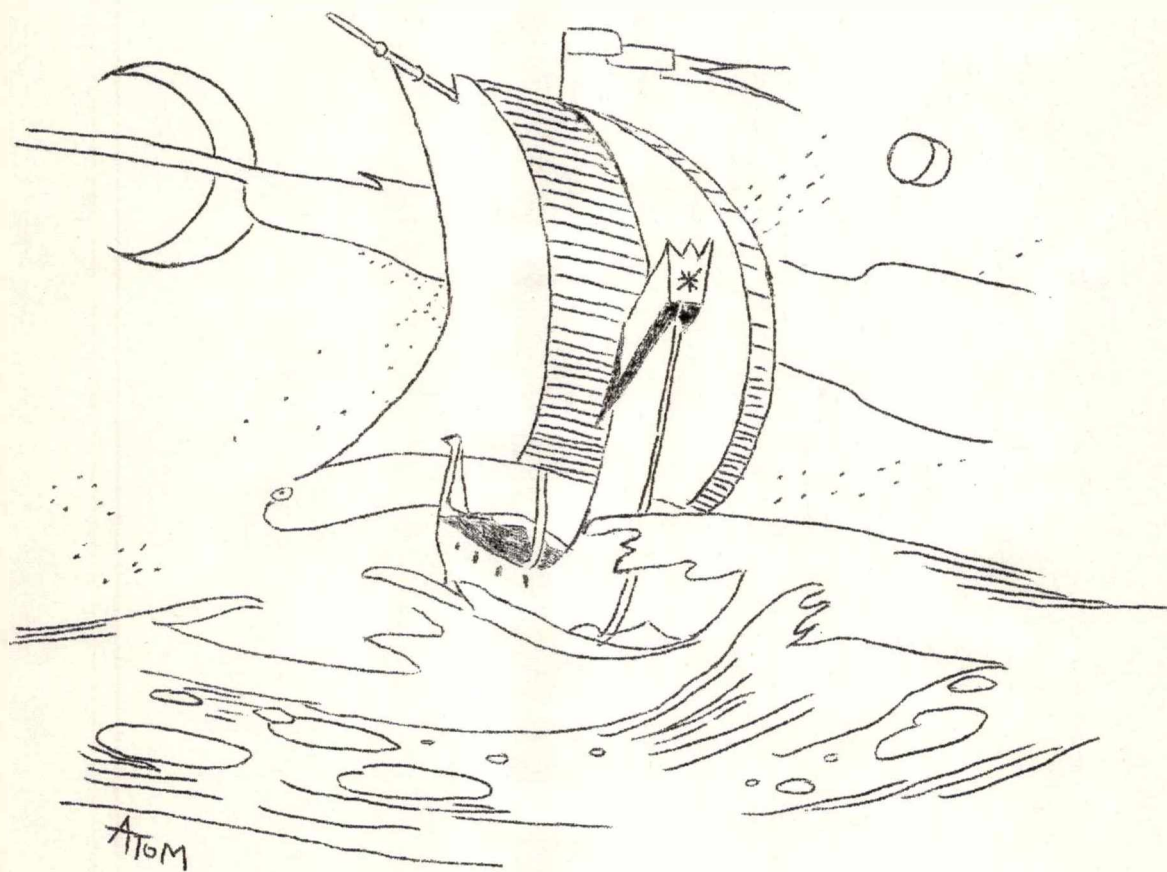


FENDENIZEN II



SAPS 46

JANUARY

January, 1959

Elinor Busby
2852 14th W.
Seattle 99, Wash.

& here we are again, dear fellow-SAPS. The cover as you will note is by ATom. Nope -- he didn't send it to me. He sent it to the CRY and I borrowed it. This is the second time I've put it on stencil, & I expect to put it on another time for the CRY. First time I put it on stencil I goofed it. Dan Adkins had asked in a letter if ATom had put some of his artwork on stencil (in CRY 121) himself. He hadn't. I had. I was so thrilled by the implied compliment that I resolved to do Better & Better & Better by ol' ATom and, in putting this pic on stencil, tried too hard. Trying too hard is as fatal as not trying hard enough, and a hell of a lot more time-consuming.

And now, having (on Dec. 28, 1958) wasted enough time on editorializing, we will dash right in to:

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

Higgs'

SAPSTYPE Something-or-other

Not too much I can say on this, Racy -- except that I'm glad you tried your hand on mailing comments. There's another Higgszine further down the stack anyhow. You'll note I'm taking the zines in order as they showed up here.

Next in line --

Coslot's

OCTOBER 31, 1922

Why that date for a title, Coswal? The date of your birth, mayhap?

Inquiries don't substantiate anymore than they maintain. The answers to inquiries may substantiate, possibly.

"When you wish upon a star, you'll only wish to get away from the heat" -- a very fine line, in my opinion.

You have fanzines for sale? Coswal, I love you! When are you going to sort them out so that I can send you my want list?

THE STONY RODE

had

Just re-read this, & and (&) it's better than I/realized. It's not without a certain fannish gay (term courtesy Rich Brown).

Gee -- Stony says he's gafiated. Wonder if he means it?

Busby's (F.M.)

RETROMINGENT 10

Egad -- here's a 30 page zine & I liked it, and I can't think of a darned thing to say about it. Dug SAPTON PLACE the most, especially the bit where Nangee threw Jack Harness out the third-story window, and tried to make it up to him by throwing him back in. As you say, a dedicated woman.

ROCK AND DROLL

Oh how I loathe Ralph Rayburn Phillips' artwork! I can just almost tolerate it in reproduction, if I don't actually look at it; but the sight of a Phillips original makes me almost physically nauseated. Does anybody like his stuff? If so, why?

Hey -- this isn't too bad a li'l one-shot. I'll try to remember to leave a stencil in a typer on display New Year's Eve.

