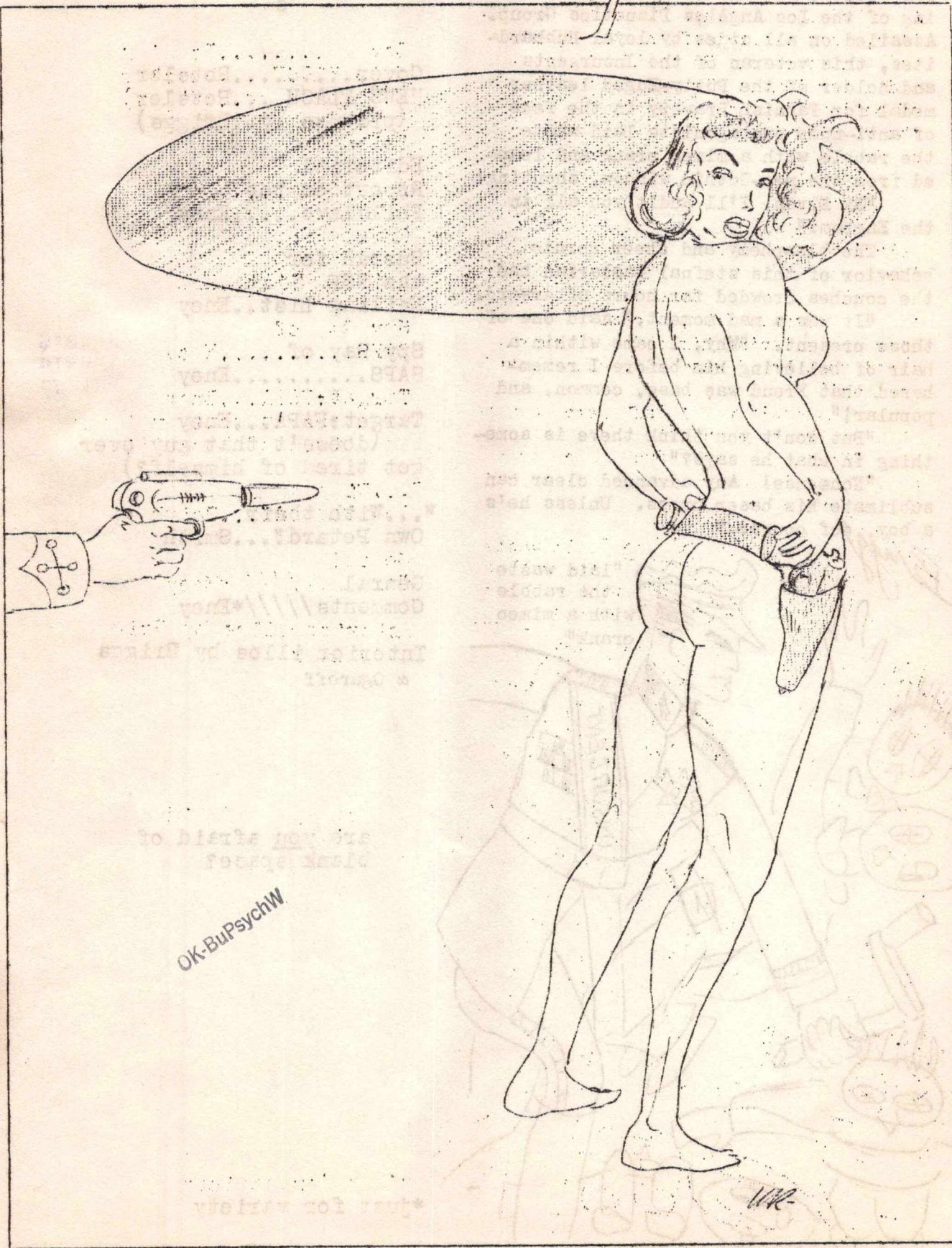


nudity



OK-BuPsychW

NEWS FLASH

Sex is more important than anything, including fandom, said Big Name Fan William Rotsler at a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Dianetics Group. Assailed on all sides by loyal Hubbardites, this veteran of the Insurgents and holder of the Putty-Edged leather medal for Fannish Bravery in the face of anti-nude protagonists laid waste the rabble with a mimeo crank and leaped from the neo-Gothic window, shouting:

"By Elron, I'll audit you all in the Engram!"

