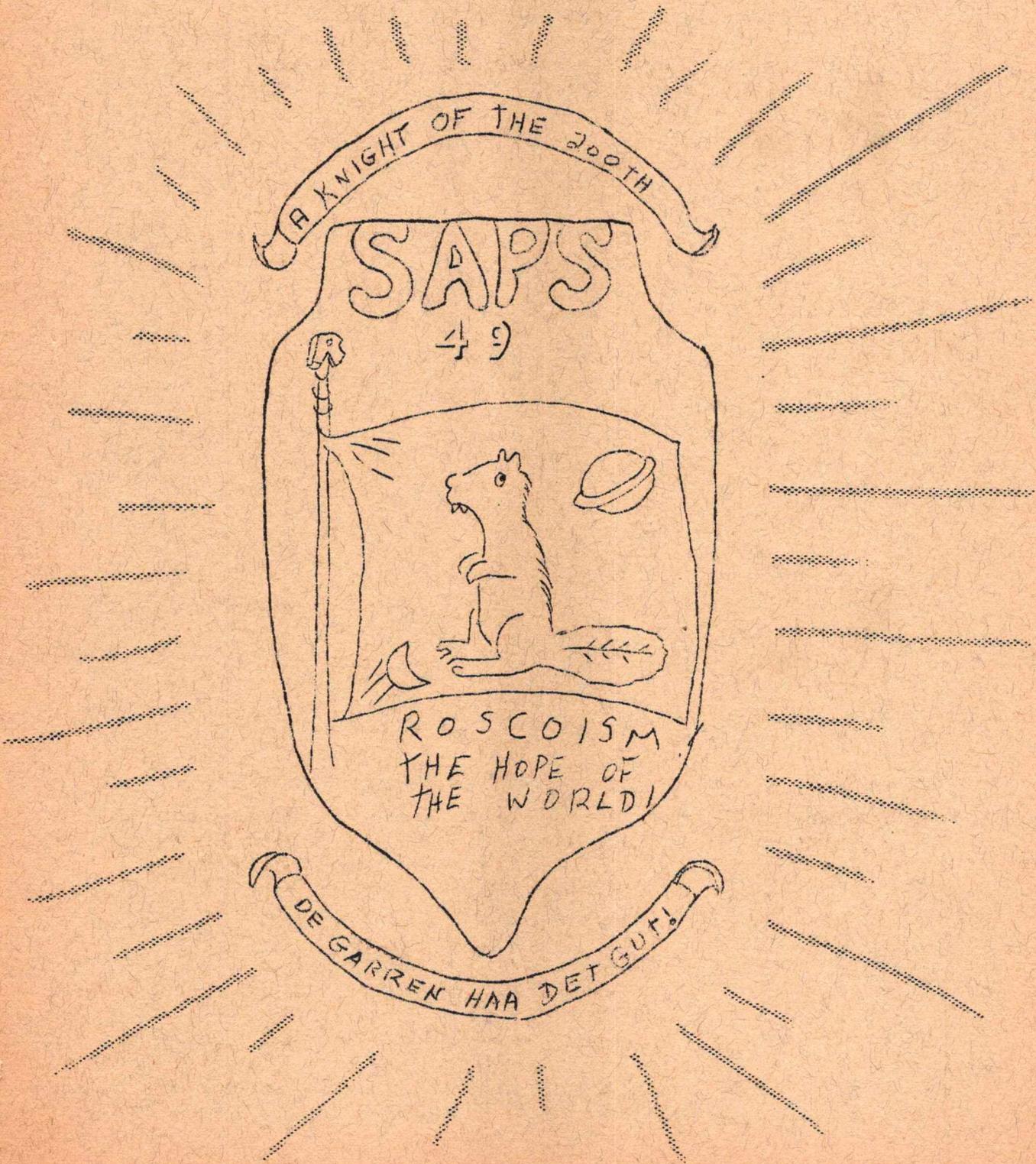
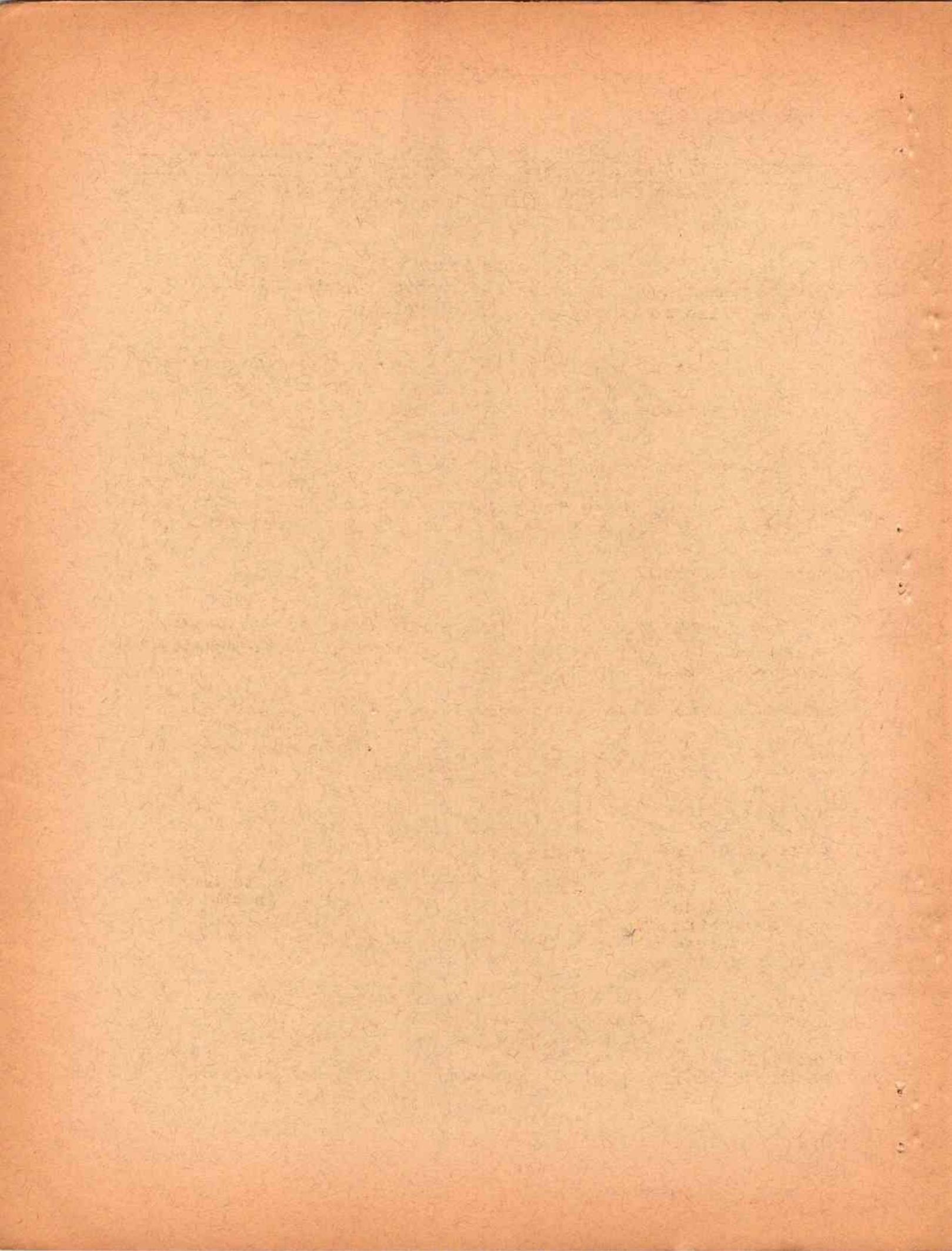


