

# FENDEN 12

Saps Mailing Forty Seven

April Nineteen Fifty Nine



"Next time I get to be the O.E.!"

# FRIENDEN 12

1844

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EDITORIAL

Exad, do you realize it's April th? How horrible! What a truly loathesome state of affairs. Buz informs me that Fenden is to be run off next Saturday, along with BOG and CREEP, and that He Will Not Be Pleased if I am not prepared for this.

I had all kinds things I wanted to tell you dear SAPS about--the van Gogh show, and like that, but it appears that unless I figure out some way to work them into mailing comments there will not be time.

Phoo! I will talk about the Van Gogh show, I will I will. After all, I'm writing an editorial, aren't I, and an editorial really should be about something or other, and so far this editorial is only about how little time I have to do this darned zine in, and about how my cruel spouse/<sup>wants</sup> me to have it done four whole days ahead of deadline, which, you will admit, ranks as cruel and inhuman treatment at the very least.

The Van Gogh show has been at the Volunteer Park Art Museum for a little more than a month, and leaves tomorrow. It consists of 84 paintings and some black&white drawings which I, color-lover that I am, paid little attention to. Most of these paintings are the property of Vincent's nephew, the son of his brother Theo.

Naturally, I have seen reproductions of many of Van Gogh's paintings, and have been fairly familiar with his best-known works for many years; but somehow I had always thought him a painter with whom I had relatively little in common--had felt no great well-spring of affinity, like. Maan! I feel quite differently now. After having peered attentively at 84 of his paintings, and at some six or eight of them with a feeling approaching rapture, I am prepared to state that I really dig Van Gogh the most.

Reproductions give no idea at all. I bought a catalogue, and took notes as to how the colors in the originals differed from those of the color-plates in the booklet. The discrepancies are remarkable. Delicate skies and waters of cerulean blue flecked with periwinkle turn to gray, as do skies of delicate mauve and blue. Greens are yellowed. Whites adjacent to a pink area are pink. A light green shows as dirty yellow. Most of the prints have a yellowish overcast. Granted, these are perhaps not the best reproductions; neither are they the worst. In the lobby they had several sizes and qualities of reproductions for sale. Some of them were very fine--the colors quite close. Some of them were considerably worse than the reproductions in the program booklet. Of the prints on sale at the art museum, as a general rule the larger the print, the closer it was to the original.

Some of the pictures I like<sup>d</sup> best were: "Boats on the Beach, Saintes-Maries". This is one that is very well-known--the Japanesy little boats, all sharp and curving and brightly painted, drawn up on a golden brown beach. The sky and sea are cerulean blue with white and periwinkle, and the effect is one of exquisite delicacy and freshness. "The Harvest". This was done during the same period, at Arles. It shows a patchwork countryside in gold and green, with distant hills outlined in periwinkle, and white, blue-shadowed orange-roofed farm buildings. The sky is a solid turquoise. This is a very warm, tranquil picture. "Flowering Branch of an Almond Tree". This was done at Saint-Remy, a little later. It was painted on purpose for Vincent's nephew, when he was an infant; and is, simply, a flowering branch of an almond tree against a rich, deep, peacock-blue background. The effect is a little like cloisonne. One feels that the infant who had this picture in his room must necessarily have grown up to be a serene and happy man. "The Reaper in the Wheatfield". This was done at Saint-Remy, too, but is quite different. It's the beginning of the end, like. The reaper is working against time--the sun will soon be going down. "When I have fears that I may cease to be, before my pen has gleaned my teeming mind" -- Keats wasn't the only man to feel that he would not have enough time. The field is golden brown, the hills periwinkle, the sun round and hot, and the sky a most glorious color. It's a golden turquoise sky, which sounds like a contradiction in terms, but you can somehow feel the blue in this. Van Gogh's colors are as wonderful as the colors in nature. They're sort of fabulous. After that

most of the pictures seem to have been done hastily. There is one more picture after that that I found attractive--the others have a weird, eerie flavor, and with the last few his objective seems to have been to pile as much paint on the canvas as possible in the shortest possible period of time. The last picture of all, "Wheatfield with Crows", is a picture of despair and darkness closing in.

The last few pictures, tho colorful, are to my mind as unattractive as his early pictures, before he found out about color. The "Potato-eaters", which I gather is a very famous picture, I personally would not hang in an outhouse. Very dark, dank, and dismal. Worse than Rembrandt, even.