The blasphemy and sheer nornic behavior of this stefnal barbarian had the couches crowded for hours afterward.

"It was a mad moment," said one of those present. "Why, I came within a hair of believing him before I remembered that Freud was base, common, and popular!"

"But don't you think there is something in what he says?"

"Nonsense! Any advanced clear can sublimate his baser urges. Unless he's a boy, of course."

NUDITY one two #2

Operation Grifanac #7

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s f
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Cover.....Rotsler
NEWS FLASH....Rotsler
(picture by..Bfiggs)

Editorial
Report on the
Philclave.....Eney

Hurrah for
the N3F
Mailing List..Eney

Spy Ray of
SAPS.....Eney

Target:FAPA...Eney
(doesn't that guy ever
get tired of himself?)

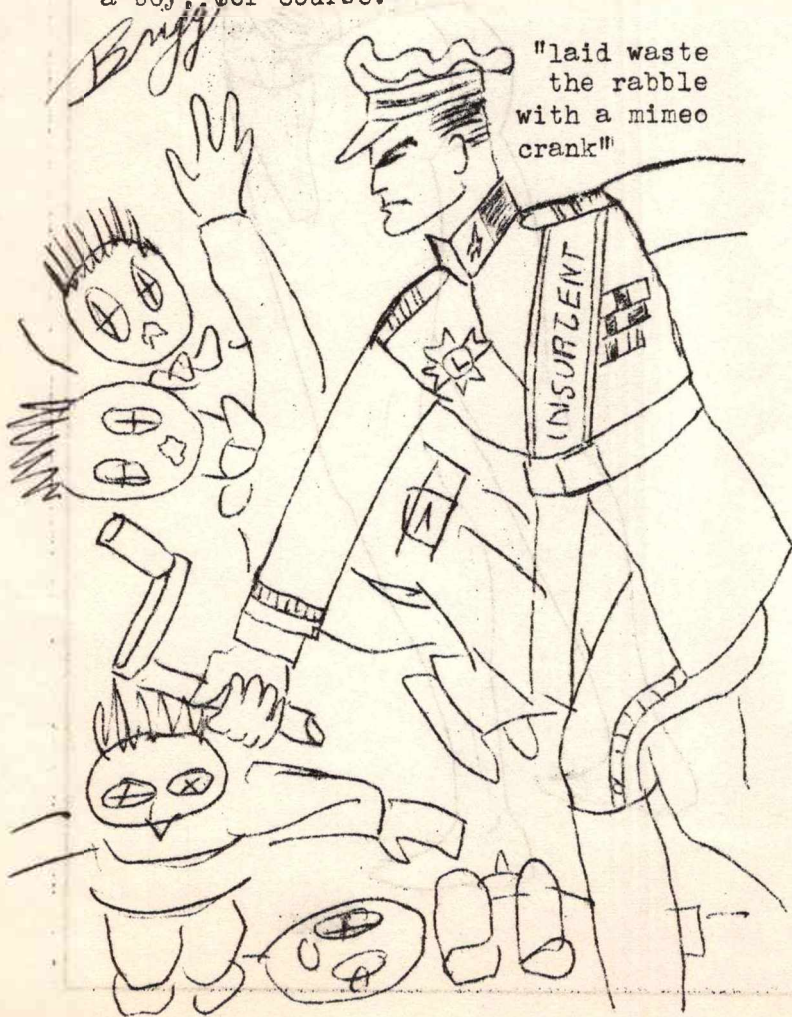
"...With their
Own Petard!...Smith

Genral
Comments/////Eney

Interior illos by Briggs
& Ogareff

are you afraid of
blank space?

