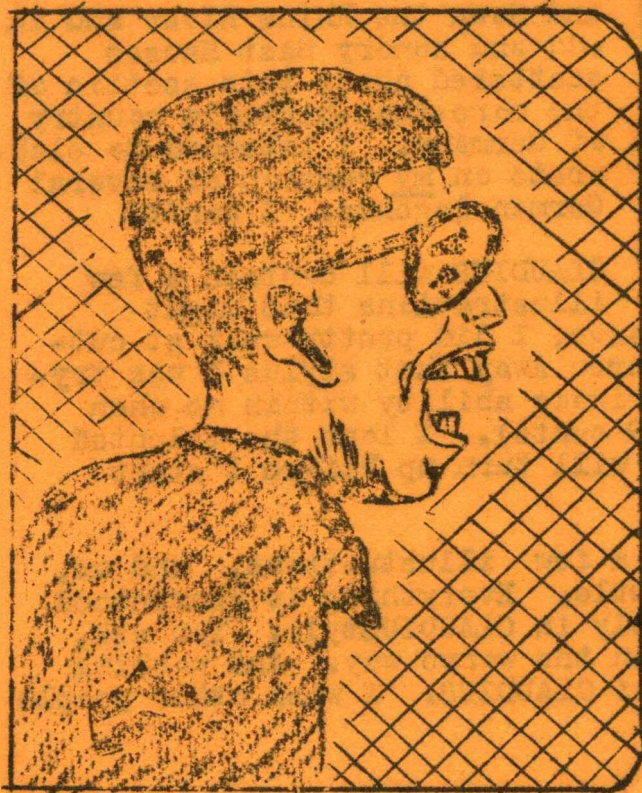


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CLAUDIUS ***** CLAUDIUS ***** CLAUDIUS *****

CLAUDIUS



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SAPS MAILING NUMBER " 29 "

CPL CLAUDE RAYE HALL
US 54 100 511
517th MED CO (CLR)(SEP)
APO 42, % PM
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I don't think that the above address will be standard by the time you read this. In fact, within the next three months, from the time that I'm writing this, I'll be on my way home to become a

CIVILIAN. I merely put that army address up there so folks like you gentle people would know where this fanzine originally came from. My mailing address for this bundle and any sundry mail, bombs, cadillacs, and portable bed-warmers will be greatly subject to change. You might be able to reach me at "604 East Belton, Brady, Texas" and possibly at "114 North Walnut, Carlsbad, N. Mex." The former of those two addresses is fairly permanent both as a mailing address and a place of habitat. My Grand-parents live there.

This is 29 July 1954 as I write this. I am the original and only CLAUDIUS. This zine is published only for SAPS and a couple of friends who think I'm the craziest genius to ever pound a typewriter. This issue of CLAUDIUS is dedicated to Johnny Lee Hall.

CLAUDIUS is mimeographed by Nancy Share.. a cute little FAPzine.

MAN WHO PUTS FOOT IN MOUTH



This issue of CLAUDIUS will be limited to ten pages, neither more nor less, with the greater portion of those few pages consisting of mailing comments upon SAPS' zines of the last mailing. I had planned to write of my various mis-adventures up and down the Rhine River and in odd and sundry Gast Hauses scattered about this section of the more-than-historic country of Germany. I intended to elaborate on my version of several German legends. I won't.

CLAUDIUS will contain a few illustrations that might

tickle your fancy. In the last issue, I did pretty well at cutting artwork on stencil after I threw away that stylus I was trying to use and discovered the intrinsic ability within me when using a lowly ball-point (price 39 cents). I lost the talented ball-point. Probably, though, it will turn up before I start cutting this material on stencil.

Other than the mailing comments, a few illustrations, and me, this fanzine will feature very little. Everything is guaranteed as "original" and written completely in CLAUDIUS style. You ask, "WHY?" I have CLAUDIUS-trophobia in the worse way. And nothing pleases me quite so much as more of CLAUDIUS. I wish other people would say the same.

In case you're interested:

MAILING COMMENTS start here--just as soon as I sharpen my hatchet.....

