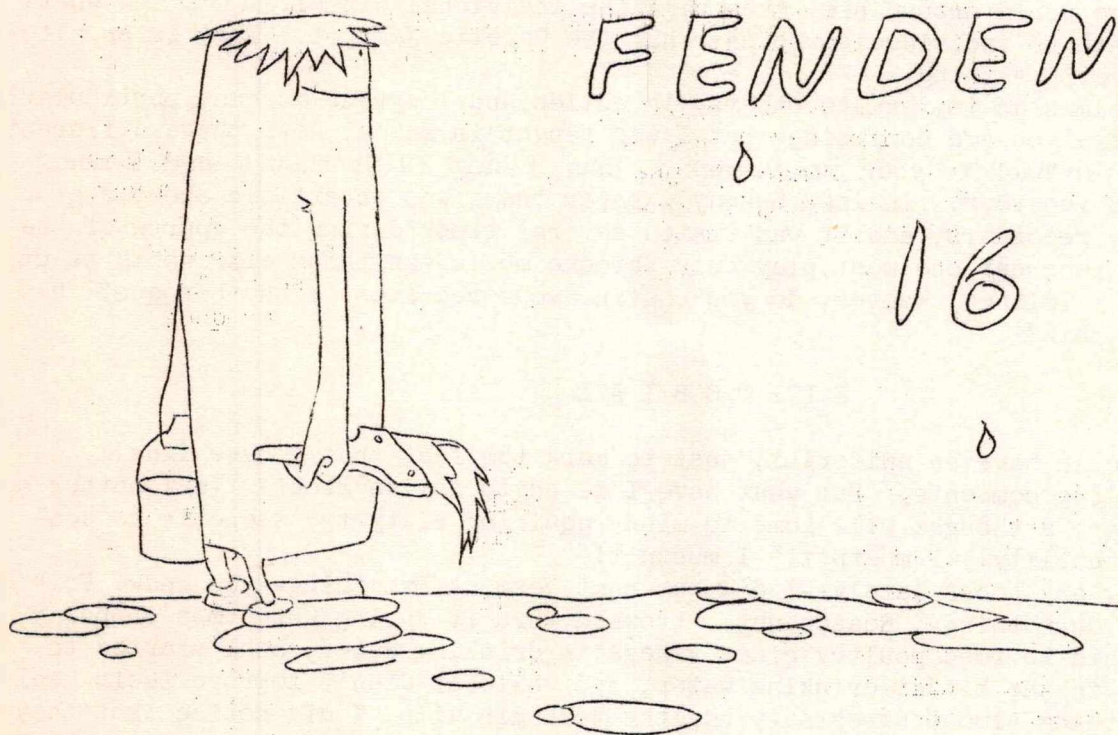


Elinor Busby, 2852 14th W., Seattle 99, Wash.



FENDENIZEN

16

SAPS 51, April 15, 1960

(Cover by ATom--remodeled from Berry Fund  
illo.)

Look, folks, this zine really starts on page four. Please turn right away to page four, then read page three, which, you'll note, starts out as page 23, and then come back and read this crud.

Okay. Back to you, Breen. Look, chum, what I said about mornn-to-low-normal intelligence being an environmental rather than a genetic problem is something I got out of a book. Just an ordinary printed book. I didn't bring it down on stone tablets from Mount Sinai or somewhere, you know. So you have conflicting information got out of other books..... Let's not have a Battle of the Books. As I understood the book that I had been browsing thru, it stated that an infant born to I.Q. 70, 80, 90 parents, adopted into a home with I.Q. 120-130 parents, would tend to have an I.Q. 120-130 rather than 70-90. The difference between an I.Q. of 90 and 130 is striking--to the individual. The 130 I.Q. individual will be able to graduate from college without difficulty, and will have probably a greater ability to earn money, a much much greater diversity in the kinds of things that he is able to enjoy, and will in general have <sup>more</sup> much/understanding and interest in the world around him, than will the individual with I.Q. 90. So what? This does not relate to individuals who have hit the Genetic Jackpot. That is an altogether different sort of thing.

"Idiots sometimes do impregnate others; imbeciles and lowgrade morons, particularly the latter..." Here you are confusing what I was taught in school were three different categories. (Refer back to your own remark.) When I said idiot that's what I meant.

So you play a recorder. In last Sunday's paper there was an article about a group of people who play recorders, and it was stated several times during the course of the article than on a reocder one must play only baroque music--anything else would be utterly unthinkable. Tell me, Walter, do you confine your recorder to the baroque? How do you feel about this?

#### E D I T O R I A L

I guess I should have an editorial, just to mark the fact that I have finally finished with mailing comments. But what have I to editorialize about? If I natter on for a minute longer, a thought will come to mind requiring sixty-two stencils to complete, in all probability. I mustn't! I mustn't!

Bought hardly any books lately--I did buy that Vermont Dr. thing--you know, Folk Medicine, or some darn thing. Reason why: browsed thru it during Christmas shopping, & noted that it said to feed poultry cider vinega<sup>r</sup> in drinking water, so I started to put cider vinegar in the birds' drinking water, and while it didn't improve their health especially, they being almost unbearably healthy to begin with, I did notice that they didn't seem to foul their water nearly so much. Ordinary tap water the birds will carefully put seed, excrement, and multitudinous bits of paper in--anything, it appears, to give their drinking water a bit of flavor. With vinegar in the water, they seem to regard the flavor as satisfactory as is. Does anyone else in SAPS have caged birds? If so, I wish they'd try vinegar in the water and see how it goes. Two tsps. cider vinegar to a glass of water. --You know, I'm really quite embarrassed to have bought a crackpot book, but I am a natural born crackpot, you know. I tend to feel that it is just as well to take cognizance of all folk-type things, and would always plant seeds in the first quarter of the moon if I knew when the first quarter of the moon was. No, it's not necessarily the 1st quarter--it's while the moon is waxing.

Oh--one more word to ol' Breen. The natives in Tierra del Fuego enjoyed very rich living conditions. They are one of the two peoples in the world who enjoyed surpluses on a hunting fishing and gathering economy--the other being North Pacific coast Indians. If I'm right in believing Tierra del Fuego the tip of South America. So what about the natives in Tierra del Fuego? Toynbee--pooh. He's a historian, not an anthropologist. Historians have a lot of nerve advancing theories about anthropological problems. Do not tell me about people living in unfavorable surroundings developing high cultures or I shall sneer and say hoh hoh.



Breen's  
TESSERACT #1

Walter--here I am starting a brand new stencil which will entail the use of another sheet of paper; and you aren't even a SAPS member and you weren't even distributed with the mlg. and SAPS has firm policy against postmailings. I hope you are properly appreciative of this truly fantastic Gesture of Welcome.

Buz came roaring in here with a good suggestion. He said, "Why don't you make it Page 3?" So I shall. Henceforth, Walter, this page is to be known as

-3-

I am unalterably opposed to the seduction of highschool boys by their teachers, & am not terribly interested in discussing the matter. I tend to feel that children (of either sex) have a right to grow up before adults (of either sex) start pawing them. I was going to say more on this subject--but--well, I think I won't just now.

Everybody who now talks about PEANUTS was talking about POGO several years ago. I have a feeling that PEANUTS is getting pretty old. What next? I'd nominate MOOMIN if it were more widely distributed, like, on this continent.

What do you mean, there may be more than one human species? Are you implying the existence of Homo Superior in our midst, allasame like Odd John? Oh, jolly!

"Cultures like the Gands....are so rare as to be freaks. I cannot recall one so completely peace-loving..." Neither can I. The Eskimos were peace-loving, tho, and so were the Pueblo Indians. I seem to remember hearing that both Eskimos and Pueblo-type placed high value on conformity and are/were much given to backbiting. Both characteristics most un-Gandlike, and the latter a form of aggression.

Mozart's Musical Joke--I heard that at a chamber music concert once. To me it was just a rather poor piece of chamber music, but all around me people were smiling, catching one another's eyes with shared enjoyment, and chuckling; and at the end the applause was but rapturous. Gee I felt like a clod.

Why do you speak of "so-called mother love" just because glands have something to do with it? Do you feel that if there is a physical basis for love it isn't real? I don't agree with you. Love is love--the why of it doesn't affect it.

I have not read Kaufmann's Critique and shall not. But Pascal's wager cannot be refuted IF the believer leads a happier, more fruitful, more creative, more fulfilled life than the non-believer. I'll grant you that many believers lead very thin lives indeed, but I think you'll agree that many non-believers do also. My own feeling is that religion should relate to eternity only insofar as eternity exists in the present moment.....my feeling at the present moment.

By telepathic noise do you mean the constant stream of word-clad thoughts that go thru one's mind?

I dream in color--how often, how consistently I don't know. I think whether the dream has color or not depends partly upon how visual a dream it is. Some dreams are dreams of ideas or of emotions. I think that in some dreams one item will be colored, probably red, and the background neutral in hue. I'll try and remember and tell you more next time.

"Gift from the Sea" was prose, not poetry. #The limerick you quote was quoted to me by my mother. How trite can you get? It's false, anyhow. Nobody cares half so much about one's appearance as oneself does.