Van Gogh sold hardly anything during his lifetime. If, when he was painting, a person had recognized his genius, he could have bought magnificent glorious pictures for a perhaps reasonable price. I mean reasonable for the buyer, not the painting. But who could have known during his lifetime? I wouldn't. I would have looked at that picture of his of an orchard one of the trees of which had a fuchsia trunk, and would have sneered that brown tree-trunks were good enough for God and good enough for me too. & I would have complained that his exquisite cerulean-blue&periwinkle seas and skies were not true sea and sky color. Even if Van Gogh 's colors had really sung to me inside, I probably would have been ashamed to admit it. It's easy to like Van Gogh now--he's an acknowledged master. A certified seal-of-approval genius. They even made a movie of his life! But then, how could one know?

& now, how can one know? It's probable that today's great innovators, the men whose genius will be acclaimed tomorrow, are not amongst today's prize-winners. The Van Gogh show did not really feel me with a desire to accumulate fine van Gogh reproductions (tho I'd like to have some) --but much more, with a desire to buy an original from an unknown of today. But I'm afraid that anything that will look good to the world tomorrow I wouldn't like today; and anything that I might like today my heirs would sneer at. "Oh no!" they would say. "Chocolate box!" Either way, you can't win unless you're a genius yourself.

Colors: Periwinkle=blue violet  
 Cerulean blue=light blue-green (more blue than green)  
 Peacock blue =dark " " " " " "  
 Turquoise = " " (more green than blue)  
 Mauve=light reddish-purple  
 Fuchsia=bright reddish-purple

The above color-definitions are what the names I use for colors mean to me personally.

\* \* \* \* \*

Enough of this unfannish yakitheydo: It's time for

#### M A I L I N G C O M M E N T S

Busby's (FM)  
 SPECTATOR #46

Congratulations on a magnificent year of OE-ship! I have admired all your SPECTATORS highly, this not the least. (Members, Buz was 9/10 the OE this time. I opened all the mail, addressed the envelopes, helped to assemble the mlg., took mlg. down to the post-office, and was permitted to disagree on matters of policy. Buz did the rest, and, in my opinion, did it very well.) (Members, the cover on this Fenden is merely a joke. I wouldn't be OE for anything! Too much work!)

Sims'  
 TEDDYBEAR #3

Roger, dear lad, why don't you do mailing comments? If you can't do mailing comments, if something deep down inside you just won't let you do mailing comments, at least give Saps some Saps-slanted or even fan-slanted material. But show us you're with us.

My nephew is thrilled with his sweater (cardigan to John Berry) with the teddybears on it. Poor innocent--he thinks they're panda bears. I shan't disillusion him. At least my sister tells me he's thrilled--maybe he's really blase--maybe it's my sister that really digs my handiwork. Hardly matters, does it?

Pfeifer's  
BOG #8

I wonder why people infested with mice always name them Ignatz? It's the custom, you know. Bats too. --I remember spring of '49 I was staying at a friend's ski cabin, and in the middle of the night started dreaming about a girl friend's dachshund, an adorable little red bitch named Rock Manor Nicoletta. She ran across my face and I murmured in my dream "Nicky, darling!" Then I awoke with a start and realized: 1. something really had run across my face. 2. there was no dachshund (or any other pet) in the cabin. 3. dachshund have larger feet, anyhow. Next morning at breakfast I mentioned this somewhat disconcerting experience and was informed sternly that my nocturnal visitor had unquestionably been "Ignatz". Their dear, beloved little Ignatz. I was given to understand that any complaints about Ignatz would be unfavorably received, but actually, I had not and did not complain. The following summer up at Point Roberts I stayed at a place with a bat named Ignatz. The bat Ignatz was regarded with even greater affection, because he ate mosquitoes. --But, if I had a bat or mouse damif I'd name him Ignatz. Wouldn't name him Melchisedec, either. In fact, I'd actually probably sic Nobs on him.

Otto, the reason why I wish I had a time machine so that I could go back and get into fandom earlier isn't because of any dislike for present-day fandom. On the contrary. I enjoy fandom so much that I wish I had started enjoying it a few years earlier. Okay?

L\*O\*V\*E\*D your Weber artwork. I wonder if I gave Wally any votes for artwork? I don't remember. I don't think I did. If I didn't, I must have had holes in my head!

Weber's  
CREEP #18

Loved your poem, Wally; and I did remember to vote for you for poetry, anyhow. I'm really pleased to hear Tom enjoyed it too.

I enjoyed the pitifully few mailing comments you had, Wally, but they didn't spark much comment. Drat it! If you knew how much I enjoyed your mailing comments I don't think you'd have the heart to put so few of 'em in.

Enjoyed your "There's Always One More Space" . . . Ah.... Do you remember that space filling cartoon you used once? With a sign "Do not feed the entities" Labeled Space Filler, habitat bottom of page such and such CREEP something or other? There's been a terrific turnover in SAPS since you used that--you could probably use it again to good advantage now.