QWERTYU -- Only I can't use a hatchet on you. I liked your comments and everything. You sounded so peaceful, even among the hectic tides of everyday life. You're evidently the sort of person I like to drink beer with. Best times I've had since being in the army were not spend out running around and drinking. I spent them at home drinking and shooting bull with my father and some next door neighbors. And what next door neighbors! I wouldn't say that they actually drove me to drink, I'm too kind for such fannish comments. But we had fun.....

INSIDER -- I know not what is wrong with me, Vernon, but I just

don't enjoy your zine like I should. You're interesting, informative, etc.--my opinion of your zine can be summed up thusly..... who else would review his own zine. Don't say it! I know..... everyone, probably even me, if I had the guts.

HELENA SINGLESHEET -- What contest?

BRUNNSCHLUSS -- In case you actually read this zine and notice this, I have a question. Is the Maddox you mentioned in connection with Kennedy and the organization of SAPS a certain Maddox that lives in TEXAS? I was corresponding with a fan down there. He was an old ex-war vet, etc. Enjoyed your zine, plus the graphs. I've got one comment. If you think SAPS has had a monster mailing before now, wait until I get home and start turning the old crank.

DIE, etc. -- Too bad that it was short. I've subbed to F&SF. They had better come up with something good!..... I subbed on account of Lurmax. Good thing too, it seems, because the PX didn't ever come up with the next issue. I'm waiting on my sub to come in so I can see what happened in that last chapter.

SPY RAY OF SAPS -- Holy cow! Just when I thought I was pretty intelligent for a back-country high school graduate, you come up (along with Rapp) and it seems that I am actually stupid with my 126 Area Aptitude One. What I can't understand is why you and Rapp didn't go to OCS! I would have attended myself--but my eyes kept me out. Almost got me kicked out of the army. But I memorized every eye-test chart the army had. And with a couple of white lics and the aid of Colonel Kelly (the surgeon who operated on my eyes right after I came into the army) I snuck by. 8-ball speaking, I've got it made. Neither do I pull guard or CQ. My 201 file states that I can't pull duty after twilight hours requiring even "poor" vision. Hah! To hell with your views on TEXAS. I wouldn't trade one oil soaked square foot for all of the United States. While passing through some of the upper states, I'll bet I found more criticism than you found in TEXAS. Your other zine, Marching Fire, noted and liked. Are you RA? Ghed, protect SAPS! This morning I was offered a promotion to Sergeant now, wavering the time limit, if I would promise to re-up after the promotion. Look at all of that re-enlistment money, they said. I laughed in their face. I did honestly want to serve my two years--just because my buddies were dammed well sure to serve theirs. Incidentally, Korea was very hot at that time. In spite of the fact that 8 of the guys from my home town (small city of 2,000) were college graduates, I was the only one that even finished the tests. The rest of the guys stared out of the window. Four more enlisted in the Marines that same day. All of them are still in Korea. I never figured on being sent to this place myself. Two weeks in the hospital sort of set me back. And then I got permanently assigned.

COLLECTOR -- greatly enjoyed. Be dammed if I'm not sending you a copy of Utopia (a German pro-mag) just as soon as payday rolls around and I can afford it. Can't afford nothing

right now. Only three air-mail postage stamps between me and payday some 10 days off. 'Tis all on account of that Contax I bought. Saved to do it. Got it at about a third what it would actually cost--so I'm happy. Going to buy some film this payday and try it out.

SAP ROLLER -- I found a blank page and a good illo by Harness in my copy. Cover wasn't bad either.

BOOK OF PTOOTH -- Dad-gummed mimeoing was spotty in my issue--but I weathered through it. Tiresome on the eyeballs but worth while. Cover was the best. Love gals.

GHU SAPLEMENT 22 -- de cover! Why all of this talk about Fords and Hudsons. You should drive a CLAUDillac. Now there's a car! Now there is a car? Just kidding....I've had a buick, a couple of fords, and three plymouths. I'll take a Plymouth anytime. Would like to own a Bel Air Chevvy though. Most people back home like Oldsmobiles because they can hang on a 100 all day. The '40 Plymouth that we had in high school was a good car but Antitwerp went rabbit hunting in it once too often. It would maintain 95 per real easy. Your other zines were okay.