"East Lynne" bears about the same relationship to "Wuthering Heights" and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" as "Peyton Place" to "By Love Possessed", or as Mickey Spillane to J. R. R. Tolkien. Like man we've always have crud. #Agree heartily about Vincent Van Gogh's color. Terrific delicacy, quite lost in reproduction. #Hah! So now I know where View of Toledo is. Some day I hope to gaze thereon. #Had a thought about dreams or a dream about dreams while on the borderland of sleep one day: A dream is a message from the subconscious. It's best if the message is picked up by the conscious, understood. If not, the unconscious still feels better for having had its say. & sometimes when one wakes tired, perhaps one has had one's sleep, but not all one's dreams. #Pooh--shan't start another stencil for environmentalism--suffice to say that I realize that very high IQ's are the result of hitting the genetic jackpot. I used to read ASTOUNDING, you know. #Thanks for sentence, muchas gracias, Senores (y Senorita). #Have not read Dandelion Wine, but I'm making some. ....Adieu, y'all.

Today's March 12, 1960--an excellent date on which to start

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

Carrs'

S---#4

Marvelous cover! One of the best things in the mlg.

I am most pleased that you are planning to change your title. RAGNAROK sounds like an excellent title. Euphonious.

Terry--cute poem, cute story, good illo.

Well--"Gulliver's Travels" was no doubt a vicious satire when it was written, but a couple hundred years later it's gentled down some, hasn't it? I haven't read it in years, and have never read a complete, unexpurgated edition. But I surmise that the folk and customs satirized in "Gulliver" have for the most part long since departed. "A Modest Proposal" is simply the most convincing suggestion I have ever read. I find it difficult to believe that people didn't immediately set about eating babies.

My description of a typical librarian / <sup>was</sup> actually of a librarian whom I had met that same day, who it occurred to me was a typical librarian. I asked her if I could borrow her india ink and a pen. She agreed. I came back shortly, saying that the pen was too broad--did she have a finer point? So she took out a little box full of assorted pen points of various sizes, picked out a finer point, took the pen point out of the pen, inserted the finer poi<sup>nt</sup> and handed it back to me, with her bright, hard, professional--essentially unfriendly--smile. Any normal person would have handed me the little box of assorted points, and let me try several and find the one which fit my purposes best. Yes--I know librarians are not all exactly the same. I worked for two years and two months at Parrington Library (the English Department library at U.W.) and got to know three librarians quite well. They were all quite different--but a bit similar, too. A sort of underlying persnickety nit-pickingness. I dunno.

You've convinced me about autobiographical novels not requiring objective writing styles. & I think I'll be on the lookout for the examples you mention. Especially the Wells one, even if it is deadly dull.

I didn't know you were fond of and enthusiastic about SAPS. Perhaps it should have been obvious from the amount of activity you've had, but it wasn't--to me, at least. I didn't think you were enthusiastic about SAPS; I thought you were putting nice interesting thick zines in the mlg's. simply because you were a Publishing Giant. So I am very very very pleased indeed to hear that you ARE enthusiastic about SAPS, and not just a compulsive publisher.

The Negroes in the South are not just battered down intellectually and in personality but also they don't get decent educations in their "separate but equal (hah!)" schools. Oh--stupid me--I see that's implicit in your statement. Oh well. (Instant joke.)

I haven't read Ken Bulmer's history of TAFF. I'm not in OMPA, you know. Did he circulate it outside of OMPA? I wonder if he has copies left.....

Dug the nose-hair bit. Refugee from INN editorial. Or "Fandom Harvest"; for that matter. --Much of your mc's are.

"I strongly doubt that Ford...will make any changes in the setup..." I am afraid that perhaps you are right--if you are, it will make me unhappy about Don's winning. In other respects he is a fine TAFF rep.--deserving, after all the years of work he put in on TAFF, personally very likeable, and all like that. But TAFF, the way it is set up now, is not satisfactory to the ardent voter, and one can hardly expect Don to be very willing to change it, since, the way it's set up now, any member of his particular clique (if a clique can consist of a rather large number of people) has a much better chance than anybody else. But it's too soon to give up hope. Perhaps Don will change the rules, in such a way as to do away with the essentially ignorant and uncaring vote. The next year, or year and a half, will tell the story.

It was Greg Benford who said that "SAPS is just a lot of middle-aged types trying to act fannish"? I'm astonished. Greg has never been in SAPS. I attributed it to Kent Moomaw, who had. I suppose Greg got his data from Kent, tho. Oh well. Not instant joke.



I hope Miri will be all robust next time round, and have her comments in. We miss her, like.

E. Busby's  
FENDENIZEN #15

Boyd Raeburn mentioned (on tape) that my statements that the name Winifred "is a sort of thing that could happen to almost anybody" and that "there can be no excuse for being named Lionel Trilling in a world where anybody can get his name changed" are a bit contradictory. True--however, Winifred didn't go by the name Winifred. I imagine that very few of her friends knew that her name was Winifred. I don't know why I referred to her by that name. Immaterial.

I don't know why I didn't give art credits on this zine. I guess it's as obvious to everybody else as it is to me, tho, that the cover is by ATom and the cartoon on page 7 by Leslie Nirenberg.

Robert Lee's  
COLLODION #1

I like this title, Robt. Very melodious. What does it mean?

Pretty cover, cute pictorial pun. Did you draw it yourself? You must have, since the only other artists listed are Bjo and Rotsler, and it's certainly not by either of them. I expect Bjo is appreciating your cover like mad, since she's a dragon aficionado.

Tropical island natives: just because these particular natives that you mention did not admit knowing that sexual intercourse was what started babies doesn't mean they didn't know it. You can't tell what people know by what they will admit to knowing. Primitive folk have their weird conventions just like us civilized types. The head of the family is quite apt to be the maternal uncle where they have matrilineal and matrilineal descent and matrilineal locality, I guess. Gad that sounds silly. I mean like where the fella moves in with his wife's family. Anyhow, the matrilineal/local

-----  
Buz has a small green bird on his shoulder that he is saying dammit to. Bongo BITES!!!!  
-----

bit was pretty common, but there's only a very very few places in the world where the folk didn't know or wouldn't admit knowing how children were conceived.

Hmmm--I didn't understand your cartoon, perhaps.

Pleased to have Spanish. "El retrate en mi cuarto esta decompuesto..." I'll try to remember that.

I'm sure you're right, that some dreams are more important than others. I read in a pb on the subject that the purpose of dreams is to notify one what one really & truly thinks and feels about people, things, events, attitudes, and so forth. Letters from the subconscious mind, like. But some dreams, I'm sure, are just for fun. Sort of like going to a movie, or telling oneself a story. But the dreams one remembers are not necessarily the important dreams, nor are the dreams one forgets necessarily the unimportant dreams. I don't know what correlation there may be, if any. Perhaps Nangee would have an idea. Too bad she's dropped out of SAPS.

Talking about dreams, have you ever had a precognitive dream? So far as I know, I never had. One time I was walking up a path with three otherpeople, two women and one man, and I thought 'this has happened before!' Then I thought, 'no, but I dreamed it.' But I'm not sure. It wasn't an important moment in my life anyhow. No point in having precognitive dreams of random unimportantcies. I did know a woman once who had two precognitive dreams. Or so she told me, and why should she lie? When she was a very young woman she dreamed she saw a newspaper headline telling of her father's death. Not long after her father died--& she got the news first from a newspaper headline! Many years later she dreamt she saw a newspaper headline telling that a man who had been a very dear friend during high school days had been arrested--shortly after it happened, and again, she got the news from a newspaper headline! --Incidentally, the man (if I remember the story correctly) was arrested for running a house of prostitution, and his de-

fense in a manner of speaking was that he didn't know whether he was guilty or not because during the entire three months- period of which he was accused he had been drinking so heavily and taking so many barbiturates that he didn't know exactly what might have been happening. It ended happily, tho, because he went to a sanitorium and his nurse fell in love with him and they got married and had a nice little boy and so far as I know they may still be living happily ever after and may have six children by now-- it's been long enough. My friend said Odd John (Stapledon story) reminded her of him.

You have some nice artwork, Bob. Is it just my imagination, or has your drawing skill improved markedly of late?

Cox'

MAINE-IAC #20

Glad to hear of your blonde-watching activities, Ed. Stay with it, boy!

Pfeifer's

BOG #12

Your best zine to date, Otto.

Weber's

CREEP #?

Liked your 'Moving Story.' Are you going to have another one, now that you're moving again? When are you going to finish "Swamphouse Saga"? You can, you know, now that Swamphouse is finished.

Jane Jacobs'

PSILLO #1

I have never met an Abyssinian cat, but like Siamese and will agree with you in preferring a short-haired cat (tho some of my best friends have been part-Persians).

During my Girl Scout days I was keen on salamanders and frogs and like that, but anymore I just dig the warm-blooded scene. I like most of those, tho. I have always wanted to own a goat, but I probably never will.

'scattering bright shavings of sunlight on the damp stone floor' is sort of nice. Also, 'placid urgency' is very good for a cow calling her calf.

Greetings, o Instant Sap!

Lee Jacobs'

PILES IN THE PARLOUR #1

You say that you are in Saps to read and enjoy, but you don't say whether you ARE reading or enjoying. I guess you aren't, since you do mention that 15 days before deadline you hadn't read the mlg., and there is no evidence that you ever did--once more, you contented yourself with counting the pages. I would hardly bother to write any comments to you at all, Lee, except that I suppose that when your eye lights upon the words LEE JACOBS you do break down and read a few words. Phoo.

