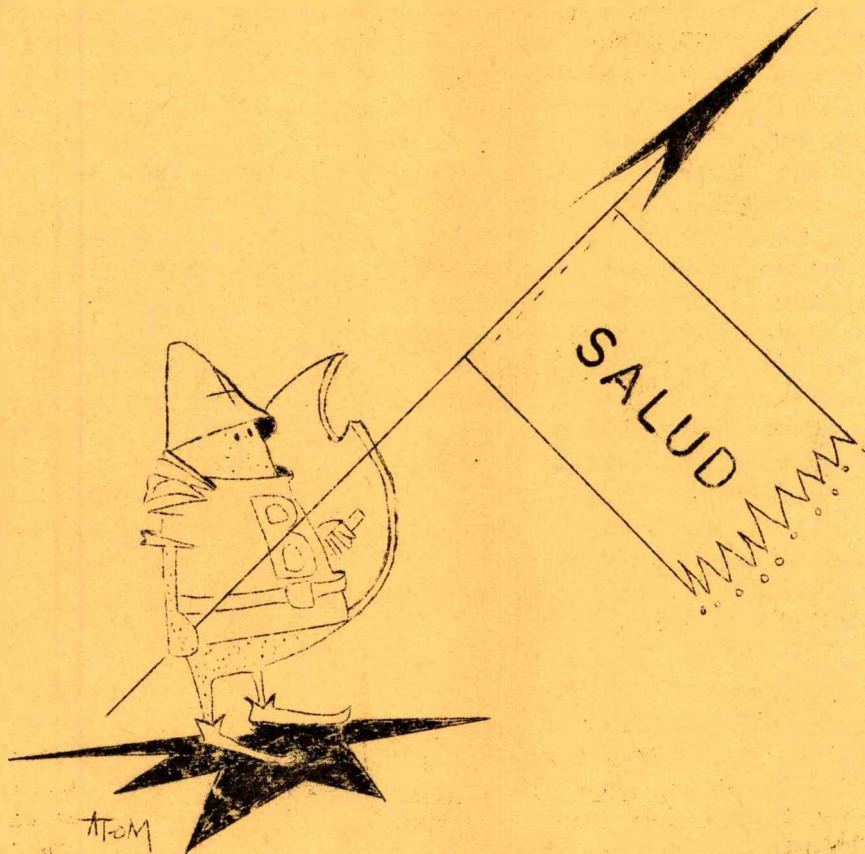


SALUD #1, combined with FAPPENDAGE #1 -- the whole, FAPULOUS #6



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a Fenden Press pub.

Today is Monday, January 18th. The sun is shining very brightly, and it's obviously a good time to (1) walk dogs, (2) wash windows, or (3) write mailing comments. As is obvious, I chose the third alternative mainly because it is TOO NEVERACKING sending one's zine in two days before deadline.

Buck Coulson: I love the title to your mailing comments. Quite, quite appropriate.

A man I used to know who was a negro (probably still is) said that what was more common than being refused service at a restaurant was being given extremely slow service. (Here, of course, it would require objective observation to see whether this was really the case or not, or whether if so, it was the result of policy or accident.)

Incidentally, I have always thought the sign: "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone" meant that they wouldn't serve negroes. Last month Buz, Jim Webbert, Wally Gonser and I went down to the skidroad to dig cool sounds at three beer and jazz joints that have opened up there recently. We stopped at a little fish bar afterwards, and had some clam chowder, coffee, and french fried onions. I saw the sign there, thought "what, they don't serve negroes down here?" and looked around me. They sure did--also served an American Indian, a Japanese, a Scandinavian fisherman, and ordinary ol' us. Then I thought perhaps it meant they didn't serve drunks, but that couldn't be--the Scandinavian fisherman was, needless to say, drunker'n a skunk. So I don't know what the sign meant. Oh, exotic Skidroad. --While going from 'No Place' to 'Jazz'n Jack's' (square name--square joint, too) we passed an empty shop where some gypsies were giving a party. Oh joy! How I would have loved to stop and stare. I had never seen gypsies close up before. They were right next door to Kaplan Paper Co., where all Seattle fandom (with just one exception) buys their paper, which Brought It All Home To Me, like. On the way back from 'Jazz'n Jack's' we saw two teenage girls arriving at the party. At a quick glance, they were both pretty, and one beautiful, with long dark hair and huge dark eyes. GYPSIES! Oh, wunnafull skidroad.

Juanita Coulson: I can't stand Pat Boone either. I don't think he's especially pretty-boy looking--I think he just looks sort of loathesomely mundane and wholesome. He looks like the sort of man who prides himself on his sense of humor, and laughs quite vigorously at any joke that is clean, wholesome, and 100% spelled out. Perhaps I do him an injustice, but that's my impression of him. He has lately invaded my dear Ladies Home Journal, and if he doesn't get the hell out of there soon I'll stop buying it.