SAPS STICK -- eyestrain. I can't take it. Sorry, but I've got myself to think about. Once, when I put out an issue of MUZZY while drunk, I refused to read it too. That was the third issue. Why don't you quit pushing things that FAPA refused to take in SAPS. I refer to Grahamblings. Who in fandom cares about such things as prozines?

ARCHIVES -- Interesting. I hope they do hold the Con in Cleveland in 55. Not that I'll attend, but the idea's good. Wish they would hold another conversion--errr, convention, in New Orleans. Might go to it..... Didn't the time before tho. I was able, but didn't see any reason to waste time, money, etc.

G.M.Carr -- or however you titled it.....What! Another McCain reject.....

WARHOON -- So, Redd Boggs also gets zines from your direction. I would be willing to bet a package of lifesavers that Boggs gets 75 percent of all SAPS' zines. I deem Redd the SAPIest FAPA (dirty word) ever. George Simenon has pocket books in english on the PX stand. He must be dammed good. Galaxy even has trouble making the grade. A couple of F&SF appear once, though I haven't seen any of them since. Wish that all fen in either SAPS or FAPA would choose one or the other. In fact, I think it should be a standard rule.

HALBERD -- I am lost for comments. Don't have a one. I liked your comments but they don't inspire me. This is one of my sad days. I should have stayed in bed this morning--but I don't think the Top Kick (and how I'd love to!) would have been too agreeable over my sad day. Funny thing about this army. If

you're sick as hell, you still have to get up and walk to the local dispensary. Hah! And such good medical care! I was checking up on my eyes one day when a guy came in with a broken arm. They gave him some APCs. And when I broke my right ankle back stateside, I was finally taken to the hospital and had some X-rays taken. Then, I was told to go back to the barracks. Took ten minutes to convince them that I couldn't walk the four miles back on that bum ankle. They called up a jeep and took me back. I was given an appointment slip for the next day. And when I came back (in another jeep), they put me in the hospital and two days later decided to put a cast on the right leg.

SAPSTICK -- Ah, this issue I can actually read! I read that letter from the German Head Waiter to some buddies. Ghod, did we get a belly laugh! Look--if Eney says he was in chickenshit units, he wasn't just trying to act "big", like you believe. He was undoubtedly correct in his statements. Maybe, someday, you'll discover what he means. They'll draft anything now.....

IMPACT -- Have you ever heard of Antitwerp? Very good cover on this ish. Seems like I saw Celia Block's illo somewhere before.....

DODO -- A cute little german fly kept buzzing around my head. I grabbed for something to swat at it with. I mistakenly picked up SpaceWarp, dropped it back on the window ledge and used your zine to kill that damned thing! You have one consolation. It was a foreign fly. I wouldn't dare use DODO on a stateside fly. Wouldn't have to. I'd just show the American fly your cover and it would gratefully go off in the corner over the wastepaperbasket and commit suicide. (Just kidding.) I don't like your covers, but you females have your own tastes. Who would want to change them? Not I! In this ish, I really enjoyed "Operation Night-club". It was tops. I liked your other stuff too. I am most glad to see your distinction between Western music and hillbilly. Most "Damned Yankees" haven't enough sawdust upstairs to understand the difference. I enjoy all forms of music, even German music (Wild hair such stuff) but Western music is my favorite. I loved to listen to Johnny Lee Wells out of KVOO in Tulsa, Okla. He styles Western swing. A male vocalist named Leon Huff can really sing "Blue Moon". His version (they play for dancing) lasts about five whole minutes. He sings it like it should be sung! Johnny Lee Wells and his boys have only one shame to their credit. Someone on the team wrote "Rag Mop". They came out with the first record. Johnny Lee Wells is the younger brother of Bob Wells, "The Texas Playboy". They even have a younger brother named Billy, (I think) with his own band. All of them play good music.

