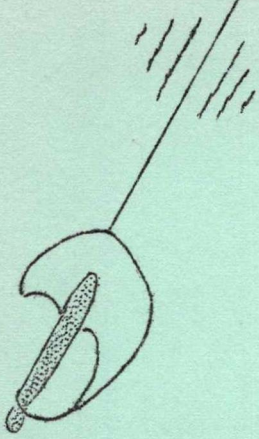


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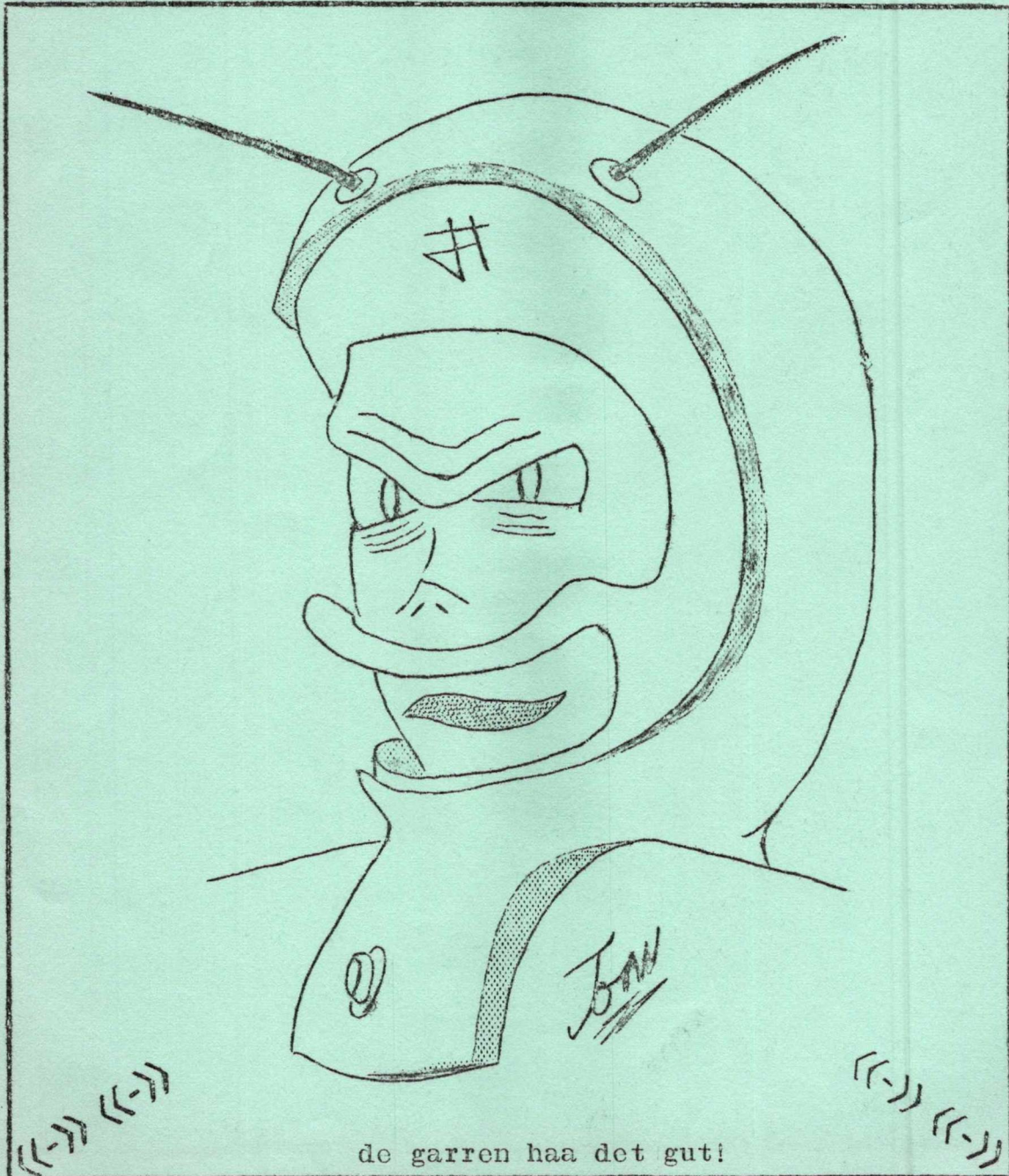
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SAPS — FALL — OCT.

1964 MLG. 69

a knight of the 200th



de garren haa det gut!