Brown's

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAK 2

"the Negroes do have schools as good, if not better than, the whites." How do you know? I saw a photo in the paper of a Negro classroom -- I think 'twas in South Carolina -- where there's one textbook for all the kids to use. Of course, there might be all kinds extenuating circumstances but personally I'd never believe separate facilities are ever equal without proof.

Yup -- you do have the "he often leaves without saying good night" joke pegged.

Must say, I don't think the pic on your cover looks much like you. You're not that brunette, you know. You have sort of chestnut hair and green eyes, I believe.

What do you mean by saying that Glenn Miller is "sweat and syrupy"? I mean gee whiz, granted leading a band is probably hot work, but how can you tell by the record?

and

PROPAGANDA SHEET 1

No comment, you lucky, lucky boy.

Hickman's

ARGASSY #5

I enjoyed this fanzine for Toskey very much -- it ~~was~~ very evidently written by the Lynn Hickman I liked so much when I met him at Nangee's and at the Midwestcon in '57. A Lynn Hickman of whom I've seen very very little in SAPS to date. This has a sort of good-humored feistiness, and I liked the Plato Jones cartoons, and the Garcone illo.

but

Hickman's

ARGASSY #6

This was written by the other Lynn Hickman!

"I have enjoyed my year in Ompa more than all the time I've spent in Saps." "I had almost decided to drop out of Saps..." "...what is ailing Saps..." "There was nothing in that particular mailing to inspire me to put forth any effort, so I didn't." "...I probably will drop out..." Oh, man! You're bugging me!

Has it ever occurred to you, Lynn, that if everybody in fandom liked the same sort of apa just one such organization would suffice for the whole of fandom? There are different apas to appeal to different people, or to different aspects of people. If SAPS does not appeal to you, it's quite possible that SAPS is simply not your kind of organization, in which case it's foolish for you to stay in SAPS. Of course, as you suggest, now that Fred Prophet and Joan Cleveland are in SAPS perhaps you'll find it more worth while.

Toskey's
FLABBERGASTING 8

I was fascinated by your visit to your friend with the mouse collection. Tosk, if I collected mice would you take care of them while Buz and I are out of town? Nope -- I guess you wouldn't, because the next time we leave town will be to go to the Detention, and you're going too.

Your dream #2, about the artificial thing that was half watermelon and half chicken -- wonder if this could symbolize your Philosophy of Life? (That'll larn you to tell your dreams.)

I was fascinated by your talk about your family. Egad--you have two parents, three grandparents and a great-grandparent; and I haven't had any grandparents since age 3 or any parents since age 21. What a difference in family longevity! Ah, may you live forever, Tosk.

Pfeifer's
BLOTTO OTTO'S GROTTO 7

Tsk -- I enjoyed BOG, mcs and insurance tale -- but can't think of any comments. You know, Buz and I were talking about the trouble we were having doing mcs this mlg, and Buz mentioned that we did our last Sapszines about 6 six (6) months ago. We put out our last zines early, and are doing these lato, so without having missed a mlg we're completely out of practice, SAPPishly speaking. Too bad!

Berry's
POT POURRI 3

I really enjoyed this John. Magnificent story! Wonderful article! "Brief Encounter." Even the title is most satisfactory. Those advertising copywriters do indeed create choice morsels of prose. They use a great deal of alliteration, some of it too obvious, like "leafy light lustre", and some more subtle, like "vibrant copper-red of just-ripe rowan berries". & "wavering, underwater patterns on shimmering silk." Man! I'd buy that dress if I could afford it! --Of the colors you mentioned I like cerulean blue the best. Before we bought our second Olivetti I wanted a cerulean blue typer quite badly. But Buz said no. The cerulean blue typers were Royals, and the Olivetti is, admittedly, a better machine. So we got an olive-drab Olivetti. Then I thought I would paint the kitchen cerulean blue, but I couldn't find any paint company that made both enamel and latex paint in a cerulean blue hue. Of course, I could have had the paint mixed for me but I didn't want to. In the first place, you can't tell (I can't tell) what paint will look like dry when it's wet. In the second place, it's a drag figuring out how much paint one needs. I much prefer to buy a quart of this and a quart of that, and go back & buy some more when it's used up. So I painted the kitchen a light apple green instead, and was so unenthusiastic about the project (my heart still yearning for cerulean blue) that it took me six months to complete the job, and in fact, now that I think of it, I'm really only about 99% finished still. --In 1960 I shall paint my kitchen cerulean blue. I really will. I'll have them mix me up gallons and gallons of cerulean blue paint, and if the color isn't right I'll take it back & have 'em work on it some more.

You know, John, a woman's measurements don't necessarily bear much relationship to the fullness of her bosom. A woman who is really broad across the back and who has a large rib cage can combine an astronomical chest measurement with a flat bosom. Dissimilarly, a woman with a narrow back and small rib cage can have breasts much more impressive than her measurements, boy. --I certainly agree with you as to the unpleasant expressions on the faces of the models. But if you were as pitifully starved

as they are you'd have a "vindictive snarl" on your face, too. What a way to earn a living! One might as reasonably choose to reside in a concentration camp!
and

POT POURRI 2

In the list of fen you've met, you didn't mention the Dietzes and Raybin. Didn't you meet them? I'd like to know. I've met five of the 22 fen you've met. --& I expect to meet you in less than a year!

The Carl Brandons tory wasn't bad at all. I wonder how long ago it was written? You have convinced me with respect to the Silverberg story in IMAGINATION. We don't read IMAGINATION, and I don't doubt we're just as happy that way.

Don't agree with Sanderson about dnqs. A dnq is as reasonable in fandom as it is in mundane life. If Sandy feels no one should ever tell anything that one wouldn't care to have repeated ad infinitum in mundane life, it's natural that he should feel the same way about fandom. Of course, Buz and I get very little (if any) Horrid Gossip dnq'd. Quite a lot of our correspondence is marked 'dnq' but such passages are always either very mild and harmless inoffensive gossip or concerned entirely with the writer thereof. I get the impression that UK fandom is fiercer than American fandom. American fandom is milder, much milder. Even the WSFS mess doesn't seem to involve anybody's sexual tastes. OOPS! LANEY!