NANDU -- really came up with a huge issue, eh. I noticed your picture. Even took off my glasses and gave it the once over real close. What was those copies of Other Worlds doing on the shelf? So thee art a Shaver fan? I liked your zine this mailing. Haven't a darn thing to grip about--even though I haven't read all of it yet. You're going to have to put out more pages than this to make up for Ignatz. I think You've

chased Miss Share out of SAPS into PAPA. I certainly hope not. Very few fen can match Nancy Share's wit and unfancy humor. I don't think Wandu could rate half as high in my opinion as does Ignatz. Here I am, typing this and wondering what sort of digs you'll be throwing at both myself and Nancy in the next SAPS mailing. I'm not worried though. I don't even care.

CREEP -- I like it, I like it, I like it. More history. Teach us'uns a lesson, huh?

EVERYTHING CONCERNING ED COX AND LEE JACOBS -- If I were not trying to cut down on these comments in order to write something worth while, I would write about each zine in turn. Mr. Cox, dammit, sir! By the time you read this, I will have apologized by letter to Mr. Jacobs for my unthoughtly remark in my first SAPS zine. I hope to hell that satisfies the lot of you. I would never have hashed that little sentence out, had I know the comment it would bring from so many loving people. What caused me to make that statement, I'll never know. If I remember, it was some odd and sundry comment in Outsiders made by Wrai. It was a innocent remark having nothing concerning communism or such therein. I rewove his comment on the suspicious doings of Lee to my own terms. Thus, was the statment in KCRA born. Never again, I assure you. Tis not my intention to cause trouble to anyone. Besides, either a person is a communist or he isn't. Those that aren't have nothing to worry about. To further illustrate my feelings on communism, I am backing John Ben Sheppard's bill in the Texas government which will give automatic death penalties to all communists! ----- I enjoyed all of your zines, muchly. My best to Lee Jacobs. May I never do him harm.....

NOW TO THE BEST ZINES OF THE MLG

SPACEWOOF -- Carnegie Hall! Good Ghod, Dean. Even I can think up better puns than this.

THE SPECTATOR -- Who in heck is the Masked Marvel mentioned on the waiting list? Another question for the big wide world of SAPS to answer--"What is the page limit on this?" I'm anxiously waiting to see if Gerding makes many changes. Is the layout, etc., left up to the whim of the OE?

OUTSIDERS -- I find The Tiny Acorn very interesting. Gives me a faint knowledge of the background so that when someone makes a statement, I'll at least know of what he/she speaks, even if not understanding at the start. Irene Baron's column was interesting too. But she won't see me at the Con. I won't even see myself there! And your horse story....haw, haw... I find myself laughing. Never had too much to do with horses, myself, being a city boy. But I used to spend part of each summer on my Grandfather's farm. He had an old grey mare plow horse that was more fun to ride. They wouldn't let us young'ns on the riding horses. Grandpop always kept a couple of riding horses. He never

did trust these "new-fangled hootmobiles". In the country where he lived, if you were going a distance of less than four or five miles, it was better to ride a horse. I can remember riding 15 or 20 miles in the back of a wagon one day. Don't know whether he was still "untrusting" of cars or was too broke to buy gas. I was about 7 and 8 then. My grandfather seldom had to ride after the cows. He'd go down to the barn, cup his hands and bellow something. The milk cows (three or four miles away in the back pasture) would hear him and soon they'd come wandering in. My grandfather had a way with animals. Having spent his life on a farm, it seemed like they could understand him. When he retired and moved into the city, he refused to sell the old grey mare named Maud. He gave her to his best friend to turn out to pasture. He still drives out there to check on the mare every five or six months. This reminds me of a story..... I had a friend who was unusually small for a Texan, topping only about 5 foot and one or two inches on tip toe. He'd wanted to be a cowboy all of his life but being so small (and there were no ranches handy) he couldn't obtain that type of work. Instead, he went some 200 miles to Odessa and got a job in a filling station, 95 per week. Soon, he was managing the darn thing, driving a 51 Mercury (new then), and living high. One week end, on his way back to Winters, Texas for a visit, he passed through a little town that was having a private rodeo. He thought, "Well, what the hell!" He had plenty of time to waste anyway. In the grandstands, things didn't seem exciting enough. He went down to the corrals to mope around. Some guy offered to let him ride for a 10 dollar entre fee. This offer was quickly taken and sooner than said, the "hopeful and hopeless" cowpoke was riding a pitching bronco. He won first prize riding money (about 100 bucks). And he was bitten by the fever. He went home, sold his car and bought a beat up pick-up, a trailer and a sorry looking nag with a fancy saddle. He telephoned long distance and quit his job then hit the rodeo trail. Hadn't heard from him since.