"I don't understand why so much to-do is made over LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER when SONS AND LOVERS, CITIES OF THE PLAIN, and other such works are easily obtainable at any good-sized library." I'm not familiar with "Cities of the Plain"--never heard of it, in fact, tho I assume by your lumping it in with "Sons" and "Lady Chatterley" that it's by D. H. Lawrence. Are you absolutely positive you have read the unexpurgated version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover"? The plot is not much sexier than "Sons and Lovers", but the episodes are a bit more detailed, and the language is not the sort of thing one is really accustomed to. "Sons and Lovers" had very ordinary words in it--'twas not in the slightest degree startling. However, since you picked "No Land of Noa" as meatier than "The Lovers" the thought occurs that perhaps parent-child incest or any facsimile thereof has an extra-special whammy for you. Did you ever see a movie called "That Roger (or Hagen, or something like that) Girl" with Shirley Temple, Ronald What'shisname (used to be married to Jane Wyman), and Rory Calhoun? A lousy movie, but I enjoyed it a lot, and feel sure you would have too.

I love little boot type shoes, too (have a pair on at the present moment--bright yellow green suede, called, ugh, Robin Hood boots). They go in and out of style all the time, and have for years. I doubt if they're ever unobtainable for more than a year or two at a time.

Wrai Ballard: You have had the merest, merest sample of Wally Gonser's sleeping ability. Ron Ellik saw Wally Gonser, at the Westercon, sleeping standing up with one part of his back at a right angle to the rest of his back. & on the excursion that I was telling Buck Coulson about on the previous page, why, at 'No Place' Wally Gonser was leaning against the piano (while the pianist played like mad, his hands moving so fast as to be slightly blurred) with his mouth open, gently, peacefully, soundly asleep.

Wrai, I'll try to remember to ask my Uncle Howard about Civil War battlefields. I know he's visited 'em all, and I think he's visited them over and over again. However, probably Harry'll know all about 'em.

Nancy Share is indeed the hermit of fandom. There may be other fans who have never met even one other fan, but Nancy must be the only one who has fanned so much for so many years, and never met another fan. Although--her sister fanned for awhile--I wonder if sisters count in a matter of this sort?

Bjo, Jim Caughran, John Trimble: Fanmark greeting cards are S*U*P*E*R*B--wish you'd try to include a few with every mailing.

John Trimble: I cannot imagine why you sent the zine containing that poem to the person whom it was about. I cannot imagine why you would want to send him a crudsheet containing the poem. I cannot imagine why you wrote the poem in the first place. That person is unquestionably evil--I can't find anything humorous about evil, or about your or anybody else's reactions to evil. Evil is a sad and mournful thing.

Bjo's story is very cute, and the illos are wonderful--particularly the one showing the knight bowing to the princess. Pic of Robin is a bit below par. The stocking "put on clean this morning" an especially cute touch--as was the bit about the crayons last time. If this when completed is to be sent to a publisher (as I think it should be, WITH illos) a few adverbs and adjectives could be removed to good advantage. Example: "I think she looks terrible," said Robin, tactlessly.' The fact that Robin is tactless in this instance is self-evident. Explaining one's characters too much takes away from the reader's delight in finding out about them for himself.

Lee Hoffman: Buz sang me the song you wrote for Ger Steward. Noble of him, wasn't it? Racing--Lee, you are hobby-prone.

There's a Seattle artist named Lee Hoffman--I saw his name in the paper just this morning. He won a second prize in a recent exhibition. Don't you wish it had been a first? I do.

Knit cotton turtlenecks--I used to wear those--used to wear turtleneck sweaters, too, by preference. But the last few years I can't stand anything around my neck, not even a closed collar. I'm probably affected by Buz' horror of anything around his neck. I am presently clad in sweatshirt, pedal pushers & tights. Typical winter garments for around-the-house.

Children's prejudice against schools and teachers: It's too bad, but all or almost all children do have an awful prejudice against school and teachers. I suspect a major cause is the fact that many, perhaps most, teachers teach not because it's what they really want to do but because it's the only thing they can think of to do. Waste-basket profession, like. Another factor is undoubtedly that children have to go to school. ~~Compulsion~~ brings out resistance in all of us. One wonders whether it would be possible for children to love going to school and learning--the first requisite would be teachers who glory in their work.

Ten years in FAPA! I'm properly impressed.

Phyllis Economou: Alas, we did not further Americanize John Berry with foreign cookery. Seattle is not too much of a town for Mexican or Hawaiian food, but my heart grieves that we did not take him to Bush Garden. How he would have gloried in the little low tables, where you stick your feet (barefooted) in wells and pretend you're cross-legged on the floor, and the pretty little Japanese waitress in Japanese costume, who cooks one's sukiyaki at the table, and the pretty raw fixings before they are cooked, and the adventure of chopsticks, and saki, and all that jazz. We wronged

our Irish friend.

Plastic cleaning bags: A local woman recently murdered her two small children with plastic bags, and then drank cleaning fluid. The children died quickly and neatly; her death was accomplished over a period of several hours of excruciating agony. A suiciding mother who wants to take her children with her is not apt to shoot them or poison them. She kills them not because she doesn't love them, but because she does, and doesn't trust the world to take good care of them. She's not apt to kill them in any way that will cause actual bloodshed or a long period of suffering. I view plastic cleaning bags with very great alarm. In the old days, around Seattle at least, a suiciding mother would leap off a bridge with her children, and sometimes a child, sometimes the whole family, would be fished out in time. Plastic cleaning bags are too quick, too quiet, too clean, too neat, too readily available in too great privacy. I really think they should be banned.

