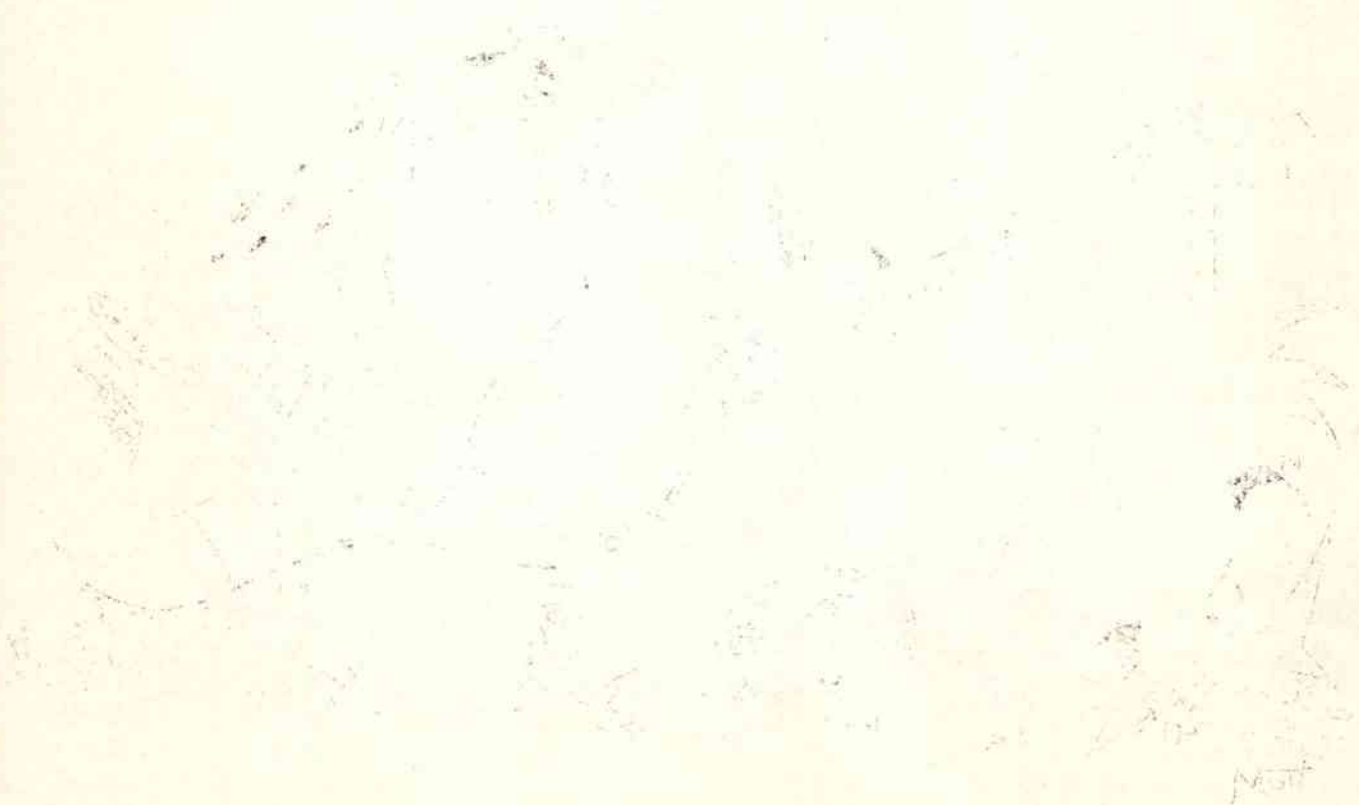


FENDENIZEN 15



SAPS 50

FENDENIZEN 15



SAI 2 50

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

January 14, 1960

THIS IS NOT MAILING COMMENTS.

This page is what would be an editorial if I were an editor. I am not an editor. I write this whole thing all by myself on stencil. I do not edit it. It just pours forth.

I want to call to the attention of several carpers that this zine (Fenden 15) contains FOUR PAGES OF NON MAILING COMMENT MATERIAL. I hope they're satisfied. I'm not. Four pages of non mailing comment material is a ridiculously large amount of non mailing comment material in a zine of only 21 pp.

Bjo, in my comments to you I confused the words tesseract and tesserae. Stupid me.

After writing my comments to Tosk I realized that what I thought I was mad at him about and what I was actually mad at him about were essentially two different things and immediately ceased being mad at him. So I remarks re Tosk-me-CRY should be taken (1) with a grain of salt, and (2) as past history. At present goodwill reigns and rapport is beginning to put forth tender buds.

Buz & I are supporting Mal Ashworth for TAFF. He good man (as cool Es would say, back in the non-cool days.)

I am not in favor of Mordor in '64 or in any other time. Mordor is a land where nothing is fit to eat or drink, everybody is sly and stupid and unpleasant, every thing and everybody smells bad, people eat human flesh, and things are generally untidy and disagreeable. I am not about to attend any convention where Sauron will suddenly appear and announce the hotel officially a part of Mordor for the weekend. No sir! I will stay at home if need be. I will stay well away from Mordor and Mordorous minded folk.

A letter from Harry Warner: "About a dozen Waugh books have been available in the British Penguin editions, although few of them were distributed on this side of the Atlantic. I've managed to assemble all of them except "When the Going was Good." I'd heartily recommend a couple that Elinor apparently missed ((I probably missed them on purpose)), particularly "Black Mischief," which contains the most logical and unexpected surprise near the end I've seen in contemporary fiction, and "Scoop," which is as close to an accurate description of journalism as anything in the Munchausen vein could possibly be. ((Oops, space is running out--I'll get to the meat.)) I've tried to straighten out this misconception that seems to be current in SAPS about me; it is true that Nancy did sell me some mailings from which she kept some of the better publications--having offered them to me on that condition beforehand ((this I knew))--but it is equally true that I later picked up the missing publications elsewhere, and now have perhaps sixteen or eighteen complete SAPS mailings, so my opinion of the organization cannot be blamed on Nancy. The opinion remains the same: I'd like to join, but don't have time for it as long as FAPA exists; I'll put my tail between my legs and plead to be allowed in if my first allegiance vanishes. ((Glad to have the facts, Harry.)) Radio definitely got blamed as much as television does today for being a bad influence on people but I think that the old boys who fussed about the radio influence had less logic on their side than those who complain about television. For instance, Ring Lardner once ranted and raved for page after page, because radio stations were playing a hit song entitled "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep." He admitted that the song was inoffensive as it was broadcast. But its original title had been "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Bed" and poor Ring was concerned about the danger that young people who heard the revised lyrics might know that the original words had included 'bed' and that might give them wrong ideas about what they should be doing." ((Like 'How dare you whistle those dirty songs!'))

November 15th -- about 8:30 at night -- and I am now starting on my mailing comments, pausing from time to time to dig Gerry Mulligan's rendition of "My Funny Valentine" just behind my back. Hmmm... I think I'll start it over--done.

Coslet's
BIBLE COLLECTOR #2

Darned interesting. I liked your article for Karen. Was 'zone' the meaning that she had in mind? I believe it's the most likely, but don't know.

Glad you liked the titles I thought of--wish some young bachelor-type fan would pick up SAPLIMATION--I like that, if I do say so who shouldn't.

You guess correctly--Bilbo and Frodo are indeed characters in the Tolkien trilogy. It isn't true, though, to say that they don't do anything--that things happen to them. They make journeys, dangerous journeys, and make very grave and weighty decisions. What more can be expected of a hero? They do not personally kill dragons, orcs or trolls. & they are dragged into adventures against their will, just like John Buchan heroes. Hah! I wrote a li'l article for POL #2 comparing Tolkien books to John Buchan books, and completely forgot that point. Frodo and Bilbo were no more/~~reluctant~~ ^{no less} heroes than Sir Richard Hannay (or vice-versa). Coswal, you would like the Tolkien books enormously, I am sure. However, from your preference for stories over long novels, I take it that either you are a slow reader or have very little spare time (probably both), and so I feel reluctant in a way to recommend books to you which require so great an investment of time. But time could hardly be spent more enjoyably. --I've read it word for word three times now, skimmed it a fourth time looking for data on elves, for an article I haven't written yet and perhaps never will, and, after reading in DHOG I think that GMCarr couldn't stand it, picked it up a fifth time to gaze briefly and triumphantly at the book GM couldn't get interested in, and read 150 pages before I got myself under control again. Tolkien is a way of life. --I was about to say before I wandered off the path that Bilbo and Frodo (especially the latter) are quite as heroic as I could wish.

I appreciate your comments on Toskey, and take it that you agree with Nangee (as Buz & I do) that Tosk has a shell around him, although you express somewhat the same idea differently. As you imply, since words mean different things to different people (especially Toskey) he won't understand. Oh well.