# NANDU #23





October, 1959, Summer

Saps 49

The Spectator Amateur Press Society

"where all ghoo phans go and stay"

Nan Gerding, Box 145, Roseville, Ill.

Atypical. That's what this issue of Nandu will be. In fact, I think perhaps Nangee is becoming atypical too. I do not feel like me at all. Which is typical.

As far as I know, there will be no artwork, not even a cover. It is a choice of an atypical issue or no issue at all. My choice is obvious. I hope you-all agree.

Mailing comments? There may be some but you will certainly have to scrounge to find them. Right now I'm sitting here staring at Nandu #22 - no comment on this aside from the fact that I enjoyed doing it. I'm not at all sure I will be able to say the same about this. At the moment, all I feel is utter desperation.

Dee in SPELEOBEM - every one should note that Dee does write letters. She wrote to me, I answered, she answered. It is now my turn to answer her again.

\*\*\*\*\* Sept.29 - three weeks or so later, maybe four or so later. There is a cover begorra. I almost wish there wasn't - then I could call this Nandidn't. Because I didn't.

But Hal Shapiro did. And Tosky did. And Wally Weber did. And Art Rapp did. They did so. All were here enroute to the convention and each contributed two pages to this issue. They did so of their own free will, willingly, joyously, gladly, - after I had beat them to bloody pulps and promised to haunt them if I didn't get some pages from them. All fan that stop here learn the hard way not to say "let's do a one-shot". Because, instead of groaning, I take them up on it. In fact, if they don't suggest it, I do - at gunpoint.

Wally Gonser I must mention. He was here with Weber and Tsk - I mean Tosk, but Tsk will do. I dunno how come Gonser didn't do any pages - too busy reading PSYCHO and leaning against a wall sleeping and teaching the young barbarian Gerdings how to become civilized....with phenomenal success, I might add.

Tosk is not terrible and awful - he's a wonderful person and one that I do not disagree with nearly as much as it would seem in print. Our disagreements are purely semantic in origin twould seem.