Ron Ellik's suggestion as to the listing of non-members in the egoboo poll sounds so eminently practical and sensible that it has been suggested to Toskey, SAPS OE, and he has decided to use it in SAPS.

Dug deeply (laughed out loud, in fact) your remarks about "those delicate individuals who feel positives to be somewhat vulgar and uncouth." I feel that I myself am too often of this not-unaffected class.

Pooh--'twas I, not Buz, who answered your question about the three-letter word meaning 'busby'.

You were born on July 16th? I'm astonished--you just don't seem the type.

John Trimble and Jack Harness both do have round, guileless faces, but John has a smaller round, guileless face, with heavier eyebrows and a more frivolous nose. I think.

Buz and I live in an old house, but unfortunately it's a one-storey old house. I like two-storey houses. Or three-storey houses, for that matter. Large one-storey houses revolt me, because they take up all the lot unless people have an extraordinarily large amount of land.

Enjoyed everything in this, Phyllis (& Bill and Dean).

Bill Morse: We're looking forward hopefully to multilithed Bull Mooses--and Maria's column.

A dy Young, Bob Tucker: Pleasant con report, amusing visit report. Like, hi!

Sally Dunn: Enjoyed 'Flotsam' very much.

Ron Ellik: Talked to you on the phone last night. What joy! You sounded just like you, too. However, I've no other comment.

And hi! to you, Jim Caughran.

Dan McPhail: You describe yourself as an Indian--are you really and truly Indian or just an itty-bitty bit? Am looking forward to the rest of Marion's conreport. & am, of course, very sorry about the family troubles you mention.

Bob Silverberg: Agree whole-heartedly with your grotchment at Eney's having tricked you into discourtesy--baaaaad Eney.... If people are going to be rude they should always be rude on purpose, and by their own intention, not someone else's.

We considered the Peugeot very seriously, when we were looking at cars, but decided against it for three reasons: (1) the dogs would have to ride in the back seat. Presumably they could adjust to the change, but I'm not sure Buz and I could. I'm afraid we'd miss them. (2) Buz thought the lights switch would be on accidentally occasionally and run the battery down, like at parking lots. (3) I didn't like any of the colors it came in--said I'd agree/^{to one} if we could have the car painted a brighter color before we got it, but Buz wouldn't agree to that. Said people would think we'd wrecked it. Pooh. Who CARES what people think? --At any rate, we are getting (any day now) a cardinal red Lark

with pleated and sewn black Vinyl upholstery, and separate reclining front seats. Black side-wall tires, tho. Alas! I've been trying to talk Buz into white sidewalls for nigh onto six years, but so far without success. Hope keeps springing and Buz keeps batting it down.

I am in favor of Sam and Robert Lee Martinez having a dual membership.

For a zine stencilled without benefit of corflu FAPATHY is astoundingly neat. You're a better typist than I am, Bob.

Terry Carr: You did a beautiful job on the Atom illo. It looks like photostencil. I'm not surprised it took you two hours to stencil it.

It didn't occur to me that Harry Warner's article on Dennis the Menace was satire, but I think perhaps you're right.

Was much interested in your mention of your Inertia Factor. Buz has got one, too. It was I who volunteered us to edit CRY, that first time. Buz didn't want to, but he went along. It was I who got us into SAPS. It was I who put us on the FAPA waiting list, while Buz was out of town. & was he annoyed when he found out? He was. & now which of us is the more eager, active, dedicated CRYed, Sap, and Fapan? Buz, natch. I wouldn't want a Final Gafiation, never, never, never, say I! But I would enjoy just an itty-bitty Seasonal Gafiation every spring and summer.

I hope Miriam will be back next mlg. Hi, Miriam!

Coswal: Hmmm, in 1943 you corresponded with an Emile Greenleaf, Jr., re stf? I wonder if he could be related to the Karen Greenleaf presently on the SAPS wait list. It's an unusual name.

We hope you will come to Boise. I'm expecting to meet you there. If you come to the Boycon you can find out for yourself whether Buz and I are old schnooks or not, & I'm glad you're inclined to doubt it.

Timmy sounds marvelously slannish. You must be very proud of him.

Larry Stark: Bastard Haiku is lovely invention.

I was three years on the waiting list.
So this is Fapa?

The females are the fiercest
In the war between the cats and dogs.

It is morning,
The budgerigar barks softly,
Hoping the cover will soon be taken off
his cage.

In the public market the foods and spices
of many lands
Are sold by people from many lands.

I'm afraid these are not quite right--I have not got quite the requisite simplicity yet. Well--it's fun trying. Liked several of the examples very much, particularly the baby who calls all green things trees and the household where parties never happen.

Whole zine pleasant reading.

Today is January 19th. It's coooold and gray out. A good sort of day to sit inside and fan.