Lee's  
SATURDAY EVENING GHOST #5

Robert, you call your mc's "Cryptic Comments" and you are so right--they are indeed cryptic. Too cryptic! I wish you'd quit talking to yourself and talk to SAPS more.

Well--your zine is attractively illoed and duplicated--which is commendable.

Wansborough's  
WANSBORRCWINGS #3

Pretty cute cover. Good back cover, too. Doesn't seem like there's much to say about what's in between 'em, tho.

DeVore's  
COLLECTOR

I enjoyed this, Howard--but it's too short. Only seven pages--you're not turning into a teddybear, are you? You know what Seattle OEs do to teddybears--nail 'em to a cross!

The Futurian constitution is pretty cute. Too cute in spots, but that's inevitable with this type of thing. It has a certain simple charm.

All your talk about the Detention is furbishing up my natural desire to attend. I expect we'll make it...

Seems too bad that any SAPS should drop for financial reasons. Any suggestions? I'd favor by-passing dues for impoverished members, but not activity requirements. The

OE usually pubs for a member or two or three who are without facilities. The OE should (or could) be empowered to pub free for an impoverished member, reimbursing himself out of the treasury, without being asked to name the member so benefited. Naturally, this would be open to abuse, so much would depend upon the integrity and good judgment of the OE. I'm thinking this out as I type, and I feel I'm expressing myself poorly. But I think it's clear. & I know that our next OE would be a person most worthy of this particular trust. What d'you think? I don't mean what do you think about Toskey; but my idea.

Sturek's

MEGANOTES #2

I enjoyed this very much, Megan, but it doesn't spark much comment. Probably because we've discussed it quite adequately in person. Too bad!

Must say to fellow-SAPS, tho, that luminarias are indeed enchanting. They make a rich, soft and exotic effect. Guess perhaps they wouldn't do in Seattle. Dry climate is required, as you say. By the way, I have a shrub growing in my yard the flowers of which remind me of luminarias. The name of it is either *Chimonanthus praecox* or *Chimonanthus fragans*, one or the other. (These damn botanists keep changing the names of things, so that in one book a plant will have one name and in another another, and one (this one) doesn't know which name is the later and consequently the more correct). My *chimonanthus* bloomed this winter, for the first time. Only two blossoms, tho--but as much like luminarias as you can imagine, and piercingly sweet.

Will also say to fellow-SAPS that you do indeed write exactly as you speak. I said that last time, but it's still true.

Rapp's

GRIPES OF

Darn good parody of "Cremation of Sam McGee". A true work of Art.

'Twas I who introduced Megan to Saps. Unfortunately, the Whip seems to have given out, and it's improbable that she will have a zine in this mailing. Sorrow! Poor kid's been sick an awful lot this winter; it just occurred to Buz and me that the reasons's probably coming from a dry climate to a wet one. It's too bad she didn't come up in June, so that she would have had a chance to get used to Puget Sound weather before the winter set in. Too late now! She'll probably never love Seattle!

Of course I realized what Leinster had in mind in introducing the dirty joke end to "First Contact"--'twas just that I didn't believe it possible. Of course, people do laugh at biological functions -- I suppose. I personally do see very little inherent wit in urination, defecation, or copulation; but then I am, as is well-known, an ol' blue-nose. Red-nose in winter time. No! I think people laugh not so much at biological functions as at attitudes surrounding biological functions. Will attitudes be the same with e.t.'s? It's improbable, since they aren't the same with divers groups of humans. That's just my opinion. Perhaps I'm wrong. Who knows? Perhaps in another few months I'll be telling little green men from Venus the joke about "and all the while, the squirrels were chewing on my equipment."

Joan Cleveland's writing style sounds to me more like Nance Share's than Nangee's. The time Joan had comments in Nancy's zine I had a hard time keeping track of where the one began and the other left off. Or vice versa. But lately Joan's style seems to be getting more Joanish, which is a commendable thing, as individuality is more important --how did I intend that sentence to end? Darn if I know.

Heck, I know what a housewife is. I have always known, and I was never in any army at all. In "Sense and Sensibility" Elinor Dashwood's unkind sister-in-law presented Miss Anne Steele with a housewife, and when she later became indignant with Anne and turned her out of the house Anne concealed the housewife very carefully lest it be taken away from her. See--read Jane Austen and understand World War II terminology.

Your statement that making anyone with more than 50% Caucasian heredity legally white would add a goodly number of people who are presumably anti-segregation to the voting rolls in all southern states strikes me as most mysterious. Perhaps I misunderstand you completely; but I fail to see how it would add anybody at all to any voting rolls. Negroes are allowed to vote in the south. They are disenfranchised only by (and in only a

a few states) the poll tax, which equally disenfranchises poor white people. I am under the impression that a Negro with money can vote in any state in the union, providing of course he lives there. If I'm wrong, correct me. Buz thinks I'm wrong, says it's not a matter of law so much as custom. Well--in that case, a law changing the "race" of an individual would still be rendered ineffectual if custom said the person were negro.