By the way, are you the Sap who has been downgrading SAPS to Boyd Raeburn? If you are, I say unto you: fie. (Fee fie phoo fum, I smell the blood of a fakefan bum, be he alive or be he dead I'll ----- no I won't, not really. I'm all sweetness and amiability, really I am. REALLY.)

I'm glad nobody fell into the swimming pool. Doesn't that prove how amiable I am?

F. M. Busby's

RETROMINGENT #15

Hah--you thought I would tell Dee about how Nobby First Sat Up, and so you didn't, and I likewise. Okay. Story. (& if you did tell it this time, that's tough!) Story:

When Nobby was 11-1/2 mos. old we got Lisa. We had been trying to teach Nobby for a couple weeks to sit up, and continued for a couple weeks more, without success. We would prop him up and praise him, prop him up and praise him, over and over again. & it didn't seem to sink in. We were also trying to paperbreak Lisa, during the last two weeks of this approximately 4 week period. One night--success!--Lisa waddled over to



the paper, squatted and wet. We were thrilled! No dog since time began ever did a more beautiful deed. We petted her and praised her, marvelling at her intelligence, fastidiousness, and personal charm. We heard a tiny little wail behind us, looked around, and there was Nobby sitting up! --For several days after that, every time one looked at Nobby he sat up. He was really proud of his new skill, and so were we--still are, tho he sometimes does it too much. We never taught Lisa how. She learned just by watching Nobbs.

Harness'

SAPROLLER #18

You never forget an injury, huh. Man, that's no kind of an advertisement--for a SAPS OE, or for a human being! No doubt you are only kidding.

brown's

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #6

Cartoon on page 3 was cute. Whole zine was interesting, but I found no hooks for comment.

It's now March 13th.....Friday the thirteenth falls on Sunday, this month. Onward--

Johnstone's

zine

You say you like things that are cheerful--so what's with this 'Mordor in '64' jazz? What's cheerful about Mordor, pray tell? I'm with you on fandom and pizza. Girls are nice, too, but boys are actually just a tiny bit more interesting. I like Tolkien so much that I can hardly bear your mentioning him in the same sentence with Leslie Char-teris--and the others, for that matter. On second tholght, make the pronoun referring to Tolkien in that last sentence 'Him'. & I'm glad you like raw cauliflower.

'I only met her at the Solacon, before I was anything, so it didn't count.' It counted so far as I was concerned, Ted. & I remember meeting you, and I remember telling you that I had enjoyed ZAP! #1, and when was #2 coming out. Which proved conclusively that so far as I was concerned you were something then, or somebody, at least. Have you changed since then?

I read "Jurgen" during probably my second year at college. I liked it a lot, so much so that I regrettably decided to do a term-paper on Cabell and read a great many of his novels, so many that all appetite for them was permanently destroyed. It turned out that he and I are not really kindred souls after all. Can't even re-read Jurgen, now. But someday I might perhaps re-read "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck". Very dreary story--girl marries her cousin, romance dies on both sides, she falls in love with an author, discovers that she has only a few months to live, decides to run away with the author and have a few last months of happiness, husband discovers she is planning to run away and threatens author, who shows White Feather, wife cannot run away with author when he has Shown White Feather despite fact that she still loves him, and husband who actually would not have missed wife is pleased that he prevented her from throwing herself away on cad, not knowing that his wife is dying anyhow. I guess that's the plot. The rivet in grandfather's neck is, I believe, the egotism that prevents any human being from really knowing another human being.

I am a firm believer in phallic symbolism, and think that the sword, the staff, and the lance are quite often not really a sword, a staff, and a lance. But generally speaking this is quite all right with me. I bought Buz a shirt for his birthday that was covered all over with tiny phallic symbols. (Mundane folk might call them fleur-de-lys).

Well--I'm glad that I'm at least partly right about civilization booming where the living is easy. Did I say that? Surely I said 'culture' rather than 'civilization'. Because 'civilization' is dependent upon trade routes, with the consequent cross-fertilization of ideas. Those Polynesians that you mention had very complex cultures. The Digger Indians in California whom you mention led a peaceful life and scarcely bothered to learn

how to weave baskets (I am quoting without quote marks) doubtless led a peaceful life because their diet was too meager to encourage the development of pugnacity. I believe they were called Digger Indians because they subsisted on dug-up acorns--a horrid fate. The sun shone on them, but nature didn't. The Eskimos had a rather rich culture, and also had plenty to eat, except, when as occasionally happened, things went against them and they all starved to death. ----I looked up that old Fenden, and see I was talking about 'cultural advances'. Hoh! I MEANT cultural advances, and not civilization.

There's a connection between the Conan series and The Lord of the Rings? Elucidate.

I'm chagrined that I hadn't realized that 'Sidney Redlitch' in "Bell Book and Candle" was based on William H. Seabrook. When you point it out it's obvious enough. Incidentally, I bought his book on voodoo a couple years ago at the Orthopedic rummage sale for some very minute price. Didn't read it. Reading in an Alex King book recently I saw that the book was illustrated by good ol' Alex. So--atlonglast, I looked at the pictures, anyhow.

You don't believe in film stencil? I do. Look on page 7. The part beginning "It's now March 13th" and ending "so it didn't count" was typed without a film stencil. The rest of the zine (unless I forget again) is and will be typed with a film stencil.

"I met Buz and Elinor, but it was at the Solacon before I mattered".....I'm getting rather uncomfortable. Are you implying that we snubbed you? I surely remember doing no such thing. If you think we snubbed you SAY so; quit nattering about not mattering. All this conceited humility ill-befits a man of talent--which I actually do think you are.

I liked "The Fantasy Collectors' Song" which you appear not to, very much, and the "Neo's Soliloquy" which apparently you do, much less. Of the former, I would suggest dropping 'the' from line 8, and 'with' from line 11--but I'm not impeccable on metre, and I might be wrong. The last four lines are unquestionably perfect.

Cover was real cute idea. Whole zine much enjoyed.

Adams'

ROCK.

& I enjoyed your whde zine, illos and all, very much, too, ol' Es. Even if you didn't say anything to me.

We've heard Leslie Gerber's version of his telephone conversation with you. He said that you were . very amusing, but that unfortunately you didn't talk loud enough. I'm informing you of this in hopes you will Mend Your Ways. & louden your voice. I griped about Terry's not speaking loudly enough in my Solacon report, and when he and Miri were up here last month I could hear every word he said without hardly ever having to ask him to repeat.

I imagine that ol' Twig is probably a good teacher, because he loves his profession. I think that poor teachers are folk who don't enjoy teaching.

How many Saps does Alan Dodd correspond with? He doesn't correspond with Buz and me. We have never received a single letter from him, nor ever writter one to him.

Wells'

GIM TREE #4

What's a strawberry pot? Is it like a strawberry jar, with pockets on the sides to put plants in?

Pooh--it's all very well for you to tell Karen to send her black bean recipe in to Gourmet Magazine--but what about SAPS? We need new ideas on food more than ol' Gourmet does. Karen, send it to us TOO.

Did you get another niece or a nephew? What did Leah name him/her?

Bjo, I showed you a cover I once did for Fenden, but I didn't want your opinion of it as a work of art. I intended to say that I would be interested to see what you could do with the same idea, but when you looked at the cover, somehow I froze. Nor was the idea behind the cover apparent, probably, to any eyes but mine. Sorrow. I don't think I wanted your ~~praise~~ opinion, at any rate. SURELY I'm not that fatuous. --I did like my unicorn, tho. He was stiff, wooden, and rather ugly, and that's precisely the way I wanted him to look. Something deep inside me says that unicorns should be goaty-looking.



"It's all wrong"---only from your viewpoint, Bjo. From the outside world's view point, your countenance is very much all right. I wish you could learn to love your face, Bjo--almost everybody else does. You reckon everybody's out of step but Bjo? Pooh. --No, really, I know how you feel. You feel that your face doesn't truly represent the real you. Perhaps it doesn't represent ALL of the real you, but it must represent at least part of the real you--why scorn that part, or feel that it is less important than the part that it doesn't represent? You have a cute, harmonious face. Be happy. Look at Hedy Lamarr--look at Elizabeth Taylor. Both have beautiful faces, and are TRAPPED behind them. We unbeautiful women are really the lucky ones, after all.

"The Sheik"--a girl I used to know said that the secret ingredient of this book was that the heroine's proud will was utterly beat-down and vanquished. I can't imagine any other factor to explain the whammy this book exerts, but rather hate to believe that she's right. I guess she is, tho. Your opinion?

Rudolph Valentino--I saw him in "The Son of the Sheik" and swooned. What a man! I don't care to hear that in private life he was a simple naive domestic soul who was so near-sighted he could hardly see his hand in front of his face without glasses. On the screen--he was GLAMOUR incarnate. Masculinity incarnate, too. --By the way, did you see "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"? In the scene where Danny Kaye is imagining himself to be a Mississippi riverboat gambler he is practically the living image of Valentino. The two men have very similar features, but what different uses they put them too!