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If it weren't for the fact, proven to me time and again in my life, that you can't go home again, I'd feel as if I were coming home again with this second venture into the Saps field. But this feeling is deceptive, so I shall consider myself as entering new pastures and ignore any bursts of sentimentality or familiarity. Saps may well be the same old pasture but the occupants, all of them, are different. New names and faces, or old ones, they are still different. The passage of time does this to human beings.

I am called Nangee, among other varied and colorful titles. I, too, am a human being, I keep telling myself. It's been a terrific strain but I haven't yet resigned from the human race, though my re-entry into Saps may well shove me over the edge. Only time can answer that and time is usually on somebody's side.

I live, vicariously speaking, in Roseville, Ill., U. S.A. My husband works at a newspaper called the Roseville Independent. This is our one and only claim to independence. He is called Phil, among other varied and colorful titles, usually supplied by me. Our eldest offspring, Tom, is in the USMC, Camp Pendelton. We have three girls, one a junior in high school, one a sophomore, and one in the sixth grade. We call them Paula, Betsy, and Dawn respectively. All these entities are human beings, also, I keep telling myself.

I work. That is, I have a job. Outside the home. I am classified as private secretary for the director of the news bureau at Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois. On the face of it, this is an excellent classification, and I certainly am not unwise enough to dig beneath the surface for anyone's edification. Suffice to say, that it is stimulating work, and my offspring will be able to obtain a college education with little strain on the purse strings, if that is what they wish to do when the time comes. These two reasons should explain why I have added an outside job to the curriculum of my life.

The current inhabitants of Saps pastures seem to be an interesting group. I know Dick Eney, Karen Anderson, Wally Weber, Jack Harness, Lee Jacobs, Ed Cox, Howard Devore, Wrai Ballard, F. M. and El Busby, Burnett Toskey, Bruce Pelz, Rich Brown, and Art and Nance Rapp. I recognize Ruth Berman, John Berry, Walter Breen, Terry Carr, Phil Castora, Ted Johnstone, Alan J. Lewis, Bob Lichtman, Norm Metcalf, Dick Shultz, and Doreen and Jim Webbert. As far as I know, I have never been introduced to Edwin Baker, Jack Chalker, Don Fitch, John Foyster, Owen Hannifen, Dave and Katya Hulan, Lenny Kaye, Ed Meskys, Fred Patten, or Dian Pelz. This lack will, I assume, be rectified in time.

A poem by me.....

AGE LOOKS UP WITH TWINKLING EYES

Time is but a fool's mirage
marching on through days and years
across the bridge of human joy
that spans the stream of human tears.

Man stares down into this stream,
knowing here his youth is fair,
and age looks up with twinkling eyes
at wrinkled skin and silvery hair.
Back man reels with hands outflung,
warding off the shocking truth
of time instilled in crystal drops
that sing to him of vanished youth.

"What is left?" his heart cries deep.
"I am old, my life is done
and all I see is time's mirage
a dying image in the sun!"

Turned in flight, man hesitates,
reaches out with trembling hand,
to catch a teardrop filled with love
and finds inside a lotus land.
Here he sees his vanished youth
formed of love and lengthened strife,
a dancing sprite within a rose
enclosed by golden-petaled life.

Now he knows, as the silver drop
twinkles on in camouflage,
that youth is love and love is life
and age is but a fool's mirage.

explorer and writer of Queen Victoria's time. The Richard Burton who was asked by his government to investigate the erotica of these lands and then was blackballed (no pun intended) by the same government when he turned in a thorough and frank resume of his investigations. Richard Burton was ostracized in his time for his knowledge of this subject and yet now is considered one of the most authentic sources for such material. The unexpurgated edition, for example, of The Thousand and One Nights translated by Burton into English, is a reading experience that shouldn't be missed by anyone.

Two more books somewhat in the same general area as the above that I read recently are: The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana translated by Richard Burton and Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism by Ananda Coomaraswamy. Both excellent.

I suppose all of this seems to be far removed from the area of science fiction and fantasy. And, too, I would imagine that you are thinking these books named are quite diversified in subject matter. I repeat, appearances can be deceptive. For one thing, where you find man, you will also find fiction and fantasy. And for another, I cannot personally see any great diversity among such subjects as the education of American teachers, culture against man, irrational man, erotica of the east, mass movements, and Buddhism. They are fairly well connected in essence, I would say. For some enlightening adventure, I suggest you sample some of these books I have mentioned.

I should add here that I, Nangee, am responsible for all material contained herein, unless otherwise designated.