Weber is utterly angelic. He could probably cheerfully wring my neck for such a description but it is apt. The only thing that worries me about Weber is where did he leave his wings?

Gonser. Aha! What little I could detect through his slumbers was excellent. And he likes Bolero!

Tosk doesn't like Bolero. Weber did not comment.

Howard DeVore

REEP → Wally Weber

Lee Jacobs

Dick Emey

John Berry

Bruce S. Kelly

Burnett R. Turkey

The above are some signatures that Art Rapp collected at the convention.

Hal Shapiro. He is - is - stutter - unique!

Art Rapp is Art Rapp which is saying plenty....a wonderful person. All of these human-type people were excellent examples of humanity, a pleasure to meet, to know; each an individual in their own right and I consider myself richer for having met them and for the privilege of knowing them. I may not get to go to conventions but they have good sidelights anyhow because traveling fen discover that Roseville is on the map after all. It has been a good summer.

Mailing 48 was an astounding display of excellent amateur journalism. A large mailing and there was not an item in it that did not have its interest. I thoroughly enjoyed it and my apologies to each and every one of you for having no further tangible comment herein. Trials and tribulations, mostly of my own making, prevent extensive mailing comments. Maybe by next mailing, matters will be straightened out, and there will be a more normal Nandu.

Nothing tragic, children, the trials and tribulations, I mean. Just Nangee trying to cope with life and with herself and not doing a very damned good job of it either. So time out while I give life and Nangee a good shakedown. Till next mailing, the very best to each of you.

# THE SQUEEZE PLAY

By Burnett R. Toskey

Actually the only reason I used all that space up there is because I've been promised some cake by Nagee if I can fill up two stencils with gobbledegook. Doubtless the next thing that will be asked is why I happened to think of that particular title, but actually, it was such a spur of the moment (Hurry, hurry, I've gotta think of something sensible here, in order to fill up this page in a hurry. On the other hand, I have only contracted to fill up a couple stencils; I've made no promises about any of this making sense), that I just picked the first thing that came to my mind, probably as a result of the fact that I feel somewhat coerced into doing this; or perhaps, I should say, I've been more or less Bribed. Which makes me as guilty as Nagee, come to think of it, for being influenced.

The moral of this is that I have come suddenly to realize the possibility that the way to me heart is through my stomach.

This Nagee is truly a fiendish type, too. She even let me TASTE this cake of hers at dinnertime, then by dint of careful planning, managed to engage me in fannish conversation until such time as she knew I ~~might~~ could again partake of this vile sin known as cake, and again brought up the subject of wanting me to cut a stencil or two for some one-shot or other that was going on. I, of course, expressed some doubt as to my being able to do much along this order. But somehow, when she mentioned that she might let me have another piece of cake or two, if I were to type another stencil or two, it was amazing how I managed to find the energy to sit down here and start work.

The monster Garcone is sitting near me also (quite near, as a matter of fact), and is also sathering at the mandibles at the prospect, for I somehow gather that he intends to chisel me out of most of that cake. I've even provided a small space for it to scrawl a small pic up there, which space is left for the purpose of lulling the monster into a sense of security or something or other. Actually, while it is scrawling on the pic, I shall be eating ALL of the cake. Heh, ain't that something. Perhaps I can outwit the monster for once.

I have, however, just this minute made an Amazing mathematical discovery. I've been promised two pieces of cake for two stencils filled with junk. Perhaps this could be construed to imply that if I were to finish just ONE stencil, that it should be worth just ONE piece of cake. At last I have found some practical use to which to put my hifalutin' mahematics. I mean, mostly I just float along merrily in the clouds building my little castles. And now, suddenly I have found a way to use my training to get me a piece of cake for practically no effort; for obviously it takes practically no effort to write about drivel in this fashion.



# IT DIDN'T WORK

By Burnett R. Toskey

Well, like it says up there, the beautiful plan about which I spoke on that other page, brilliant though it was (as are all thoughts emanating from My Mind), seemed somehow to have a flaw in it. Somehow, my one stencil was worth not even One Piece Of Cake; however, I have been assured that Two Stencils will indeed be worth two pieces of cake AND a glass of milk.

So now I am left with the problem of what to fill This page up with. I've been suggested ~~that~~ possibilities of various incidents along the trip thus far; but somehow I prefer to save most of this info for my Convention report.

As may have been gathered by now, I am typing all this on a huge typer owned by Nan Gerding, and Wally (Weber and Gonser) and I have dropped by for a visit on our way to the Detroit convention. The cake which I mention I had sampled at dinnertime drives me on. Like, when inspiration fails, the image of the cake up there keeps saying: "Type on, type on," and willy nilly, I type on, and gosh knows what else will occur on the rest of this page. I had ~~an~~ kind of a half-baked notion that I would be able to put something sensible on this page, but so far this page doesn't seem to be any better than the previous one.

I am faced with the problem of talking about the trip, but also with the fact that to do so would possibly encroach on material that will rightly belong in my own Detention report.