Red beards--alas, I've never seen a red beard in my entire life. I don't think I have. Alas. A light-red beard would perhaps be uninspiring, but a blood-bay beard sounds very wonderful. Would such a beard be combined with soft brown eyes like Lisa's? I'm afraid the combination might be too much for me.

You know, I did "House Beautiful" wrong. I really did. I have got all kinds of helpful hints about food from that magazine. Such as: soy sauce for beef; vegetables or pieces thereof all the same size, and cook <sup>eq</sup> in frying pan wherever possible. Gravy made with osterized crackers and water for thickening (like, heavenly). Fresh strawberries dipped in wine, then sugar. Lots of other ideas--but can't think of 'em right now.

Agree Jim Caughran was very right not to join SAPS (& a generally good kid); loved your comments to Wally Weber.

I read "Queen of the Nile" during 4th or 5th grade--juvenile about Tutankamen's sister--daughter, I believe, of Akhnaton and Nefertiti. Does that sound right? Gad, it's been a long time since I was all hot for ancient Egypt. I wonder how many juveniles there are about ancient Egypt? Pre-dynastic Egypt appears in yet another juvenile--"The Story of the Amulet" by E. Nesbit.

Hoh--it took you 45 minutes to do the greeting card you sent us? (Which we are still cherishing.) I'll bet that's hours and hours to ol' John, who. (I'll confide in you) does sometimes exaggerate just an itty, itty, bit.

Idea of stuffing pincushion with steel wool sounds most excellent. I think I'll do just that.

Whole zine much enjoyed, as always. Stop! Hold the presses! One more tip from House Beautiful: use beer instead of other liquid in chocolate cake, with 1/4 tsp. of soda. This is a particularly good tip--makes the cake more tender and digestible, esp. the type chocolate cake I make (Hi, Diane Terwilleger) which is known as Wacky Cake, Crazy Cake, End-of-the-Month Cake, or, locally, CRYday cake.

Gerber's

THE BROOKLYN BIAPAN #1

Why don't you call your zine the bubbling Brooklynite instead? Sounds heaps more like The Carolina Israelite, which you say is your model. Saw Harry Golden on the teevy a couple weeks ago. He was on The Open End with Arthur Godfrey, moderated by David Susskind (a good show, by the way). I liked Harry Golden better than Arthur Godfrey, who, I feel, is a naturally sincere person who has been projecting sincerity so thoroly for so many years that he gives an impression of utter insincerity. I did not dislike ol' Arthur tho, and will say on his behalf that he mentioned having taken up the art

of riding dressage (or dressage, don't know which) without plonkishly explaining what dressage (or dressage) is. There will be a slight pause while everybody visualizes elegantly posturizing white horses, all same like in LIFE magazine.....  
--As I was about to say, I was not real ape over Harry Golden tho because the intonations of his voice bugged me somehow. Don't know why. By the time he left to catch his train I was beginning to get used to his voice and to like him better. Tuned out shortly thereafter--Arthur Godfrey's a basically nice guy, I think--sincere and decent--but he has an inner streak of utter mundaneness. Even if he does ride dressage (or dressage).

"I think I will go to England and wear a turtle-neck sweater." sounds very Feifferish. But you can wear a turtle-neck sweater even in Brooklyn, can you not?

Pleasant zine, especially "Night at the Opera".

Greetings, Alan J. Lewis. Hope you'll have more next time.

Kemp's

SAFARI #4

Perhaps it's petty of me, but frankly, I'm not really awfully gratified at hearing that my zine is "about as appealing as yesterday's spaghetti warmed over". I like reading my zines--if you don't--TOUGH! On the other hand, in a later paragraph, you say that you consider me about as frigid as Jayne Mansfield, so it's possible you don't really dislike Fenden so much after all. Or, it's possible that you like me personally but dislike my zine. If so, I can only say that really, there's not all that difference! Pooh, say I. Why do you want to go around offending people and hurting their feelings just because you can't make them mind you? Why should we mind you?

John Berry did remember meeting you, as I remember, but not until too late (or rather, didn't remember that you were a SAPSmember until too late. Then, "Crikey, I forgot Earl Kemp!" or words to that effect. Well, it's Buz' and my fault. When John started to write descriptions of SAPS members (composing on stencil) we should have got him out a SPECTATOR, to check his memories against. But we didn't. On the other hand, it's your fault, too, Earl. If you had had more of your own material in SAFARI, John could not have forgotten even for a moment that you were a member of SAPS.

You didn't meet Rotsler in LA? Egad--he was at your party. I remember distinctly. The only time I chatted with you at Southgate was in the Chicago suite; you and I were getting a couple cups of coffee at your coffee machine. Later, I took my coffee, sat down on a bed. Cliff Gould and Boyd Raeburn were on my right, in that order, and Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs were standing up at my left, in that order. And Wm. Rotsler was sitting directly across from me on another bed. That was the most conversation like that I had with Rotsler during that convention, tho I saw him at other times. Earl, you were the host, and you SHOULD have met Rotsler. Oh sorrow.

I think this jazz about Mexicans and for that matter Canadians considering themselves Americans is very bugging. The whole purpose behind names is to identify. Canadians and Mexicans don't need the word American. We do. What could you call an American except an American, if you wanted to establish his nationality? Not an United Stater, that's for sure. Mexico is the United States of Mexico. Yankee is just slang, and has regional connotations. Nope! We NEED the word, and I feel that our neighbors to the north and south have a lot of nerve trying to chisel in.

Tosk is quite shook that you thought his letter to you snotty. It wasn't intended to be.

I used to read Nancy Drew books too. There's some real wish-fulfillment stuff in girls' series books. Nancy Drew, Betty Gordon, and I think also Ruth Fielding all have fathers or father-substitutes, but no mothers. Freudian, hey? In girls' series books mothers are as scarce as hens' teeth. Fathers are devoted and very indulgent. I remember in Nancy Drew at Larkspur Lane (where our heroine rescues some old people at an resthome who are being doped into submission) Nancy's widowed father, a prominent lawyer, has presented his sixteen-year-old (I think) daughter with a brand new car. Her old roadster, which was cornflower blue to match her eyes, has been traded in on another!



elegant black sedan. (Forgot to mention, Earl, that it turned into March 14th during the middle of the first paragraph to you. I know you don't care, but I like to keep track of these things).

Jim O'Meara

Seems as if almost every town regards itself as being THE target. Now we've established that Los Angeles does, and Chicago does. Seattle, key shipping spot to Alaska, and home of Boeing and various camps, fields, forts, etc., does too. When I was in Albuquerque in 1951 (way to hellangone in the middle of nowhere) I discovered that they consider themselves THE target too---because of Sandia, where something mysterious is or was made. (Locally rumoured to be the front ends of horses, for assemblage in Washington).

Latest news of Greg Storm: Sandy Cutrell was in town around Christmas. He had seen Greg a month or two before, and said that Greg was planning to move to San Francisco. Don't remember whether Sandy said Greg was planning to go by himself, or whether the whole troupe was going.

All your information about the organization for letting negroes into white neighborhoods on a quota basis was most, most interesting. Let us know how it works out. It does sound as if, successful, it could be a major breakthrough in race relations.

Norris'

FANTOCCINI #24

I liked this, Leslie, but don't find a great deal to say about it. Very pleasant reading, but not many hooks for comment.

Good story. #Oh it is indeed bugging when a defunct ballpoint comes to life on you. That's happened to me, too; happened to Buz once, too.

Fanzine fans vs. convention fans. Yes, fanzine fans do indeed for the most part go to every convention they can possibly manage to attend. & many many many 'convention fans' do indeed pub, write for, and subscribe to fanzines. The overlapping is so great that I wager that not more than five or six fanzine fans do not attend possible conventions, and not more than 2 or 3 hundred convention fans have no contact with fanzines. So the terms 'fanzine fan' and 'convention fan' are really quite, quite unsatisfactory. What the problem is with respect to TAFF, is that many fans, among them myself, feel that the vote of a person who knows quite a bit about all the candidates, who has had contact with all candidates via fanzines, correspondence, and perhaps even personal contact, is somehow, mystically, more valid than the vote of a person who knows nothing about any candidate except one, and perhaps not a great deal about that one.

Hickman's

BULLFROG BUGLE #8

Okay, so mailing comments have chased Dean Grennell and Ted White out of SAPS. So what? I mean no insult to Dean or Ted, but let's face facts--neither one of them is active enough to keep up a SAPS membership. It's true that they are talented fans. SAPS is not large enough to accommodate all the talented fans in fandom, and requires too much activity for any but the more active talented fans.

As always, beautiful repro and illos, and your chatter is pleasant enough where you're not telling this sad sad story about how (in essence) SAPS are putting out their zines to please themselves instead of to please you.

Bergeron's

WARHOON #6

Beautiful repro. #Your paper reminds me that the prettiest of the Huckle are blue. #You like Mondrian? I'm not indifferent to his work--I heartily dislike it. I think he's a poseur. & I have seen a Mondrian original in the Chicago Art Museum, and so know that his work loses little if anything in the translation. #I too have received a radio message from Lee Jacobs. His contact informed me that there's other means of communication besides mailing comments. Pooh, say I. #I cannot accuse myself of having ever in my entire life discussed ~~that~~ who sawed Courtney's Boat. Nor have I discussed

the origin of any species (so far as I can remember, at any rate) since about 4th or 5th grade. (For that matter, the Frankie Laine album that John found among my record collection I bought as a present for Buz, because it had 'Give me one for my baby, and one more for the road' which is a real favorite song of Buz's that he likes to sing sometimes when he gets a little tight only he couldn't remember all the words to it.)