I'm so glad you like SAPS, John. It gladdens my little heart more than you would think possible.

Cleveland's

THE SOUND OF DRUMS 3

Hey! What kind of a Catholic are you, calling excommunication a 'minor detail'? Perhaps like most Protestants I over-estimate the hold the Catholic church has on its cohorts.

You want me to tell you about Tucker? What can I tell you? I met him at just one Midwestcon, you know. Many people in SAPS have known him much longer, and have seen much more of him than I. When I met him in '57 he was celebrating the completion of 25 years of actifandom, and, tho a grandfather, looked much too young to have fanned such a long time. One feels that the fannish life must be very easy on him. He is tall, dark, thin and good-looking, and speaks humorously and with a strong midwestern accent. I'll tell you more about him after I've met him another time, but perhaps by that time you'll have met him & can tell me.

Oh! You recognized that joke about the big blue eyes! Bob Leman did, too. I certainly never would have admitted knowing that punchline if I thought anybody in SAPS would recognize it. Oddly enough, that joke was told me by a very respectable girl -- as thoroly respectable a girl as I've ever known -- a nice girl, in fact; I mean I really liked her. & she thought that joke was funny. I was fantisted. But I am a broad-minded and tolerant type, and continued to like and respect Janet even when quite disenchanted with her taste in humor.

Heavens! Don't let people talk you out of talking about race and religion in your zine. It's your zine, after all. Talk about any damn thing you please. I'll listen. Fannish religions ough, say I.

Skeberdis is (dnq) a no-talent type, in my opinion. Used to write in to the CRY all the time. Didn't say much. Some CRY letterhacks start out lousy and then improve. Skeberdis just started out lousy. Oh well. Perhaps I'm mistaken about him. Let's hope so. At any rate, Jon, don't feel hurt that he didn't consider you scintillating.

No, John Berry's zines are an okay size. It's a standard size over

there, you know. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 is mentioned only to keep teddybear-types from thinking up new ways to annoy o.g.s. John Berry is no teddybear.

Yes, as you no doubt know by now, the Vernon McCain who died is indeed the Vernon McCain. Since then we've read some of his zines (bought 'em from Fapa surplus stock sale) and regret more than ever that we never met him.

You want to know why GMCarr didn't come to the last NullCon? Well-- she was asked. Buz sent her a postcard a couple days previous -- timed so that she would receive it the day before. That way if she really wanted to come she could (& we would have been nice to her, too); but she would realize that life would remain tolerable for us if she didn't come. We had a couple run-ins with her in August of '57. That fall she was somewhat annoyed when we refused to print a letter of her's in the CRY ("splashing their editorial personalities all over"); later, when we discovered that she had taken up as a way of life the baiting of one of our All-Time Favorite Fans, we were quite pleased to be already on poor terms with her. So now you know!

Polz!

THE SPELEOBEM 1

"I know Megan Sturek didn't respond" -- well, the way it was -- well, it was like this: Megan didn't respond because when notified she was already in transit. She notified/~~us~~ soon as she could.

Elinor Poland bugs me. When I see the name 'Elinor' I expect it to mean me, dammit! Couldn't she spell it 'Elinore' or 'Eleanor' or 'Elanor' or 'Elynor' or 'Elenor'? I mean after all gee whiz I got here first, you know. I wish you'd take this up with her. I'd personally recommend 'Elanor' -- like in Tolkien. The little goldy flowers? Quite fannish, don't you think?

I like "Iolanthe", but not because of the Lord Chancellor's Nightmare, which I have heard a few too many times. I like the way it begins: 'Iolanthe!' 'Iolanthe!' -- quite pretty, don't you think? -- and I like all that stuff about bow down ye something bow ye masses, bow down ye lower middle classes (tho I expect I could get tired of that, too). We don't have any G&S at all.

"zines with nought but MC's can be awfully dull." -- if the mcs are dull, that is.

Thanks for the analysis of the Pandora-Eve tales. (& thank you, dear Tosk, for your fuller data thereon in FLAB -- didn't mention because wasn't in gear at that time -- am now). But why are they so similar? Is the one borrowed from the other? Or do both derive from some much older source? Or do both reflect some Eternal Truth about Life or the way people look at it? You know, there's times I wish I knew more. I remember when I was a kid brooding about the fact that the Cupid and Psyche legend resembled so much the story 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon' which purported to be a Scandinavian tale. Right down to the three (get that! three) drops of wax on the not-to-be-seen husband's shirt. The Pandora-Eve parallel could be purest coincidence, but three drops of wax is too specific. Karen! Ask Poul what he knows about the antiquity &/or authenticity of 'East of the Sun & West of the Moon'.

Ballard's

OUTSIDERS 33

Hey, I recognize your quote from G&S. 'Patience'. Bet you didn't know I would. Toskey and his grapefruit trees! He's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit you! Toskey has a tapertoo.

You know, Wrai, I think cats and dogs red ly are natural onemies. Some of thm. Usudly the females. Nobby has always been a cat-fancier; even the cat-killing he did last summer was motivated by over-enthusiasm rather than malice. Lisa, on the other hand, despised the first cat she ever laid eyes on, and no subsequent cat has ever changed her opinion of the species. She says there's something wrong with cats. They're the wrong shape, and have the wrong smell, and there's something awfully wrong about the way they move. She says they look sly and surreptitious, and when she barks at them they never bark back at her. She's quite intolerant. I think female dogs and female cats are anti-dog and anti-cat respectively (I mean the other way around); but that male dogs and male cats might possibly make friends.

Interesting thing: remember last mlg. (I think it was) I was talking about how Lisa hates black dogs? Lisa has always been apt to bark & growl out the car window at dogs -- especially black dogs. Nobby never has. Last month Lisa was boarded out at the kennel (she was in heat) & the day after she left Nobby saw Lisa's enemy, the black bitch Pansy, out the car window and barked furiously. I told him to stop it, and then he growled low and hostilely at her. Was he barking and growling at Pansy on behalf of his beloved Lisa? Was he 'being Lisa' while she was gone? Or was Lisa's barking and growling expressing the emotions of both dogs? I'll never know. Dogs are fascinating & mysterious little critters.