Perhaps I shall talk about the food we have eaten so far on the trip, the details of which seem clear in my mind at the moment, but which I shall doubtless forget by the time I get back home.

Our first feed was at Wally's Dad's place in Ritzville, Wash. where we had a fabulous breakfast of orange juice, cantaloupe, eggs, sausages, and then lotsa delicious waffles, which are just about my favorite form of food. (This was Wally Weber's Dad, referred to)

The next stop was at some relatives of Wally Gonser in Bozeman, Montana, where they had dinner waiting for us when we got there, and which consisted of of...of...lessee, now I have distinctly in mind what we had there, like I said up there. I'm quite sure it was delicious food we had anyway....That's IT!! We had food there.

We also had breakfast at the same place. I'm fairly certain there were some eggs involved at that time. As I recall, they were scrambled. And we also had bacon, I'm sure.

Of Wally Gonser's folks in Brainerd, I can't testify to their home cooking, since they operated a restaurant, and we got their regular restaurant fare there. But it was Ghod. This Brainerd, I'm speaking of, is in Minnesota, where according to the license plates has 10,000 lakes in it. I don't know how true it is, of course, but just in this one trip, I counted ~~XXX~~ 1027 lakes.

In Evanston Illinois, this morning (Wednesday) we stopped at some friends of Wally Gonser's (whom he had never seen before) for breakfast, and got stuffed enough to last us all the way to Nangee's place here; the food in Evanston was ghreat.

In spite of the fact that I had been told from several different sources that Roseville, Illinois, is impossible to find, I drove directly there from Evanston without looking at a map. Dinner at Nangees was roast beef, fruit jello, cottage cheese, beans, and CAKE. And so I've done it; now for some more of that CAKE!!!

September 2, 1959

Dear Nan,

I am crouching here before your typewriter and your stencil and very much suspect that all of this is your fault. The fact that the full blame for this is not on my scrawny shoulders does not make it any easier for me to face this broad expanse of blank stencil stretching endlessly before me. Coslet was much easier to satisfy. He only required a single paragraph. Well, perhaps he wasn't actually satisfied at that; he may have preferred less than that. But you have stuffed me with nourishment and hospitality, and then requested that I inflict two stencils upon your Saps zine. Being drugged by all that food and friendship, what can I do? Shall I be considerate and kind? Should I do what I know to be honorable and good? Hell no, I'll type these stencils anyway!

Toskey has already written his portion and is gloatingly gorging himself on the cake and milk -- his ill-gotten gains. I have not read anything of these Toskey-typed stencils, but from my vast lore of Toskey (pardon me, but that evil person has just waved his milk before my craving eyes) it is obvious to me that he cannot have produced anything but destruction and turmoil with his warped and feverish mind.

Let me tell you about Burnett, now that I am warming to this revolting subject. He has, by begging and pleading and playing upon my generous nature, managed to drag me off on this impossible trip to the Detention. Anyone can tell you there is no feasible way to drive from Seattle to Detroit by automobile, but I gave in to this mad plan of Toskey, thinking that after a few miles he would realize the folly of it all and turn back.

It is obvious now, just as then, that Toskey will turn back. He will turn back after we have reached Detroit and attended the Detention. It is highly unlikely that he will ever realize the folly of it all. I can see from the way he flicks the cake crumbs from his lips that he will never, ever realize the folly of it all.

We have motored through the earthquake-ridden land of Montana. We have struggled through terrible storms, endless construction detours, and impossible traffic. If he has not turned back now, it is folly to think that he can be turned back until the Detention has been attained and infected with our presence.

I might point out, Nan, that even with all the blank stencil space, this visit to the teeming little village of Roseville has been one of the few pleasant results of this journey, and, really, Toskey only looks upon you only as a source of cake and milk. Do not be fooled by his fake exterior. Behind that smiling, milk-and-cake-stained face is the terrible mind of the evil O.E., plotting how to do you out of page credit and assess you extra dues.

That is about all I can say at the moment to warn you about the true nature of this fiendish O.E. You should be able to pick out more clues on your own about the true Toskey nature. You will note how he has mercilessly driven SAPS to having almost a 600 page mailing with his first mailing. He has been hogging votes on the Pillar Poll. The most important clue is the charming front he puts forth. The rascal is so perverted and malicious that he has led everyone to believe they like him. Only calm and unprejudiced thinking such as is done by myself and G. M. Carr can pierce the Toskey plot and reveal it for what it truly is -- a mad desire for power over all of us.

But let's go on to more pleasant thoughts. If the evil O.E. should win and destroy the world as we know it, there should be some happy moments to carry us through the dark days that are to follow.

Like, why don't you put in a convention bid for Roseville? If South Gate could get a convention by sheer persistent advertising, you should be able to do the same for a teeming metropolis like Roseville.