My nomination for funniest stf story of all time is Eric Frank Russell's "Allamagoosa". It was one of the funniest stories of any genre I've ever read, but as stf, was deficient in that it didn't really need to be stf. 'Twas wunnafull tho. Have never read your nomination.

Lichtman's
HERE THERE BE SAPS #1

I think 'Critical Mess' is a cute title for mailing comments.

If you like bubble gum, buy it. Don't be a vile conformist. I buy bubble gum quite frequently, despite the fact that I have never learned how to blow bubbles therein. I shall have to take lessons from Mrs. Coswal. --I buy bubble gum because I like the taste of it--the neighborhood corner supermarket has bubble gum in their ball gum machine that has most heavenly flavors.

I didn't list any childhood ambitions, because I couldn't think of any at the time. But since you mention having wanted to be doctor and lawyer, I remember that, although I never wanted to be a doctor (or nurse, which would be more likely) because I was a bit squeamish as a child (still am) I did, at one time, want to be a lawyer. Grounds for this ambition: my great-uncle Albert, great-uncle Dan, and first cousins-once-removed Albert and Elizabeth were all lawyers, and my father had planned to be a lawyer in his youth. He still had several law books, so I latched onto one of them at about age ten and took it up to my third-storey attic bedroom and studied it diligently and Made Notes. I remember informing my mother with considerable pride one day while I was drying dishes for her that if a man married knowing he had a venereal disease it was grounds for divorce, whereas if he didn't know it wasn't. I thought this an interesting distinction, but my mother was terribly unimpressed. (How was I to know that venereal disease was connected with sex? Alas.) Actually, though, it was my father I was trying to impress with my Study of the Law, but I am quite sure that he would have been far more impressed if I had

studied my multiplication tables instead. I still don't know the multiplication tables, but have not forgotten the venereal disease bit.

Another childhood ambition was to be a writer, and live in a log cabin with quite a few dogs, cats and canaries. The reason why I wanted to be a writer was because it was the only thing I could think of where I wouldn't have to come to town every day. Because this log cabin was going to be sort of in the woods. Not real woods, with bears and things, but sort of suburbanish woods with a view of the Puget Sound. Anyhow, I was going to have double deck bunk beds, and I would sleep in the top bunk and all the dogs and cats would sleep in the bottom bunk.

Of course, housewives don't have to go to work in town every day (if they chance to be married to F.M. Busby, which of course, most housewives are not) but when I was a child I had no very strong expectation of marriage. Why, I really don't know. I know that at one time it was generally agreed in my family that I had such a terrible disposition nobody would ever be able to put up with me, but I think that was a few years later, when I was in full throes of Adolescent Rebellion.

I like freshly written fanzines better than old, out-of-date apazines, but am pleased to have the latter circulated too. No, I don't like your suggestion of giving old zines half page credit. Would take a bit more bookkeeping, and bookkeeping should always be kept at minimum.

I agree that it's naughty of Bruce Pelz to put editorial inserts in Dee's material. Even when they are funny (& sometimes they really are not) they tend to lessen the effect of her material, which is unfair.

Yes, Parkinson's Disease is indeed a real disease--it's a sort of palsy. In Buz' dad's case, it was the culmination of a series of illnesses. First, he had influenza in the epidemic around the end of World War I. Then, encephalitis. Apparently the Parkinson's was a result of the encephalitis--and a great many people had that series of illnesses following the flu epidemic. My Aunt Mary (my uncle's wife) died of the effects of Parkinson's Disease last fall or early winter (I hadn't seen her for many years); in her case she got the disease suddenly about ten years before, with, as far as I know, no preliminaries.

Nice covers, and like that. Your repro is a bit uneven, but we know you well enough to be sure you'll have it first-rate as soon as you possibly can.

Berry's

POT-POURRI #8

There's no inconsistency in the fact that some westerns show Indians as "cruel, sneaking, unmerciful, untrustworthy" etc., and others show Indians as "honorable". An Indian could be all those things, and still be honorable. Even untrustworthy, if the white man showed himself to be untrustworthy first. Amongst Indians, there was no necessary connection between honor and kindness--nor is there in our culture. I'll answer your questions to Wrai, but--I'll not guarantee my answers are correct.

1. I don't know whether white men originated taking scalps--I doubt it. The white man did spread the custom, however. No--I'm sure he didn't originate it, because the Pueblo Indians used scalps in religious ceremonies, and some of them had been taken generations before (if I remember correctly). Indians in Northwest Coast took much more scalp area than elsewhere, sometimes, I believe, including the ears.
2. Some Indians used guerrilla warfare--it was copying the guerrilla warfare techniques of the local Indians that won us our freedom from evil old England.
3. Some of the Indians were treated badly on reservations in that the reservations were the worst land to begin with, and were not inviolate thereafter. Other than that, I don't know.
4. Yes, I believe it is true that the buffalo were almost exterminated in order to reduce the Indians. --Gad, that could sound facetious. You know I don't mean it that way.
5. I don't know whether Indians ever or frequently violated their white women prisoners. I'm sure they didn't always do so.
6. When you talk about Indians' moral codes, you should keep in mind that there were a great many different tribes of Indians on this continent, with a great many different ways of life, a great many different moral codes. Even in the same area, different tribes would have very different cultures. As, for example, in the southwest, the religions of

the Navajos and the Pueblo folk were as different as Taoism and Confucianism, and other aspects of the culture were equally different. In some tribes some Indians might sell their wives, or gamble them away, but these would probably not be the respected elements of the community. In other tribes, Indians would have no property rights in their wives whatsoever, and in some communities if a woman tired of her husband she would simply put his little belongings on the doorstep, and when he came home at night and saw them there he could simply pack them up and go home to his mother. Around here, an Indian woman was her husband's chattel up until the age of menopause. Thereafter, she was a free and respected human being, and could, if she liked, leave him and get a nice young husband. Young men were willing to marry old women because they could get intangible benefits from so doing--what I forget, probably magical. --In any case though, however the Indian men might treat their wives or be treated by them, the modesty of the innocent young virgins would be respected by all respectable folk--I should imagine that to be standard wherever the concept of modesty exists.

"The more clever and educated a girl is, the more difficult and catty and unreasonable she becomes." Hah! You and Toskey are agreeing with each other about how horrible educated women are, but you are talking about women who finish their education at the ages of 19 or 20 (as opposed to 14) whereas Toskey is talking about women taking graduate work and finishing their educations at 24 to 30, as opposed to 18.--On no educational level do the women have a monopoly on good sense and housewifely talents--on no educational level do the women have a monopoly on neuroticism. We human beings are all a motley crew. --In my opinion, the more education women have the better--for two reasons. (1) Education tends to render people more flexible, and flexibility is, in moderation at least, a desirable characteristic. (2) Upon women devolves the task, essentially, of educating children. Children learn a lot more out of school than they do in it! --& because of that, a woman (or anybody) can know a heck of a lot without having had much formal education. For that reason, the age at which a person finishes her (or his) formal education is not important; the important thing is that she (or he) NEVER finish her (or his) education.

Actually, John, your true opinions about the value of formal education for women will be shown by what decisions you make about Kathleen.

Oh ho--a third reason why women should have lots of education--so they can get good jobs and earn lotsa money. What a sheltered life I lead! Who would think that I worked for years and years? Maaan.....& I could do it again, too. If I didn't have to spend all my days baby-sitting dogs and parakeets!

Hayes'

MHO+DJEE #2

What does your title mean? Is it 'Mutt&Jeff' in a foreign tongue? Who are the dogs? MHO+DJEE respectively?

My main feeling about TAFF is that the campaign should be brief--I think that if the campaigning is intense enough, three should be plenty of time, but would be willing to go along with perhaps as much as six months. Then, after the winner is announced, the main fund-raising activities begin. Buz is willing to go along with your members of TAFF organization bit--but I'm not. To me it smacks of ORGANIZATION, which I loathe. (Okay, so I belong to organizations, like SAPS and FAPA. But they always were.) If the campaign is brief, one doesn't need to worry about the fringe-fan vote. Anybody who bothers to vote in a three-month campaign, say, is ipso-facto no fringe fan. Advantages of short campaign: MUCH LESS GRUELING FOR CANDIDATES. Less time for hassles to arise, less time when candidates are unable to make any plans for their futures, less time to get their hopes built up for a mighty disappointment. Also, the Berry Fund has proven conclusively that it is much easier to raise money for a known candidate. People will kick in much more joyfully when they know who will profit therefrom. Even if one's favorite candidate were not the chosen TAFF rep., there would be a certain satisfaction in proving one's loyalty to TAFF in kicking in for him, and I suspect defeated TAFF candidates would gain considerably in --how was I going to end that sentence? I give up on it! At any rate, what I meant was that defeated candidates would take pleasure in campaigning for funds for the winner, and proving their good sportmanship. Moral victory, like. & with brief campaigns, it would be possible for a loser to run again another time. As it

stands now, with a campaign lasting over a year, who could bear to be put through the mill twice? Only an utter clot--and such a person would, one hopes, have no chance of winning anyhow.