Freudian aspects of fish & rabbits: phoo! I know what fish signify Freudianly speaking -- same thing as snakes. Okay. But I never heard that rabbits signified anything at all to Freud. Of course, I know what they signify in American folklore, but do they mean the same to Freud? I doubt it. No, the reason I can draw fish & rabbits is that fish are very simple, and if you put fins & tail & scales & like that on them everybody'll know you have that in mind, and with rabbits all you need is ears -- big ears -- and a little round tail. Of course I have a one track mind, but the fact that I can only draw fish and rabbits is not evidence. No sir! The only way you know I have a one track mind is -- you know me, and also, you judge others by yourself.

Busby, E.'s -- no, no, Busby's (E.)
FENDENIZEN 10

CENSORED!

Rapp in
FENDENIZEN 10

I enjoyed typing up your article, Art. Too bad, tho, I typed it up on this darned typer, that doesn't space too well and cuts too light a stencil. I like this typer tho -- nice touch. Old Royal that belonged to Buz' folks. Sudden thought -- Royal Drummond has quite a fannish name. Suppose my name were Olivetti Busby -- 'twould be quite enchanting, do n't you think?

Boyd Raeburn said that the Air Force photo of an empty parking lot that, when developed, showed the parking lot filled with autos, was taken by a very sensitive infra-red camera. The photo was of heat emanations, and cars having been parked there earlier, the heat waves gave the outlines of the cars.

Higgs!

SAPSTYPE Vol. 3 No. 3

Liked this, Racy. Regular old yak session, from Higgs hisself. Much better'n a lot of miscellaneous stuff from miscellaneous people nobody knows.

Well -- it's a good thing you had a garden, anyhow. We did too. No lettuce this year. I kept planting it (well, twice, anyhow) and the bugs kept eating it. We had beans too. Roman beans, planted by my next-door neighbor. I really liked them. I think they had more flavor than string beans, tho I'll admit I've never eaten string beans right off the vine. We had green beans very frequently for two or three weeks; the remaining beans ripened, and we had minestrone soup with 'em two or three times this fall, and chili made with Roman beans once. I'm going to plant 'em next year.

We had tomatoes, too. I planted the plants first week in June, and didn't have tomatoes until after we got back from Southgate. Well, Toskey had had a few. After they ripened we had tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes until November, but I do think it would be nice to have them ripen earlier. Next spring I'll plant them earlier, and put paper bags over them at night like my neighbor does over his.

Share's

IGNATZ 18

Guess what! I still haven't heard the song about the purple people eater! Am I a lucky girl? Perhaps, but actually I feel a bit deprived.

Gee I really liked the poem by Ray Nelson -- neat, very, very neat. His 'Snapshots' were all good, but I liked the ones for Switzerland and Israel best: "a pocket of peace protected by high mountains and high finance" & "a machinegun mounted on a book".

Yes, I like the gum from gum ball machines, but gum ball machines out here don't have charms in them, if I remember correctly. Seems that the only machines with charms are the ones with little pieces of hard candy. Shelley was collecting charms while she was with us -- don't know whether she still is or not. We saw her last month, tho. She and her younger sister stayed a couple nights with us -- took the kids to see Santa Claus, and Christmas shopping. It was nice seeing Shelley again, but it would have been nicer if I hadn't had to give most of my attention to her younger sister. I caught a bad cold from the kids, and didn't get Christmas cards and packages out, and Buz caught a bad cold from me and was sick over Christmas, so the visit was not, all in all, unmitigated bliss.

It was John Bery, mainly, whom I had in mind, but I'm pleased to state that the dear boy has Mended His Ways.

* * * * *
SUPPORT THE BERRY FUND! BRING A SAP ACROSS THE MAP!

Send money to Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Mich.

* * * * *

DeVore's
COLLECTOR #?

Enjoyed Earl's first installment -- but wish he'd do more at a time. If he publishes his conreport in 27 parts, coming out four a year, it will take him 7 years and by that time perhaps he will be forgetting some details, especially if he attends (as I hope he does) about six more cons in the meantime. The DETENTION alone should be enough to brainwash him completely.

I enjoyed all your remarks -- except that I thought the last one very naughty indeed -- but the Degler reprint I didn't dig too much. You don't really get the flavor on a deal like that.

Leman's
NEMATODE #1

Very much enjoyed your analysis of those words, Bob, but don't altogether agree with your feelings as to 'pastiche'. I believe I'd go along with Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, with the proviso that 'pastiche' is 'parody' on a very high plane. Subtle, like. Actually, I think it's well-nigh impossible to imitate without a faint hint of exaggeration. --I agree with you that "Cacher of the Rye" is a pastiche, but do not agree that it is satirical in intent. Nope! I don't think "Brandon" is the least bit disenchanted. --Now Fred Chappell's ^{parody of} "The Immortal Storm" was satirical in intent; Fred was trying to improve fan writing by spotlighting poor fan writing. Fred Chappell's bit was directed at poor ol' Sam Moskowitz. (Well, I see that this is highly arguable. How to differentiate between the person and his writing? It can't be done!) At any rate, I certainly do agree that it is desirable to use the best word whenever possible, and will try to do so.

I take it that "ROB" is burlesque? I rather liked it, especially the line "Everybody knows that what the uncommitted nations really go for is a good loser."

Agree that a person gaffiated 13 yrs would be inapt to use the word. Also agree with you about Rike in RUR #5. I did not like RUR at all, and was pleased when Rike stopped distributing it with FANAC. I have the feeling that, in some respects, Rike sees the world thru distorting glass. --Well, no doubt he'd feel the same way about me!

I was very much interested in your comments on Oklahoma Indians, and you have filled me with a fierce desire to read up on the five civilized tribes. Can you recommend any book or books on the subject?