No objections now; the Weber Plan For Roseville has all the answers. No large hotel you say? You have a big house haven't you? What more could a person want? You needn't worry about space for sleeping because nobody sleeps at a convention. Your large yard will easily take care of any overflow. Entertainment? With a family such as yours, entertainment is the least of your worries.

You may point out that you never get to any conventions and therefore cannot plug for Roseville. Really that is only another argument for why you should attend conventions. But even so, convention sites are no longer really picked at conventions, although the formality of voting is still done there. Actually you now select convention sites from vast amounts of propaganda circulated throughout fandom. In a few years of doing nothing but writing letters and articles you can easily brainwash the whole of fandom so thoroughly that, should a competing site somehow get chosen, everyone would show up at your place anyway out of sheer reflex.

A hint. Plying Toskey with cake may turn his powers from their pleasant unwholesome channels into supporting a convention in Roseville. You couldn't help but win, even if you wanted to lose. And you wouldn't really want to lose, now would you? Just think of two stencils each from all the convention attendees!

You probably noticed a third member of our party. We introduced him to you as Wally Gonser, mainly because that is his name. He is a Seattle fan, and the main reason for having him on this trip is that he handles the little trifling details, such as doing all the driving and paying all of the expenses. He is a Seattle fan and has attended several previous conventions, so he is not exactly a neofan. You probably haven't heard of him before because he hides from fandom in Seattle where he works long hours in order to be able to pay for all our expenses. A good, generous, fine individual, like myself.

One important aspect of Wally Gonser on this trip is that the majority of these United States has been populated with his relatives. Whenever we get tired of driving or need food, we stop at the nearest house, find out which of Wally's relatives lives there, and obtain free board and lodging. You, and any fan who might be reading this, might make a note of this in planning your convention trips. It helps to have Wally actually with you, or at least to know enough of his history to talk about him with his relatives, but if you can work up a minimum amount of gall you can just waltz into anyplace and announce that good old Wally Gonser said you should stop by and visit them and say hello for him.

There is a minor drawback to this. You might be visited in this same manner. But then, chances are you, too, are somehow related to Wally, and, shucks, you like meeting strange fans anyway.

Nangee is a trufan type.

Who but a trufan would want me to cut stencils for her to publish, when I've already dumped 27 SPACEWARP stencils on her defenceless head? (Well, I didn't exactly dump them on her defenceless head; I more, like, gently put them in her hands with anxious cries of "Be careful with them, now!" After all, what fanpublisher can avoid being afflicted with the galloping collywobbles until he knows his stencils have been safely committed to mimeoprint?)

But, you must agree, any but a trufan type would greet 27 stencils with anything but cries of "ech!" or "remind me to go gafia."

Nangee, instead, has fiendishly plied me with several days of fabulous Gerding hospitality, including fabulous fried chicken, gallons of coffee, glimpses of the latest FAPA mailing & stf books, riotous tales of Tosk and Wally, not to mention Hal Shapiro, and even persuaded (I believe she threatened to bean them with an old mimeocrank) her family and assorted friends to quietly endure showings of my collection of Kodachrome slides.

Come to think of it, her devious mind has probably concocted some obscure and subtle plot, in which I am to figure prominently, no doubt in the role of victim, and all this unaccustomed egoboosting and lavish hospitality is merely designed to lull my suspicions until the axe falls, or the zapgun zaps, or the Squink Blog story is read, or some other unexpected and singularly horrible fate descends on me.

Oh well, we fen are a hardy breed, who flinch not at the thought of horrors that would make a quivery jelly out of lesser men. After all, have we not endured such things as Nanshare's mimeografy and Garcone's illios? So, even tho I know Nangee is now, even as she sits ostensibly watching TV, no doubt gloating about the unique and horrible things she has in store for me, I will merely make my cortico-thalamic pause in the Van Vogt manner, ignore the inevitable future, and continue to enjoy the brilliant fannish conversation which she has been providing for the past several days, together with all the other choice items mentioned above. 'Tis worth it.

But I have not merely been idly enjoying this visit to the exotic and legendary Roseville; as you will have noticed the instant you picked up this issue of NANDU, I have profitably utilized my stay here to launch a renewed crusade for the glorious but long-neglected religion of Roscoism. Come to think of it, 'twas Nangee who suggested that Roscoism was long overdue for a revival, and who volunteered to extract and reprint from my SW files the forgotten words of the Birchbark Bible. But I enthusiastically assisted her, spurred on by twin motivations of missionary zeal and desire for egoboo.

This gal Nangee amazes me. She is one of the few persons I've ever met who can manage to be a whirlwind of energy and comfortably relaxed at the same time. If she ever gets an opportunity to devote all her time and energy to crifanac, the 7

frenzied chaos of Fifth Fandom will be as dull as the financial report in TNFF by comparison. There are many people who are energetic. There are many people who are enthusiastic. There are even a few people (in fandom) who are efficient. But who else but Nangee manages to be all these things and charming besides?