Yes, beards are quite sexy. The reason: most women are quite incapable of growing effective beards, and so this particular difference tends to reinforce a woman's instinctive belief that there are other differences, too.

"You will just be doing your friend a disservice if you evaluate his crud as something more than that simply because he's your friend." Once a year zines are evaluated in a relatively impersonal manner for the Pillar Poll. Other than that, one is not obligated to evaluate SAPSazines at all.

"Do dogs actually smile?" I'm not sure about Nobs. Sometimes, when trying to lure one of us into a game of roughhouse on the floor, Nobby will stand --oh sort of at right angles or cater corner to the person whom he is trying to lure, and will look at that person very intently, with very bright sparkling eyes, and his neck will be held very high, and his ears will be high, and his tail will wag as fast as he can wag it. That's his closest approach to a smile. Lisa has two completely different smiles. One is her casual, ordinary smile. One speaks to her, she acknowledges by lowering her ears about half an inch and simultaneously wagging her tail. PRECISELY the effect of a smile, and I'm positive that's what she means by it. Her other smile was invented on purpose for Bjo. She did it I think twice for Bjo, and has done it about once since then. She sort of wrinkled her nose and wriggled, a sort of grimace of almost unbearable pleasure & happiness.

Morals are arbitrary in that different cultures have managed to exist with widely different sets of morals. Morals are practical in that they remove the necessity for the individual's weighing the advisability of every single action. Our culture is in a state of violent transition and upheaval, and is in the inconvenient and uncomfortable predicament of having large areas of behavior wherein morality is not clearly defined or definitely agreed upon. But that does not mean that the concept of morality is not a thoroughly practical one. Your opinion?

I suppose the reason why I thought that Leo Genn had the most interesting role in "Quo Vadis?" is that I'm a woman. I'm sorry to say that Peter Ustinov made no impression on me whatsoever, tho now that you mention him, I recollect that he was a good actor.

Your zine was much enjoyed. This is not an evaluation. I am not expressing an opinion as to whether it was an articulate, literate, thoroughly comely piece of work or crud. All I am saying is: I liked it! Welcome! (Even if you did like sneak under the fence).

Durward's

BUMP #2

I think 'Also Heard From' is a good title for your mailing comments.

Otto is not minimum activity. He has had a zine in every single mlg. of his membership to date. Not large zines, but all six pages or more. So--that's more than double minimum activity. Without engaging in research, I'd guess that Ot has put four times minimum activity into SAPS. It's Fabulous Seattle Sapdom's proudest boast that not one of us has missed a mlg. since Buz and I joined four years ago. (Knock on wood).

You want to know one good reason why Lisa appeared on FENDEN and Nobby on RETRO? Yep--I can oblige. Altho Buz and I both love each dog very much, and both dogs love each of us very much, the dogs do seem to feel that Nobby is just a little bit more Buz' dog and Lisa is just a little bit more my dog; Buz and I go along with their ideas graciously and happily.

What will happen to the Fenden when Tosk moves all his stuff out? Hah! There will be room to store my HOUSE BEAUTIFULs.

Sorry you had bad luck with your duplication, Don. Losing three pages is indeed sad. Better luck next time.



DeVore's  
COLLECTOR

Much enjoyed, Howard, and in the places where I could agree with you or disagree, I mostly agree. #Oh.....how I faunch to see those stencils that you decided not to run off! You wouldn't couldn't reconsider? Or loan them privately.....(oh wicked me, to think such an unSAppish thought).....

Share's  
IGNATZ #23

Pretty illo by you on page 3. One of the best Share nudes I've ever seen.

I agree heartily with your remarks to Art Rapp about depressions. You're right--another depression would create more problems than it might conceivably solve--and very likely the last depression was responsible for many of our problems.

Of course you're right in saying that the pension Art Rapp gets when he retires from the Army won't be enough to live on--but no doubt Art feels that at 42 he will be young enough to get another job. The pension will be a nice bit of padding (tho 'twill probably add up to no more than the salary he would have been making if he had been working up in civilian life all that time. Let's BOTH wet-blanket, shall we?)

No no no no it was Big-Hearted Howard who invented your motorcycle and black-leather jacket. I do not believe I have ever invented or discovered unto Sapdom one single piece of Sappish lore.

I agree that the West Coast has had the OEShip long enough. Oh well--we'll get it back again pretty soon, no doubt.

Glad you liked the line about Time's winged chariot....if you're not familiar with it (you don't say whether you are or not) it's from Andrew Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress', and starts out "Had we but world enough and time/ this coyness, lady, were no crime/ etc. etc. Real great. #I like Rubaiyat, too. I do not like it all the way, but I think it's pretty and touching. #Your comments about MY comments about Jesus' divinity prove conclusively that you did not read my comments carefully. Look again. #Hah! That's three of us female SAPS, who all agree that 'The Sheik' is a poor book but delightful reading. #I didn't at all mind Harry Warner's not joining SAPS--I never even thought of his doing so even--I mean, FAPA and general fandom alone impose much (no--impose isn't the right word) take much work to maintain his level of activity, and I certainly would not wish him to lower his level of activity in Fapa and general fandom. I just thought that he was very naughtily allowing himself to have opinions about SAPS without sufficient data, and I was (as I sometimes am) quite wrong. #Believe that they've just recently discovered that human beings (except Mongoloids) have 46 chromosomes, not 48. #I like Bill Danner too, but enjoy the mimeoed LARK much more than the printed STEFANTASY. #Marie-Louise's story interesting.

Your repro is much better than usual, Nancy. Only one page really slaunchwise, and most of 'em impeccable.

Coslet's  
BIBLE COLLECTOR #3

John's story cute. #Buz woke me up one night talking in his sleep. "Are you reading?" he asked in a loud, angry tone of voice. I asked him if he was awake, and he said he wasn't, so we both went back to sleep. #I've reconsidered--and decided that many of my dreams are quite happy, or at least interested and amused. #Wally Weber is, if I remember correctly, 6'2-1/2". I said that Berry was in the neighborhood of 6' give or take an inch or two. I wasn't committing my ability to guess heights to a very narrow range. Actually, I would guess John to be a fraction under six feet. #Indoor spiders--it's no good to put them outdoors, because they don't live outdoors, they live indoors. They'll just come right back in, one way or another. I don't care to share my house with a lot of spiders, because they just unnerve Buz and make webs all over and underline the fact that I hadn't swept my ceilings lately. #Yes, of course you're right. Drama before novels, indeed. (Esoteric comment, for Coswal's eyes.) #Much interested in description of Higgs. #Do feel that you are entitled to sell SAPS surplus stock for yourself. Nobody wanted it for years and years, and it was taking up

your space. #Enjoyed your zine as always, of late.

It's now March 15th. Like, March marches on. & now I've come to....

Rapp's

SPACEWARP #65

Cute cover. #Ingenious story. #I am against requiring 6 pp of mailing comment per 6 months. Personal-type chatter is equivalent to mc's in many instances. #I'd not only rather see 6 pp of cruddy mc's than of cruddy fanfiction--I'd rather see 6 pp of cruddy mc's than 6 pp of good fanfiction. I'll admit, tho, that I'd rather see 6 pp of good mc's.

Your being biased against FAPA because of a few remarks made by a few Fapans several years ago surprises me. I thought you made rather a fetish of being Mature. I guess I was mistaken. I, too, would have disapproved of your obitting a non-Fapan killed in action in Korea in the official organ. The correct place for such would have been in your own zine, or, if you as is no doubt the case were not publishing, surely you could have asked almost any Fapan to insert your message in his zine. Most people are very willing to publish material for those whom they imagine to be friends of theirs. On the other hand, I certainly would have disapproved of your being jumped on even more strongly. Although I don't think you were right, I don't think the people who jumped on you were right, either. The thought occurs to me that perhaps, especially since you yourself were in Korea, some members may have felt that you were, implicitly, reproaching them for being safe at home. Another thing--most Americans intensely resented the Korean war, and disliked being reminded of it in any way.

I have a sister with six children, too. # "By Love Possessed"--egad--it's notorious? I didn't know. The only actual love scene in the book is between a happily married couple. --I like the book immensely too. A rich and thoroly satisfying story.

Is Wolfe like Sherwood Anderson? From the few paragraphs I've read of Wolfe, I would not have thought it. Sherwood Anderson, by the way, reminds me quite a lot of D. H. Lawrence.

The speech by Major Mayer was certainly intensely interesting and thought-provoking. The communists certainly have How To Brainwash Americans down pat--and, certainly, their doing so calls attention to grave flaws in the American W.O.L. (Gad, 'certainly' three times in two sentences. Why don't I rough-draft?) But I feel that the Americans made so much a worse showing than the Turks because the Turks approve of war, and Americans are brought up to hate and fear war--and the Korean War was perhaps the most unpopular war Americans have ever been in. I think many Americans were at least as angry at the people who got us into the war as they were at the North Koreans.