LOVE IS A WORDLESS WONDERING

Love is a warm brown cameo
encircling cool understanding
caught by a mellowing golden sun;
the hushed bound beauty of mahogany
surrounds the ever-whispering carpet
of Hindu heart and spirit;
love is a wordless wondering
echoed in the flashing amber
of a gossamer bridge to affinity;
love is a weary wanderer
stepping off to cold unfeeling,
clasping close the topaz moment
cast in the warmth of understanding;
love is a moment of stillness,
deep bronze cameo of living art,
engraved by Hindu heart and spirit
on the timeless walls of memory.

I shall bring into this hodgepodge now a discussion about what I have been reading. Those who know me well know that when I start reading again, it is a good omen. Good for what I don't know, but for something surely.

One book I read recently is James B. Conant's The Education of the American Teacher. This is not as much of a departure from the field of science fiction and fantasy as would appear at first glance. I will admit that under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn't pick up a book of this nature. However I felt I should read it in connection with my work at Monmouth College and I don't regret one moment of the experience. The subject matter is a complicated and controversial one and difficult to present in digestible form. James Conant achieved digestibility for his readers. It is also a difficult feat to present such a controversial issue without prejudice and with an understanding of both pro and con. Mr. Conant also managed to do this for his readers. Education in America is an important issue and this book is well worth the time spent on it.

Two books which I found wonderfully exciting ones are Culture Against Man by Jules Henry, professor of anthropology and sociology at Washington University in St. Louis, and Irrational Man by William Barrett, associate professor of philosophy at New York University.

There there was the book that was, a delightful treatise on the nature of mass movements called The True Believer by Eric Hoffer, a longshoreman. Here is a book that is great fun and rather fascinating, especially its human implications. In other words, the author intrigued me as much as his book did.

Then there was the book that is, Edwardes and Masters' The Cradle of Erotica, which is a study of Afro-Asian sexual expression and an analysis of erotic freedom in social relationships. This book is, to say the least, stimulating. It could even be classified as an arousing book. These are personal classifications, however. The authors' intentions were purely scientific I am positive. Nonetheless, I fail to see how they could either investigate or write about this subject matter with any equanimity and I'll be damned if I can figure how the poor typesetters and proofreaders ever struggled thru a workday. Maybe I'm just too much the sensitive fannish type. Seriously, this is an excellent resume, beautifully written, one of the best books in this field I have run across yet. I intend to re-read it some day when I am stronger.

I found it interesting (to continue the above discussion) that Richard Burton is referred to often as a source of information. Stop laughing, you fools! I'm not speaking of the modern Richard Burton, the actor, though he could be a descendant, I suppose. I am speaking of the famous British

"Man would fain be great and sees that he is little; would fain be happy and sees that he is miserable; would fain be perfect and sees that he is full of imperfections; would fain be the object of love and esteem of men, and sees that his faults merit only their aversion and contempt. The embarrassment wherein he finds himself produces in him the most unjust and criminal passions imaginable, for he conceives a mortal hatred against that truth which blames him and convinces him of his faults." (From Pensees by Pascal)

This quote appeared on the flyleaf of The True Believer and I think is pitifully true. The solution for man is also pitifully simple. All he has to do is stop faining and start being. Fain not and ye shall be. To some this would probably bear all the earmarks of over-simplification. Well, I feel about over-simplification as I do about, for example, selfishness, rationalization, and cowardice. These are considered, to use the vernacular, as vices. I regard them as virtues. Without them, man would not have survived to this day. In the interests of survival, they should be regarded as virtues. Thus man, if he doesn't soon begin simplifying, will go crashing down beneath the weight of complexity. So I say again, fain not and ye shall be. Call me a simple simplifier if you wish. I do not mind at all.

Next time I will have mailing comments with which to pad an issue. This will be much less painful than my current attempt to do six pages extemporaneously. And a lot more fun. This has been very hard work for one as out of practice as I am. Until next time then, de garren haa det gut!.....nangee

A PHOENIX FLARES SOFTLY

All is flow as a river dawning, unfamiliar fount of welling width precipitated into pushing confinement with shoals shocked by subtle shaping; canopy sky mirrored below cradles the strangeling skimming between past-future, slipping onto stillness like the green glass of morning; turquoise echo of singing serenity, murmuring, mutating to moody turbulence as blueblack storming prowls the bend; pearl-graying froth, whipped by wild wind, brushes the gilt bronze of hot noontide; clinging, coiling noose of noble noon, uncurling line of long lingering after trailing to cautious calm of evening; sinking sun touches fond farewell to starlit horizon, silver interlude for slowing syncope of shadowland; whispering waters streaming on, draining into darkness, unknowing, midnight-blind, but no mockery here, for a phoenix flares softly on unseen banks, guiding all from springing source to ocean outlet of after-nists, and all is flow as a river dawning.