the comments themselves.

Richard Bergeron, WARHOON #9: I wonder if it's at all significant that Galkins' prose gets decidedly purple just when he starts talking about his personal principles: "...I'll not deny that the last thing in the world I want to do is leave my home and fight a battle to the death upon some foreign soil..."

Chauvenot's article is interesting, if a bit basic. My own personal criteria for acceptable layout is the test of whether or not I can tell at a glance just what's on a page: whose letter begins and ends where, how many paragraphs there are, etc. I must say that WARHOON could stand some improvement in this respect.

The cartoon a couple of issues ago with the punchline "Are you sure this is an IRT subway station?" was drawn by Steve Stiles, a New Yorker. We have nothing like the IRT subway networks out here.

Regarding the knight's attempt to help the young couple to escape Death in "The Seventh Seal": I wasn't left with the impression that they had escaped Death at all. It seemed apparent that Death knew the knight's purpose but simply wasn't interested in the young couple and had never been. In any case, the couple was under some sort of Heavenly Protection, being innocents--note the husband's visions, for instance. The second time I saw the movie I was even more sure my impression that Death hadn't been fooled was correct.

Yes, there has been a lot of hyperactivity in the Cult; Ray Schaffer still holds the pagecount record, I think, for his FR of circa 80-90 pages a few years ago. The pagecounts more recently have been smaller by far than in those hyperactive days, though.

Most Cult publications are mimeoed or Gestetnered, though some are dittoed.

A fine issue, Dick.

Arv Underman, SPIANATO #1: Welcome to SAPS, like; this is a good zine, and I hope there'll be many more to come.

Baseball requires no endurance or physical conditioning? Well, perhaps not for some of the positions, but the catcher has to have damned good legs, and so does the pitcher. I've done a little sandlot pitching, and found that the first thing to get tired and

start to give out every time was my legs--in particular, the left leg, which I would come down hard on every delivery. Have you ever tried pitching seven or nine innings? You'd be surprised how much endurance your arm has in comparison to your legs.

Art Rapp, SPACEWARP #68: Ahah, another longterm fanzine that FANAC has caught up with in issue numbers; we just published #69 of FANAC earlier this week.

A pity you don't dig Kerouac. I agree he's not great, but that's



only because his work is incredibly uneven. At his best, I think he rivals Whitman for sheer buoyance in the celebration of life.

Elinor Busby, FENDENIZEN #18:

Sid Coleman was very pleased that you and Euz recited his piece from SAFARI OFFSHOOT to him. But he hadn't seen all the egoboo there was for him in the last SAPS mailing till I read it to him when he was here visiting recently. I went into the bedroom to get the SAPS mailing to quote the proper comments to him and when I came back I didn't see him. "Where are you?" I said. "Read my egoboo to me!" came his voice from somewhere. So I did. Along about the fourth hefty dose of egoboo Sid came out of the bathroom smiling. "Very moving," he said, "very moving."

Regarding Jim O'Meara's poll: Miri isn't exactly an only child; she has a half-brother eight years older and they were raised together. I have a brother eight years older, too.

A properly rebound library book can be propped up in front of you and it will stay open. But novels and such (which is probably what you read mostly from libraries) get so much use that they are often rebound several times, and by the third or fourth time so much has had to be trimmed from the edges of the pages that it won't stay open properly without being held. There is a system of sewing books so that they'll open completely flat when rebound, and this is done pretty consistently with music scores and many books on art. The books that are really hard to keep open are those on which the spines have had to be reinforced.

I'm delighted to learn that you used to mend books. Were you at it long? Mr. Paul, the head of the Mending Division at U. C. Library, is an odd type. He has little education and not much use for books personally, & esn't read much and knows no foreign languages or such--but he's a sincere craftsman in his book-mending and can rattle off styles of bookbinding in different eras at the drop of a flyleaf.

Yes, I'm a natural-born packrat too. Poul and Karen were here a few weeks ago, and Poul was talking about Karen's collecting bug. "I often speculate," he said, "about an alternate universe in which Karen married Reg Bretnor, who's an even worse packrat. But I never can speculate about it for long, because the universe becomes so crowded that there's no room left for anything to happen."