Toskey's

FLABBERGASTING #13

Toskey, it's true that the characters in the novel I loaned you, "Gryll Grange", by Peacock, are not the most life-like. After reading the book you loaned me, "Eugene Pelham", by Bulwer-Lytton, I thought you preferred books which did not have life-like characters. The two books are really quite similar.

"Kittens are the easiest kind of animal to housebreak in existence--" True, for the most part. Kittens are either the easiest animals to housebreak, or the most impossible. & the few unhousebreakable cats either show great ingenuity in creeping into the most completely inaccessible spot in the house to excrete (such as behind the tub) or great pride and determination in doing so right in the middle of somebody's bed.

There are twenty or thirty places in this zine, Tosk, where I disagree with you very heartily. I'm not planning to discuss them with you. You take everything and everybody at face value, including yourself. (A remark which you will doubtless categorize 'would-be superior'. Tough!) Let's get some brand-new subjects to argue about, huh, Toskey? What say you to tomatoes vs. squash? Like, tomatoes are incontrovertibly the finest vegetable one can grow in one's garden. No one but an idiot or a Toskey would even consider growing squash.....



Much time has gone by, and it is now April 5th. Ooog....I much finish this thing off, as quickly as can be.

But before I go on thru various other zines, I have a few more words for folk already chatted to: Bjo--I've thought of another valued tip from House Beautiful. Scrub vegetables such as potatoes and carrots with stainless steel sponges. It's really efficient, and steel sponges are cheap and last a long time. Earl--I've decided that "appetizing as warmed-over spaghetti" is a very touching and wonderful compliment. Thank you. A couple weeks ago Buz and I were at Jim Webbert's apartment. As we were leaving, Jim said he was planning to drop by and see us the following afternoon. I said not a word, but turned on my heel and walked away. We had seen Jim Webbert for two days in a row then, and I felt that three days in a row would not be entirely pleasing. But I awoke the next morning in a most cheerful and gregarious mood, and thought well, good ol' Jim Webbert said he'd drop by, I shall make spaghetti so that there will be plenty of food and I can ask him to eat with us, and I shall make great quantities of spaghetti because Jim Webbert is a fierce man with a plate of spaghetti. & I did, and Jim Webbert didn't stop by after all, and we had a great amount of spaghetti left over (American style--the sauce mixed in with the paste) which I stored in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. A couple days later a couple dropped by whom we hadn't seen for about 18 mos. to a year. Buz and I were going to have a chuck steak which had been simmering away in the electric skillet for a couple hours, but it wouldn't stretch for four. But I remembered the left-over spaghetti, and asked them to stay for pot-luck. I cut the steak into four narrow strips, warmed up the spaghetti in the juice from the steak and a can of tomato sauce, and we had peas and carrots and home-made bread. It was the best spaghetti I ever tasted in my whole life! (If I do say so who shouldn't.) It was really better warmed-over than it had been fresh. --The couple I have mentioned before in my SAPSazine. They used to get on very badly, but I was most happy to see that they are much better attuned to one another now. The wife not only did not have a black eye, but both seemed more companionable and cheerful than they've been in years.

Lichtman's

HERE THERE BE SAPS #2

Well--it's now April 6th--& the news of the day is that I went to the dentist this morning (first time in two years) & he couldn't find anything wrong. Like, frabjous!

Your theory that the negro is the youngest of the races is similar to one that I developed in grade school (I'm not meaning to upstage, just pointing out that Great, tho Uninformed, Minds tend to think alike). I believe the consensus is still what it was when I was in school: that all varieties of modern man have a common origin, and, hence, are precisely the same age. Grimaldi Man (is that the name?), a variety of Cro Magnon Man, showed some negroid characteristics, tho of course fossil remains give no clues as to cartilage or skin colour. Ol' Grimaldi was found in Italy, and was co-existent with other early Modern Man. --Actually, the Negro is in some respects furthest from the ape: the broadness of nose and lips, length of leg, and kinkiness of hair, are all most unapelike. The white man is much more apelike--it's a well-known fact that the Caucasoid race has more hair on the body and less on the head than any other race.

We pay about \$2.75 a quire for Gestencils. Is this cheap or expensive? We pay about \$1.35 - \$1.45 a ream for paper, in 10 ream lots. I know that's cheap.

Buz almost never watches TV. He used to watch Alex King faithfully during the Good Old Days, and often, tho not always, Henry Morgan. Apart from that he's watched one old movie, and comes in occasionally to see if anything interesting is being said while I'm watching Open End. & that's just about all. --No, we don't watch Twilight Zone. Oddly enough, the only time I even started to watch it was the story you tell about, but I could see it was going to be grim, so I tuned out. Aren't I a square, tho? I don't like grim stuff. When I was a kid I listened to Arch Oboler on the radio just about once, or maybe twice. My sister listened, <sup>regularly</sup> but I'd leave the room. She'd listen to Inner Sanctum, and The Whistler, and I couldn't stand any of those programs. She was eventually converted to the Pentecostal Church, so it just goes to show. What it goes to show, I couldn't say. I went to church with her once in Fresno, where she's lived for many years.

&

there was a brass band that played a few pieces; also, while someone prayed out loud (I forget whether it was the minister or a member of the congregation) various folk would ejaculate from time to time 'hallelujah' or 'amen' or 'you said it, brother' and like that. To me it seemed infinitely exotic and foreign, much more so than Catholic churches in Mexico where Indian women stood or sat on the floor, suckling their babies.

If length of membership is to be the Criterion to determine SAPS' Grand Old Man, it must be Coslet. He's our only charter member. But Wrai has done more to mould the SAPS I know and love than any other member.

History of SAPS stuff is pretty interesting.

I'm opposed to the idea of a Best of Saps anthology. Presumably you don't plan to include mailing comments, and they are the most SAPpish thing in SAPS. Stories and articles! Pooh! I wouldn't care in the slightest if mailing after mailing went by with not a single story or article!

Cute ATom cover, and cuter Nirenberg bacover. Curious coincidence--you and I chose the same non-SAP artists for the same mailing.

Lemarr's

NEMATODE #5

Liked your talk of your new town. #I liked Karen's Fine Line, but it didn't occur to me to mention it. Isn't it rather insulting to call attention to everything you like in a zine? In a way? Like, if you like very many things, your comments could get a bit monotonous, and if you don't..... Oh well. #Your scientology spoof is in some respects apter than you know unless you know scientologists. Perhaps you do. (I except present company, of course.) --Would venture to suggest, tho, that most SAPS believe in the existence of telepathy, and at least half a dozen have had some experience thereof. #Cottrell is indeed magnificently horrible. But what can one do with a friend named Lester P. Schroeder, Jr.? Alfred Lord Tennyson would be hard put to bring music around such a name, but Tennyson wouldn't try. He'd transmute the name to something else, or leave it out.

Tale about painting the ceiling is very delightful. This sort of thing is always most acceptable, even if it isn't mailing comments.

Eney's

SPY RAY OF SAPS

Real cute cover. #Caliban for Buz? Ah, but you mean Buz' home brew is celestial liquor--all right. Did you see Tempest on the teevy? I did--'twas wonderful. I nominate Maurice Evans for Gandalf (perhaps he's already picked--I'll not look it up right now). #I don't recognize most of your quotes--the more shame mine. I think the one for Vonset is from Midsummer Night's Dream, and the one for Ignatz from All's Well that Ends Well, but wouldn't swear to either. Is the S--- quote from Hamlet? #A cockatiel is a kind of parakeet--about three times (or maybe two times) the size of a budgerigar, and is grey with white bordered wings, a yellow crest, shading greyish toward the tips, a yellow face and chin with orange ear coverts. Real pretty, in a fairly subdued way. #If you have big soft brown eyes like Lisa, you have big soft brown eyes like Lisa. Nobby doesn't have big soft brown eyes; he has almond-shaped bright sparkling brown eyes. #Trouble with regular cookbooks is that the recipes are usually planned for six people. Four, at the least. However, a hungry bachelor could buy a cookbook entitled "Cooking for Two" and split all the recipes in half. That wouldn't be so bad. Actually, tho people don't cook much for just themselves. Not even women. When I was single I would have broiled lamb chops or hamburger almost every day.

Your story contains much much egoboo for Buz and I, for which much or rather many thanks. Quite unrealistic, tho. Tosk was not in the least annoyed with GM for her attack on Buz and me. #We didn't get around to filling out your ballot, Dick. Will say, tho, that Buz and I are both Republican, and are probably for Nixon--certainly not Rockefeller, after he wanted to force the people in his state to put in bomb shelters at their own expense. Bomb shelters! As well build tents.



Pelz'

SPELEOBEM #6

Cute quote cover (also photo cover). #I surely wish you'd been able to come to Seattle, Bruce. But no doubt it worked out much better for you in LA..... Oh sorrow. Oh well. If you'd come to Seattle and got a job here you could have Taken Over the Cry, which would have been very nice for us, but on other hand, coming from Tampa the Seattle climate would probably have grotched you no end.

I'll never take a long drive with a group of fans--never never never. If they sing and make jokes I'd be carsick every mile of the way. I like large quantities of peace & tranquillity and serene-observation-of-scenery when I travel. --I'm not nearly as bad as I used to be in that respect, tho. When we went down to Longview to see Bjo&Djinn in the hospital Ron Ellik and Bill Ellern went with us, and we-all chattered all the way down and back and I didn't get sick at all. Not carsick, at any rate.