*just for variety



"laid waste
the rabble
with a mimeo
crank"

EDITORIAL REPORT
ON THE
PHILCON

I have attended the Philcon.
I am now a true fan.

Previous to November 13, I
was a Reader. An interested Read-
er, to be sure, but nevertheless
merely a Reader.

That situation has been
brought to an end. I have attend-
ed a Conclave in another city.

It was all it was supposed
to be. I heard Big Name Fen and
Pru speak...Willy Ley, L.S. de
Camp, Jim Williams, Bob Tucker,
Sam Moskowitz. I heckled James
V. Taurasi. I argued with Mosk-
owitz...and won. L. SPRAGUE DE
CAMP RECOGNIZED ME! SO DID LLOYD
ARTHUR ESHBACH! I bid sums whose
contemplation makes me shudder
for artwork...a reproduction of
Chesley Bonestell's rocket on the
moon and original, UNPUBLISHED
stuff by Sol Levin. (I wish I'd
kept after that comic strip,
"The Adventures of Lancelot Pure
heart"; it's truly Sapish in plot
and execution.)

I actually bought a rare
item...the page proofs of Galactic
Patrol, which strikes me as being
no better than it was in 1937. I
guess not even rewriting could im-
prove it.

In short, I acted as a true
if slightly goshwowboyoboy fan
should.

I am a true fan.

(In another three years I'll
probably be an insurgent and sneer
at people who write this sort of
stuff...but it does fill up space
nicely, doesn't it?)

(Hmmm?)

HURRAH FOR THE N3F MAILING LIST

I've had enough.
I just got a postal from an
outfit in Moscow, Idaho. I ":

"Listen to this message for YOU!
"If you are financially poor, you
can use the GOD-LAW to bring
you into prominence, and give
you material wealth. If you
are ill in body or mind, you
can use this GOD-LAW to make
you whole. What more can you
ask of God than this? When
the world at large discovers
what the Students of (guess
what) are discovering, what
a world this will be. It
staggeres the mind even to
think of it. Yet this power
is here- IT IS HERE FOR YOU!!
YES, HERE FOR YOUR ASKING!"

Much though I'd like to, I can't
credit this effusion to the
Dianetics Foundation. It's
from an outfit called "Psych-
iana". But you see what I
got myself into.

Join the N3F. Gdt your name on
every fantasite's mailing
list.

HAH!!!

SPY RAY OF SAPA - - - - - - - - god it's sad when even the OE misspells SAPS

GNURR *Dresdick, tell your friend Bishop Berkely-- who, I see, has developed his theory still further in the past two centuries-- to go soak his head in a puddle of H₂SO₄.

*And a poker face shouldn't be kept so straight, either.

*I hope you're right about it not happening again.

*More isn't wanted. Let dead fanzines lie.

*Haw! "As you can see by my crest of foam, I'm a lager beero!"

HURKLE *Coswal was listening, it seems.

*What a life. Both senses.

*HEINLEIN??! Why in hell should anybody like the crud he grinds out?

*That is indeed a good illo for a column entitled "The Assayer's Corner." Those are also good comments for a column of that or any other title.

*Yes, it's a fair summary of conditions in the USA. "Fair" doesn't mean "regarded in an idealistic light". It's not a complimentary summary, but it's a fair one.

INTERGALACTIC NEWS *Only in the sense that it covers what's inside.

*Why should you want to improve what you've got? Sounds QX to me. You are sticking your neck out in naming your agents. Why choose them only from American history? How about Lazare Carnot, Gustavus Adolphus, Asoka, Abu Bekr, Pericles, Garibaldi...

*Cultureless me didn't get the point of the apparent satire.

*I either knew, had forgotten, or didn't give a damn.

*That's a mighty good bacover.

NAMLEPS *No comment.

NUDITY *No comment.

PRO-PHILE *I'm merely a castoff from a defunct fanzine, but a darned interesting one. Now, if you'd do the same for a present-day group of zines...ah!