Busby's (E)  
FENDENIZEN #11

Haven't digested "Framley Parsonage", as I said I prob'ly would. Seems as if I seldom do any project I talk about ahead of time. It's okay. Doesn't matter. Nobody wants to read anything in Fenden except mailing comments anyhow. Right?

Busby's (FM)

Oh pooh! I'm not going to look at a fat zine like this at this time of night! I'm going to bed!

Next day--April 8th--8:50 PM.

Goofed off all day, working in the yard. Marvelous day today! Heavenly--first day of spring, really.

Larry Stone has produced a fanzine on His Very Own Standard SW without vertical lines. Poor ol' Buz--you struggled so hard with that monster to no avail, and Larry has already got it beat into submission. Oh well--you've got the cooperative Fenden Gestetner to play with now.

Thoroughly enjoyed your analysis of "Music to Type Stencils By". Enjoyed the whole zine, as a matter of fact, but you don't need egoboo from me. SAPS will just think I'm beat into submission.

Schaffer's  
VONSET #7

Ray, I'll join your Resters' Cult. Next time Buz wants me to start just one more stencil at 10:30 I shall sneer at him. "Oh no!" I shall say. "I am a R\*E\*S\*T\*E\*R!" I shall say. "Resters go to bed at night," I shall kindly explain.

It's true that reading in public may draw the stares--but the reader doesn't even notice. I never did, at any rate.

Loved your article about colored lantern. What now, indeed?

Your idea--Santa Sacks--decorative sacks to put Christmas Presents in, has been done. Saw the advertisement in a magazine last season--probably "House Beautiful" tho I couldn't swear to it. I was going to write down the name and address, but I didn't.

Buz does indeed use a coat-hanger to attach license plates. But we don't have a coat hanger for a teevee antenna--don't even have teevee. But I arranged a coathanger for my Hoya to grow on. (I know you and your mother are house plant fans--do you have a Hoya?) I boiled it in a large kettle until it was quite malleable and made a nice circle of it. There are times when my bright ideas fill me with simple pride.

Agree with you thoroughly that parents should teach their children to communicate. One day in a grocery store I saw a very young mother with a little boy about three years old. She was writing a check. He asked her, several times, what she was doing, what had they come to the grocery store for. Finally she answered him, in a dull, toneless voice, "What's it to you." He didn't say anything more. While they were waiting for the check to be okayed he put his little hand in hers. She submitted to the contact for a second or two, then withdrew her hand. Oh well.

Share's  
IGNATZ #1.

You don't like cats, huh? Too bad! I like cats, and sometimes when I think that I shall never have a cat again as long as I live it makes me feel sad, sad, sad (& also very bad). Cats & men are not the only animals that kill for fun. Lots of animals do. Nobby does. He has killed two mice and two birds and two kittens (tho the kittens, I protest, he killed accidentally). Didn't eat any. I like cats because they are sleek



Why do I like moustaches? I'm not quite sure. Believe I regard 'em as adornment. --Just thought of another reason. My father did not wear a moustache. Never, never, not once in his entire life (so far as I know) did my father ever test his skill at moustache growing. Men who remind me of my father are automatically sexually unattractive--incest, you know. So one of the quickest and surest ways a man can refrain from reminding me of my father is to have a moustache. --Of course, there's lots of other ways. The world is full of men who do not remind me of my father. I like men who remind me of my father; they are always handsome men, tall, but long-bodied rather than long-legged, courteous, rather inflexible, and not too hep on human relationships. --Of course you are right, we should have dogs with moustaches. It wouldn't have to be terriers, tho. Wire-haired dachshunds are quite satisfactory in this respect. Buz is quite addicted to smooth dachshunds (& so, for that matter, am I) but you never know. Perhaps we'll have a wire-haired dachshund one day. Later, man.

2:45 PM. Well, I did cut part of the grass, anyhow. It's really difficult, the very first time in the spring. I made a horrid discovery, namely, that a pair of shorts too large for me last year fit me this--it giffs austerity, o piggy Elinor!

Am I inhibited? Well--I think I'm extremely inhibited in streaks and extremely uninhibited in streaks. In other words, a normal red-blooded American girl.

Think we've got everybody pretty well beat down on the subject of mailing comments, Wrai. You are a wonderful Chief of the Secret Police--I hope Toskey keeps you on in this capacity.

Brown's  
DISSENTING OPINION #3

No need to say anything about this-- Anyhow, hi -- ol' Rich.