Cox's
MAINE-IAC 18

I don't entirely agree with your editorial, Ed. If a SAPSzine is looked as primarily as communication, like a letter or a conversation, there is no real need to comment on the zines that do not comment on one's own. Would you write or talk to anyone who never troubled to answer you? Pretty soon you'd begin to feel like a damned fool. As for people having comment-worthy non-mailing comment material--well, if the only comment possible is 'gee that was good' or 'Isure liked your story' it isn't going to add much to one's own zine to include it. Besides, if people don't do mailing comments one has no real reason to believe that they read the mailing, so comments the only real purpose of which could be to warm their little egos are rather a waste of time.

I read here that you dig the music from Peter Gunn, and by a curious coincidence, that's precisely what's on the record player this very minute!

Ed, the purpose of the Boy Blonde Watchers Society is for boys to watch girl blondies. I wanted to start a women's auxiliary for the purpose of watching boy blonds, but Buz said no, that this would be against the mores and folkways of our culture. Wrai Ballard was in favor of it, though. He said he thought boy blonds should be watched, and in his case I am sure that it is the wisest course.

MAINE-IAC 19

Talking about the recipe you got from Nan Share: well, no, I wouldn't have thought that the potato was supposed to be cooked. I would have thought that the potato should be diced very fine and fried, with the onion (also diced very fine), until they were done, then the eggs and cheese added. What were the other ingredients, by the way? I tried the ones you mentioned, plus salt and pepper, of course, and it wasn't bad, but it was no epicurean delight. So--I would like to know what else should be added.

Berry's
POT POURRI 9

Oh what you said! "Toskey told me the other day, when pressed, that Elinor represented his idealwoman..." I was there. You were asking Toskey what sort of woman he wanted to marry, and had got around to build. "What sort of figure do you want your wife

*"/sst.
Feelthy quote cards.*



les

have?" "Oh...about like Elinor." Your eyes lit up. "Oh!" you said, "you think Elinor has an ideal figure?" "No!" said Toskey, with heartfelt sincerity, "I mean an ordinary figure, neither good nor bad, just an average figure, like Elinor's." John, you're destroying my faith. You're teaching me to disbelieve in Berry Factual Articles.

Toskey definitely does not consider me Ideal. He thinks I have a fiery temper. He used to tell me so over the phone every now and then. (It's a lot safer to tell women they have fiery tempers over the phone--the worst they can do to prove you right is to hang up on you.)

Cox'
MAINE-IAC 19 (once again, like)

No I do not write poetry that won't go thru the mails! Wrai was just trying a little ploysantry. I do not write sexy poetry, and compared to John Davis and Art Rapp don't even write romantic poetry. My most romantic effort (composed some years ago) will be included with some dog-gerel and songs for the birds. Make-weight. It's an acrostic on the name 'Concomly' which was the name of an Indian chief in Oregon, with whom, as a matter of fact, I was never personally acquainted. (In fact, I don't know a thing about him, so don't ask.)

I agree with you in deprecating Art Rapp's attitude toward FAPA. I think it's very unfortunate, especially since so many SAPS are in FAPA, also. It's quite as rude as slamming the N3F in Saps, where many members, including Art, are Neffers also. I've made up my mind that I am not going to say anything unkind about the N3F in SAPS, if I can possibly help it, and I would appreciate Art's taking the same attitude toward FAPA.

I enjoyed that VARGO STATTEN. I thought it was sweet of you to send it to me.

Firestone's
BRONC

"Clayfeet Country" is very definitely not from "The Enchanted Duplicator". Heavens! The title is that of a very unpleasant article by Peter Graham which Terry published in INNUENDO a year or so back--retailing what slob Washington D.C. fen are. I assume a reference is made to "Raintree County". (oog--reading on in the mlg. I see where Terry says as much....)

Dammit--what am I talking to you for, Eva? You didn't say a word to me in the last mailing, and furthermore did say a few words in favor of G. M. Carr. So for all I know, perhaps you think I'm a bootlicker who pushes people around.

Lichtman & Durward
CAPTIVES OF THE THIEVE-STAR

Oh alas...I had a letter-substitute type thing once, entitled CAPTIVE OF THE THIEVE-STAR and nobody read it--not one single solitary person. Bjo and Djinn saw it, but they didn't read it. Boyd and Dean Grennell saw it, but they didn't read it. Nobody read it. Worst of all, nobody sent it back to me, and I hadn't kept a copy for myself. I would be happy to read it. I like my own writing.

Why do you accuse me of thinking that Don is a little-boy type?

Ballard's
OUTSIDERS #37

Wrai, before I comment on OUT, I want to apologize for my rudeness to Eva, up above. I really do not think so poorly either of Buz and I or of Eva's acumen as that last sentence implies. I was just being cross, because she published round robin quotes and things like that instead of kindly greetings to ME.

I rather like your remarks to Terry, Wrai, re SAPS and FAPA. My resentment of Fapans who downgrade SAPS is based on a feeling that they don't know what they're talking about. Now, if Terry, who has been in SAPS for about three mlg., were to consider SAPS inferior, I should not be pleased, but would feel that he had a right to his opinion. But when Fapans who really are not au fait with present-day SAPdom, such as, for example, Boyd Raeburn who has

not seen a mlg. since early in '56, sneers at SAPS, I am really annoyed; but

I feel he only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases. --But as you say, Wrai, undoubtedly Terry is on the defensive.

Yup, cover last Fenden but one was gateway to cave with Barin's tomb--also much else. Moria. Orcs, Durin's Bane....

Salesmen---grrr---magazine salesmen---oooooh the hackles rise. As I was saying to Buz this evening, it isn't that they're out to get your money, because actually the sums involved are not large. It's that they're out to trick you, to make a fool of you--that's what really gets under the skin. I have come within inches twice now of falling for this stupid gimmick where you pay newsstand price of one magazine, and get two magazines 'free' only if you figure it up, you are actually paying sub rates for three magazines. You are getting the magazines you are paying for--it's just that they are making a fool of you to do it.

Kemp's
SAFARI #3

I was interested in Jerry DeMuth's article about the Playboy Jazz Festival, Earl, but I'm sorry you held your own comments down. Two viewpoints are always better than one. Stereophonic.

As you know, we agree with you about the folly of New York's wanting the '64 con. Hmm....Ann Landers' series of articles on Russia was running in your paper when you were doing this zine--in September, perhaps? The series is running right now in Seattle (this is November 18). I thought they were hot off the griddle, but apparently not. Pooh. Like re-runs on TV.

If you didn't like Sidney Coleman's bit why did you print it?

Beautiful zine, Earl.

Eney's
SPY RAY OF SAPS(?)

True, true, I am not familiar with "Pit and the Pendulum". I tend to imagine I've read the story, because it's such a familiar title, and it's possible that I did read it but if so I've completely forgotten it. I don't like Poe's stories. The detective stories, yes--I've forgotten the name of his hero. But "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", "Mystery of Marie Roget" and "The Purloined Letter" were all quite to my taste. But most of Poe is pretty ugh as far as I'm concerned.

Egad--Eney, you're not arguing with Buz about Scientology--you're arguing with Buz about what you imagine he said about Scientology. This is unworthy of you, boy. Go back and read RETRO again.

I agree that it is ridiculous to say that the individual is more secure in Russian than here. I was reading in Ann Landers' article yesterday that in Russia a man can spend a year in prison without even knowing the charges against him. On the other hand, Russian prisons are nicer than American prisons because men get to have their wives come and spend the night now and then (which I suppose might be a bit bugging for the single men). Oh well.

"Elinor of Fenden drew these signs"--I WISH I'd said that.

Devore's
COLLECTOR

I believe you did put on a good con, Howard. So far I've only heard one gripe about it: that the program was so interesting people didn't have enough time to visit with their friends. (Doesn't that make you feel ashamed, Howard? Didn't you realize you weren't supposed to put on an excessively interesting program?) I guess (sigh) it was a pretty wonderful con.

The list of suggestions is marvelous. We've shown it to one person who will probably be on the con committee (assuming Seattle gets bid) already, and plan to make sure everyone who will possibly be concerned in the matter reads it and understands it.

This is too brief a zine, Howard, but it's very enjoyable. Read in FANAC today that Teddybear is going to marry her. Congratulate ol' Teddybear for us.

Here it is November 19th, and I am face to face with

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Durward's

BUMP #1

You have a pleasant little punchline on your cover, Don.

Your travel report was quite interesting. Too bad you didn't see more fans. You didn't try hard enough. You should have gone to the Art Lee address, and at least called Les Gerber--perhaps he could have come to see you. Well--you saw Ted Pauls and Robert Bloch, at least. What's Ted Pauls like, anyhow? (Bloch, as we know, is Superb.)