IGNATZ -- Mother of MUZZY, forgive me! Here we go again! I sometimes wonder just what kind of critter this Share gal do be? Thank you for taking up for me. Tis nice to hide behind one girl's skirts--especially from another girl! Hope you never get so mad at me. With my sensitive mind, I would have to leave the country at such a tongue lashing. To think, one little sentence set this uproar off! Gee, I've written thousand word articles that have received less comment! Nancy Share--don't try to hob-nobble your way out of this guess of mine coming up. I'm claiming that you are Marie-Louise and don't try to tell me different. I know for a fact that you're 22 years old, your middle name is "June", that you were born in June, I think on the 21st of June. You wonder just how I know all of this? You had done some doodles while trying to get your ball-point fountain pen to work on the backside of that cardboard box you mailed my CLAUDIUS's to me in. On top of the last box of CLAUDIUS's, I found this statement in YOUR handwriting, "Genius is disciplined madness" by Vardis Fisher in WE ARE BETRAYED. Unquote. This is the sort of thing you would say when wearing the false skin of Marie-Louise. Yes?

Can you convince me that I am not wrong? Nope, you sure can't! But go ahead and try. I'd like to know your comments on the picture of Marie-Louise in an old issue of Keasler's FV. How come it looks so much like the picture of you that I received? Tsk! Are you using trick photography to blot out the other head? Nice trick. Pretty trick, eh! Say, if you really are the both of you, you could take Art Rapp up on his proposal in the last mailing. Look, Art! --Haw, two for the price of one. This way you're sure to get more for your "little" allotment. Nancy, your portfolio was verily well liked. I never knew that you'd become in the flesh before! I looked at your nude men, and although I could recognize ~~no~~ claim the to those muscles, that big foot was sure mine. I'd know my 10 1/2 anywhere! One of your females, I didn't like. It was the one on the right-top of page 22. The others were all equally lovable and would gladly be added to my harem were they real. Indeed, Roscoe is a rat. Iggy is nought but a cat. And I, shucks, this fan Degler wasn't nothing compared to the original "CLAUDIUS".....

SPACEHARP -- I am speechless. Too damned much good stuff in this zine to comment on all of it. I thought that your Morgan Botts story was an excellent bit of fan-fiction and it would undoubtedly win my vote for the best fan-fiction I've seen this year. I do wish that everyone would get good and tired, like me, of these louzy Little Willie poems. I hate 'em! Quote: TEXAS is not part of the United States and has never made any claim toward being such. We just use the term "U S" for mailing address purposes.....Ungoat. I hate the army, I hate the army, I hate the army. I am unable at this time to write the reasons for the statement preceding--but in due time, when I've received my discharge papers and they can't touch me, I will make it a prime mission to write an expose on the corrupt, wormy, whore-ridden chickenshit outfit that tries to pretend it is an army. Maybe I've been in a position where I couldn't see the forest for the trees, but I've certainly seen more than my share of the worse. So, after I finish what I'm going to start, the army won't be able to get a single recruit! It will have to draft everything it gets in. It almost does now anyway. I hate the damned army, I hate the damned army, I hate the damned army! ///////////////Now that I've blown a little steam, maybe I can get back on the right path. In your last page to fill section, you discussed psi. I witnessed a pretty good stunt this evening at a Special Service show. This MC had two sergeants tape his eyes completely. Then, he went down in the audience and described articles held in hands of the soldiers and patients at the show. Most guys had their hands closed! That's what beat the devil out of me. The MC missed only once. He claimed that this guy sitting beside me had a mark in his hand. The guy didn't. It was a franc that looked almost exactly like a mark! And talk about a pick-pocket! This MC picked the pockets of three men. On the stage in front of everyone! One sergeant in fatigues that was up there was going to be funny. He put everything in his top shirt pocket. The MC bet him that he had a dollar bill in his hand. The Sergeant took the bet. A slight bit of hocus

pocus and the sergoant had lost his watch (wrist). Three minutes later, he missed it and did his face turn red. Haw, haw! I also hate sergeants. So you got a kick out of the cowboy german comic. I might send you a little german stf comic I found while in town the other day. It's continued, dammit, but you might enjoy this epic-soda.