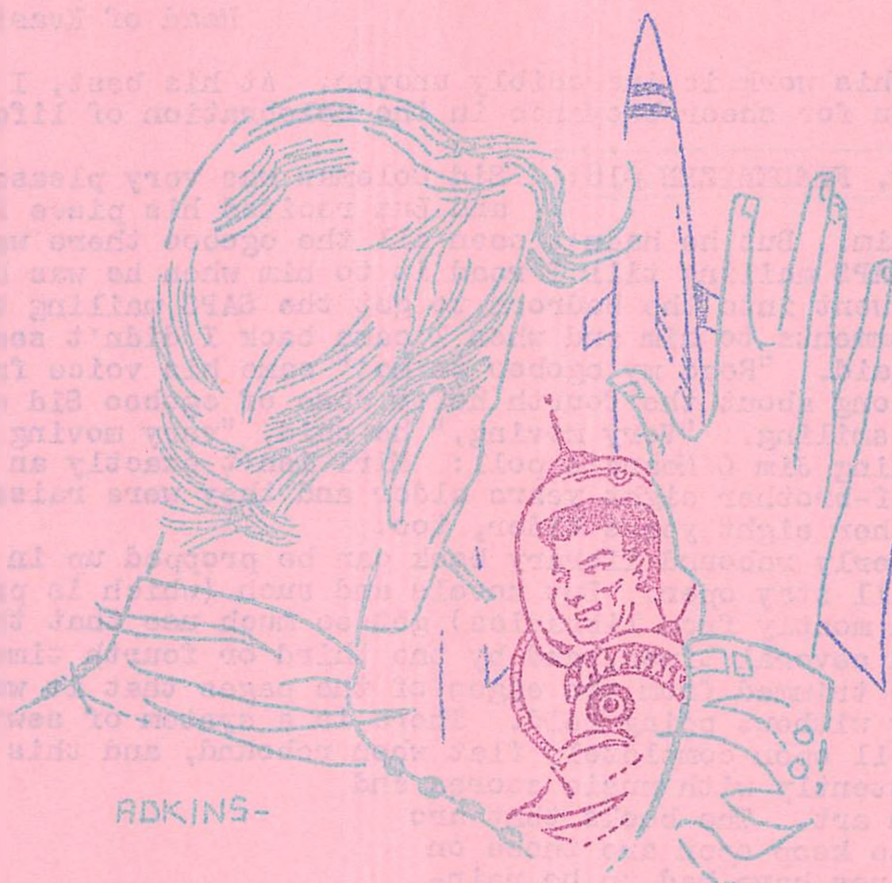
Speaking of people looking like other people in photos, that photo you took of Les Nirenberg which appeared on a CRYcover made him look remarkably like Dick Ellington in one of his raconteur moods.

A very fine zine, Elinor--as always.

Vic Ryan, WAPTAGE #1:

A very welcome addition to the bundle. This was one of the best zines in the mailing, as far as I'm concerned. Like, welcome.





Miri's section:

Teeth for Thor

Yesterday I cracked my head on the bottom edge of the cupboard door, which dented my skull and knocked me to the floor, where I blacked out. My thirteen-year-old neighbor, Holly Suboreau, came in and found me there, was scared to death and ran and told her mother; she came in and when she found that the pain wasn't going away after five or ten minutes decided I'd better go to an emergency hospital to have it checked. So the Suboreaus, Connie and Lou, drove me up to the emergency hospital, where I had one of the most upsetting experiences I've had in quite a few years. First of all, the nurse in charge kept me standing up at the desk, asking me questions while she wrote on a form, until I started to keel over. Then they took me into the emergency room, where they asked me more questions till their form was filled out and then left me lying on a very high, very narrow cot which was so short that my legs hung off it from mid-calf down. Nobody even came in to look at me again for twenty minutes, and I almost fell off several times because I was so dizzy. I was also nauseated and they hadn't provided for that, and they'd taken my coat away and left me no blanket, and I was freezing to death. I really think that this was rather shocking negligence on the part of the staff.

Well, finally the doctor came in, looked in my eyes and ears and nose with his little light, had me touch my nose with my fingertip and do other such weedy things, and told me that I was Just Fine.

I was not just fine at all; I was in pain, I was dizzy, I was nauseous, and I was angry. And they hadn't even offered me an aspirin. So when we got back here Lou made me feel a whole lot better by giving me four aspirin and a slug of port wine.

We got to discussing wine, and Lou told me that pink champagne gets its colour from, now get this, being rocked back and forth in barrels in caves in France. He further told me that some winemaker once hired a sailing-ship to sail around in the Atlantic with the hold full of wine so as to give the right rocking motion to make pink champagne. (This ship had no destination, by the way; it was just sailing around for the wine's sake.)