Liked Floyd P. Blaudeckel.

Nope -- I didn't see Ustinov in "The Life of Johnson". I read in the paper that Ustinov was to appear in "The Life of Johnson" and sulked all afternoon. Well -- ten or twenty seconds, anyhow. I saw Ustinov in "Quo Vadis", so realize what a good actor he is (tho I was actually more impressed with Leo Genn, who struck me as Real Cute).

You know who reminds me of Samuel Johnson? Elmer Perdue. I started reading Boswell again when we got back from Southgate, and every word came out in Elmer's voice. There are a great many differences, of course. Samuel Johnson was the very greatest BNF of his time -- nobody even came close to him. Elmer Perdue has always been overshadowed ^{as far as I know} by Laney and later by Burbee. Samuel Johnson was very strongly religiously and ethically oriented. Elmer Perdue is probably a complete hedonist. But there are similarities. Both are vulnerable to a terrible melancholia. Elmer is as capable of being rude as Johnson was (tho he has never been rude to me); and also as capable of warm charming friendliness. I believe Elmer is quite as willing to adopt a lame duck as Johnson was, tho he does not (to the best of my knowledge) have Johnson's terrible fear of being alone. Elmer does occasionally make somewhat Johnsonian remarks, and I believe he would be quite as witty as Johnson if he had a nice little neofa follow him around all the time and arrange opportunities. That Boswell! He admits (you'll remember) that he would deliberately say things to bring down wrathful Johnsonian wit upon himself. The line you quote: "But, sir, the bagpipe is a very difficult instrument to play." is probably an example. What a straight man! But the main similarity is something I can't put my finger on. Or my typer on. Or something.

Contact lenses -- well, I'm glad to hear that Peggy has adjusted to contacts. Tell me -- the thought has occurred to me that the difference between people who adjust easily and people who don't adjust easily is

one of personality and temperament rather than eyelids. What sort of personality and temperament does your wife have? Specifically: how fond of comfort is she? Does she wear long stockings when she is not obliged to? & how nervous is she? Is she real calm and peaceful, or somewhat excitable? (I feel that I am most improperly asking questions in a fanzine that should go in a personal letter -- oh, the hazards of composing on stencil! Forgive me, Bob -- and Peggy.) This is in the Spirit of Scientific Inquiry.

Gee I enjoyed your zine, Bob. I really dug it the most.

Anderson's
THE ZED #?

This was very enjoyable, Karen; tho I must admit that I enjoyed it very much better the third or fourth time I read it than I did the first or second time.

I was somewhat astonished to discover that you share my enthusiasm for James Elroy Flecker. I've never read either "Hassan" (because it's prose) or "The Golden Journey to Samarkand", however. In fact, I had rather assumed that "Golden Journey" was a hoax poem, as I've never seen it. Tho of course I'm familiar with the prologue (who isn't?), and remember that a character in Saki was reading "Golden Journey", when interrupted by another character. You know, Karen, I think it's very nice of us, very humble and unsnobbish and big-hearted, to dig a second-rate poet like Flecker. "When even lovers find their peace at last, and earth is but a star, that once had shone." How beautiful! How corny! Flecker knew perfectly well that earth was never at any time a star; he was speaking purely for effect. He wrote two of my very favorite lines of poetry: "I have seen old ships that sail like swans asleep, beyond the village that men still call Tyre". Evocative -- perhaps too evocative, but sensuously lovely. Humorous poetry too. Do you remember the princess who won an enamoured young man on a bet? He complained when she put him to work as a galley slave. "Oh foolish lad," she answered him, "Back to your oar & pull! Row hard, and soon we'll anchor in the gulf of Istambul. While the slaves collect provisions, and the sailors go for drink, you may chance to find your captain not so brutal as you think!" Silly, but rollicking. Oh, sorrow! I do not possess one book, not one, by James Elroy Flecker. In the past 14 years all I have read by this man are the two items that are anthologized: Prologue to "Golden Journey" and "The Old Ships". I look for Flecker in the second-hand bookstores but I never find him. (I never ask the clerk for help--I regard that as cheating). Someday I shall break down and buy "Hassan" even if it is prose.

So you met Fritz Leiber? Lucky you! I wish I'd met him. He was a friend of Laney's, you know, and was mentioned in "Ah Sweet Idiocy".

Cox's
MAINE-IAC 14

I agree with you -- a SAPSzine should consist of more or less SAPS-oriented material. Written by the member. True. This is far more important than whether the material in question is mailing comments or fiction or articles. And I think it's nice too, when John Berry prints Brandon or Sanderson -- tho I like Berry better. But miscellaneous stuff by miscellaneous people -- phooey!

Yup -- Nancy Share has a motorcycle -- as far as SAPS is concerned, at any rate. This item in the SAPPish mythos was retailed by BHH during the bitter campaign for OE. George Young, Nancy Share and Wally Weber were running (George pushed by Howard, naturally). BHH had Nancy wearing a black leather jacket, riding a motorcycle, and working in a blacksmith shop.

It isn't known where he got his data, but no right-thinking SAP would dream of doubting it.

The lyrics to "Greensleeves" are in a Penguin book of ballads. The lyrics (as pubbed, at any rate) are not especially filthy -- merely the plaint of a man who is keeping a woman and who feels that he is not getting all that he is paying for. Well -- I didn't read them carefully, and it was quite a while ago, but that's my impression. I wonder if the color green used to denote a prostitute? Does anybody know anything about this?

Thoroughly enjoyed your comments on Cleavage Fandom, and all like that. Enjoyed your convention memories, too. Oh ho! You don't think people who don't attend the program should write con reports? Guess you didn't dig POL 3 -- oh well.

I quite agree with you about Boyd Raeburn. But why do you address him in your zine, when you state at the very beginning that it only goes to SAPS? Are you trying to torment the poor lad? Are you trying to bully him into joining SAPS? He won't, you know. He's awfully stubborn.