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT *The title of the zine is an apt pun again! Well done, No further comment, except that I knew I'd leave the shift lock down too long sooner or later.

SAPIAN *To think I doubted Laney's criticism of manuscript bureaus!

*Coswal's quiz wasn't so hot. (Read; I got a score of 8%).

*For pete's sake,, Racy, if you're going to put those nudes on your covers, either (a) put them on the front cover only, so they can be concealed by quickly turning down the zine or (b) get somebody that knows how to draw to do them for you. As is, they can't be either concealed or passed off as art.

SAPS PREVIEW *This is about the ultimate in news scoops.

SAPSIDES *Crummy cover.

*Collector's Items trite...as it was probably meant to be. Anyway, I've got a copy of the Necronomicon...I think. See my comments on Stupefying Stories.

*Austination fine. Keep it up.

*"Novels in Unknown" not uninteresting, but nothing great.

*Drummond begins tritely, but goes on very well.

*Solkover does just the opposite.

*Keller begins a pretty good story almost as saltily as the editorial of NUDITY.

SIRIUS *Serxner, why in hell didn't you spend the money you shot on a lithoed cover to hire a professional to cut and run your zine? I can't read it well enuf to review it...which may be jsut as well. It isn't bad luck, either, because your first issue was just as poor reproductionwise.

SNAKE PIT *This wasn't a "larger addition"mr. coslet- gad is this typer getting illiterate- it was the regular edition, bound with campaign literature.

STICKERS *Comment limited to a snort of disgust.

STUPEFYING STORIES *Those cartoons...!

*Gus De Noveaucourte swears up and down that they're genuine, & I've a fotostat of about 200 pp. of a book alleged to be the Necronomicon. The Latin version. It reads like a Vulgar Latin translation of a Greek interpretation of an Arab lunatic's work, but that's all the backing for the claim. Moreover, the comments re "Human Servants of the Great Old Ones" don't check any too closely with those in Gus' version...so far as I can compare them, which isn't very far. Gus's book is the actual Necronomicon...the Greek translation of 450 or thereabouts; the original was titled "al azif".

SAPS INDEX *This section of this zine should not be left where prospective waiting-listers can read it.

Coslet, if I had half your crust I'd take my chances and volunteer for service in Korea, because I'd probably be proof against anything but a direct hit from a six-inch bazooka. I wonder how the feeling of power implicit in being dictator went to your head so quick? Where in hell do you get off with this deal? The saps treasury is to finance the mailing of the quarterly bundles and print the spectator, plus taking care of official communications. It isn't a handy fund for the official editor to dip into when he wants a bit of cash...even if he's an Interim OE. So just how do you account for pinching three forty to float this opus??? (You gave the cost of Spectator thirteen & Index as 3.40 in Spectator, 4.20 in a letter to me...I'm taking the lesser amt. mentioned as cost of Index alone). The OE is supposedly absolute, but if ever there was an "unwritten constitutional clause" that is not to be ignored because it isn't in writing, it's "the oe shall not use any of the money intrusted to him to finance personal projects...or, if he does, he mustn't give himself credit for them". You'll probably yip like a beamed BEM when you read this, but you know who'd be the first to complain about it if I bought stencils for NUDITY four with the treasury. That's right. You.

*Maybe I've been reading too much insurgent propaganda lately, but I can't see much good in the Index itself, if you come right down to it.

and you can be damned certain that it'll be a long day in December before I ask you to run off additional copies of the Index...at saps' expense," indeed!

THIRTEEN *Your questions and comments on my zines, in order:

*?: That's the bare bounce.

I forgot to.

I was eight years old then and not let read such stuff.

Don't be Laneyish.

Strictly speaking, it isn't wsfa's oo; it's a personal zen published for the benefit but without the official backing of wsfa.

*SP: It isn't homemade.

What do you expect? Saps, you know.

That's a tremendous compliment to Gus- so he says himself- and a deadly insult to Bill Evans.