P. Howard Lyons: I thought your story was quite good. "Reality was one dream back" sounds quite charming.

Enjoyed your remarks about dividing. Very fine. --I think you are probably right--that it costs less to send bundles to Britain. --Pooh...took break to call Tosk, SAPS OE, and ask how much it cost to mail mlg. 50 to N. Ireland as compared to Virginia. But he isn't home. I do believe, tho, that on at least one occasion during the Busby OEs ship it cost 57 (or 59) ¢ to mail to Eney and 20¢ to mail to Norman Wansborough & John Berry. But we had small mlg. in those days, only 3-400 pages. If it consistently costs less to send mlg. to Britain (& France) I fail to see how the most hardnosed could claim there would be any unfairness in reducing the dues of overseas members. After all, mlg. costs are surely the largest item that dues are based on.

Bill Evans: I too loved Oz books, never read a Dr. Doolittle. The latter were highly recommended by other kids, but I started one and couldn't get interested. Was, I believe, somewhat repelled. I was most enthusiastic about Howard Pease's books--remember particularly "Jinx Ship" and "The Tattooed Man". At about the same age--12 to 14?, a few years after the Oz books, at any rate--rejoiced in the books of Arthur Ransome. "Swallows and Amazons", "Swallowdale", "Winter Holiday" and so forth. Equally enthusiastic about Jalna books, and Lord Peter Wimsey. Discovered Jane Austen at age 15. Read "Pride & Prejudice" one evening, and woke up early the next morning and re-read it before breakfast. Have been avid E. Nesbit fan from early grade school to present time. A couple years ago I read in a biography of GBS that she was at one time passionately in love with him, which pleased me no end as I have always been a little in love with him myself. --I'm wandering off the track. Roy Snell--sure, "The Rope of Gold", "Green Eyes" (is that right?), and there was a story about some mountainfolk, name of which I haven't even the vaguest memory. --Loved "Treasure Island"--it should never be cut or edited--no more any other classic.

Marion Zimmer Bradley: Am most pleased to have recipes, some of which I plan to try. Dug Alma Hill's allowed-aloud ploy. Your mention of grating onions fills me with sheer horror. How CAN one grate onions--my eyes would run and my nose would run and I would be in downright agony I am quite sure. Maybe some day I'll resolve to Live Dangerously and try it. --Must be wonderful to have a freezer. I'll get one when we have our kitchen remodeled, but that won't be for several years. --Current culinary enthusiasm at Busby house is sourdough pancakes, bread, buns. I got a sourdough starter from my sister when we visited her after Christmas and have been enjoying it immensely. We have sourdough pancakes for supper rolled up with goop in the middle and goop on top. The goop is apt to be hamburger, or ground round, mashed in frying pan, flour added, then water the Chinese mushrooms have been soaking in, then bovril (forgot to mention diced onions fried with meat), soy sauce, cut-up mushrooms and whatever. Never twice the same, you know, but above basic, to be varied with mushroom soup, or chili con carne (no beans) or divers herbs.

Although I am not particularly interested in opera, I rather enjoyed your article about your recordings, and your poem.

You would be most welcome in SAPS, Marion, --I would welcome you, at any rate, and do not know of anyone in SAPS who would not. SAPS is a hyperactive organization, and although there are presently about 20 on the waiting list, the waiting list requires response every mlg, quickly, and consequently you might be able to get in in less than a year. Last mlg., 32 out of 33 members were represented--the 33rd member's zine arriving shortly after the mlg. went out. (Next time, Ray, dammit, use AIRMAIL.)

I imagine that one child is more exasperating than 5 or 6, as he takes his exasperatingness out on his parents, and five or six children take their exasperatingness out on one another. Of course, this is tiresome for the mother too, but when it gets too much for her she can come roaring forth and subdue them for a short while, thus discharging her adrenalin, and much more safely for her offspring with six than if she had one. I mean like, six children, if the mother gets mad, take it very calmly; one child, if his mother gets mad, reacts more strongly. My oldest sister has six children and takes them in her stride, would like to have more but her husband protests. He would have been very happy with two children of assorted sexes, tho, of course, he warmly cherishes the six he has.

Why do you attribute so much fuggheadedness, pornography and like that to the Ladies Home Journal? It was a very sensible magazine until it acquired Pat Boora (Actually, Pat Boora is sensible, it's just that he's too sensible.) Dr. Spock is all right; he knows that children can be incredibly naughty, just as well as you do.

Children's embarrassing remarks--yes! For six months in '57-'58 Buz and I had a little girl with us, age 5. One time we were looking at foreign cars at a place where there was a mechanic who was a dwarf. He came into the showroom, and Shelley got all fantisted and started asking in a loud, piercing voice "Look, Elinor, is he a man or is he a littleboy?" & I tried to hush her and she kept it up, out of sheer malice, which was particularly surprising in that ordinarily she was an exceptionally good,

sweet-natured child.

"Children are not kind to those who dress, act and speak differently than they do." Yes, that's true. I took a nap this morning and dreamt (among other things) of two little girls who dressed very differently from the rest of us little girls in grade school, and it occurred to me in my dream that because they dressed differently we thought they were witches, or in some way equated them witches in fairy tales. & waking up (still half asleep) the thought occurred, '& they spoke differently too, which also made people distrust them.' But it wasn't the two little girls in grade school who spoke differently, Marion, it was you and I. Do you remember making some very ordinary remark, using very ordinary words, or so you thought? To hear the elaborately sarcastic words: "Oh, sorry, I forgot to bring my dictionary."

I like your idea, that a fan can be a lowbrow intellectual, a nonconforming non-conformist.