How would I explain six characters asleep on the living room floor, etc.? "Friends from out of town." Period.

I loathe the soubriquet "Dirty Gertie". It doesn't do her any harm--it's all grist to her mill--egoboo, so far as she's concerned--but I think it does harm the people who use it.

All in all, much enjoyed, and all the pics are wonderful indeed.

Terwilleger's

SAPLING #3

Buz and I bought a lot of Oz books from Mark Walsted lately, and have been reading some of them. I think Baum must have been a bit fouled up on sex. On two that we borrowed from Mark, "The Enchanted Island of Yew" and "John Dough and the Cherub" there seem to be indications. In the first of these, a girl fairy decides to become a human for a year, and becomes a knight, or rather, Prince. In the second, the incubator baby, Chick, is consistently referred to as 'it', and at the very end of the book it's said that histories never mentioned whether John Dough's chief counsellor (the incubator baby) was a man or a woman. And in "The Land of Oz" Tip is a boy until the end of the book, when he turns into the Princess Ozma. All this reversibility and ambiguity of sex no doubt helped to ensure Baum's popularity, tho. Buz has pointed out to me that in the days when Baum wrote girls resented boys because boys had so much more freedom than the girls had; conversely, boys resented girls because they were taught to give way and defer to girls in every possible way (probably by mothers who resented the fact that men had more freedom). There's still a certain amount of that, but boys and girls and boys are treated much more similarly than they used to be..... and a good thing, too. At any rate, Baum's books tended to remind children that both boys and girls are human (if they are human, and not tin woodmen or scarecrows) and this was a good thing, and now I think that perhaps Baum was not fouled up on sex after all, but was merely expressing his deeply felt and very sensible belief that men and women are both human in parable form.

I'm glad you're liking poetry more these days. When I was in high school they started us out on "The Highwayman", and I think we took turns reading stanzas out loud. It's not the greatest poetry, but it has so much rhythm it's acceptable to almost everyone. Also "The Raven".

Immensely pleased and fantisted that it was the disagreement with Ted White that did you so much good. Egad! Let's hope that Bitter Ol' Ted White NEVER becomes Sweetness-&-Light Ted White.

I am sure that all biapans have one apa that they tend to favor. But I think this is perfectly okay. The members of the apa not favored--oh pooh--I began this sentence wrong side out. What I mean is, if a person does a decent job in two or more apas, no one should complain if he does a decenter job in one apa than in the others.

You and Diane will indeed be seeing Buz and me at the Boycon. We're really looking forward to it.

Next zine is OUTSIDERS, and I'm not about to start it this late at night or this low on the page. See you tomorrow, Wrai.

April 7th, and a very glorious April 7th indeed. I dug up my vegetable patch (high time) wearing shorts and halter; in late afternoon it was still warm enough for Buz and I to enjoy a vodka gimlet outdoors. Put off digging my garden hoping someone would knock on my door & ask to do it for me--but not this year.

Ballard's

OUTSIDERS #38

Reprinted story, code of honor cute. Rundown on reasons for SAPS' rules (reprinted from 1954) most interesting. There's been just one change since then--six pp now has to be the member's work, whereas before it was just considered most suitable that six pp minimum be the member's work. Of course, Eney could change that if he wanted to, but I hope he won't.

The Tiny Acorn --history of the 13th mlg--was especially interesting to me in that I read the 13th mlg. just about a month ago. So I can state with knowledge that your rundown was just as well as interesting. #I remember your reprints from Songs & Snatches from when Buz and I first entered SAPS, and I remember why you stopped using that title. Still good.

I expect you will get your OO's back even the third time, eventually. I have great hopes for good ol' John Davis. #Very good comments on Indians. #If I were to bleach my hair I wouldn't have to be an honorary blonde. (Tho the proposed honor makest my heart to sing.) Did you know I had blonde hair for a couple years once? It was very becoming, too.

I am not sure whether I am in favor of charging wait/listers for the privilege of being on the wait/list or not. If we charged 'em 50¢ to get on the list, before we could turn around we'd have 87 people on the waiting list, and no one would ever drop out again. The harder we make it to get into SAPS, the more difficult to stay in SAPS, the more <sup>outsiders</sup> want to get in and the less <sup>insiders</sup> want to drop out.

This Fred Balsam who looks like Wally Weber has a similar personality? Gad. I think most people who look like other people have similar personalities. Unfortunately one doesn't meet people who look like other people often enough to do really scientific research on the matter.

I too was shocked, I believe, when I heard of Halliburton's being missing. Except that the edge was dulled in that I was sure he'd come out of it alive with another good story to tell, and by the time I realized he wasn't coming out alive it was all a long long time ago. Same with Kent Moomaw's suicide. By the time I was positive it wasn't a hoax, it was old old news. I'll admit, tho, that I missed Kent Moomaw a helluva lot more than I did ol' Halliburton, despite the fact that I enjoyed the latter's writings more. #Do indeed remember his friend on the Matterhorn.

I guess everybody changes with SAPS and vice-versa. It's not only dangerous to say you like SAPS as it is, it's probably also dangerous ever to like SAPS too much as it is. Because then any changes in SAPS will leave one feeling a bit forlorn, and an organization that doesn't keep changing dies.

I don't have anything against boy blonds at all. No sir! Three of the fans I like best are blond. But I am much more likely to imagine fans I haven't met to be dark than fair. Might be partly because there are many more dark than fair men in the world.

If you're going to the same convention Danner does you may as well plan to spend a couple hours at the Pittcon. & on that cheerful, hopeful note I will leave you and also leave April 7th.

Gad--here it is April 11th of a sudden--if I don't quit goofing off I'll never be done by deadline. Ooooooog;.....

Pelz'

SPELEOBEM 6.5

Cover much appreciated--horrid pic of me, tho. I'm not that awful-looking, I hope. Good of Ed Cox and Buz. I have a much better pic of Lee Jacobs than that--you've seen it. Why didn't you pound on me to send you a copy? Cute pics of Don Durward and Rich Brown. Real terrific pic of Bjo. Good pic of Terry (but he always photographs well).



I don't remember any talk about Don Blanding in SAPS--but I do remember some correspondence with you personally about Don Blanding.

Pooh--I admit in FENDEN 14 that Seattle's overcast skies are a contributory factor in Seattle's high suicide rate. I never thought that you, Bruce, would comment without reading.

Your surmise is correct--the Busby dogs are indeed a bit on the temperamental side. Lisa displays temperament only in that if she has to go potty in the middle of the night she doesn't see the need to wait until morning. Also, if she doesn't want to go for a walk, she won't go. One can't make her. In fact, now that I come to think of it, it's hardly possible to make her do anything she doesn't want to do. She has a remarkable talent for passive resistance. Nobby, on the other hand, is temperamental in a more aggressive manner. He gets his feelings hurt quite easily. Like, a few weeks ago Jim Webbert was over and, in playing with Nobby, inadvertently stuck a finger or two in Nobby's sensitive little armpits. Nobby growled fiercely, and then, overcome with remorse at having been rude to a guest in his house, he hopped off the sofa and sat up in front of Jim, begging forgiveness. Jim considered him rather thoughtfully for a minute or two, but then all was well again.

I like my interpretation of Metzger's cover much better than Metzger's interpretation. To each his own, like.

Am I right in believing that Toskey's megalomania would never have caused hard feelings had he never been elected OE? Actually, it's basically Tosk's idea of humor. It's a gimmick. A peg for jests. Sort of like Es Adams, only without the light touch. Tosk started out in fandom as a miserable little megalomaniac neofan, and remained a megalomaniac neofan for about seven or eight years (I forget how long, and it's a matter of opinion, perhaps, as to when he ceased to be a neofan). & as long as he was a neofan, puttering around with the neofannish CRY, submitting stories to prozines, and then putting forth neoSAPPISH (altho very excellent) SAPSazines, nobody minded how megalomaniac he was. Alas! When he became Ghod (i.e., O.E.) his ploy became unemployant. --I think Toskey has exactly the same personality in print as in person, but that's because I can tell when he's kidding, in print, better than people can who do not know him so well. --The worse thing about Toskey's megalomania, as a ploy, is that it's a dramatization of a facet of his character that he doesn't consciously accept. Tosk does indeed have all kinds of feelings of superiority and inferiority.

Seemingly Pointless Story is obviously Gondoliers. Like, really pointless.

Questions at bottom of page 28 most pointed. Suspect that Jack Harness is no longer able to enjoy SAPS--that SAPS has lost its savor for him. These things happen. Very likely he'll feel differently about SAPS in another year or two. I imagine that with all of us, our enthusiasm for SAPS waxes and wanes. Some of us hang on thru the dry spells; others don't. But it's childish to assume that because one's enthusiasm is waning SAPS is at fault. Earl Kemp is a fan of a different choler: Jack did at one time like SAPS--I don't think Earl ever has. Perhaps he joined SAPS thinking that he and Lynn Hickman, together, could remodel SAPS. Perhaps they will be able to. Who knows?

Doreen's  
PORQUE! #4

Egad--a whole year! No, it seems a very short period of time, O semi-SAP.

Lovely li'l drawings. I like the marine motif. What's a geode, and what are they good for?