Speaking of trufan types, after meeting the incredible Tosk in Detroit, I feel it is my painful duty to debunk the elaborate, complex, but utterly false legend which he has carefully built up in SAPS concerning his awesomeness, inhumanity, and general egotisticality. After looking forward to encountering a sort of mimeoinked Zeus hurling thunderbolts, it was disconcerting to discover that Tosk is not only less than seven feet tall, but that he hardly ever tramples the peasants underfoot when they happen to blunder into his pathway. In fact, he is a pleasant and friendly chap who converses interestingly, has a wide knowledge and interest in a vast variety of subjects, and could even be displayed to a group of non-fans without causing more than a small percentage of them to scream and run.

At this point I have run out of ideas, but by no means out of space. I would report on the Detention, except that I'm resolved to leave that task to others this year, and besides, I was too busy enjoying it to make any notes, and nothing is so perilous as writing history without accurate references. But it was a fine con, perhaps the most enjoyable one I've ever attended. The atmosphere was more like that of the Midswecons than of a World Con as they've been in the past, and more than once I heard old fen and old pros muttering in awe and pleasure, "Gee, this is like it used to be in the old days!"

Don't know about you-all, but the fact that the Detroiters managed to make this good a job of their long-awaited chance to hold the World Con is a mighty encouragement to me. It makes me foresee a time when the World Cons will be rotating around to the smaller towns where there are active fangroups, rather than merely holding repeat performances in a few big cities. After all, a convention of 500 or 1,000 people is pretty small potatoes as conventions go in the mundane world, and there is no reason at all why Memphis, or Los Vegas, or such places could not provide adequate facilities for it, if there happened to be an active fanclub in the vicinity to bid for it. And perhaps, after the example the Detroiters have set, fen will no longer be skeptical when a small club bids; half a dozen people get saddled with all the work in any case, so why faunch if the club has only a dozen members instead of a couple hundred?

Personally, I'd like to see Washington D.C. get their chance in the not-too-remote future; Eney and his group give the impression that they'd put on the same sort of con which the Detroiters have just demonstrated is successful. At last the dream of us Insurgent-type fans is beginning to come true; conventions for the fans, instead of the readers. 'Tis good.

## HALLOWED GROUND

Nangee

Introduction to "Introduction To Roscoism": This is indeed hallowed ground and all who tread herein do so with reverent step. Here finally are the long-promised Sacred Writings of Roscoe, the grheat, the one and only, fannish ghod. Approach ye with quiet heart the beaver who takes the hindmost.

(From Spacewarp #27, June 1949)  
INTRODUCTION TO ROSCOISM

Art Rapp

The following is part of a collection of birchbark scrolls found in a hollow tree by a punchdrunk lumberjack named Bjornsen, or Cornwallis. He was punchdrunk because the tree, which he had attempted to fell, fell. On his head, well, I mean! In his dazed condition, he neglected to mark the exact location of the tree, and by the time an expedition from that well-known cultural and technological organization, the SAPS, reached the site, all but a few of the birchbark slabs had been carried off by a tribe of nearby deroes, who were constructing a giant canoe with which to emigrate to the probable site of Atlantis, where they hoped to obtain PROOF that they existed. The uncertainty as to their existence raised by a recent controversy among fans had brought most of the deroes to the verge of neuroticism, save for the few who had read Korzybski. These were completely insane. At any rate, the portions of the Sacred Writings which were rescued deal with Roscoe, the Good Beaver, and with Oscar, the Evil Muskrat, who is constantly palming himself off on the gullible herd as a beaver, also. Following are the Birchbark Scrolls:

### THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE (Book I)

There exists a gay young beaver; Roscoe is this beaver's name, and he seems like most young beavers, but he isn't quite the same, for although the rest are brownish, or a muddy greyish-blue, when you take a look at Roscoe, why the look goes right on through!

He cannot be seen in water, he cannot be seen in air, and if he didn't bite you, you would vow he wasn't there. But his teeth are keen as chisels and if you commit a sin, Roscoe will find out about it, and he'll bite you on the shin.

Roscoe watches out for stfen wheresoever they may be, from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea. He's a kind and helpful beaver, aiding fen in many ways, and he merits fannish worship on the Sacred Beaver Days.

These Days are two in number: one's the fourth day of July -- it's the day when Roscoe flies a fiery spaceship in the sky. In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on fan dissention, and every true disciple should assemble in convention.

The second Day is Labor Day, the date of Roscoe's birth, when tribute should be paid him over all the fannish earth, when all fen shall meet their fellows to look back upon the year and shall drink a toast to Roscoe in that other great ghod: Beer.

Now, Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways; just to list them would consume about a hundred billion days: he reduces typing errors; he makes fanclub laws more stable; he keeps laid-down pens and styli from a-rolling off the table.

He makes mimeos print legibly, makes typer-ribbons last; he keeps hacks from pulling boners when they're writing of the past; he climbs into crowded nesstands, ferrets out the stffish zines, and attracts the fan's attention via telepathic beams.