'Twasn't Spanish food we had at Burbee's (except, perhaps, for the Spanish rice). It was Mexican food, and very good Mexican food at that. Wonderful evening -- right?

Gee I enjoyed this MAINE-IAC. It was about a million times better (well--two or three times better) than the MAINE-IAC just previous. Or maybe Ed Cox, like most fans, is to some extent an acquired taste.

Harness!

SAPROLLER 15

Nope -- sorry to say I did not help at all on SPECTATOR. Buz is the OE, really. I just open the mail.

Gee it really bugs me when you call Toskey "Bernadette".. Why do you do it? It's not funny. Altho Bemmy does call Toskey a butterfly or a bird, to no other person and in no other way is Toskey an Alate One.

"SAPS is most interested in other Saps, FAPA in topics." Good -- what is OMPA interested in? Ray? John? Lynn? What's CULT interested in, Jack & Ray?

Gee in your comments on Fenden you sound like kindly old Papa Jack leading stupid little Elinor by the hand. Phoo. I wish you wouldn't patronize me, Jack. You keep asking me if I see what you mean. Of course I see what you mean, tho I don't necessarily agree with it. I do agree with you much more often than you probably realize. I don't agree that "understanding is senior to love". You can love people without understanding them; it's probable that you can't understand 'em without loving or at least sympathizing with 'em, of course. Whether or not one should love others unconditionally depends (in my opinion) entirely upon one's definition of love. If one defines love as awareness of the reality of others there is no reason at all for not loving anybody and everybody that one comes in contact with. One doesn't, of course, because one is too wrapped up in oneself, one's own small preoccupations--mental meanderings. But it's quite possible. One does it on one's good days, perhaps.

If the dog on page 13 is supposed to be Lisa, I must say you're quite mistaken about her. In the first place her ears (like all dachshunds) go down and not up. In the second place she is not anti-sex. She is anti-sex where Nobby is concerned because unhappy experience has taught her that he lacks the requisite know-how. She is not anti-sex with respect to any other male dog in the neighborhood.

Oh ho! Naughty you. You tell Nangee that you haven't written her

lately because you've been too busy writing to Joan Cleveland! & some people say that Toskey is lacking in tact! You could give him lessons, Jack. Oh well, -- Nangee probably doesn't mind at all, 'cause she's a noble-hearted girl.

Liked your limericks, Jack.

Gazing over the above paragraphs, I get the impression I'm being a bit hard on you. Jack! I like you! I think you're nice, really I do.

Fleischman's
FOUT 3

About SF Book Club -- well, I don't think their selections are the greatest, but most of the stuff that they put out that we haven't read elsewhere we feel we would rather read than not. Gee the ol' writing style gets lousy -- composing on stencil late at night. Too bad. No -- I didn't think "Doomsday Morning" or "The Lincoln Hunters" the greatest; but I would be sorry to have missed reading them.

You haven't engaged in CRYfanac for a long time, Marty. Why don't you come back, take another look at CRY? Maybe it's changed while your back was turned.

Sturek's
MEGANOTES 1

Hah! Stencilled this myself, with this same furshlugginer typer. I like this, Megan. It sounds like you talking.

Weber's
CREEP 17

Gee I'll be glad when the Westercon is over with and school is over with and you can put out wonderful CREEPs again with wonderful Weber-type mc's. But, in the meantime, any Weber is better than none. I mean any Wally Weber, that is. Tom need not apply.

Sims'
TEDDBEAR FANDOM

Roger, I've thought of you quite often lately. I embroidered black&white teddybears on a sweater for my youngest nephew. Six black&white teddybears, three facing right and lifting right leg in the air and three facing left and lifting left leg in the air, and with each black&white teddybear I thought a little thought of Roger (Teddybear) Sims. Black&white teddybears remind me of you.

I really enjoyed this zine. It wasn't 6 pp of Roger Sims, but it was cute. Liked the cover. "Frank and Belle to speak to UN!" Ho! Liked the whole zine, including the ferocious letter from my soft-headed spouse. Liked the last page; and I can't imagine why Buz thought Howard had written it. Howard has never come since the world began spelled 'official' with two i's. I wouldn't be a Detroit fan for anything -- any time any Detroit fan writes anything the least bit amusing Buz assumes Howard probably wrote it.

Busbys'
POLARITY 3

Errors in fact -- 'twas an olla I got from Isabel Burbee. I misunderstood the word and was too lazy and over-confident to look it up. Phoo to me. Terry & Miriam did not come to Burbee's house in Ed Cox's car -- they came with Rotsler and his girl.

Everybody -- but everybody -- who has commented on the foto cover has said how young Burbee looks. Why? I don't understand it. I think he looks fairly young, but then he is fairly young. Most people in fandom are.

MOSKOWITZ, MOVE OVER

You know how Moskowitz is always telling fankind (of the reader persuasion) about some gem of antique stf? Well, I've heard of an item he has never once mentioned. "The Fixed Period", written, curiously enough, by my favorite mundane author, Anthony Trollope. I haven't read it -- but a Trollope biography I have, "The Trollopes", by Stebbins & Stebbins, tells about it. The scene was laid in 1980, and told, as background, of such scientific improvements as a dictaphone and a "steam-curricle". The plot: "At the age of 67, the aged were to be 'deposited' in Necropolis, but authority interfered to prevent the extermination of the old." "A friend walking with Anthony spoke of his proposal for euthanasia as a grim jest. Anthony stopped, grasped his arm, and said 'It's all true -- I mean every word of it.'" I guess he did -- he died at the age of 67 himself.