Leman's  
NEMATODE #2

I think the vembietroon sounds most exquisite poetry. Sounds a bit Irish, somehow, like "May you marry a ghost and bear him a kitten, and may the Lord High King in His Glory permit you to get the mange." I hope you will unearth more vembietroons, Bob.

It's no doubt true that doing mailing comments is less work than general material-- however, it's considerably more work than pubbing other people's general material, which is what some non-mailing commenters have done. & which is now illegal for minimum credit.

I solemnly promise that I shall not draw plaice au mayonnaise. If I dreamt of a whale it would probably be a nightmare--I have rather a horror of 'em--so I shan't draw whales, either.

Talking about configurations of likes and dislikes in a previous Fenden, I didn't meant to imply that all such&such felt so&so, but only that some such&such feel so&so.

The configurations you mention: Don't know about Walter Reuther; the things you mention as appropriate to <sup>likers of</sup> Walter Reuther certainly seem to hang together very nicely. Clods, aren't they? Progressive jazz: I think Buz is more a traditional type (tho I'm not entirely sure, cause so far he hasn't heard any progressive jazz), and he has never tried marijuana and probably never will (heck, I know he never will), and he hates dirty feet, but man! he certainly likes that Mogen David wine. Nobody likes Manchester terriers. Do they? I like Nematode, Mozart, Rolls Royces. Champagne I don't dig too much. No doubt it's an acquired taste; I shan't bother. Dickens? Oh--his stuff is okay, but I still like Trollope better. No, no, I confess--Dickens is wonderful in spots. "Pickwick Papers"--"Nicholas Nickleby"--"David Copperfield"--but you know I don't dig Tiny Timishness. Renoir? Nope--he's too sentimental for me. Of course, I've only seen one of his paintings in the original, and more & more I feel that no painter should ever be judged by reproductions. But--going entirely by reproductions--his style of painting seems gooey to me.

But I like NEMATODE real well.

Firestone's  
BRONC

Gee I really shouldn't have started at the bottom of the page, should I? Tsk!

April 10, 7:00 PM. It is essential that I finish this zine tonight! No doubt I could finish it tomorrow morning, but if I stay up as late tonight as I think I probably will, I won't even have a tomorrow morning!

Gee, Eva, you mention the NFFF on every page of your zine, I do believe. I understand and to some extent sympathize with your feelings--you feel (I believe) that the NFFF is an under-dog type organization that you love and will support as fully as possible with your loyalty and enthusiasm. But look at it from our point of view! Don't you think we get tired of hearing about the NFFF? I know I do.

Other than that--your zine is most enjoyable, a friendly sociable BRONC.

Why do you think that being in a convent is far better for a young girl than for her to make an unfortunate marriage?

I didn't make up the word 'fantisted'--the immortal Richard Koogle did. 'Pre-pubertal' is, I believe, an ordinary word. I do tend to make up words just a li'l bit from time to time, but these are not examples.

The little girl, who was Virginia Jones, who claimed that she did not belong on this planet, was, as you say, "probably ...a leader among her playmates." She grew up to be a pretty, very active woman. She has been reasonably happily married for about twenty years. She and her husband have no children: she considers the world a too chaotic place to bring children into. A few years ago she went back to school, getting an MA from the Graduate School of Social Work (UW). According to her mother, her professors acclaimed her as one of the finest minds to come to their school. She is now working, making a large salary, and paying every cent of it to a psychiatrist. She plans to continue doing so for a total of two years. Her mother is a tiny bit huffy about this, feeling that after all Virginia could come to her for advice free; but she concludes that Virginia is a Scorpio, and that Scorpios never do take advice from Libras. Does this fit? If so, what does it fit?

Gee, Eva, I don't know how they (or who they are) decided what the population of America was at the time of Columbus' arrival. But I suppose they had some valid way of arriving at a reasonable approximation. I read that item (that there are more Indians now than there were then) in the Seattle Times a year or so ago, and do not remember who it was that made that statement. Sorry...

"I am an escapist and I face up to Life. It is possible to co-ordinate these two traits and I have." Ah, I like that.

Tsk--somewhere in this zine you say that you could never trust a cat. Can't find it. Will answer it anyhow. What d'you mean you can't trust a cat? Personally, I would never trust a cat to bring home a weekly paycheck or to mow the lawn. Nor would I leave a cat alone with a bird and expect to find the bird alive when I got back. But I would trust a cat to behave in accordance with the dictates of his own nature. What more would you ask?

Fleischman's  
CHARLIAR

Yes, we will indeed be happy to take Marty along when we get our time machine. In the meantime, I hope the yeasty one will store up huge amounts of energy whilst reposing on the w/l, and/<sup>come back</sup>SO full of fannish vigor that he will be forced to put a 2Opp zine in every mlg.