Long black stockings in 1943--yes. It's not just the stockings in themselves, tho goodness knows that would be bad enough. But a mother who will so inflict her children is apt to have other ideas, too. There were two little girls living down the street who were wearing long black (or brown) cotton stockings just a year or two ago. Jane Anne was the same age as Maureen, a little girl who lived two houses away. Maureen did not want to invite Jane Anne to her tenth birthday party, because Jane Anne wore long cotton stockings, but Maureen's mother insisted that Jane Anne be invited. Jane Anne's mother sent her younger sister, who was only five years old, along too, saying that any invitation for one of her girls had to include them both. Romaine was the only small child there, Jane Anne was embarrassed, Maureen was very angry. Well--Jane Anne and Romaine still have the same mother, who has migraine headaches and hangs sheets in her livingroom/^{windows} instead of curtains or draperies, but at least they have been emancipated from long cotton stockings. They wear tights now, and I must say their crimson or royal blue legs are much more cheerful-looking.

I am in favor of the blackball, in moderation.

Buz and I are very sentimental about our dogs, and do indeed treat them as children. However, when we actually had a child living with us, we treated them as dogs. They didn't mind; they loved Shelley, and enjoyed having the neighborhood children around so much. The night Shelley was taken away the dogs suddenly turned back into children again. Such is life.

Harry Warner: I wish I could convince Buz that commas should be left out when they are not necessary. Buz loves commas, and crams them in every place he possibly can. I wouldn't mind so much if comma-itis did not appear contagious--I use six times as many commas as I did when I married Buz.

Much enjoyed your article about Hagerstown lunch counters. (Although you use the word 'mores' where I believe you mean 'folkways'.) The incident about the wedding ring is indeed mysterious. Eccentricities of pricing likewise (must say, Hagerstown lunch counters charge about a dime less for sandwiches than equivalent places in Seattle). All in all, fascinating.

Much interested in Hagerstown Journal, especially the first episode, about the man who killed himself. Your having seen him just the night before makes him much more unforgettable, I can well imagine. His having behaved atypically in asking you to go backstage to meet the musician at the concert makes one wonder whether he did other unusual things that evening, and whether if so it was because he had already made up his mind to kill himself. Wouldn't you like to know the real inwardness of such a thing? I surely would.

Everything you say about Hagerstown is of particular interest to me, Harry, because my father came from not too far from there--Beaver Creek, I think the name is (or was). For many years I had relations living in Hagerstown whom I hoped to visit some day, but they have died or moved away now, and the only relation left there that I know of is my second cousin, Alice Virginia, Mrs. Frank Brewster. I've never had the slightest contact with her, although my oldest sister met her when she visited in Hagerstown in 1939. Sally came back tremendously impressed, because Alice Virginia had a Chinese gold con-

vertible with red leather upholstery, and was in general quite worldly and sophisticated. (Or seemed so, at least, to my unworldly sister.) My sister was visiting our great-aunt, Miss Emma Newcomer, who died a year or so later, and our aunt, Miss Martha Doub, who later married and left town. I always wonder, Harry, whether you know or ever knew any of my relatives.

Bob Pavlat: "Shaw Retort" muchly enjoyed. A. J. Budrys' stating that, no longer considering himself primarily a sf writer, he now feels free to come back to fandom (that is what he's saying, isn't it? or is it...) would be more understandable if he hadn't complicated it with selling 8,000 words to sf magazines and a presumably sf novel. Well--life is complicated--why should a Return to Fandom be simple? I'm looking forward to meeting, in FAPA, the "sweet, somehow wonderful little child" that A. J. Budrys has always been.

Bob Silverberg's article was interesting, but is so complete he leaves nothing to be said about it.

Damon knight--fans and pros are more similar to one another than either are to mundane types. Of course damon loves best the people whom he knows best. We all do.

Bob Pavlat--your article is too completely satisfactory to comment on, too.

Andy Young: much of your zine I enjoyed, but it doesn't spark any comment.

Chick Derry: was immensely pleased to be a character in your story, like.

Robert Madle: Lynn Hickman is still in SAPS. He must have changed his mind.

Richard Eney: Aha! You are so proud of having soft brown eyes, like Lisa's, that you even make a lino of it. Bless you, my boy.

Gregg Calkins: Yes, the idea of seeing you at Boise does indeed thrill our fannish hearts. We love to meet fans. We've met Bill Evans since the last mlg., and hope to meet wait/lister Pat Ellington (& spouse) in another week or so. We think fans are nice.

Your comments on beer--when Gordon Dickson was here he asked Buz if Buz had a name for his home brew. Buz didn't, but thought one up on purpose for Gordy: Billiards. Busby's Billiards. The men laughed like mad, and I pretended to be shocked, but I really wasn't.

Buz and I have a teevy now, but hardly ever watch it. We used to watch Alex King, then Henry Morgan, on the teevy Friday nights, but they're both off now. Alas. What's left? Is there anything good on? I don't like plays or quiz shows very well. I just like fannish natter.