But this is all just by way of prelude and pretext for talking of good ol' Trollope. And this article should really be called:

TROLLOPE DIGESTED

Trollope had a standard plot. I cannot think off-hand of one of his books that is wholly without it. Whatever the book may ostensibly be about, the interest is usually carried by The Eternal Triangle. Usually, a man is in love (often engaged) to one young woman, and is tempted to marry or engage in dalliance with another young woman. He works an infinite number of variations on this simple theme. In "Lady Anna" the heroine plights her troth to a young tailor. Then her legitimacy which has been long in doubt is recognized and she receives a great inheritance. She meets a young lord, her cousin, whom all her family wish her to marry. He is very handsome, very pleasant, in love with her. She feels that she could have loved him very much. The tailor in comparison is plain, harsh and crude. But she loved the tailor first of all and most of all, so she marries him & emigrates with him to some place where their difference in station will be less conspicuous. Another variation: in "Doctor Thorne" Frank Gresham is in love with Mary Thorne. His family arrange for him to meet Miss Dunstable, an heiress. Miss Dunstable turns out to be a rather homely woman much older than our hero -- a frank, jolly woman whose company he enjoys very much. Finding himself to be a favorite with her he toys with the idea of marrying her -- it would be such a triumph! But he doesn't -- he tells her of his love for Mary, and he and Mary are friends with Miss Dunstable for many years and several later books. The Triangle plays a very minor role in this story, the Mary, in love with the impoverished Frank, is courted by a wealthy baronet.

The Eternal Triangle is particularly complex in "Can You Forgive Her?". Alice Vavasour broke her engagement to her cousin George when she discovered that despite his protestations of love to her he was still keeping a mistress. Later, she fell more deeply in love with John Grey, but broke her engagement to him when she began to feel that living with him in the country would be unbearably dull. She re-engaged herself to George because he was going into politics and she dug politics the most; but was unable to bring herself to carry out this engagement because she was still in love with John Grey. Meanwhile, her cousin, Lady Glencora, who had at the age of 18 been passionately in love with Burgo Fitzgerald, is finding life with Plantagenet Palliser, the man her family forced her

to marry, intolerably dull and painful. After 18 mos. of marriage they are still childless, and Lady Glencora feels that her husband has no affection for her, and that he would be happier if she were to run away with the Beautiful, Beloved and Beat Burgo so that he could divorce her and marry some possibly more fertile woman. But when Plantagenet tells her that he does love her, and would rather be married to her, childless or not, than any other woman in the world, she knows that she must stay with him. Meanwhile, Alice's aunt, Mrs. Greenough, a widow with 40,000 pounds, is courted by Mr. Choosacre, a well-to-do farmer, and Captain Bellfield, a handsome no'er-do-well. She eventually picks the latter: she married for money the first time, and can afford to marry for fun the second; also, she feels kinship with him, because she used to be a no'er-do-well herself before she married Mr. Greenough; and also, because she can't imagine what will become of him if she doesn't marry him. By the time Mrs. Greenough marries Captain Bellfield, Alice has become engaged to John Grey again, who rewards her by running for Parliament, and Lady Glencora has had a baby -- let us assume they all live more or less happily ever^{after}. This story is peculiarly interesting in that it mixes the essentially intellectual problems of Alice Vavasour with Lady Glencora's tragic, poignant love for Burgo, and with Mrs. Greenough's pleasant farce. The novel has some magnificent scenes in it, and some wonderful little bits of analysis. Alice Vavasour, however, is my least favored Trollope heroine. She's real enough -- I've met women like her in real life, I believe -- but I didn't like them there either. But I do like Lady Glencora and Mrs. Greenough, and fool quite in love with Burgo Fitzgerald myself.

Herewith a few excerpts:

Lady Glencora describes Burgo: "When I saw him the other night he was just as handsome as ever;--the same look, half wild and half tame, like an animal you cannot catch, but which you think would love you so if you could catch him..."

Alice muses on her break-up with John Grey:

"That's the worst of being in Parliament," said Grey. "A man can't do anything without giving a reason for it. There must be men for public life, of course, but, upon my word, I think we ought to be very much obliged to them."

Alice, as she took her old lover's arm, and walked down with him to dinner, thought of all her former quarrels with him on this very subject. On this very point she had left him. He had never argued the matter with her. He had never asked her to argue with him. He had not condescended so far as that. Had he done so, she thought that she would have brought herself to think as he thought. She would have striven, at any rate, to do so. But she could not become unambitious, tranquil, fond of retirement, and philosophic, without an argument on the matter,--without being allowed even the poor grace of owning herself to be convinced. If a man takes a dog with him from the country up to town, the dog must live a town life without knowing the reason why;--must live a town life or die a town death. But a woman should not be treated like a dog."

"They staid in Paris for a week, and during that time Alice found that she became very intimate with Mr. Palliser. . . . Now she began to understand his character, and learned how to talk to him. She allowed him to tell her of things in which Lady Glencora resolutely persisted in taking no interest. She delighted him by writing down in a little pocket-book the number of eggs that were consumed in Paris every day, whereas Glencora protested that the information was worth nothing unless her husband could tell her how many of the eggs were good, and how many bad. And Alice was glad to find that a hundred and fifty thousand female operatives were employed in Paris, while Lady Glencora said it was a great shame, and that they ought all to have husbands. When Mr. Palliser explained that that was impossible, because of the redundancy of the female population, she angered him very much by asserting that she saw a great many men walking about who, she was quite sure, had not wives of their own."

"With all the fuss that Lady Glencora made to herself,--with all the tears that she had shed about her lost lover, and was so often shedding,--with all her continual thinking of the matter, she had never loved Burgo Fitzgerald as Alice Vavasour had loved Mr. Grey. But her nature was altogether different to that of Alice. Love with her had in it a gleam of poetry, a spice of fun, a touch of self-devotion, something even of hero-worship; but with it all there was a dash of devilry, and an aptitude almost for wickedness. She knew Burgo Fitzgerald to be a scape-grace, and she liked him the better on that account. She despised her husband because he had no vices. She would have given everything she had to Burgo,--pouring her wealth upon him with a total disregard of herself, had she been allowed to do so. She would have forgiven him sin after sin, and might perhaps have brought him round, at last, to some life not absolutely reckless and wretched. But in all that she might have done, there would have been no thoughtfulness,--no true care either for him or for herself. And now that she was married there was no thoughtfulness, or care either for herself or for her husband. She was ready to sacrifice herself for him, if any sacrifice might be required of her. She believed herself to be unfit for him, and would have submitted to be divorced,--or smothered out of the way, for the matter of that,--if the laws of the land would have permitted it. But she had never for a moment given to herself the task of thinking what conduct on her part might be the best for his welfare."