Gerding's  
NANDU #21

Nan, I read a most fascinating book a week or so ago. "Operators and Things" by Barbara O'Brien. Non-fiction. This young woman, a girl of around 30, goes to bed one night quite sane, and wakes up the next morning with a bad case of paranoia. She rides around the country on the buses for about six months, and then, as suddenly as they came, the voices she has been hearing leave her, and she gets well again. The reason (outside of the fact that it's extremely interesting) that I'm telling you about this book is: after the major symptoms of her illness depart, and before she is actually able to take care of herself again, she experiences psi phenomena. She knows, on a couple occasions, what people are going to say before they say it, and once she is forced to go to Las Vegas and play a certain number--or rather, I guess, numbers. She wins a large amount

of money, which she needed very badly. She hated these psi phenomena; as she got well they disappeared, much to her relief. Later, in reading about schizophrenia, she found hints that telepathy may be fairly common among schizophrenics.

Interesting--she quotes one biologist as saying, "I am almost convinced that the schizophrenic is an attempt on the part of nature at forming a mutation." Weird, right? At any rate, this book made me feel again that the reason people don't have psi abilities is that they don't, for the most part, want 'em. I don't think it's that, as Campbell says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." I think wild talents are something the human race is unwilling to trust itself with.

Cox'

MAINE-IAC #15

Well, gee--I don't know. I always thought girls wanted to be different from their mothers--but perhaps I'm wrong. What about you other female Saps? Did you want to be like your mother or did you want to be D\*I\*F\*F\*E\*R\*E\*N\*T? I certainly didn't imagine that boys wanted to be like their fathers. No, no, isn't it a cliché that children are more apt to be like their grandparents than they are like their parents? The pendulum swings one way one generation, another way the next? My maternal grandmother was very, very fond of reading. Whenever my mother as a young girl was bored, didn't know what to do, her mother would suggest that she read a book. The very idea would fill my mother with sheer horror. Yet two of her four daughters were most inveterate bookworms, and one of them (namely me) still is. (My oldest sister has six children, and somehow, she really doesn't seem to have very much time for reading anymore.)

Yup--we sent POL #3 to Burb. We sent it to him the same day we sent it to other non-Saps, I believe. September 16. No, no, October 16. Post office must have been mad at him.

Gee, Ed--please don't tell us about being on the brink of war! Puh-leez!

Liked your tale for kiddies.

Toskey's

FLABBERGASTING #9

Oh, Toskey, how could you do that to poor Megan? Tsk, Tsk.

Yes, we did indeed publish a letter by Mervil Culvergast in CRY last summer. & Buz and I told you at the time that 'Mervil Culvergast' was unquestionably Bob Leman. Bob almost convinced us that ol' Merv was for real in his first NEMATODE, but now once more Our Faith in Merv is Shook. had

Denver weather vs. Seattle weather: I once knew a woman who/come from Denver six or seven years previously. She claimed that she had had bad colds every winter in Denver, and had not had one single cold since moving to Seattle.

Loved your article, "Blood Shall Be Mine." Yup!

Well--don't have much to say to you in Fenden. Heck--I talk to you all the time anyhow. I'm glad you think I'm a good cook, dear boy. I'll bake a cake for you tomorrow.

Adams"

ROCK. #1

Actually, Es, I don't think people who like math are necessarily warped. I don't even know for sure whether Toskey is warped or not. I haven't decided whether he's warped, or whether he just seems warped because he's actually so ferociously unwarped. I had a couple dates with a mathematician some years ago, and he was warped. He kept talking about How He Had Suffered During the Depression (he was a depressing conversationalist. Warped.) Other mathematicians I have known have seemed as homey as Mom's Apple Pie and the Right to Boo the Dodgers.

I expect you'll like Joan Cleveland fine after you get to know her. Why commit yourself, even tentatively? Why not wait and see?

I think you're going to turn out to be justifiedly self-confident.

Liked the Marty Pahls article.

I liked your zine. Best line: "I'm not conceited (though God knows I have every right to be." Ol' Es!

Coslet's  
S\*I\*X Pages!

Enjoyed your paragraph about childhood nightmares and scientific experimentation. Nightmares--when I was a child I had terrible nightmares, and I had a lot of 'em. I would be chased, night after night, or kidnapped and locked in a burning log cabin, or be haunted by ants and magical midgets that would turn you to stone if they touched you, and there was one curious recurrent dream: I had to go to a distant land to bring back salt (Brown's Point, in the daytime) and coming home had to go past a house where fear-some people lived (in the daytime, it was the Bensons' house, and they were very nice). I remember the first nightmare I ever had, I think. I must have been very small, because I was still sleeping in a crib. I was going down, down down a round tunnel, going down a round dark tunnel toward a light. I was very much afraid of what I would find when I reached the light, but I had no choice--I had to go down the tunnel. When I got to the light, there was a cow standing right in the middle of the tunnel, with big horns on her head. Thinking about the dream in recent years, I've decided that the horns probably represented the obstetrician's forceps.