I was very glad to meet you--too bad Buz was out of town. I felt like a fool, introducing you so eagerly to Bjo and Al Lewis, whom you were already well acquainted with. But our conversation had not gotten underway when those darned Wymans showed up. First time they'd ever done that, and I certainly hope it's the last. Imagine--five people showing up unannounced, uninvited. I was really perturbed, the more so after everybody had gone home and I realized I had^{had}/no opportunity to chat with you, Don, and wouldn't have.

Carrs'

S---#3

Cute cover, inspiring campaign promises, fine faanfiction (especially liked touch of immortal who reduced self to idiocy and sealed same in concrete), not bad vembletroon (for Jack Harness, mayhap), interesting article by Miriam, very good talking fandom blues (illos by ATom mighty apropos), and good illos throughout. And now to the meat....

"It is more entertaining to read a whole batch of good genzines than the average apa mailing--" More interesting to you, Terry. Actually, I really think I prefer the average apa mailing. Most fanzines, even the good ones, are pretty darned peccable, if you come right down to it. Peccability is less distasteful in an apazine, which makes no pretense of deathlessness or formal presentation--which is somewhat like a letter from a friend. Take TRIODE, for example. The people who put out TRIODE are really trying to do a good job, and they are quite talented people, too. But every single time they mean 'its' they put an APOSTROPHE in it, and after pages and pages of malapropos 'it's' I become distinctly peevish. (Especially if I'm in a peevish mood to begin with.) (I think it should be tattooed on the hide of every neofan that 'it's' is a contraction for 'it is' PERIOD.) Of course you do not err in that respect, Terry. But any error seems less offensive in an apazine than in a genzine. Apazines are ostensibly more ephemeral, and go to a limited and known group of people (generally speaking). ('Ostensibly more ephemeral'! I sound damned ostentatious. How else would you phrase it, tho?)

I don't mind not getting mail on Sundays. I'm accustomed to that. What I can't stand it not getting mail on holidays. What is even more intolerable of course, is not getting mail on a day when mail is being delivered to more fortunate folk. Your tale about the disappearing mailman strikes a familiar note. Our mailman used to do that--I think perhaps one of the neighbors invited him in for coffee. Hasn't for a long time, though.

I always thought 'making-out' meant copulation, until a few years ago, when it became apparent that it was beginning to mean hugging and kissing more. I doubt if it is a regional variation--I think the variation is in respect to time. Have you noticed the tendency of words to become less and less meaningful? Like John Campbell says in the latest SHAGGY--the word hero used to mean a magnificent individual, and not just the protagonist.

Patina is the word you're groping for, Meyer. Nasser lacks patina. Also style. Possibly class.

Miriam--so you like the music from Peter Gunn, too. That's how many of us? Rich, Ed, you, me --there's more, I know. Perhaps Marty Fleischman? More, still?

& I agree with you, Miri, that Forry Ackerman resembles Vincent Price. Hadn't thought of it before, but you're right.

It's possible Otto does sound like Jack Harness--I don't remember Jack's voice, now. He looks so little like Jack Harness (THERE'S NO RESEMBLANCE AT ALL) that it would never occur to me to compare the two. They are both punny folk, but I think Jack throws his away better. If you know what I mean. Otto is more fun to have around when he isn't making puns, and Jack is perhaps more fun to have around when he is. I dunno.

Miriam, your description of Wally Weber is most excellent. --Why do you dream about Howard Devore when you have never met him? I imagine that he probably symbolizes someone

else. I had a dream about Belle Dietz once, and it was definitely HER. Looked like her, mentioned her husband Frank-- And then, several months later, discussing the dream with Buz, it struck us both at the same instant that the dream meant that I felt that Belle Dietz had a personality similar to that of another woman -- a woman whom Buz and I are actually acquainted with, and who played a significant role in our life at that time. Dreams can be quite useful in showing you what you really think about people and events.

Terry, your experience with the dead kittens sounds so sad. It reminds me of a similar experience which I foolishly wished on poor Toskey. You'll remember that I had arranged to get Toskey a calico kitten. Well, I went down to the humane society once, and they didn't have any calicos. Went down another time, after considerable time had passed, and they did not have any calico kittens, but they had a calico cat with kittens. She was a beautiful creature. Her markings and color were very good, and she had greenish-golden eyes that glowed at me, and ^{SHE} informed me through the bars of her cage that she would be a most affectionate and amiable person. I thought about her. I wandered around and looked at all the dogs (no dachshunds, thank God) and thought about her. And I thought about her. & it occurred to me that perhaps when her kittens were weaned they would destroy her. & I thought about that. So finally I decided that although she was not a calico kitten, she did have kittens and they would fill the kitten-hunger in the heart of the Toskey. So I got her and her little family, and presented them to Toskey. I believe he now has a little cemetery in his backyard. Apparently the shock of moving had dried up her milk. I mean, she was rejected by her first family after her infants were born, and had not had time to get used to the pound (if one ever does) before she moved to the Toskey abode. At first Toskey was quite disgusted with her because she was unmaternal, lifeless, and lacking in personality, but the last I heard (admittedly, a month or so ago) she was becoming quite playful and pleasing, and had been named Stupid Cat.

I still think the SAPS method of dealing with Wetzel quite as satisfactory as the FAPA method, Terry. I assure you that no OE would have the slightest reluctance to take the full responsibility. --So far as I know!

I do not like your title, Terry, and I found the cover to your first zine objectionable. Not so much in my capacity as Prude--more in my capacity as Abhorrer-of-Folly. Let me remind you--you are--or were at the time of entering SAPS--a TAFF candidate. A TAFF candidate is not obligated to lick boots or be mealy-mouthed or be faunching all over everybody. But a TAFF candidate is wiser to refrain from offending people unnecessarily. Remember that this is written on November 19th. It's possible that by January 15th it will sound pretty cruel--but--dammit--on the other hand, perhaps it won't! --I could say more, but I'd probably just regret it. Will sum it all up: Terry, you are a handsome, talented, and essentially very amiable person, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT MOTIVATIONAL RESEARCH! You don't understand about getting the Right Mental Picture of your product, namely you, in the Fannish Mind.

Oh well. It's immaterial. Whether you can TAFF or not I expect that pretty soon you will write a Best Selling Novel and make huge quantities of money, and take trips whenever and wherever you like.

Time has gone by--much, much time has gone by. Finished the above November 19th, I believe. Then I received in the mail a fanzine in which I spoke unkindly of people whom I really and truly like, and it shook me so I didn't feel fannish for several days, and by the time I was feeling fannish again I wasn't feeling especially SAPPish. So be it. So it was, that is. --Wish I could rely upon myself to consistently use Good Judgment and Stern Self-Control when writing letters to Publishing Giants (I don't mean Berkeley Publishing Giants, I mean Publishing Giants in general).

'Tis now January 9th. I understand Don Ford won TAFF. I think he deserves it--he's put enough work on TAFF, goodness knows. & I think the British fans will like him very well. The 1960 TAFF campaign will go smoothly and well--there never seem to be serious hassles on the westbound trip, and the voting period HAS to be brief, to get a British fan over for the Pittcon. If the brief 1960 campaign is thoroughly successful, it would seem probable that a brief voting campaign might be a permanent feature of TAFF. Oh, I hope so. I really do.

Why am I maundering on? I have huge numbers of zines yet to be commented on. Will I get to 'em all? Ah...your guess will be ever so much better than mine, because you can LOOK.

Terwilleger's

SAPLING #2

"I would like to be good looking. This ugly pan of mine..." Ah, Guy, I think you're nuts. You're very good looking.

Nope--Fapa is not being childish about the undesirable formerly on the Fapa wait-list. He is a dangerous psychotic.

So you too had nightmares as a child resulting from a movie you saw. I've been thru that. At age ten I saw "Two minutes to Live". I still remember it vividly. Two men, buddies, were construction workers, worked high high in the air. One man started chasing around with a blond. Nerves became unsteady, and he fell to his death. The other man hunted down the girl and killed her. He was electrocuted. His hair stood on end, and he had the most horrible expression on his face. I think it was Edward G. Robinson. The Bettises next door took Marilyn and me to it. They should have been SHOT--taking kids to a movie like that.

We never wrote and asked that RUR not be sent us, but we thought of doing so, every time it came. Every time it came it made me feel angry and unhappy, but, on the other hand, I didn't want for us to be the only people in fandom not reading it. But when we met Rike we liked him, and his last zine, a Fapa postmailing, we found very enjoyable.

Hah--I remember the Amenhotep who turned into Ihknaton (I don't know how his name is spelled either, but I think the name comes in such a good selection of spellings that it's hardly possible to spell it wrong). He changed his name when he decided that there was only one God. Very sensible of him.