Roscoe crawls in cluttered corners where the bookstores' treasures stand and despite the dust and darkness guides the groping fannish hand that it misses the obscuring mass of mundane, worthless books and bring up the rare edition for which every stfan looks.

And it's Roscoe who puts blinkers on the greedy dealers' eyes so they sell their stf like other pulps, at half the cover price, and it's Roscoe who takes cognizance of what you are always wishin' and arranges that you find the mag in perfect mint condition.

And many other boons befall those true and faithful fen who agree that Roscoe merits being honored among men, and to prove that they are striving to fulfill the Roscoe Goal, submit their names for listing on the Roscoe Honor Roll.

(From Spacewarp #29, August 1949)

THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE (BOOK II)

10 If typing near a page's end you find you've overrun it,

don't scream a curse in Roscoe's name -- it's Oscar who has done it! The bane of fuming, frenzied fen, this evil pseudo-beaver brings wails of woe where'er he goes, the skulking, base deceiver!

Who tatters covers on your mags? Who makes your hecto blur? Who tears the stencil you have cut? Damned Oscar is the cur! He makes your needed stapler jam, he rips your pix in two; but worst of all he makes your mail come back marked POSTAGE DUE.

He hides the books you're hunting for, stirs dust to make you sneeze, and sticks your cherished fanpub deep in Startling's lousy B's. No matter how you try to ward his hex with crux ansata, he'll fill your letters in the proz with printers' foul errata.

A fandom-snearing article, in mundane zine you find it? Remember as you rage and roar, 'tis Oscar who's behind it! And as the woes of fannish life on you descend to smother, remember Oscar can be balked by Roscoe -- and none other!

If you would tread on Oscar's toes to make him scream and wail, the most effective method is to swear "by Roscoe's tail". And if you want to tell some rat you hope he slowly hangs, begin your curse, "By all the marks of Roscoe's sacred fangs..."

Some poor, misguided jerks will try to sell you their religion--but if you're a true Roscoite you will not budge a smidgin. To Oscar with their pantheon -- it isn't worth a sliver! The only Ghod is Roscoe, and his heaven is his river!

For when Roscoe thwacks the water with his tail on Judgment Morn the fen who sneer at beavers will wish they had not been born, for such heathen will be punished then as promptly as can be: they'll float downstream to Oscar, who will CHEW ON THEM with glee.

But the beaveristic faithful, who were Roscoites of old, they will swim into the entrance of the Beaver Lodge of Gold, and in Roscoe's stf collection they will browse for endless days -- it is (just to prove it's heaven), TWICE AS BIG as Forrest J's!

Roscoe's automatic mimeo will print the fannish tales, and each fan will find new fanzine flooding to him in the mails, and the one he pubs himself -- well, its subscribers will be legion, and its praises will resound for eons through the fannish region.

Everything he writes or draws will be seized by the eds

and pubbed, with no more of a delay than if Aladdin's Lamp were rubbed, and if further proof be wanted that the fan to heaven goes: In the Beaver Lodge of Roscoe, EVERY FAN WILL CRASH THE PROZ!

end Book II

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But be not saddened, Roscoites, that thus ends Book II of the Sacred Scrolls. The impulsive, inspiring, instructive, inimitable writings will perhaps continue in the future, in form of Book III. All loving royal Roscoites pray for more revelation, that you may continue to follow the right path, dunk in the right stream, chew on the right trees. Roscoe is all; Roscoe is everywhere; Roscoe IS. I, Nangee, proclaim this.

In order to prepare you for Book III of The Sacred Writings of Roscoe, following is an account of the difficulties encountered in obtaining Book II which I have given you above; Rapp relates as follows:

"After some delay through difficulty in deciphering the mildewed birchbark slabs, we at last have additional information on fandom's newest and greatest religion. For a time we were stumped by certain obscure references in the Sacred Writings of Roscoe, but in a flash of mystic intuition one of our early converts, Saint Edco of Lubec, divined the existence of Oscar, the Malevolent Muskrat, the evil varmint who tempts the faithful into the primrose paths of heretical beliefs such as Alpaughism, Ghuism or Bheernomia.

"Another eminent ecclesiastic, Brother Rick of South Gate, is currently meditating hermitlike in the desert, seeking insight into the relation of Roscoism to Foo-Foo and Ghu-worship. What may emerge from his research, only Roscoe knows! For fear they might crack under the strain we have as yet not posed to Brother Rick or Saint Edco the question of the orthodoxy of Sexocracy, but this form of Roscoism is highly recommended by Reverend Radell of Cadillac."

Thus, Saint Ballard, Saint Share, and all ye others who have deliberately remained in obscurity, and pure contemplation, so that you could strengthen and enhance the ranks of Roscoism, purify its concepts, as all true knights of 200th fandom have been wont to do since time and Roscoe began, come forth all ye knights and saints. The clans have gathered and the time of reckoning is at hand. Rise in all your glory and proclaim the future. And remember that all faithful Roscoites believe in the ultimate concept: de garren haa det gut!