THE END OF THIS STUFF ABOUT YOU
(now we'll talk about me!)

Now that I have a Contax plus an Argus C-3 and with hopes of adding a Rollieflex to my equipment, I expect that some of my SAPS zines will be plugged with photos now and then. There's a photo-lab real handy and although printing paper isn't real cheap, it's not too costly. I had hopes of stapling a picture or two in this issue and might yet. Haven't any subject in mind that I expect you'd be interested in, but maybe something will show up before printing day, whenever that is.



The first thing I'm going to do when I get home is take my camera and try to get some good photos of the Carlsbad Caverns.

I have no idea just what the situation is in real (civilian) life, but when we buy Kodak color film over here, we can get slides made free. Ansco is not as high priced as Kodak color film, but to get slides made, it costs you a couple of bucks. A 36 exposure roll of black and white 35mm film costs me 85 cents. The Kodak color costs \$3. To have prints made through the EES costs about 5 cents a piece (3"x4"). I have discovered that by buying my own paper and using the photo-lab at the hospital, I can still produce pictures a little cheaper. At present, I'm still

LOOK UNDER ↗

learning the difficulties (to me) of operating an enlarger. But I'm having fun.

Anyone for pornography?

Being involved in a depressed mood now, I was actually glad to see page 10 coming up. And then, I remember that I've yet to devise a cover. I'm going to wait a few more days, hoping I will get in a merrier trend of feeling. In case I don't--that cover is going to be the sorriest thing ever.

Didn't I set a record last issue in SAPS mailing 27? Wasn't my zine the largest issue to ever appear in SAPS published by proxy? Probably wasn't. O, well--I'm not the type to set records anyway.

THE LOST WORLD by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle appeared in pb form the other day on a PX news-stand. I bought it quickly--faster even than I would have bought a picture of Marilyn Monroe (nude). The first time I read this book was sometime during my ninth year of unmannish life. It was my first introduction to fantasy or stf. I read it more than once before finally losing it through an idle whim of my Mother. She loaned it to a friend. Hurmp! Fine friend. But never a friend of mine! To compensate the loss, my Mother's friend gave me a copy of Kitty Doyle or something like that. I read it. Don't remember whether I liked it or not. At that time, I had no idea of the difference in fiction. I just know that I had liked the other book (The Lost World) a great deal better. I haven't re-read this pocket book yet. But, I think I'd be able to give a book-report on it right now from memory alone. I'm going to read it as soon as I finish this other pocketbook I'm reading now.

Learned something today. John Wesley Hardin was shot and killed in El Paso, Texas by a guy named John Selman in the 1870's. I wonder if any of you know of who I'm talking. This information, gained in the September 1954 issue of PIC, is directly contrary to something that an old timer in Brady, Texas told me. He said that Hardin had been shot in the back in a saloon on the other side of DALLAS. In case you saw the movie based on his life, it was greatly diluted with fiction. Stories in my home town that had been passed down from a dead generation, state that he would have shot his own mother for less than a nickle. He was meaner than a rattlesnake! I don't know for sure that Hardin was born in my home town of Brady, Texas, but he lived there a good bit. The dance-hall girl whom he married in the movie never actually was his married wife. She came from a little town 12 miles from Brady named Rochelle.

Look, I've almost filled the page! Well, I've enjoyed having these few words to share with you. Maybe I'll come up with a few more after I get stateside. My discharge will probably take place before Christmas, God, Muzzy, Ignatz, and Roscoe willing. I'll see you'uns about the SAPS mailing after that.....

Leben Sie wohl - claudius