I don't think you quite understand about CARE. You say, "Is the starving child in, say France, so much more pathetic than the starving child in the U.S.?" Of course not, if there are starving children in the U.S. (or in France either, for that matter.) But if there are starving children in the U.S., it is only because their parents have too much pride or too little initiative to apply for help from the proper sources. Do you really see students who can't come to school because they don't have warm clothing or shoes? If so, why don't you do something about it? However--not having warm clothing or shoes is very sad, but it's not quite comparable to starving to death, literally, starving to death. --Buz and I very seldom contribute to CARE, but it's not because we don't think people are much worse off in the orient, and other places CARE packages go to, and it's not because we don't think people are just as real in the orient as they are in the U.S. It's partly laziness, partly miserliness, and partly a guilty and horrified awareness of Malthus.

"The part a great majority of people remember with the most fondness." Really? Most people remember their adolescence with fondness because they were so happy then? Is that what you are telling us? Egad! say I. I remember my adolescence with fondness because I was so miserable then that adulthood has, by comparison, been truly a Dream of Bliss. And one of my greatest sources of unhappiness, as an adolescent, was the feeling that adolescence was supposed to be a happy time, and that everybody except me was jolly, jolly, jolly. When I grew up I found that everyone with whom I became sufficiently intimate to wax at all autobiographical had also had a miserable time during adolescence. One girl, I remember, told me that when she was in high school she used to lie awake every night trying to plan ways to murder her mother without being caught. I do not (& did not) think that very nice of her, but she never did murder her mother, at any rate. The mother (& the younger sister) died in a New Jersey train wreck fall of '58, and I may say it was a shock, casting an eye idly down a list of fatalities and finding two names I knew. The younger sister was only 20, a student at Wellesley, and was a beautiful and very intelligent girl. (Imagine she was beautiful, at least. I hadn't seen her since age 10, and at that time she was a beautiful little girl.)

I knew another girl who had hated her mother during adolescence, too, but do not believe she ever thought of doing away with her. Both these girls were fond of their mothers after they grew up and left home.

I agree with you about printed fanzines, Guy. I too think printed fanzines look cold.

And that's all for you, this mlg.

Toskey's

THRILLING GREEN SCIENCE FICTION

This is a very handsome zine, Tosk, very handsome. I admire your cover immensely. The reproduction is infinitely more attractive than the original, and (thanks to a conversation with Bjo this summer re something quite different) I know why. Your original painting does not have enough design to warrant the large canvas. The amount of design in the picture is just right for an 8-1/2 by 11 reproduction. I like all the other illustrations too--the Marv Bryer vampire perhaps best of all. His re-drawing of the pic for 'The Guardian' is much better than his original.

Leslie Walston's illos are good too, and I think you ought to try very hard to get her interested in fandom. Bring her to a Nameless meeting, why dont you? Think how a pretty girl like Leslie could liven up a Nameless meeting--why, Jim Webbert abne would be in ecstasies. I think Leslie Walston should get into fanzine fandom, too, and then she and Leslie Norris and Leslie Nirenberg and Leslie Gerber could form an exclusive little club. Think what fun!

As for your stories--well, I haven't re-read them. I am reminded of Alexander King's story: he was exhibiting his paintings at some art exhibit, and nobody was paying any attention to them at all, and a kindly gentleman walked up and said, "Dear boy, you are a plum tree, and they are waiting for you to bear apples."

I prefer apples, you know.

Gerding's

NANDU #23

Oh, it's sad that Nangee has dropped. She was a VERY valuable SAPS member--and I hope she will be again some time in the future.

Were the pages by Toskey typed on the same typer as the pages typed by Nangee and Wally? If so, Toskey must be a remarkably poor typist. The contrast between pages 4 and 5 is really striking.

Wally's two pages are the best thing in the issue, by far. I enjoyed them the most personally, that is.

Rapp's

SPACEWARP #64

It is impossible for Eva to mention the N3F without enthusiasm.

GMCarr is not good SAPS material. Her last time in SAPS she put nothing of any great interest in SAPS. There is no reason to suppose that she would do any better if she were to come back to SAPS now. Before you wrote her, Art, faunching all over her and begging her to come back to SAPS, you should have considered the possibility that the next CE might not accept her name on the waiting list. Not everybody in fandom loves GM as dearly as you do.

No, Art (here I lower my voice slightly, resuming my natural soft tones), I don't really think it's strange at all that the Idle Rich are not represented in fandom. There is one very important thing that every single person in fandom possesses, that the Idle Rich do not have, that money can't buy. And that's anonymity. One can't fan under a spotlight. Would you put out fanzines, if you knew anything you wrote might be picked up by a newspaper to be made fun of for nationwide circulation? I wouldn't, I assure you. No doubt some of the Idle Rich have fannish minds. I saw Huntington Hartford (if that's his name) on the Mike Wallace program. Seemed a fannish sort--interested in graphology, astroclogy, art, and goodness only knows what all. One thing about the Idle Rich--they can associate with celebrities pretty much as they please, and I suspect that there are a great many celebrities, especially writers and entertainers, who are very fannish types, so the fannish minded amongst the Idle Rich can sublimate their innate hunger for fan contact therewith.

I think that Lauren Bacall, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer all have sensitive fannish faces. Probably lots more, too.

"I doubt that your profits will be great enough to cause much concern, but technically, if you sell surplus SAPSzines...shouldn't the money go to the SAPS treasury?" How do you know he didn't plan to? Postage would take most of it anyhow. In any case, ugh, say I. He'd be within his rights to present a storage bill to the SAPS treasury, after

all these years.

I agree that children should be subject to a consistent discipline, but don't feel that a depression would be particularly helpful in this respect. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I'm not really sure that there's any correlation between good times and spoiling children and bad times and disciplining them. I think the permissive school of psychology came to the end of its swing, and that the pendulum is now going towards discipline. I also think that a lot of the spoiling of children comes from working mothers trying to buy their children's love, and also, perhaps, trying to lessen their feelings of guilt.

Good poetry, especially the "Character". I reckon LASFS has got one.

Toskey's
FLAEBERCASTING #12

Of all the idiot tricks! SAPS has girls in it, single girls, girls who fill you with interest and enthusiasm. So what do you do? You get your picture taken with an idiot grimace on your face, and, as if that weren't enough, black out two front teeth, and publish the pic in SAPS. Toskey, I have news for you. Women tend to prefer attractive men, men who make themselves look as good as possible. They also tend to prefer men who do not make themselves look ridiculous in public. --Toskey, be yourself! Do any darned thing you please. Just don't ask anybody to shed a tear for you, if you live and die a lonely old bachelor.

"at least three other persons whose judgement I trust and respect." This is a familiar sounding phrase, Tosk. Do you remember when I heard you say that? You put a 'BJO FOR TAFF' on the cover of CRY when Buz and I were out of town, and when Buz and I saw it we were very angry, especially me. So then, a while later, you informed us that three people whose judgment you respected had assured you that Buz and I were making a big fuss about nothing, that it had been a fine fannish ploy on your part! & you revealed that G. M. Carr was one of the three. Of course you respect G. M. Carr's judgment! She informed you that your huge FLAB--11, I guess--was so interesting that she read every word, but that she could only read a few pages at a time because it was packed so full of ideas that she would have to put it down to think about them. You have a vested interest in respecting G. M. Carr's judgment!

But of course it is true that Buz and I did go overboard on that cover. Our anger was based on the fact that after Southgate we asked you and Wally if it was okay for CRY to support Terry Carr, and you both agreed, and then you, Tosk, forgot your promise completely. But it has since occurred to me that in all probability when you gave up the lettercolumn I promised that you could have it back when you wanted it, and then, in April, when you wanted it back, I wouldn't give it up. I don't remember making any such promise, but I imagine I probably did. & if I, thru forgetfulness, broke a promise to you, I have no right to complain at your having, thru forgetfulness, broken a promise to me. However, there is this--you would have given up the lettercol in any case, as you gave it up because you didn't have time for it, and CRY would not have support TCarr for TAFF without your agreement.

Your writeup on your house sounds quite as nice as the place actually is (and vice-versa). You have a nice cheerful house with lots of windows--a pleasant-looking house in an attractive neighborhood. You were indeed very lucky. & all those trees! Like wow.

Schaffer's
VONSET #8

I didn't read walking home from school, but I did read walking home from the library. However, when I was going to jr. high school I used to stop off at a branch library near the school on my way home. & I had built-in radar, too. I even read walking across the street, sometimes, infuriating motorists, no doubt.

Your talking about the wonderful ol' subconscious mind makes me think of a dream I had recently. Buz and I were expecting an overnight guest, and hung a sign on the spare bedroom 'Prepare to Meet Thy Room'.

I like your comments about yourself, Ray. Very good.

Jacobs'

MRAOC #3

This was all very interesting, Lee. Introduction to Lee Jacobs, statistics on the last SAPS mlg., poem, and Detroit and SAPPish natter.

But no mlg. comments! One wonders whether you read the last mlg., or whether you contented yourself with counting the pages.