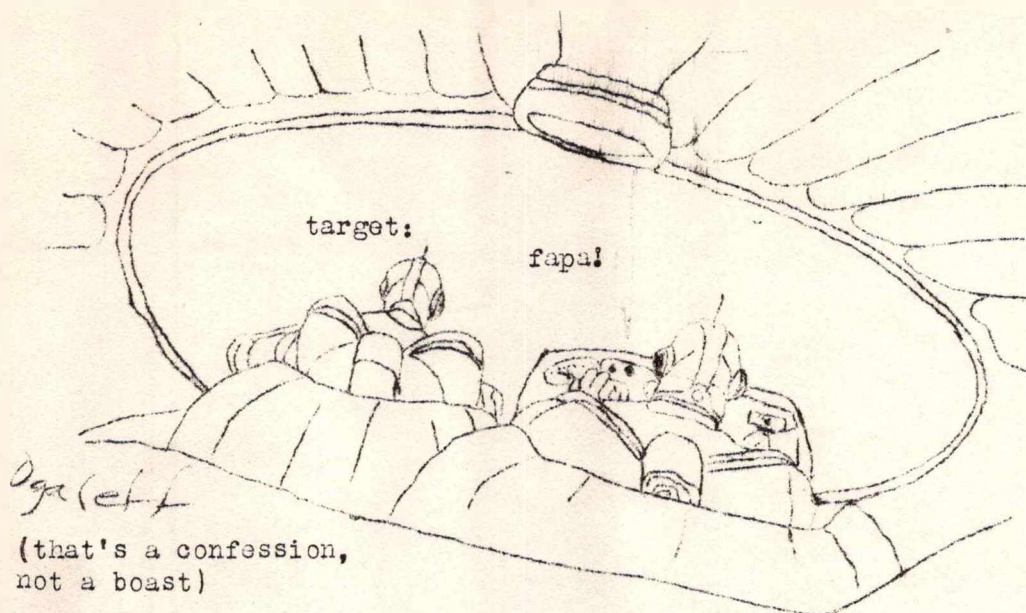
Yes and no.

"Who fain would borrow". Or is it? D'you mean...CH!! I get it!

ZaP *I look at this and enjoy it for an unpretentiously fine zine...sans Briggs spelling. Then I look at zap one and wonder what this might have been....

SPECTATOR How come you allowed Rotsler credit for pics in the OOP? Not that I object; getting W.R. back in is justification for a little hairsplitting. I drool in envy of Rotsler at that comment---"drawn from life."

gee, I feel nasty...I'll write the fapa comments now...



ASTRONAUT von Stein. Station in Space, adaptable animal, & What Is Technocracy unimportant but adequate. The Door... Let us now consider Michel's article, which is really good--not at all what I'd expect from one of Joe's Boys. ah, dialectic isn't snubbed, either! Steincil; given that I hold my own title puns in contempt, you can imagine how I feel about others'. It would have been reprieved with just a milligram more humor.

CELEPHaIS ex Bill Evans. Though "How to write weird poetry" drooped a bit, this zine is still one of the three best in the mailing. (No, not because Bill was the only person to praise "Did Justice Triumph", either--and get that sneer off your face before I use it for pistol practice!)

FANTASY aMATEUR from Coswal. Well,well! Laney furnishes the perfect reply to his Presidential himself!

IN THE BEGINNING a surprising change in titles for Warner. a benevolent snub--best comment of SP2 yet. Except Bill Evans', of course. Pardon me while I take violent exception to the grounds for your comments on Talisman 2. Royzen six--I believe that's the right #-was fully equal to the smaller Spacowarp, head and shoulders above any other zine in the mailing, and, in retrospect, better than any in this envelope. (Postmailings excepted.) Stuffy? Maybe. In just the same degree, though in opposite direction, Horizons whold be rated imbecilic juvenalia, and though perhaps literate--the reproduction is so crummy I can't be sure--is nauseatingly puerile. If you're going to exaggerate, why not serve your own zine the same dose, making it clear by contrast that Talisman is 'stuffy'?

