

This is what one might laughingly refer to as

F E N D E N I Z E N 22

PS. We didn't run off enough CRY 153. If anyone here got it who doesn't care to keep it, would he please return it? Credit for #154.

and it's published for SAPS #57 on

purpose to keep me from losing from much-cherished Voting Rights and also to preserve my even more cherished string of consecutive appearances, which now amounts to the not unimpressive total of 23 (one more than Buz') if one is permitted to count the guest mc's one did in Wally Weber's zine before one was even a member, and this one certainly is.

Jim Webbert is over to run off Doreen's zine, and I asked him if he would run off a page for me too and he said sure. So, thank you, Jim Webbert!

I just a few minutes ago suggested to Buz that perhaps I'd rather send my zine in next weekend, and do a reasonable sized zine, and he pretended he was going to hit me. Perhaps he wasn't pretending. Perhaps it's just as well that I scooted quickly into the dining room (which Wally Gonser once infuriated me by calling the 'kitchen den'--whoever heard of a kitchen den anyhow?) instead of hanging around the livingroom bugging him further.

Well--the con is over, and CRY came out last weekend, and I worked and worked Monday and Tuesday getting it ready to mail, and today I mailed 129 CRYs and some back CRYs, and 68 meeting notices to Seattle people who joined the con and hence might possibly be inveigled into transfusing new blood into the tired old Nameless Ones, and now I am thinking unfannish thoughts.

I am thinking of writing a letter to Megan Sturek (I forget her married name, but it's around here somewhere). I am thinking of writing my sister Martha a letter to thank her for the apron she sent me for my birthday (black & white striped chintz with bright yellow trim--I like it). I am thinking of writing my sister Sally--answering the letter she wrote me ages and ages ago. I am thinking of taking someiris rhizomes over to a woman I know who has moved into a new house. I am thinking of cleaning house from top to bottom, getting ready for the weekend, when we hope to get Buz' aunt over for dinner--I would like her to imagine that I am quite a good housekeeper. And I want to go see my sister Dede Friday afternoon, and then Friday evening we are going to have a concommittee victory party and I am going to get all dressed up and look terribly elegant in my lovely new suit that I just bought a couple weeks ago and haven't even paid for yet and we are going to a Fancy Expensive Restaurant and oh! how I hope they have rum drinks with gardenias floating in them! It's too bad we're not going to Trader Vic's, because I know they have Scorpions there.

That reminds me--Richard Bergeron, are you related to Trader Vic Bergeron? I've been meaning to ask you for a long time, but keep forgetting. Bergeron is quite an unusual name--what is it? Spanish?

Oh dear--I should say a word or two about the mailing. But I read it so long ago I have completely forgotten it by now. Perhaps I shall comment on it next time. I plan to have a real, old-time Fenden in the next mlg. Just one little vacation from fanac--one little time to think unfannish thoughts and do unfannish deeds, and I shall bounce back all filled to the brim with pure fannishness.

And next week I'm going to paintmy kitchen. I started a couple weeks ago, but I hate the color/colors picked. First I got some KemGlo's 'Sandrift', and I hated the color. So then I got some more paint--a Schorn paint--I forget the name, but anyhow it turned out every bit as repulsive on as sandrift. Now I am thinking of painting it russet, with the panels in the doors cerulean blue and chrome yellow. Sounds a bit lively, but I loathe the pinkish greyish beige sandrift and its successor turned out to be, and this would at least be very very different. And a white ceiling.

Reminds me. A woman I once knew moved into a house, and was up on a stepladder painting her ceiling turquoise when she suddenly becme aware there was someone in the room. Looking around, she saw a very tiny boy. "My mother paints her ceilings white," he said, and turned around and left.

His surname was Pippin. I've forgotten his first name. His older sister's name was Ava Pippin, and she was a cute, solemn-faced, prim little doll. When I was a little girl I read a book called "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard," by Eleanor Farfeon, and it was fantasy--gooily sentimental in spots, and yet essentially charming. Elinor Busby