I'm sorry--I forgot to fill in your poll and send it to you. Here's the data: I was born on September 30th, no particular year, in Tacoma, Washington. I discovered sf in Albuquerque, N. Mex (the land of enchantment) in 1951; confined my reading to aSF, GALAXY, F&SF, & whatever was in the public library. Discovered fandom thru Wally Weber fall of 1953. Wally, like, introduced me to The Nameless Ones, who at that time included Bill and Delcie Austin and Royal Drummond. The Austins and Royal introduced me to the concept of fanzines and apas (all of which struck me as great foolishness, tho I was too polite to tell them so) and GMCarr introduced me to HYPHEN, which made an immediate convert of me ('twas HYPHEN #11, a particularly good issue). In between Austins and GMCarr I met and married F. M. Busby, and in November or December of that year (1954) subbed to HYPHEN. Gradually became involved in CRYpubbing, then Wally Weber artfully got us into SAPS (in 1956) & I got us onto the FAPA w/list, and what with one thing and another we've been living happily and fannishly ever after. We attended the Midwestcon of 1957, Solacon, 1958, and Westercon, 1959. We hope to attend both Boycon and Pittcon in 1960. We joined FAPA with mlg. 88, and have not as yet put much in it. But we will.

Boyd Raeburn: LeM much enjoyed, as always, but I've no other comment.

Bill Danner: It's now January 20th, and the salesman called to tell us our car is in town and we can pick it up tomorrow afternoon. Oh joy! High time--our '53 developed horrible feelings of rejection when it realized we were really and truly going to trade it in, and it's quite hard to get it from low into second when it's cold, now, and the horn honks when you least expect or desire it to do so more and more often. The poor thing needs Tender Loving Care and a Feeling of Belonging.

Bill, it is indeed too bad that your record for being in every mailing is broken. I can quite imagine how you feel. Buz & I have each hit every mlg in SAPS during our membership--15 mlg. in a row--and if we were to miss a mlg. thru someone's carelessness we would be very annoyed indeed. To hit every mlg. is a source of justifiable pride.

Thanks for saying my noxiousness doesn't show. I hope you never do see it--in fact, to be quite frank, I really hope it isn't there.

Your birthday's July 20th?

QABAL #4--How is this pronounced? Like unto Q-ball? No, that can't be it. Oh well. When I call it that Buz knows what I mean.

Boyd, MAD does not thrill me much either. Cute now and then, but I'd never read it if Buz didn't buy it. Rotsler wrote that condemnation of volunteer folk singers right after Sandy Cutrell visited IASFS. Evil ol' us teased Sandy no end, but he was good sport, couldn't care less. I agree heartily that a song that can be sung by any group is not worth singing. Oh, how I learned to HATE the songs--"I've been working on the railroad" & "You are my sunshine". Horrible, loathsome songs.

Dick Ryan: Jack Speer has invented a game called "Civil War". Loved your demolished man stuff at the arrival of fans.

Curtis Janke: What! no more mailing comments? I hope you'll reconsider. You could do half the mlg. one time, and another half another time, and hold it down that way, and if you did it on a SYSTEM no one's feelings could be hurt. Please?

"the lack of the rage to conform is contra-survival, wouldn't you say?" Egad! I don't know. I would say that conformity is survival for the individual and suicide for the race, roughly speaking. Pretty rough, tho. If one agreed that conformity was suicide for the race, it would cast an interesting light on the fact that the conforming male is lacking in sexual attraction for many women. Like poor ol' Pat Boone.

If 'handicap' were defined loosely enough, probably all fans are fans because of one. All human beings are handicapped in one way or another. I mean, like, think how horrible it must be to be rich and beautiful, and fear the loss of wealth and beauty. One would have to fan like mad, so that one would have that to fall back on. Wouldn't one?

Your dog, who spends part of his time in good safe corners, and part of his time lying all exposed on his back, is just like anybody else--sometimes he feels all trusting and self-confident and outgoing, and at other times, he doesn't. What could be more explicable?

Worst thing about sympathy is its echo chamber effect. Nope, affect. Nope, I was right the first time. Effect. Affect is a verb (I think).

I liked your zine a lot, tho the last paragraph makes me feel puzzled and sad.

QABAL #5 -- Lovely cover, enjoyable reading.

Dave Rike: "it didn't look like the chicks there were under so much supervision..." Probably not. Every year a certain number of babies are born in such institutions, which is a thing that hardly bears thinking of, as the poor things certainly start life inauspiciously, with both parents mentally defective.

I think you are wrong in stating that hydrocephaly and microcephaly are inherited. I think (but am not quite sure) that they are caused by insults to the unborn child--such as disease, radiation (X-rays), accidents, long trips in airplanes, and

things like that.

I enjoyed this whole zine quite a lot. Like, hi.