Moreover, Talisman at least has material that all fans can read without boredom if without burning interest, while if you think the third of your zine that was shot on comments re the you-Coswal treasury dispute wasn't wasted, you're the biggest egoist between here and Eddore.

You ought to get a mimeo that wouldn't begin duplicating the top of the stencil halfway down the page.

I shall keep "It's Libel to Happen" pasted conspicuously above my typer to keep off ghouls, goblins, and summonses. Tnx for it. "#,Please";hoar,hoar!!

IRUSaBEN of the Silverberg-Diskin cabal. Readable style. Now get some readable material and you'll be all set.

NUDITY sie schreib ich. It didn't cost my subsidy; on the contrary, it brot an offer of help from Rotsler...plus offer of membership in the Sexocrat Party proper. Good intentions and all that.

articles,
PHANTEUR ab Thompson. Don't have to see Jim Blish's ~~stuff~~ either; see his story in the December ASF, better titled "The auditor's Bulletin (newstand edition)".

SLOTHFUL THING de Bullard & Donaldson. Yuks for Interplanetary Bleat.

Snake Pit of my very own. No comment.

SOMNAMBULISM by Coswal, who is wrong if he thinks his comments^{on the dispute} are any more interesting than Coswal's. OK, no more unstapled ones. You haven't missed anything. What do you think? Which RMWilliams story? Oh, don't be dense, Coswal. Look at advertising..."Silverspear design" "It's taste-happy!" "the distinctive motor oil!" Those adjectives are literally meaningless, but you have no trouble getting the idea, have you?

"To check historically". Mustn't split infinitives.

STEFANTASY machte bei Danner. If you'd file the archaic link from between your ct's and st's it would be much less annoying to read your zine. In spite, it's unquestionably the best zine in the mailing. The hand setting must be hellish hard, but the results seem to be worth it. Since you didn't recommend but did quote from it, let me advise all to read Blanshard's american Freedom and Catholic Power. Those ads! and only one typo in the whole thing—"Errata" being more in the nature of an improvement of the ad than a revelation of genuine typos.

I got a couple of back issues of Wild Hair from Rotsler, but I don't think I'll revu them...Briggs tells me they were distributed thru fapa in the first place.

In case you were wondering why the sudden change from 20 to 16 wt., it's because, much to my regret, Frank Kerkhof ran out of 20 wt. paper.

I'm sorry as the dickens about the way that cover came out, Rotsler. My own fault for trying to mimeo on the back of 16 wt. paper. I now know it can't be done. another time, I won't try it. Don't be too mad.

PE

... WITH THEIR OWN

PETARD... 99

The task force's six battleship-cored task groups swopt in toward Ghatanothoa II from the cardinal points of a sphere three hundred light-years in diameter. They were supremely confident that, this time, they would catch and volatalize the insolent warship that had so long, successfully, and solitarily defied the might of the Dianetics Foundation.

Most of the warship's crew thought so too. The Freud—for two years the sole remnant of the International psychological Society's tiny battle fleet—had encountered disaster in what should have been a mere incident in her raiding career. Her hull had been punctured by the planet-mounted projectors of the Foundation base on Ghatanothoa II, and though that base was now a twenty-mile pit of glowing slag, the Freud was effectively trapped until repairs could be made. The relief expedition had been just a little too

fast in its reaction to the cut-off distress signal. It looked as if the IPS's last vessel had reached the end of her line. To the last man her crewmen were determined to take with them in destruction full toll of the Foundation's battlescraft; to the last-but-one they were resigned to seemingly inevitable destruction.

But that last man was the Great Scientist.

It was in his own invention—a device sensitive to subtle variations in a certain space-filling wave-form of unknown origin—that they watched the Foundation's warships creeping (at scale speed) toward the planet. The Great Scientist was tapping the space-filling wave in an attempt to modulate it with one of the 86,143 destructive vibrations he had developed in the course of the Second Dianetics War.