I used to dream of flying when I was a child, tho. I had a lot of nightmares, but I dreamt of flying, too. I seldom have nightmares anymore--I believe I've had two in the past five years--but I don't dream of flying anymore either. Flying dreams were always in color, I believe.

Pooh--what makes you think Buz and I will ever burn out? Not all fans do, you know. Perhaps we will be in fandom for ever and ever.

You've met Laney? Tell us about him.

How do you time travel? I mean backward, of course.

Gee it was nice to get more than minimum from you, Coswal.

Pelz'  
SPELEOBEM #2

Pomeranians look like cats? Nonsense! Pomeranian puppies do look like kittens, but a full-grown pomeranian certainly does not look like a cat to me. I think Pekineses and Afghan hounds are more like cats than most dogs are. --Hey! What's this? You imply that cats are to be stroked and dogs petted. All my life I have been petting cats & dogs exactly the same--stroking 'em sometimes and scratching 'em behind ears and under chin other times. They've never complained. Perhaps they were just being polite. Perhaps they were actually saying to one another "That dopey Elinor! Doesn't know how to treat a cat (or dog, as the case might have been)! But she means well--one can't be rude to her!"

Gee I wish I were familiar with "Princess Ida", so I'd dig your casting SAPStypes therefore. Is Lady Blanche nice? Would I like her? Do you? in

"The Dogs of War" is interesting, but I wish you'd pub it/one piece. Serials remind me of Wansborough, you know.

Meyers'  
AGHAST #6 & 7

Bill, your remarks on dogs: "Most people ... need someone to whom they can be superior. This, of course, does not work at all with cats. Dogs, on the other hand, are a species beaten into submissive hero-worship." That's a statement as trite as Eva's and Nancy's complaints that cats are 'sneaky'. Both cats and dogs are nice, for similar reasons and for different reasons. Each species has its own pleasantness, its own attractiveness. What's the charm of animals? Well--they're alive, and they exist interestingly all by themselves, when not in relationship with people. Did you ever watch a dog trot down the street, smelling everything, enjoying being alive? Or watch a cat walk across a lawn--or watch a cat & dog watch each other, all wary and alert and interested? Wish I could remember what Walt Whitman said about animals. Parts of it go like this: "I think I could turn and live with animals, they're so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about

their condition. They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God. Not one is afflicted with the mania for owning things. Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago. Not one is respectable or unhappy, over the whole earth." He's not correct on all these points. Whitman didn't know about the pecking order, for example. And some animals are unhappy, some respectable, some morbidly conscientious. But in general, Whitman sums up the charm of animalness.

Enjoyed your visit to Es--can't comment on it tho. One sentence: "He was actually talking to a Negro named Carl." Is that what you mean, or do you mean "He was talking to a Negro actually named Carl."

Talking about Negroes named Carl (Hi, Terry) I used to know a woman who used to live next door to a Negro couple named Carl & Celeste somethng-or-other. Their last name was a two-syllable English-type name, and they eventually left Seattle and moved to California, and they had several young children who should be around Carl Brandon's age by now. So needless to say, I was for some while strongly of the impression that Carl Brandon was the son of my one-time friend's one-time friends. It worried me a bit, actually. A few years ago I heard over the radio that Carl and Celeste Something-or-other (I used to know their name, really I did) were members of the Communist Party. Of course, membership in Communist Party is not necessarily a hereditarily transmitted affliction. Oh well.

Perhaps you would understand Huxley's reasoning (re: present only is real, but past less phony than future, as, tho our memories of past are incorrect, they do at least resemble reality--to dwell on future is to dwell on what is completely phony) better if you read it in the original, rather than in my goofing up of Huxley's reasoning. Unfortunately, I don't remember where I read it. Possibly "Ends and Means", possibly "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan", possibly both. The latter you should read anyhow, on the grounds that it's Significant Science Fiction. "if we never looked to the future, we'd never get anything done." I don't believe Huxley is opposed to making plans for the future, but only to becoming emotionally involved with the future--trying to live in the future, like. Actually, the only time you can live in the future is when you get there, and by that time it isn't.

Berry's

POT POURRI #4

Ancestors of American Indians came to America from 20,000 to 11,000 years ago. That's relatively recent. They came over at different times. I mean, different groups came over at different times. The Pacific Northwest Indians were the most recent batch. The Eskimos most recent of all --only about 3 or 4 thousand years ago. In fact, they were trading back & forth with Siberian Eskimos well into this century. Maybe they still are--tho I doubtit. --Liked your little story, especially about the Fairy Bridge.