I have the feeling that you're not entirely gratified that the last mailing was 60% mailing comments. Well--I'm not either. 40% non-mailing comment material! That's too much.

Toskey's

FLABBERCON #2

Magnificent, Tosk.

Will J. Jenkins has only contributed one piece to CRY since I've known CRY, Tosk. You are mentally attributing Hal Lynch's "Incredible Mean^{ing} of It All" to him--understandably enough, since they are both from Philadelphia. The Hal Lynch piece was greatly superior to the Will J. Jenkins piece, though the latter was very amusing, too. But Hal Lynch, for my money, might be one of the finest writers in fandom if he were more prolific. His piece in the current CRY is almost as good as "Willy Pugmire, Dirt Christian" in HYPHEN #11 (a high water mark, in my estimation).

No, no, we didn't have John Berry chained to the typewriter. If there was any chaining done he did it himself. When his eyes lit on the typewriter, why, it was like a man lost for days and days in the desert suddening coming upon an oasis.

As for your descriptions of people: Art Hayes does not look in the LEAST like either Boyd Raeburn or Ray Schaffer. No three men are more completely different in appearance. On the other hand, I'll agree that Jerry DeMuth and Earl Kemp look a little bit alike.

Lewis'

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP #1

Well! So you were born August 31, 1942. You and Bob Lichtman are just four days apart.

I enjoyed this, but looking at it now I see six checkmarks--things that I had something to say about--and now I can't imagine what any of these remarks could have been. Very mysterious. Ah well.

We too dig Laney. Agree he was over-simplified in 'Stormy Petrel'. But what could one expect?

On the bottom half of page 5 you sound exactly like Ray Schaffer. But if you fellas spent a few days together, it's not surprising that the Schaffer style rubbed off on you a bit. Or perhaps you and he might have naturally slightly similar styles.

This is real good for a first attempt, Alan. Glad to have you in the group.

Share's

IGNATZ #22

Sorry you were sick last summer--I hope the fall and winter have been very much better for you.

Pelz'

SPELEOBEM #5

Hah! I guess that 'Que los locos se los pasan bien' is your (or perhaps Dee's) translation of 'De garren haa det gut'. Right?

I hate to tell you this, but you start out your zine with a vile ~~11~~ untruth. You inform us that your zine is 'about the worst drag possible'. Quite the contrary--it's an extremely interesting zine--for my taste, the best zine in the mailing.

Yes, indeed, we do get letters from friends that are quite as contentious as SAPSazines

I too dig El Greco's View of Toledo--& I too once planned to own a good print of that first thing (& still don't). For one thing, it's hard to tell what's a good print until one has seen the original. I wonder where the original of that is?

I agree about redheads being hot-tempered. The redhead I know best in this world is, or, at least, very definitely was as a child, which was when I knew her best. My

Younger sister, at the age of not-quite-fourteen, came home one day in a great to-do about something-or-other, pulled down the Christmas tree, knocked down our eighteen mos. old nephew, and threw herself on me, kicking and screaming. She has grown up to be a very nice woman, and an excellent wife and mother, but I am still left with an impression that redheads are hot-tempered. She has two little redheaded boys--whether they are hot-tempered or not, I really don't know. They are very cute.

Your handy hint for breezing thru college is an excellent one, but implicit in your example thereof is another handy hint: specialize. Try to arrange your work so that as many of your term papers as possible will have a bearing on one general subject. That's something I didn't find out until it was too late to do me much good, my senior year, in fact. Another handy hint discovered in my senior year: never fail to state the obvious. We should do up a list of these, Bruce, for the benefit of all young SAPS who still have formal education lying ahead. (As well as behind, of course.)

You were an Eagle Scout? I'm terribly impressed.

Boxers are gentle--all the boxers I've ever known were gentle, and I've known several. Jumping up is simply a sign of affection and enthusiasm (and lack of training). I did have a little trouble with a boxer down the street. I was walking Nobby and Lisa, and this boxer bitch came up and wanted to sniff their little behinds. She sniffed a little bit, and wanted to keep on sniffing and sniffing and sniffing, and I wanted to walk and the dogs wouldn't move with her looming over them. So I spoke to her very harshly and told her to go away, and forced the dogs onward, and she was so indignant at my lack of courtesy that she followed us for about a block (at a distance of 10-20 ft.) howling/barking (very odd noises) her resentment.

However, I do think Boxers are most gentle dogs. Doberman Pinschers are something else again. I think they are sometimes quite dangerous. They are one-man dogs, and one-man dogs often are dangerous. A thought just occurred to me as to a possible reason why: it's generally accepted that dogs tend to reflect the personalities of their owners. A person who chooses a dog who will not love anybody in the world but his master may well be an insecure, hostile and aggressive person.

On the other hand, Konrad Lorenz prefers one-man dogs and is obviously a wonderfully warmhearted and joyous person. (Wrote "King Solomon's Ring" and "Man Meets Dog"--two delightful books, highly recommended to Karen Anderson and Eva Firestone in particular.)

I too keep carbons of my letters. I started doing so only last April, and now sorrow over all the years in which I didn't keep carbons. Carbons of one's letters make an invaluable diary or diary-supplement.

Pooh! You ask where the Nan Share motorcycle bit started--I gave this data in Fenden 11, page 9. Oh sorrow, oh alas, Bruce Pelz does not read my zine.....Grrrrrrrr

Why do you say teaching is a mundane occupation? What is your definition of mundane occupation? If anything which is not directly connected with fandom is mundane, why then, teaching might be considered a mundane occupation, just like everything else that SAPS do for money, like artwork (Bjo and Nanshare), engineering (Buz), farming (Wrai), and so what, say I? Do you mean to imply that teaching is mundane in any other sense? If you do, I think you are quite wrong. & if you don't the point was not worth raising.

Heavens--a person can be an integral part of his family without having the same interests as the other members of the family.

No doubt Buz has explained that he and I are clutched to the bosom of The Nameless Ones, and will unquestionably have duties in connection with the Pucon. Which the Nameless Ones plan to call the Seacon. No matter. Who cares what the Nameless Ones call the Pucon? Southgate was called Solacon. I expect that Pucon will be an absolutely marvelous convention.

Perhaps I shouldn't admit it, but I loved Buz' Histcrightlies, and was delighted to see them in print.

"I suspect that Elinor's subversion from vodka gimlets to daiquiris may have been accomplished by one Boyd Raeburn..." Boyd and Buz and I were having lunch together, and Boyd was having a daiquiri as usual and Buz and I were having vodka gimlets as usual, & I took a sip of Boyd's drink and decided I liked it better than my own, and have been drinking daiquiris (at restaurants) ever since. Buz and I have lunch out almost every

Saturday. --Still drink vodka gimlets in the back yard in the summertime, tho.

Hoh! Appreciated verse leading off your comments on Fenden. Okay, I forgive you for not having read Fenden 11.

Liked conclusion to SAPSET story.

Dee: I was the right age to be enthusiastic about Sinatra, but I wasn't. He bugged me--I thought he was affected.

I can't substitute lima beans for the usual kidney beans in my chili con carne, because I use pinto beans, not kidney.

I'm not sure/^{anymore} that Bantams are smart. Two weeks ago Buz and I had sourdough pancakes for breakfast, and there was quite a bit of batter left over and I fried it up. What shall we do with all these pancakes I asked, and answered my own question, go to the zoo and feed it to the ducks. So we did. It was a bitterly cold day--we almost froze to death, although the sun was shining. So what did we see, but a banty hen with four little bitty baby chicks. What a time of the year to try to raise a family! She must be nuts.

We also watched the giraffe defecate, and it was truly a remarkable sight. He presented the world with about thirty million rabbit pellets, most incongruous.

We also went to see Susie the sea otter, who is a very favorite animal. She was lying in her pool as usual, scratching herself. Lisa saw a squirrel and started to bark, and Susie look up, very much interested. Usually she is very cool and remote--this was the first time we ever saw her look interested. So we pick Nobby and Lisa up and showed them to her, and I think she was pleased. Nobby was interested in her, too, but Lisa could not have cared less. She still wanted to get down and go look for the squirrel.

I guess Buz told you the story of how Nobby first sat up....so I'd better not. Tsk, I should have done my zine first.

Hi! Dee 920 (that's supposed to be (2)0. Fine comments. Heck, we don't remember what you girls said on the tape you sent, and it's been recorded over, now. It all sounded perfectly innocent and good clean fun. Don't worry about it. We didn't exactly answer it, though, because it wasn't very answerable.

Harness'
SAPROLLER #17

Liked your story, Jack. It was very cute. Don't care for your back cover, though. If you have lost interest in SAPS perhaps you should drop it for a while. You can always come back in later, when you get interested again. & what's the idea, running for OE when you've lost interest? Are you planning a Phil Castora or Ron Parker campaign? Pooh, say I.