The Slower-Thinking assistant watched him trying to match two waves, and commented:

"Isn't that a Dianetic auditing-accelerator you've got in that circuit, chief?"

"Yes," replied the Great Scientist distastefully, "it is. I've learned by sad experience that only Dianetic devices can affect the minds of Dianoti-

cists, so I've included one in this last-chance weapon. I'm going to try to 'clear' them of their desire to kill us."

The Brilliant Psychologist, who had come in as they were speaking, added sarcastically:

"If they were intelligent, their minds would be sensitive to scientific instruments, but since they're Dianeticists...studying brain waves, G.S.? If you don't have one soon, there'll be no more from any of us after a week from tomorrow."

"Haven't had one yet, and the way this is coming along I'm not likely to. Going to start studying brain waves tomorrow; just trying to fit a long-range beam to this wave and see how much it falls off with distance."

"Oh. When I saw that brain-wave I thought--"

"What brain wave?"

"That one." The Brilliant Psychologist indicated one of the oscilloscope traces before the Great Scientist. "That's as pretty a delta wave as I've ever seen."

"That? That's the...Glory to the Galaxy!!! That's my detector wave!"

* * * * *

Repairs were still incomplete when the Foundation task groups came within the fifty light-years which was the range at which they could detect the Freud even when she was using no energy.

The Bluff Old Spacehound who commanded the Freud observed:

"It should take them about thirty-two hours to get here, but even with the help we've recruited from the anti-Dianetics Underground we won't be fit to take space against them."

"If this vocabulary works properly, we won't need to," replied the Great Scientist, "and if it doesn't it won't matter whether we can or not."

"I still don't see how you're going to use a new vocabulary as a weapon. Even if you can communicate with it, what help can it give us?"

"The important thing," explained the Great Scientist patiently, "isn't what I'm going to communicate with it, but what it will communicate to me..."

* * * * *

The first Foundation battleship to come within range had charged in toward Ghatanothra II without waiting for support. Its captain, not having gotten the word that the Great Scientist's tractor beams would work through atmosphere, had intended to use the planet's air as a defense against the Freud's beams and use its gravity to shell the IPS ship to pieces in safety. The Freud had speared it with a tractor, snatched it down to within eighty miles, and blasted it to vapor with a speed and efficiency that made the others stop just out of range and begin to form a fleet formation.

They had one about three-fourths done when the first spectres shot in, touched them, and vanished.

In the Great Scientist's detector they moved at a speed that was startling considering the scale of the image inside the cube. They sprang up from half

a dozen planets, cruised aimlessly, then fused into a cloud of specks the size of a marble, shot toward the planet, split into six, englobed it, flashed inward, and vanished, all in just four seconds.

The Great Scientist spoke into a transmitter fitted with his artificial vocabulary. "Let's make sure there's nothing more in it!"

There was a pause of seven minutes, during which the Foundation ships got a little further with their formation. another spectro-group shot in, touched them, and vanished.

They managed to get their formation fully made before the next group of spectres came in, ten minutes later.

The Great Scientist advanced a lever on a certain broadcasting unit to its limit--about three times as far over as it had been. The next group came in three minutes after the third.



There was another five minutes after than. and six minutes after that. and six minutes after that....

Four spectre-groups came in, six minutes apart, and then they stopped coming in at all.

The task force, which had been heading straight for the Freud, began to slide off line in a direction opposite the planet's rotation....

* * * * *

Outside, the members of Ghatanothoa II's anti-Dianetics underground were manning the nucleus of a new battle-fleet as the Freud's crewmen brought empty warships in from space. Inside:

"I'm glad that it can be used on Dianeticists only," said the Bluff Old Spacehound. "Still, I don't get the significance of those spectres".

"It was re-enacting the engram," explained the Brilliant Psychologist, who knew about things like that.

"That what caused it?" inquired the Great Scientist, who didn't. "I was wondering about them. I didn't see why I should get such effects when all I actually did was to establish contact with space itself, once B.P. found out that my detector's radiations were thought-waves from spaceniverse itself. Of course, after I'd established contact the rest was easy."