## THE VICKI DUGAN AREA

Since this is being written by one Hal Shapiro to be tacked on the ass end of some SAPSzine or other. This one has been out of organized fandom and disorganized SAPS for 10 these many years and has finally been seduced back onto the mailing list. Dedicated to the proposition that the primary raison d'etre of the human race (and fans) is to enjoy itself.

Probably time for a new paragraph here. I believe that my claim to fame is the fact that I am one of the people responsible for the introduction of NanG into SAPS, and some other people too.

As you ~~xxx~~ can probably tell from this stencil, I believe in typing directly on stencil and thoughts occur to me. And now, courtesy of Roger Bard of Perth, Western Australia, with whom I once published ANTIPODES, comes a typical ass end limerick:

There was a young lass of Madrass  
Who possessed a remarkable ass.  
It was not round and pink,  
As you probably think,  
But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

This thing is not being submitted to SAPS for credit, but merely as practice to see if I can still turn out the same type of trash for which I became famous.

For the information of those who do not know the loveable Hal Shapiro, let me inform you that I now reside at # 12 Maddon Hall, Cincinnati 29, Ohio, and travel forty-eight of the fifty states selling ideas. I'm in sales promotion work, if that's easier to digest. I arrived in the staid old mining town of Roseville on Friday, August 28, and have been since trying to seduce NanG into going to the Detention. She thinks that she has valid reasons for not ~~xxx~~ attending. By the time this comes out, you will know whether or not the seduction has succeeded. (Weber won hands down in this department; see below...ng) The Gerding young are indeed perceptive cbitters. Two out of four agree that Hal Shapiro is funnier than Lynn Lickman. Of the other two, one is very diplomatically silent while the other is non-committal. Seems that Lynn passes this way once in a while and he does not wish to take the chance of being fed to Lynn's monster.

Back to the biography. I was born twenty-nine years ago in the sin-ridden ghost town of Detrpit and started reading StF because my brother read it and there wasn't anything else laying around. I shall now brag that when the MSFS decided to call themselves the Misfits, I coined the name "Michigan Instigators of Science Fantasy for Intellectual Thinkers, Society."

Looking down the roster of SAPS, I suppose, is what persuaded me to ask to be put on the waiting list. Ans, since it seems that it shall be a year or more before I get to the top of said list, and since, by that time, I may well have lost all interest once again, I shall try to get a few things in a few mailing, and buy said mailings to put me in SAPS by proxy.

And now, as we enter the second page of ASS END, let me relate to you a story lifted from some of our leading plagiarists.

### The Isle of Wight

This is the tale of what happened on a fateful Sunday on the Isle of Wight, a sleepy little fishing island in the English Channel. To best understand the story, permit me to relate that this is one of the pleasant spots on Earth where all forms of internal combustion engines are prohibited. Hence, there are no automobiles to dirty up the country side with foul smelling exhaust fumes and from which the local peasantry can through old beer cans and used contraceptives.

In any event, since no one possessed an automobile on this island, they all used donkeys for transportation. These donkeys were referred to by one and all as asses. Everyone on the Isle of Wight possessed an ass. Some people had quite ordinary asses and some were possessed of extremely fine asses. The layor's wife had an exceptionally beautiful ass. A man stopped her on the street just to pat her ass.

In any event, on this particular Sunday the town preacher had ridden to church on his ass and, having a heavy date immediately after services, tied it up outside the window for a quick getaway. Eventually the entire congregation was assembled, each having ridden to church on his or her individual ass.

It seems that during the course of the sermon, one of the more exitable parishoners spotted a bit or wisp of smoke curling out from under the pulpit and this crazed out shouted, at the top of her lungs, "FIRE!" At this cry, the entire congregation took flight, going out of the front door like the proverbial grunting bat out of hell.

The preacher, the good soul that he was, waited until he saw that all were safe. He then jumped out of the window, expecting to land on his ass. However, that noble beast had moved to one side, and the preacher tumbled, head over heels, into an old well from where he was fished on the following Sunday, just in yime for services.

MORAL: There are times when even a preacher does not know his ass from a hole in the ground.

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And now, dear SAPS, that you have sampled a bit of the prose of Hal Shapiro, I shall take leave of you and settle back to see what the general consensus of my literary ability is. I do wish to mention that, instead of the title on the preceeding page, I was going to call this effort Ass End, but NanG told me that that would not be appreciated, hence the change. Being a law-abiding citizen when I cannot get away with something, I do, of course, respect the rules, regulations and assinities of SAPS.

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The following is re-printed, without permission, from Salacious Science Limericks: The meteor miners of space § Never lose their pre-eminent place. § Their suits, I suppose, § Can be joined, with a hose, § To a girls to increase the race.