G. M. Carr: I suspect that your strong reaction to the unexpected close-at-hand sight of Bing Crosby is not entirely due to his 'animal magnetism'. I don't mean to downgrade your susceptibility or imply any perversion, but I rather think that you would have had as strong a reaction to the sight of Marlene Dietrich or any other long-established movie star. Thing is, whether one happens to be a movie fan or not one is exposed to so much publicity about movie stars that to actually see one, unexpectedly and close-at-hand, is like seeing Goldilocks and the Three Bears walking down the street. No doubt if one sees movie stars frequently the effect is lost, but if one sees a movie star about once every ten or fifteen years one manages to retain one's sense of wonder. "What! Did you once see Shelley plain? & did he stop and talk to you? & did you talk to him again?" & like that. I once saw Hedy Lamarr plain. I was at a bar on the beach at Acapulco (May or June of 1951), sitting on a high stool on sand. She appeared in a little boat paddled by Teddy Krauss (I think his name was) who shortly after became her third or fourth husband. They came up to the bar and sat down at the bar, and torn between a fierce desire to stare at her and a firm resolve to do no such discourteous thing, I got the giggles and fell off my stool. I was enormously impressed by: (1) Her fabulously reposeful beauty, and the fact that the blue of her eyes was clearly discernible at a distance. She had little dark freckles on her nose. (2) She was wearing a bandeau that could not have been more than about an inch and a half wide, and with complete modesty. What terrific self-confidence she must have, to be able to admit publicly that such a very minute garment would suffice... Nangee has dropped out of SAPS.

I think "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is an interesting and rather valuable book. I'm not surprised you found it dull and boring--the book is about love.

Jack Harness: Bjo's cartoon strip on the bacover was absolutely terrific.

TODAY IS FEBRUARY # (that's '3' back there) and SALUD #1 is shortly to be run off. First, I have about 25 lines to fill.

Last month Mark Walsted (local pseudo fake fringe fan) came around with a carload of books which he planned to sell. We took several, one of which has really aroused my sense of wonder, and what I wonder is, has anybody else in Fapa read it, and if so, what/he/they (Bill Evans) think of it.

The book is Dorothy L. Sayers' "Unnatural Death", and is a Lord Peter Wimsey murder mystery. The book is a failure, a total disaster, and is one of the most intensely interesting failures I have ever read. It should be one kind of book, and is, by its author's inflexible will, turned into an altogether different kind of book. I don't mean that she changed her mind in mid-book, but rather that the book had a mind of its own that she refused to go along with. The book should have been about the question--can a murder for profit ever be morally justifiable? Unfortunately, Sayers' is so terrified that people might answer the question wrongly that she throws in a couple extra murders and several unsuccessful attempts thereat to prove that just one itty-bitty murder immediately turns the perpetrator thereof into an Inhuman Beast. I don't doubt she's right, but I think she went about proving it the wrong way.

I imagine she hated this book. I think she hated it all the way thru. It ends on a sour note. It began with Peter & Charles talking in a restaurant. A stranger overheard their conversation. His own experience bore out Peter's opinions, and he related his experience, thereby starting the chain of events. At the end of the book it's revealed that he has come into some money and jilted his fiancée, who is no longer good enough for him. Peter & Charles are disgusted, and agree that they had never liked him anyhow. Now, this is ridiculous. There is not one hint early in the book that Peter or Charles thought poorly of this man. Nor is it credible that coming into some money would make him jilt his fiancée--he had expected to inherit the money all along. No--it's Sayers who doesn't like him--Sayers who resents his having paraded his little undiscovered murder. --Much fabulous talk re successful murder. Indetectable murder method, and undercurrents of Lesbianism. Much, much of wonderful ol' Climpson, who is herein intro'd.

Elinor Busby speaking:

It is about 9:30 in the evening of December 2nd. At noon today I picked Buz up from work, and we went to the Union Station. We ate lunch there, and loitered, and then Buz had a haircut and I loitered. All by myself. Then Buz' haircut was finished, and we loitered together. Finally, finally and at last, it got to be 1:15. A train came in. People got off it. A man walked by. We peered at him. Another man walked by. We peered at him, too. Neither peered back. Lots of people walked by, some with spouses, some without spouses. We did not peer at people with spouses, but only at single men of some-where-around-our-age. None of them peered back.

Finally we went back into the waiting room and loitered. We noted a single man of about-our-age loitering. I poked Buz. "Go ask him," I said. Buz went over and asked him. "Are you Bill Evans?" he asked.

Obviously, the answer was "Yes," since this is now Bill Evans typing. Of course, the reason there was such a question goes back to Buz' habit of not keeping carbons of his letters. He had specifically told me to call his house, arouse Elinor, who would pick up Buz, and then pick me up. So, I trotted into the station, looking only for the telephones. I carefully dropped a dime in the instrument, dialed the number, and waited. The phone rang. And rang. And rang. So I tried again, after checking the number in the book. Still no answer. So I walked back into the station, to wait a few minutes before trying again. And there this strange bearded character timidly walked up to me and asked me "Are you Bill Evans?" So, here I am, drinking home brew, engaging in fanish talk - which I am missing while sitting at this IBM - and enjoying fanish faces for the firsttime since early November, and Berkeley. So, I will head back to the fans and the brew.

Bill Evans returned from typing his paragraph on this stencil, and I was informed by at least three people that I, Burnett R. Toskey, should be the next one to do a paragraph of idle chatter on this page. As usual, on spur-of-the-moment deals like this, there isn't much to talk about. We are having fannish conversation, and as I sit here, I hear them laughing out there, so I presume they made me come out here in the breakfast nook to type here just so they could tell jokes among themselves which are not appropriate for such innocent ears as mine. I hear them now, laughing like mad fiends. Heh heh, I think I'll pull a sneaky on them, and sneak back and listen in on their conversation, and get some idea of what I'm missing. After all, it's the fannish thing to do.....