Buz'
RETROMINGENT #14

Good zine, Buz. Dug Sucker Question and poems, especially.

my
FENDENIZEN #14

By far my best zine to date, in my opinion. First zine I ever ran off on the Fenden Gestetner, too. Now that I know how, they all will be. All the zines I do, that is.

The review of 'Gigi' reminds me that I've had the same three-cornered acquaintanceship with another story. 'The Beachcomber'. I read the story 'The Vessel of Wrath', Somerset Maugham, when I was a kid. It was in his book, 'East and West'. It was a rather unpleasant story--I didn't really dig it too much. Then I saw the movie, 'The Beachcomber', with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lancaster. Oh, I loved it! It followed the plot of the story (as I remember) very closely indeed, but although the story was unpleasant, the movie was very pleasant, quite charming. There was just one added ingredient: love. Two scenes I remember particularly--one, they were alone, outdoors, at night. The strain of taking care of the sick natives was pretty well over with. One says 'Jack Sprat would eat no fat, his wife would eat no lean...' and one can tell that they are thinking that

with their differences/they could complement one another. The other scene is the very end of the movie. They have gone back to England; she comes downstairs wearing a new dress, and he, the erstwhile drunken lecherous beachcomber, scolds her, the erstwhile prudish spinster, for wearing too lownecked a dress, and they look at each other and smile.

Well--a couple weeks ago the TV Guide said that 'The Beachcomber' was going to be on. I asked myself, did I want to see it or not? It isn't always safe to see a movie that one liked immensely as a tad. Sometimes one is terribly disenchanted. But I thought I might as well. As it turned out, 'The Beachcomber' with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lancaster was safe, because this was a remake, with Robert Newton and Glynis Johns. I think Robert Newton was probably as good as Charles Laughton, but Glynis Johns was too cute, too attractive. Elsa Lancaster was charming in the role, but one felt that she really could have been the fierce, hard-bit, stridently virtuous spinster. And it made her transformation, like, all the more delightful. Glynis Johns was too pretty and sweet all the way thru. But the worst change was in the plot. When Glynis goes to the island to take care of the sick old chief, the island where ol' Robert is working, besides taking care of the sick old chief she also takes care of an elephant whose trunk was bit by an alligator. (Elephant! Alligator! The Maugham story took place in Polynesia, as did the original movie. This movie still looks like Polynesia in every other particular. Where did the lligator and elephant come from? & WHY?) She goes to see the elephant every day to whisper tender words. (Completely out of the original character.) It's on the way home from this island that they stay over on another island, and he does not rape her. The scene where she thanks him for not raping her embarrasses me intensely (it embarrasses me quite as much as it did him) so when I saw it coming up I left, and made the bed--ah, the joys of watching movies on TV! The movie follows the original plot--they go back to the island to nurse sick natives (only in this they went back to the same island where the were before, and I think that in the other versions they went somewhere else--but I'm not sure--it's been a long time.) They take care of the chief's daughter and she dies. The chief blames them for the cholera, and stakes them down to the ground. He is going to have the Sacred Elephant come and kneel on them. No doubt you can guess the rest. Glynis Johns and Robert Newton clasp hands. Sweat is pouring down their faces. All is over with. The love that might have bloomed between them is now forever too late. Nothing is left, but to die bravely. The Sacred Elephant approaches, led by drumming, flute-playing, dancing natives. Slowly, inexorably approaches. He comes nigh. Glynis is indicated to him. What's this? His friend? His beloved little friend? He throws up his trunk, he throws up his two front legs, and throws the rider off his back. Oh no! He won't kneel on Glynis! He goes on in a huff, ^{shaking his head} and the natives, who take his behavior as a Sign, untie our hero and heroine.

It's not a very good movie, but it had a good line in it, that was also in the Maugham story and in the previous movie: Glynis' brother says to the consul, "After that night on the island, he didn't have a chance."

Weber 's

CREEP
Dug your advice to Tosk.

Brown's
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #4

Some cute lines, and real cute illos. Back page was good, too.

Wells'

GIM TREE #3

I didn't mention it back there, but it turned January 10 somewhere in the middle of the comments to Bruce Pelz (or maybe at the beginning). &--I am going to wait until January 11 to talk to you, dear girl.

And now, January 11th it is. 11:10 AM.

This 'Gim Tree' routine reminds me of Owen Wister's "The Virginian". There's an episode where they are seated around the campfire swapping yarns, and it appears that the goal is to tell a fantastic story so convincingly, with such a wealth of corroborative

detail, as to completely suspend disbelief until the punch-line, an utter impossibility, brings everybody up short realizing they've been had. Ye Olde American custom. Pecos Bill, and like that.

Liked bit about birthday party, and story. Liked your comments to Larry Stone.

Hoh! D'you think Leman's the correct man to joke about the name 'Trollope' with? Oh tactless one.

You believe in wife-beating? Oh say not so! It may be that there are women in this world / ^{whom} a man has to beat occasionally to get along with--if so, such women have no business getting married. I guess they always do, though.

Your typical nightmare sounds like going thru Moria and hearing Gollum's footsteps.

Fashion note (idea courtesy of Dee): black leather flats, black tights, leopard corduroy capris, beige viyella shirt.

I know now what the word tesseract means. I didn't want to ask while you were up here--I had a feeling it was something sort of scientific or like that. But now I know--it's a tile, like in mosaic. Does this have reference to being 'on the tiles', or to color or pattern of the cat, or is it just for pretty? It is a pretty name. Too bad the cat wouldn't stay with you--cats vary tremendously in their orientations. I once knew a mousy-grey tom named Kittikinnick (an excessively arch name, however he was named by two rather young children, whose property he was) who had no attachment to locale at all--all he cared about was people.

Tammy sounds awfully sweet--pets are so unbearably transitory! Incredible that such a tiny little dog could jump a three foot fence. Nobby and Lisa must be four or five times her size, and they certainly couldn't. Of course, they're not built for jumping.

Buz and I dug remark about small green bird wading in drink saying dammit to the point where we quote it to one another rather often. (Added fashion note: Brandy cockatiel is presently sitting on my shoulder looking very pert, with crest on high.)

Pic of dog very cute.

So--now we know how to bargain. I've never done any bargaining (except in Mexico) because of not knowing the opening gambits. I'll try to remember 'em.

I like the artwork--Rotsler's stuff, too. Enjoyed your whole zine immensely.

Pfeifer's
BOG #11

Your threat to make your artist sit at the same table with G.M. Carr come Pucon time if he doesn't do a cover for you next time is no threat at all. Who's your artist--Wally or Tosk? All three of you had dinner at G. M. Carr's house a week after she blasted Buz & I.

Like jest about off-beat music. SAFARI, so good.....yes, indeed. Some of your puns are quite good.

I think you are mistaken in saying that '95% of the material that is found in SAPS is a heluva lot better than what is found in other apas.' As far as I can tell from reading two FAPA mlg.s., there's not much difference in quality. There's a lot of difference in the feel of the organization, because SAPS is a small group where everybody knows everybody else, or expects very soon to know everybody else, while FAPA is a large group where people are contented to know some of the people and not know others. There's good stuff in SAPS, and a little crud. There's good stuff in FAPA and a little crud. I think the ratio of good stuff to crud is a little higher in SAPS, but, on the other hand, I think the absolutely top-notch stuff in FAPA is a bit better and more permanently memorable than most of the absolutely top-notch stuff in SAPS. Both organizations are indispensable to the truly apa-loving fan.

* Hah! That's the end of the mlg. comments. A few more words tho:
Guy Terwilleger: My remarks re the undesirable on the Fapa wait/list are inadequate. The undesirable's undesirability does not lie in what he might do to fans in the fan-world. If you were in an apa with him and said anything that made him angry (and you certainly would) he would be capable of writing a letter to the Boise School Board explaining that you were a Communist and a sex-pervert. No doubt they know you well / ^{enough} to discount such information 100%; but still they'd wonder why you / ^{even} such a person. A teacher is like Caesar's wife, and so are all other government employees. No one who has ever heard much of that person's activities would ever be in an apa with him.

Another Song for Lisa

Lisa Plumcake's quite a mess,
'Gourmand!' doth her shape confess,
Buz decrees she must be less!
(Fat ol' Lisa.)

Lisa Plumcake's on a diet, ^{avoiding} ~~avoiding~~
Sadly doth the dog decry it,
Lisa says "Oh fie! Oh fie it!"
(Fat ol' Lisa.)

Frying pans have left her ken,
Vanished from the world of men,
Won't someone a good tidbit len'
To fat ol' Lisa?

Lisa's tied up by the door,
Visits Sam-next-door no more,
Of goodies he had quite a store
For fat ol' Lisa.

Lisa Plumcake has to walk
Round and round and round the block.
Soon the Sausage One must balk.
(Fat ol' Lisa.)

Someday you'll be oh! so thin,
Zest and beauty you will win,
Elegance will enter in,
Fat ol' Lisa.