Now, I never believed that big fat story, not for a minute, and I lost no time in telling Lou so. But he did convince me that he meant it, even though Terry says he couldn't have been serious. I still think he meant it. But then again, he couldn't have...could he?

Anyway, my head feels much better now. It hasn't hurt me since this morning, except when I touch it.



Art Rapp, SPACEWARP:

I was interested in your telling about the coffee you make in a tin can on a hot-plate that's just as good as what "they" can make in their fancy-expensive electric percolators. (I Can Take Just As Good Pictures With My Little Brownie Box Camera As Those Guys Can With Their Big Expensive Ones.) Actually, you should be able to make far superior coffee to that made in an electric percolator. I think boiled coffee is absolutely The Greatest, if made correctly (I can't make it correctly, so far), but I'm surprised you've had such good results, making it in a tin can. It must be an awfully well-tinned can. Do you not have available a pyrex or enamelled saucepan? I should thinkaa handle would come in handy anyway. The reason I'm not surprised that your boiled coffee is superior to electrically percolated coffee is mainly that I don't care for electric percolators, anyway. In my opinion they're a tremendous waste of money, in that coffee takes much longer to brew in them, they're difficult to clean--and cleanliness is so terribly important with coffeepots--parts are expensive to replace, most of them are at least potential shock hazards, and, mainly, they just don't make very good coffee.

I know an awful lot of people who own electric coffeepots, and all of these people (with one exception) keep theirs up on some high shelf, like to bring down in case of an emergency such as a lot of company or in case they break their stovetop model. The above-mentioned Connie Suboreau would rather drink instant coffee than the brew produced by her \$30 machine.

"...the most inept writer in SAPS could write rings around him...(Kerouac)" Art Rapp, you said that, and I say: Oh? I might

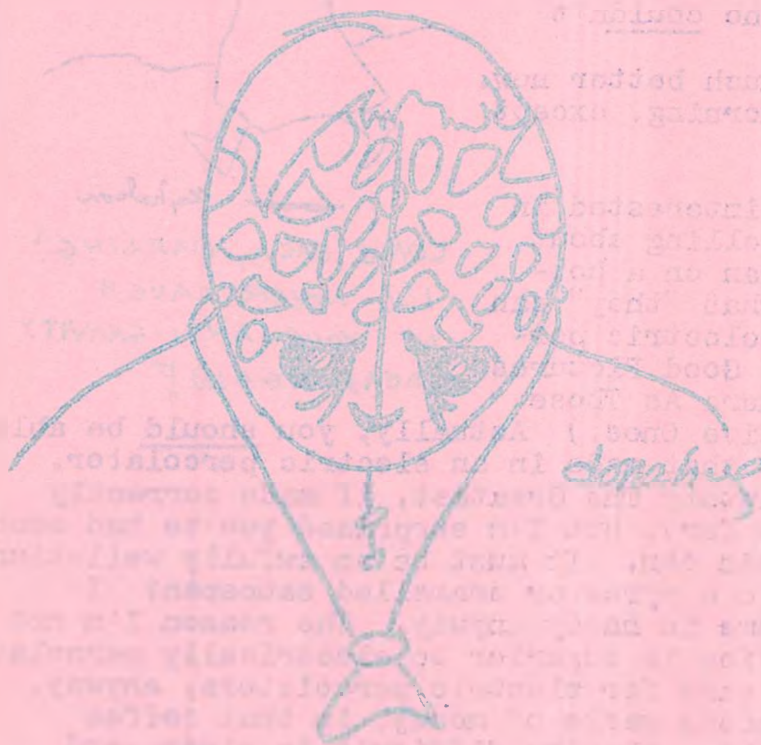
COME BACK, DARLING!
I'LL NEVER LAUGH
AT YOUR ANTI-GRAVITY
IDEAS AGAIN!

Teeth for Thor---III

agree with you, if you'll tell me something first. Who is the most inept writer in SAPS? Do you really think that the book was such a success because people expected it to be sexy? I never heard anyone say it was sexy, except Elinor Busby, who I think was kidding.

Anyway, Terry can write rings around Kerouac. I'm a big fan of Carl's, you know, and I think the fannish "On The Road" is almost as good as if not better than Kerouac's. And I think Kerouac's "On The Road" was an absolutely dandy book, more packed with joie de vivre than anything I've read since "Tom Sawyer". I don't think the writing was the world's greatest, but I do think it was a good book. I didn't like "The Subterraneans" nearly as well, because it seemed to me that it wasn't nearly so alive as the other. "On The Road"'s theme of Life Is Just Great, Life Is So Fascinating kept me from being depressed by the irresponsibility and/or poverty of the characters, and also carried me past some of the overly-long narrative which bored hell out of me in "The Subterraneans".