For months i have been carrying this gem around in my head, polishing and polishing it until i have brought out all the brilliance that is potential to it, and i fear that if i keep it any longer i will niggle at it some more and spoil it:

"I may not have as much fenden-type stuff as some fellows do, such as Tooker; and I may not be a Ph D, like Tooker is; and i may not have a house of my own already and a good job, like Tooker has --but, Betty Jo, I love you:"

"I love you too, Al, but tell me more about Tooker."

And that was Jack Speer there, and he left a perfectly good discussion concerning the libel laws, to type that paragraph, and that is probably why he used the transparent disguise of "Tooker" for our local wild Ph.D. And this is Buz, wondering why these jokers up above there didn't give me more hooks on which to hang the brilliant sort of narrative that FAPAns love. Well, Bill Evans for instance: I certainly did not ask him "timidly" as to his identity. I may have respected the natural anxiety of a transplanted Oregonian in a strange place, and so held my naturally-tigerish personality just the tiniest bit in leash. Out of simple courtesy and consideration, I might have done this. Nothing more, I assure you all. And Bill Evans, you ask: what did he do? Well, I'll tell you what he did-- he cravenly admitted the whole thing, that he was Bill Evans. He didn't even put up a good stall, or refuse to answer without legal counsel. Well, I guess you know about Bill Evans, now. He has no talent for intrigue, and--- aw, end of stencil.

That there now was F.M. Busby and he done left me a fesh stencil to work on. Should mention that I am Otto Pfeifer. Seeing as how the Busbys are telling about their first meeting with Bill Evans, I better relate my experience. Meeting this Evans can be a dangerous thing. I had to dodge my way through a potential dog fight to get in the house, potential, because Nobby and Lisa, the Busbys somewhat elongated dogs were having a difference of opinion with a cocker spaniel that had come up to their door collecting for the paper, the fight really didn't get started as the cocker chickened out at the last minute, just when I had all of the ringside seats sold too. I think that I had better chicken out and turn this monster over to Wally Weber.

This is an incredibly new experience for me, Wally Weber, ex-FAPAN deadwood that I am. In my sordid fannish career I have typed on a wide variety of stencils, but this is the very first time I have ever been afforded the opportunity of typing on a fesh stencil. If you have never typed on a fesh stencil, you will be interested to learn that it is much different from typing on a more ordinary stencil. You find the strangest thoughts wandering around in your mind, and all of them are trying to get out when you type on a fesh stencil. For example, there are my thoughts on the forthcoming Seacon, the first Seattle Worldcon. I have been careful to ignore this happy gathering now going on at the Fenden Annex, the true home of Buz and Elinor, contemplating the more serious and constructive matter of snaring the 1961 convention for Seattle. Bill Evans himself spurred my enthusiasm for this project by encouragingly informing me, "You don't know what you're letting yourself in for." And I believe him. Bill Evans is the sort of person you are bound to believe. If you don't, he immediately whips two huge knives out of as many pockets. If you think having your enthusiasm spurred is painful, you should try having it knifed sometime. So I am throwing myself into this project of causing a Seacon in '61 in order to find out what it is I am letting myself in for. Putting on a convention should actually be a great deal of fun if you have a sufficient will to suffer, and I'm certain it will be a great stimulant to FANDOM itself if I, personally, plan a world convention. Such a convention would have so many characteristics found lacking in previous worldcons that it staggers the imagination, even the imagination of a person typing a fesh stencil. For instance, there is the planned hike from the convention hotel to Vashon Island to help sober up the conventioners. The convention hotel itself, known locally as "The Bread Of Life Mission," will be located in an unusually distinguished section of town, and may even be relocated several times during the course of the Seacon. The group-singing on the program will be a convention First, providing the idea isn't stolen by the Pitcon committee. The ceremony of selecting and crowning G. M. Carr as Science Fiction Queen of 1961 will be the most impressive thing you will ever see; in fact it is planned that the entire convention will be financed by the sale of lottery tickets which will determine who gets to crown G. M. Carr. But I can see that I am allowing some of my most prized convention secrets slip out. For this reason it is best that I return to our happy gathering here at the Fenden Annex and allow somebody else to type on a fesh stencil and advertise their pet charity.

Water Water all around and not a drop to drink. That is the way we felt in part as the Snoqualmie rose all around us beginning in the back yard and finally topping the bank in front of the house to surround us completely. I tried to get Jack out of the basement sooner but he insisted on rescuing files, Fapazines, correspondence and other irreplaceable valuables. Ever so often I checked to make sure he was still making his way among fallen bookcases, filing cabinets, tables, books and everything else that had the misfortune to be stored in the basement. After 3 1/2 hours in the water and several feet deeper I insisted he come upstairs. He waded - struggled - toward some fanzines and said, I guess I have saved all that I can" at which moment the bookshelves holding two top rows of law books toppled over on him. Shivering, chilled to the bone, he struggled up the stairs stepping over, around and almost in rescued material. I shoved a shot of rye at him and demanded "Drink this" which he did with no protest, an unprecedented action. Rye and wifely concern brought Jack through the flood with no ill effects other than a certain understandable sadness.