Mrs. Greenough, too thrifty to waste a discarded suitor, is intriguing to secure Mr. Cheesacre for Miss Charlie Fairstairs, and manages to give the latter a word of advice:

"I don't think he cares for me a bit," said Charlie whimpering.

"Pooh, nonsense! Girls never know whether men care for them or not. If he asks you to marry him, won't that be a sign that he cares for you? and if he don't, why, there'll be no harm done."

"If he thinks it's his money"--began Charlie.

"Now, don't talk nonsense, Charlie," said Mrs. Greenough, "or you'll make me sick. Of course it's his money, more or less. You don't mean to tell me you'd go and fall in love with him if he was like Bellfield, and hadn't got a rap? I can afford that sort of thing; you can't. I don't mean to say you ain't to love him. Of course, you're to love him; and I've no doubt you will, and make him a very good wife. I always think that worldiness and sentimentality are like brandy-and-water. I don't like either of them separately, but taken together they make a very nice

nice drink. ..." To this little lecture Miss Fairstairs listened with dutiful patience, and when it was over she said nothing more of her outraged affections or of her disregard for money.'

Well -- I guess that 's enough Trollopian excerpts for this mlg. There may be more, later, unless too many people gripe about these. There may be more anyhow.

Trollope's faults: his plots are made up as he goes along, and do not always hold together too well. When he started a book he never had any idea how it was going to end, except that he was pretty sure they'd get married and live happily ever after. He can be horribly long-winded, repetitious and, in fact, dull. His writing style bogs down occasionally. His major virtue in my opinion is that his people are extraordinarily real. Some are more vividly alive than others, but all are completely convincing. Well -- one character, Katie, in "The Three Clerks" perhaps strayed into his books from Dickens; and some minor characters are caricatures, actually. But by and large, he had a wonderful feel for character; his women in particular are the most real of ^{any} women drawn by any male author.

Next month -- perhaps -- "Framley Parsonage" digested!

"I was riding in the street car one day, and was amused to think what the reaction of the passenger sitting next to me would have been had he known that the neat brownpaper parcel I was carrying contained a freshly severed female breast. Would probably have thought I was Fiend With Hatchet Who Slays Six." --from Busby correspondence stack.

A Last Word to Divers SAPS:--

Eva! Welcome back, dear girl.

Lynn -- I dug the cover illo & poem on ARGASSY 6 the most.

John Berry -- you don't admire the long necks on fashion models? Women do. Long necks remind women of princesses in fairy tales. Princesses in fairy tales always had long necks, and they didn't have pleasant friendly affable expressions on their faces, either. No sir. They sat on glass mountains and sneered. Fashion models are meant to appeal to women, not men, and women like princesses in fairy tales. This is because women start out life as little girls, and never really get over it.

Bob Leman -- while wearing contact lenses I always wore a slight fixed smile on my face, for all the world like a corpse under the administrations of Mr. Joyboy. An embarrassingly large proportion of people smiled back at me, and once a courteous old colored gentleman tipped his hat.

Es -- Glad you made it, ol' kommenter.

A WORD FROM LANEY

In PSYCHOTIC 20, dated may-june-july 1955, appears what is possibly the last letter Laney ever wrote to a fanzine. It's too long to print in full, but here's some of it:

"Charles Burbee kindly sent me his copy of PSYCHOTIC which spent so much space propagandizing, promulgating, and otherwise discussing the subject of one F. Towner Laney.

"For Laney changed the face of fandom." (!!!)

This I doubt like all billy-hell, simply on the evidence contained in this very same issue of your magazine. Take, for instance, Peter Graham's very well written and interesting SFCon Report. ... scattered through, one sees references to show that such people as Walter J. Daugherty, Forrest J. Ackerman, Joe Gibson and Art Saha are still with you. ... if Laney had made any worthwhile changes in the face of fandom ... those four probably would be gone out into the great yonder or something, since I seem to remember having some violent set-tos with all four of them... One thing McCain says about me I bitterly wish were true: "he had an ability to see instantly through many layers of sham and pretense..." A large portion of the troubles I've gotten into during my life has been for an almost complete lack of this ability.

...

And of course when he mentions my "near-psychotic hatred of so many seemingly innocuous things" he totally misses the point --namely that I simply thought it was all funnier than hell. During the nearly six years of activity which I indulged in after quitting fandom (yes, McCain, that makes me a fair target...). I can recall only one thing that I gave a faintdamn about, and that was FAPA. My interest in that was simply that FAPA was the only medium I had for written self-expression. Thus, anytime something arose which looked to me as though it might change FAPA for the worse, I seriously took up the cudgels. Otherwise I was writing almost entirely for the titillation and edification of one Charles E. Burbee and to a much lesser extent to amuse Rotsler and Dewey and one or two others.

If my writing to amuse this one man changed the face of fandom I don't know what to say.

...

One of the reasons I dropped FAPA activity is that for a variety of reasons such minor writing ability as I had left me completely. This letter illustrates that very clearly, but what the hell."

I wish I'd had space to print the whole letter -- it rather fascinates me. I wonder if Laney already knew that he was dying of cancer? Perhaps not.

It seems evident to me that it was not his writing ability that Laney lost, but rather his belief in his writing ability. Did Laney drop out of fandom (FAPA, that is) when he married his last wife? Was it she who taught him that he had lost his writing ability? For her sake I hope not.

Most interesting of all: Laney was writing for Charles E. Burbee and to a much lesser extent a very few others. Does everybody write for just a few people? I do, but the people change continually. Some of POL 3 was written for Kent Moomaw, but he never saw it. Damn! End of page.