I thought "The Apes of Repp" was just delightful. It made me laugh and laugh.



Bruce Pelz, SPELEOBEM #9: If you don't

like the Tru-ray mimeo bond, give it to me. I just love it, and I'm sure I could make use of it. It's ideal for Oragami, anyway.

Elinor Busby, FENDENIZEN #18:

Gee, Elinor, you sure are silly. Salzburg is east of here. (Practically everything is east of everything else; it just might take you longer to get there, that's all.)

How does one work Koechel into a mundane conversation? That's simple. When one of us thinks of it, he says "Koechel" to the other in a bright and cheerful manner, and the other one replies, "Koechel" in a sort of a "yas, man, yas yas" type manner. We say "Koechel" at least three times a week each, but we rarely listen to the Wolf Gang Show, because our FM doesn't pick up that station very well. (The closest way to write out the pronunciation of "Koechel" is "Ker-kull".)

Mozart didn't have opus numbers just because he never got around to it, I guess. All the encyclopedia says is that a man named Koechel indexed the works of Mozart after his death, and that there are around 650 accredited Mozart works. Why was Mozart such a kook? I didn't know he was a kook, Elinor; what kookie things do you know about him?

You mentioned in your comments to John Berry the writings of Ira Wallach. A friend of mine once read to me a marvelous spoof he did on some French existential writer (Sartre?) that was called something or other like "Beware of Flies with Red Gloves On," and it all

ended up with everybody putting everybody else into the oven. I think the name of the book that this satire was in was "Hopalong Freud Rides Again," but I probably have this all wrong, because this was read to me in about December of '57.

Guy Terwilliger, SAPLING #5: The zine didn't really inspire any comments, Guy, but this is easier than writing a letter and I did want to say that I'm very glad that you haven't gaffiated and/or quit SAPS. Also, the Bergeron cover is very fine.

Arv Underman, SPIANATO #1: First of all, I guess I should say W*E*L*C*O*M*E to SAPS, Arv. And secondly, I should tell you that "waste not, want not" is a very good motto and someday you may remember it if you should need fifty sheets of slick paper. So's not to be too confusing I should say I'm referring to the totally blank on both sides sheet of paper stapled on to the back of this. Just think, Arv, those fifty sheets of wasted paper could have maybe been a little twig, and the fact that you got it free doesn't count.

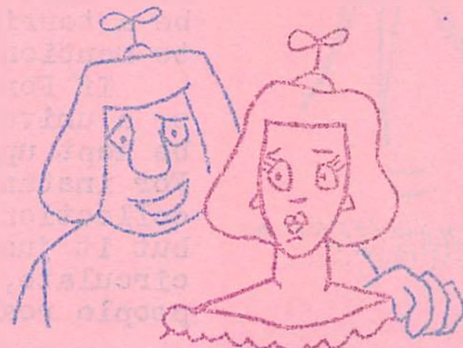
The third and last comment I have to you is a bit more serious. It's referring to your blast at health-food stores. In the first place, I don't think you should pooh-poo the claims made by people who dig nutrition unless you know quite a bit about it. The study of nutrition is not the same as the study of medicine, and doesn't claim to be. Wonderful and amazing improvements in both physical and mental health have been and are constantly being produced by practices of good nutrition. Let me make myself clear, however: I do not confuse work in nutrition with the ravings of crackpot food-faddists.

Leading nutrition experts are just as appalled and probably even more disgusted by the ravings of people who bleat such stuff as, "Poison white sugar, alfalfa sprouts, liquified grass, etc." as you are.

I want to point out the difference between a food fad and a nutrition-conscious type scene. Alfalfa sprouts and liquified grass are definitely fads; this so-called "raw"

sugar is a fad. ("Raw" sugar is just as refined as granulated white sugar; it used to be so dirty that the government made the manufacturers completely refine it and then add the molasses back in. The least refined sugar other than molasses or honey that you can buy is C&H Dark Brown.) Unrefined whole-grain flowers, brewer's yeast, yogurt, and other such health-building foods are not fads, because they are not passing fancies--they've been used for centuries--and because they have been proven to actually contain the nutrients that they are claimed to have.