"Easy, maybe," replied the Bluff Old Spacehound, "But it's certainly impressive to audit the mind of the cosmos and 'clear' it of the Dianeticists themselves!!"

*** **

General Comments...consisting...this time...chiefly of REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Redd Boggs: There were 41, to be exact.

Richard Elsberry: Here's your 65¢; I thot Coswal was going to send me the treasury that week, "for sure".

William N. Austin: no he did'n't come across...you owe 1 dollar.

alan M. Grant: It appeared in fapa...too poor for saps. you still owe 65¢ b4 you can get mlg. 15.

MEg Johns: I'll send you one if I can ever get caught up on my back work...which will be soon.

Redd Boggs: Forgot to mention that Chick Derry's address is 213 Regina---better call it queen, as there isn't any Regina st. in this town; I suppose he was trying to be funny--apt. 304, alexandria, Va.

By the way, Rotsler, aren't ordinary Jefferson head 3¢ stamps good enuf for you? all your letters appear to be tagged with commemoratives.

What kind of a fan do you think you are, reader? If Henry L. Davis is telling me the truth, you can tell in what direction you lean by means of this table:

| TYPE | FANZINES | SOCIAL LIFE | NAT'L GROUPS | FAVORITE ARTIST | F'VORITE AUTHOR |
|----------------------|---|---|--|---------------------------|---|
| Insurgent | Wild Hair, Fal-Dango | attends cons& claves, but few clubs | none | Finlay | L.S. de Camp |
| Old Timer | VOM | natoons | SASFA | Paul | EE Smith |
| | favorite zens, FN & FFM; | advertises | fannishness by wearing | STF League | button |
| Goshwow-boyoboy! | Gnuoy | attends every-thing | belongs to everything but Fantasy artisans | Bergey | Bradbury, in public; Shaver in private. |
| | favorite prozens amz, fa, OW, &OOTWA- | wears | beany & blaster | | |
| Fortoan | Doubt | natoons in his city | Fortoan Society | Lee Browne Goye | Eric Frank Russell |
| | fvf prozens <u>Woird</u> & <u>Unk</u> . | Conceals | fannishness. | | |
| Intellectual | Fantasy Commentator | cons & claves for masochistic purposes- torturing self a la Bob Bloch | Fantasy Artisans | Rogers & Miller | a.E. van Vogt |
| | | | aSF & Galaxy- | special stf shelf | in his bookcase |
| LNF | Spacewarp | local clubs& nearby claves | N3F | Cartier, Miller, Grossman | Asimov & Sturgeon |
| | | aSF; | leaves prozines lying around home | | |
| Serious Constructive | Fantasy Times, BNL, JFR | attends everything | belongs to everything but SaPS | Bonestoll | Fletcher Pratt & Claf Stapledon |
| | <u>Mag of Fantasy</u> & <u>SF</u> ; | Original art work | | | |

AMBITIONS

Insurgent: To own the whole Grummy moss. Old Timer: have Gernsback publish another prozone. Goshwowboyoboy: beaa Big Name Fann. Fortoan: catch a flying saucer. Intellectual: get a chance to review an sf book for the Saturday Review of Literature. LNF: attend a national Convention (ppor fool!) Serious Constructive: exterminate all the Goshwowboyoboy fans he can lay his hands on.

CAUSES

Insurgent: abolition of fun with causes. Old Timer: revival of "real" SF. Goshwowboyoboy: Dianotics. Fortoan: Fortoanism, of course! Intellectual: Bringing SF Before The Public. LNF: Scientific state. Serious Constructive: Recognition of SF as a Fine art.

*"They admit they're a pulp-level mag"

inconsiderationofdurationofpunishmentanddoubtfulvidenceboitherebyenactedthat
YNGVI IS NO LONGER A LOUSE!-----lotjusticobodono-----saps14fapa54-----