Brandy, Brandy, pert and dandy
Sitting on my knee (so handy),
Climb upon my shoulder, dear,
So I can whisper in your ear.

Of all the birds I ever knew,
None was half so sweet as you.
No bird can our friendship mar,
Canary, finch, or budgerigar.

You're the favorite, you're the crown,
You're the nicest bird in town.
Of all birds I love you the best,
And while I live my home's your nest.

When Buz read the above-writ verse
He said he thought it could be worse,
But I should add at least a word
Re: Virtuous Small Bongo-Bird.

So--

Bongo is his poppy's boy,
Bongo is Buz' pride and joy.
To Bongo girls get in the way,
But men are REALLY here to stay.

But--

Bongo is so bright and pretty,
No brighter bird lives in our city.
Who could say a hostile word
To such a bijou of a bird?

Valentine

Can you guess who loves you, whose once-cold
heart
Overflows with tenderness for you?
Now on St. Valentine's Day, when all who love,
Confess the secret longings of their hearts,
Open to those they cherish treasure that's
More valuable than rubies -- to themselves,
Let me confess the gratitude I feel--
You who knew not how, taught me to love.

Youth of the Future Refuses Space Travel

I could go roaming thru the stars
Of myriad hues and brilliancies,
To search for newer, fresher worlds
With purer air and taller trees.

Yes, I could leave this looted globe,
But then, must leave you far behind.
Dear you, the sometimes strangely cruel,
And sometimes most endearing kind.

A world with sunshine, stars and scents,
And folk of an exotic grace,
Where you did not exist, my love,
Must be a cold and lonely place.

Song of a Possessive Mother

For many of the gifts of love
Love is the reward.
But where can be the recompense:
To love, and cut the cord?
And where would be the glory,
And who would even know,
If I could give the dearest gift:
To love, and to let go?

BOOKS ACQUIRED SINCE THE LAST MAILING.....Look! MORE Non-Mailing-Comment Material....

I got seven books this year at the Children's Orthopedic Hospital rummage sale--an unimaginably good rummage sale; which I attend every year with great joy. One year I got a rather old Eskimo carved ivory seal for 75¢, another year I got a long rope of ivory beads for \$3., another year I got 12 wine & liqueur glasses of various sizes (& exquisitely good quality) for \$5; this year I got a swivel chair in very good condition (which I am presently sitting on) for \$5, and, as I said, 7 books--at prices ranging from 25¢ to .75¢. I had a glorious time.

"Arnold Bennett," by Reginald Pound. William Heinemann Ltd., 1932. 75¢.

I've always been a bit partial to Arnold Bennett, so, while I always enjoy getting a new biography, I was particularly pleased to get this one. I enjoyed reading it very much--but had the impression it wasn't too good a biography. But in a streak of enthusiasm I dug out my copy of Arnold Bennett's journals (which I have owned for some years without ever reading--hah! the previous owner had made notes in pencil early in the book--towards the end of the book there ^{was} a page uncut) and there I found a review of this biography/ ^{clipped from New York Times} by Peter Quennell, who really dug it the most. Well--Peter Quennell should know, he's a biographer himself, and wrote "Caroline of England" which is quite a favorite of mine.

This ol' Pound, tho, he doesn't have the right attitude. I don't wonder at his not giving the reasons for Arnold Bennett's breakup with his wife. In the first place, Mrs. Bennett was still living, and had given him help in obtaining data. In the second place, he does make it clear that Bennett was an extremely difficult man to live with, very bossy and nit-picking, and in the third place, Bennett, in his journal, makes it clear in a couple places that he felt that his wife was fonder of her dogs than she was of him. But there's so many things he doesn't tell us about. What happened to Bennett's mistress and their child after his death --well, here might be two women diligently trying to live down a scandal. Why Bennett and his wife adopted his nephew, whose child the nephew was, how long Bennett had been married when he adopted the nephew, how old the child was when he was adopted, why his parents gave him up--none of those questions are answered, and surely they don't all involve scandals. Pooh--it's my opinion that stupid ol' Pound is simply not interested in Arnold Bennett as a human being involved in human relationships, except insofar as they affected him as a writer.

"Stover at Yale", by Owen Johnson. 20¢

After reading this book I expected cool Es to drop out of SAPS. Dink Stover certainly would. However, Dink would never have been in SAPS to start with--an essentially mundane type, tho nice.

"The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy. 25¢

Margaret Kennedy is one of the most unfailingly interesting writers I know of. She has got something--common sense, good feeling, and a Gothic imagination. This book is "San Luis Rey" in reverse. In the Wilder book, the people who were killed when the bridge went down were all people who had passed a turning point in their lives, who had learned whatever it was they had to learn. In the feast, the people whom the cliff falls on are all the people without whom the people who the cliff did not fall on can at last begin to live their lives. (Oh man! What a sentence that was!) Margaret Kennedy is almost too much in love with Balance and Symmetry, and the people whom the cliff fall on represent the Seven Deadly Sins--Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust. Characterizations are all vivid and consistent. A very enjoyable book, tho not as good as "Lucy Carmichael", my favorite book by this author.

"The Nutmeg Tree," by Margery Sharp. 25¢

Pleasant, amusing warm story. Highly respectable middle-aged man falls in love with female ne'er-do-well of appropriate age, knowing what she is but wanting to marry her anyhow. She, alas, tends to feel a bit unworthy, but all ends well. This was made a movie of, starring Greer Garson; nevertheless I visualise the heroine as looking exactly like

a woman I knew in 1950 who had had (at that time) approximately 36 love affairs. Her name was Winifred, which is a sort of thing that could happen to almost anybody, and she was born in Scotland, had dark-blue eyes, and the sort of fine-grained pink & white skin which, in extreme youth, looks like apple-blossoms, and which is not much more durable.

"Harlequin House", by Margery Sharp. 25¢
Not nearly as good as the above, but not her worst book, either.

"The Way of All Flesh", by Samuel Butler. 35¢
I read this book when I was 19, and have not re-read it since. It made a terrific impression on my mind. It's about a family where for generations parents hated their children and vice-versa. I did not hate my parents--in fact, I was often very fond of them, but I felt very guilty in that I did not regard them with true filial PASSION. This book helped to make me feel a bit more at home in the world. This particular copy is beautifully clean, with lots of nice color illustrations.

"Mistress Masham's Repose," by T. H. White. 25¢
Another immaculately clean and nicely illustrated book. I read it about half-way thru and abruptly lost interest--I'm glad I have it, tho. I collect children's fantasies on principle.

"Anatomy of a Murder," 50¢
Can't find the darned thing anywhere. Who wrote it? Is his name Robert Travers? I think so, but can't remember for sure. The poor man's James Gould Cozzens. Darned interesting book--it lured me away from Henry Morgan, whom I love. Loved, I should say. Past tense. They took him off. Don't know who 'they' is--Channel 11 in Seattle or KTA in New York. No matter. Back to ol' who's-its--to sum the book up: the story is very interesting, background, plotting all great, the writing is amateurish and the characterization (to put it mildly) perfunctory.

"The Opposing Self," by Lionel Trilling.
I bought this because, in browsing, I discovered that he made some remarkably sensible remarks about Jane Austen. He said that people in discussing J.A. always emphasize her irony (which is true).^{But that} "To Jane Austen, irony does not mean, as it means to many, a moral detachment or the tone of superiority that goes with moral detachment. Upon irony so conceived she has made her own judgment in the figure of Mr. Bennet of 'Pride and Prejudice', whose irony of moral detachment is shown to be the cause of his becoming a moral nonentity." Unfortunately, the rest of the book does not live up to the above-quoted sentence. Lionel Trilling is a very patronizing egghead. He writes as you would expect a man named Lionel Trilling to write. There can be no excuse for being named Lionel Trilling in a world where anybody can get his name changed for about \$50 and a good excuse.

"Memories of a Catholic Girlhood," by Mary McCarthy.
Like wow. One of the best books I've bought in ages. Mary McCarthy feels that religion is very dangerous except for people who are naturally extremely virtuous, and that the Catholic religion is especially so. I should review this in FAPA.

"Clouds of Witness," by Dorothy L. Sayers.
I treated myself to this the day after Bill Evans was here. Bill, it appears, also digs D. L. Sayers with an enthusiasm as great as mine and considerably more knowledge. We had a lovely discussion about Lord Peter Wimsey, and what he and Harriet are probably doing these days, and he informed me of the existence of their offspring, and of Lord Peter's letters to Harriet re war.

Buz got me the "Gourmet Cookbook, Vol II" for Christmas, which I am enjoying very much. I got him two books by Alexander King. They took him off the teevee the same night they did Henry Morgan, and our hearts broke into quivering little bits. Buz bought me a book by Dorothy L. Sayers last week that I never even heard of before, but perhaps I'll discuss it in FAPA, where Good Ol' Bill Evans will be in the audience.