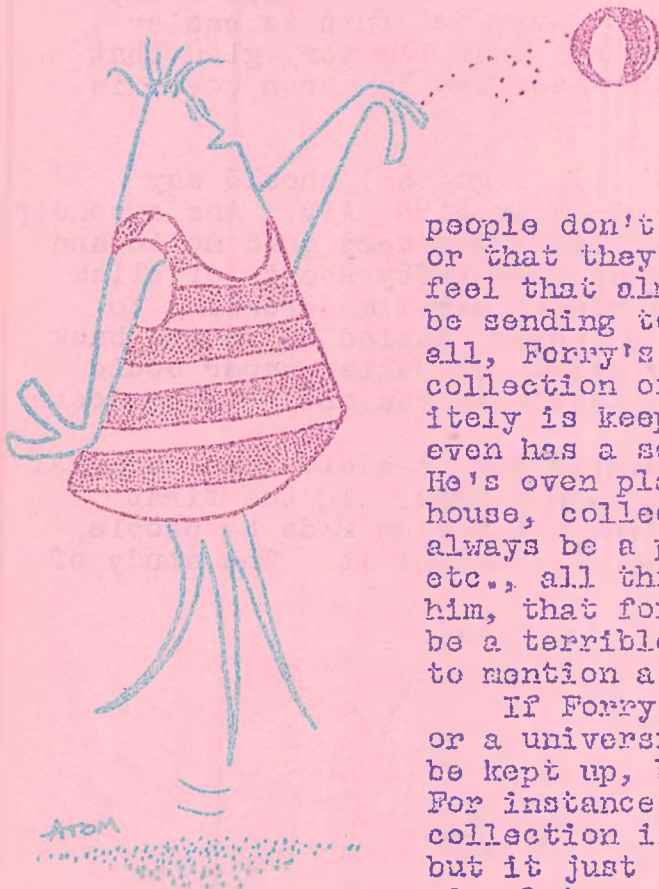
I could go on talking for a whole magazine about my beliefs, attitudes, and experience with nutrition. In fact, I may sometime.



Raf Nelson
MARRIAGE AIN'T JUST
HEARTS AND FLOWERS DAUGHTER.
THERE'S DIRTY DIAPERS,
SNORING HUSBANDS,
BALKY MIMMIES --

Teeth for Thor--V

What I'm really trying to say by all this is that, while there are charlatans and hysterics in the health food business, there are also many fine people who are doing good work to improve the health of the nation. So, like, don't throw out the babies with the bathwater. (If you really care to know more about this subject, I highly recommend the books of Adelle Davis, especially "Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit".)



Richard Bergeron, WARHOON #9:

I don't know exactly what the current status of the Fantasy Foundation is, Rich, but I do know that it is definitely still in existence and that Forry is a bit sad at least that people don't realize that it never stopped existing, or that they don't seem to care, because he seems to feel that almost as a matter of course fans should be sending to him fanzines for the Foundation. After all, Forry's is probably the largest and most complete collection of science fictional things, and he definitely is keeping it that way as much as he can. He even has a secretary who files, sorts, etc. FF stuff. He's even planning on leaving to some fan couple his house, collection, and an annuity so that there'll always be a place where fans can go to see and read, etc., all this stuff. He feels, and I agree with him, that for that collection to die with him would be a terrible waste of a lifetime of collecting, not to mention a waste of the stuff itself.

If Forry were to will his collection to a library or a university, not only would the collection not be kept up, but it probably wouldn't be accessible. For instance, J. Francis McComas' science fiction collection is at the San Francisco Public Library, but it just sits there in a glass case and doesn't circulate, and they don't even open the case to let people read the stuff there.

Jack Harness, SAP ROLLERS #19, 20, & 21:

Jack, I meant to tell you a year ago, I guess, that that deadwood vembletroon I did was not aimed at you. I just used the name Jack like people do sometimes when they don't have any special name to use. I forgot there was anyone in SAPS named Jack, or I would have said Mac. But as it turns out, I'm very glad you were insulted, because "Turnabout Is Fair Play" is an extremely good vembletroon, and besides, I deserved it, regardless of whether I deserved it or not.

I'm extremely delighted and impressed with all three SAP ROLLERS' appearance. I mean, really, like goshwow; they're beautiful beautiful beautiful. They were definitely the bright spot of the mailing to me. Even the man who services our mimeo and is our office-supplies supplier was delighted and impressed with SAP ROLLER #19. His name is Jimmy Joy, but don't let that bother you.

The picture of the boy on the cover of #20 was more than slightly appalling to me. Not that I don't dig male nudes--on the contrary--but couldn't you have made it a rear view or used a figleaf or a rocket vapor-trail or something? No genitals--I mean, really!

mike hunge