Egad--when you call Seattle a Mecca of Fandom--it fills me with awe. I assure you--it isn't to us. No sir! 'Tis to Belfast that Seattleites bow at sunset. I mean, providing we were sure what direction it is from here.

"The Goon Goes West" is a WONDERFUL title for Detention conreport. Maan! I hope you make it.....

About quote-cards: it seems to me that they are exchanged by occasional correspondents rather than by steady correspondents. The oftener one writes to a person, the longer the letter, and hence the closer to the postal break. Or is there some other reason? Or is this simply a Busby & Busby-regular-correspondent idiosyncrasy?

Davis'

GHU SAPLEMENT #38

Hope your romance is still progressing nicely.

Heavens! Knowing I should compress my comments to you into 4 lines to avoid having to start another page inhibits me so much I can't think of anything to say at all! Let me assure you, my dear John, that it's not that I don't like your zine, or anything like that. In recompense, like, next time I'll start out my mc's with your zine--if it's here. I guess maybe it won't be. Oh well, timeafter next, then. Oh it's one o'clock tomorrow morning, and I am a tired girl. Happy, tho. Glad to be done. See you next month

Here it is Aprilllth, 1:00 PM. Fenden is shortly to be run off--but first here's one last page of

M I S C E L L A N Y

This Fenden is typed on the Wally Weber electric typer. I like it. It is nice. I am using ordinary Gestencils and plastic films cut from the bags the cleaning comes back in. They work just fine!

\* \* \* \* \*

Send money for the Berry Fund to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio. Of course many Saps already have. But--those of you who haven't--I do hope you will. Even a merely token amount--to make Saps 100% behind this great Sap--would be most desirable. Nobody should feel that TAFF commitments make support of the Berry Fund impractical. Perhaps this is violating a confidence--I don't know. But TAFFman Robert Madle kicked in, and if he can, anybody can. (He also said that he hoped to be able to buy Berry a beer at the Detention--ah, he's a nice fella).

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& while we're violating confidences and publishing things in a wild unauthorized manner--here's a paragraph from a letter that Buz rec'd the other day:

"I can't find the quote in this letter here, but I definitely remember it, so maybe it was in the last letter: "CRY is ok, but by it's very nature, it'll never receive great critical acclaim in the ampubbing field, or get in the top ten." HE-HE-HA-HA-CHUCKLE-SNORT and other sounds of mild guffaws and laughs-up-the-sleeve. The usual thing is, "I hate to tell you, but I told you so..." Not being the one who goes in for the usual thing, I say, Nyaaaahhhh, I tol' ya so!!! For as you prob'ly know, the question of CRY's popularity is no longer a matter of conjecture-- I have a source to back me up. Yeah, you've seen the FANNISH, too--and bighod, if you sit there snivveling at me about how "The CRY is ok, but..." and never mention at least seven times each letter how your column tied for first place with "The Harp That Once Or Twice," and don't act one damn bit conceited about the ghood ol' CRY and your column therein, I will quit school, hitchhike to Seattle, AND WRING YOUR GHU-DAMNED NECK!!! Congratulations, by the way."

Well--that'd be one way of getting you up here, ol' Rich.

\* \* \* \* \*

This morning I suggested to Buz that perhaps Fenden shouldn't be assembled this afternoon, because I might go to see "Gigi" this evening and want to write up a review of it. Buz said no. I really thought he would. Oh well--I can always put a single-sheeter in the mlg. if I really do see "Gigi" and write up a review of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pooh--I have about 15 lines left--too short a space for the Story of My Life, or My Philosophy, but, but--I know what I can use this space for! I can tell John Davis about the teachers in my family. My older sister taught high-school English and algebra, my younger sister taught second grade. If my father had lived I probably would have become a teacher, but the minute he died I switched my major to Anthropology, which I considered much more in the nature of mad, mad fun. (I must have been nuts.) My father taught two years. He graduated from Washington&Lee at 20, and taught one year at West Virginia Military Institute and one year at Staunton Military Academy. (I think those are the names). At both schools some of his students/<sup>were</sup> almost his own age. He enjoyed teaching, and said that his year at Staunton was the happiest year of his life. But teaching didn't pay, so after a year at the Harvard School of Business Administration he came out to Tacoma and went into business with his cousin Clarence. His mother was a school-teacher, too.

Buz' mother taught high-school English for 27 years. His father taught for several years, both before and after finishing college.

Megan enjoys teaching so much that I think perhaps I should go back to school and get a primary certificate--I bet I'd like teaching grade school too. Prob'ly be great fun.