Elinor -- from the goddess of weaving? Where'd you get name-meanings? I've never heard that one. It's quite appropriate for me, tho--I don't weave, but I do knit, which is somewhat similar. (Fashion note: I am presently wearing a peacock blue hand-knit-by-me orlon blouse, peacock, grey and olive plaid pleated skirt, and camel-color sandals.)

When I was a kid my ambition (one of 'em) used to be to have a hose-wash-outable house. By the sea. You know, that does still sound pretty good. I don't mind ironing if I have someone to talk to, or a good program to watch on the teevy. I've been watching Open End quite regularly (tho yesterday it bored me, and I tuned out after the first half hour. The panel was all Socialists, I think. If he'd had some good ol' Republicans on too I might have stuck around awhile. --Tho under no circumstances is politics my

idea of mad fun.

"La letrina en mi sala no funciona." Phrases from you & Robert Lee both. Good. Let's hope that when and if the need arises again I'll be able to remember one or both.

Doreen is not a common name in Fla? It's very -- well, fairly -- common around here. I don't know how many Doreens I've known--just the one at all well. Real cute gal: lively, humorous-artist, given to Spinning Tales. Short, slim, black hair, sharp features (rather distinguished), bright blue eyes. Married a man named Salmon, and named their son Sam. Everybody shrieked with anguish at the thought of naming an innocent infant Sam Salmon. To no avail. Last I heard, she was living in Glendale. We're completely out of contact now. Too bad--but one doesn't stay in contact with all the people one likes.

Is your robe of white with pink, yellow, blue and green stripes chenille? Plaid?

Your new Valiant sounds wonderful--we almost got a Valiant, you know. But we dearly love and dote on our new Lark, and do not regret the Valiant we didn't get at all now. Our Lark is Cardinal red (a rich crimson), with black vinyl upholstery. Separate, reclining front seats, straightstick with overdrive, hillholder, etc. No radio--neither Buz nor I care for 'em.

The reason why the Jews have always been persecuted is that they have always retained their own culture. Driven out of their own country, living in other people's countries, they have maintained their own religion, and hence their own customs, to a remarkable extent; whereas most folk, in a foreign country, become assimilated in a generation or two. Become indistinguishable from anybody else, and so essentially non-persecutable.

The reason why a smaller screen on TV has a better picture is because all screens I mean all pictures, no matter how large or how small, have exactly the same number of lines, and the lines being closer together makes a sharper clearer picture. Some places in the world the teevy has more lines than in USA, and hence brighter sharper pictures. In some places (but I don't know where) the teevy has fewer lines, and worse pictures.

How would you define a modern convenience? You can't ask us which modern convenience means the most to us without telling us what you mean by a modern convenience. Electrical? Mechanical? Or, like the paper bag or various other such products?

Well--we'll be looking forward to seeing you here this summer, gal. Don't poop out on us, now.

Anderson's

hmmmm.....it's really ZED #792, isn't it?

Doheug's pretty cute. I think drawing #3 might have come out better if you'd drawn him in profile--I couldn't figure out at first what he was doing. & I really doubt if he could drink from a cup with his head in that position. I know I couldn't. #I am glad I am not the only person in SAPS with occasional feelings of copelessness.

& Happy 4th of July to you!

Lee's

THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST #8

Of course Jesus objected to adultery. In fact, He not only objected to adulterous acts, but even to adulterous thoughts. He didn't want folk stoned to death for committing adultery, but that doesn't mean that he didn't object to it. He didn't say go and commit some more adultery, He said go and sin no more.

I think that viscera protruding and guts hanging out are equally shocking, and I wish you would put them back in.

It's now April 12. Time hastens by.....

Firestone's

BRONC #15

We were sorry to hear of the death of your friend. It's painful to lose a friend in any way--but death is the most final.

Who is the "certain so-called-bnf" that you are going "to slug ...right on his beaky nose"?



"It is high time faans STOPPED their worship of bnfs..." Who worships bnfs? You speak of Harry Warner. I don't worship Harry Warner, but I think he's a very nice, very intelligent, very friendly and amiable person. So I like him. I value his good opinion, for myself, and for aspects of fandom that are important to me. What's wrong with that?

I agree that "Ossian's Ride" is not nearly as good as "The Black Cloud". "The Black Cloud" was amateurishly written, but was intensely interesting. It was like old-time stf--it had Sense of Wonder. Hoyle's second book is more modern--a gimmick story.

By "purple-passagy" I mean to imply that the author fell in love with the sound of his own voice--was stringing words together in a self-conscious and conceited manner. Other people may well mean quite other things by that phrase. I do not always find ornate or mannered writing offensive, and am not quite sure of why I sometimes do and sometimes don't.

With respect to my projected play "Fan and Superfan" (which I assure you I shall never write) there would be no connection at all between biology, FAPA, and the N3F. In the interpolated playlet in "Man and Superman" there was no connection at all between it and the actual play. It was merely a similar theme.

Lisa likes potato peelings. One day I was peeling potatoes--she came up and requested her share. "Dogs don't eat potato peelings," I told her. She stood there, looking at me urgently. I gave her a handful of potato peelings, just to prove to her that dogs don't eat them, and she proved to me that they do so.

I don't really know any collies, and never have. Why was I running off at the mouth about collies? Pooh to me. #I agree that airedales are brilliant. I remember one when I was a child, who always looked both ways before he crossed the street. Mother always used Billy as an example to us.... "Do like Billy does--look both ways before you cross the street!"

"It is a tragedy seeing so many intelligent young minds forced to manual labor..." It may be a tragedy for the individual, but it's a safety factor for the race. If all the intelligent minds rose to the top, think how easily they could be skimmed. I don't think it is always a tragedy for the individual, even.

Toskey's house is large for one person, but is not large as houses go. It's larger than the Busby house, but that's not saying much. Tosk's dad says that the house would cost about half what Toskey paid for it in Tacoma, where real estate is considerably cheaper than it is in Seattle. Perhaps that would depend upon what part of Tacoma, tho. Tosk's house is in a good part of Seattle.

Your ideas on maturity are interesting, and warrant more discussion. Do you think that all gossip is bad, and if so, how do you define gossip? My feeling is that only irresponsible and ill-natured gossip is really bad, but this opinion might readily be changed. Buz and I discuss people quite a lot: talk about the strange things people do, and ask ourselves why. We are both intensely interested in cause & effect. #Is breaking a promise always wrong--always a sign of immaturity? It seems wrong to me--any time I break a promise I feel very unhappy about it. But to be able to change one's mind is a sign of flexibility, which is good. If you say "I am going to vote for you" (as a person or as a consite) are you making a promise, the breaking of which is bad faith, or are you making a possibly fallible prediction? I don't know. #Over-eating is a real problem with me. I have gained 15 lbs. in the last two years, and am worried about it. It's so easy to say "Eat less" and so hard to do it!

Buz and I do not believe in being very polite to magazine salesmen. They inform us that they are going thru the neighborhood getting votes, and we inform them that we don't want to subscribe to any magazines, and they say they didn't say they were selling magazine subscriptions the while we are kindly, gently but firmly closing the door in their faces.

I do not like Chester. Perhaps it is rude of me to say so, when you are so fond of him--so be it. To me it seems that he makes very trite, cliché type remarks in a very sententious manner, as if he thought he were striking out some Brand New Truth. I do like the hero, tho, Matt Dillon. James Arness reminds me of Terry Carr.

I too must wash my hands after petting a cat (or dog, for that matter). But I like petting cats and do not object to washing my hands. I find the way a cat will arrange itself against one's hand sensuously very appealing.

Seth Johnson mentions an Alberta Leek. I used to know a girl named Alberta, and I do not remember her last name, but it might very well have been Leek. She would be in her middle to late thirties, and was born in India of missionary parents. Her parents were Methodist, most probably, or some similar denomination, but she herself was either Quaker or Unitarian, I'm not sure which. But, now that I think of it, this Alberta Leek is probably a Mrs. Leek who had a letter in PLANET a long time ago. Oh well.

Berry's

POT POURRI #10

Good zine--pretty and interesting, but not too commentable.

Tell me about your TV setup. Now that you have independent TV, do you have BBC too? Or is it in place of? Did you have to pay for BBC, and if so, how much? Independent is paid for by advertising, no doubt, like American TV? Right now we're having as for some time controversy re pay tv vs. our present system of advertising-supported tv. I read a letter in the newspaper the other night--some gal just came back from Germany and said she was so glad to get back to the land of the free--television, that is. Said in Germany they paid \$5 every month for their television. Egad..... On the other hand, the pay TV that John Crosby, tv critic seems keen on would involve the payment of a sum of money like 5¢, 10¢, 50¢ for every program, and that to me seems worse. One would have to keep change on hand, and would have to be in the mood to spend money if one wanted to turn the TV on for just a few minutes to watch while one was doing a bit of ironing..... On the other hand, advt. sponsored TV is a drag in that the advertisements themselves are bugging and the sponsors insist on having programs that will attract the largest number of people, instead of catering more to all tastes. Tho, actually, I can't think of anything I'd want to watch that I can't --except Alex King, Henry Morgan, and Sam Levenson. Actually, I don't have much time for tv anyhow. Even if there's something good on, I won't leave an interesting book, fanzine, or other amusement to go watch it. #Reminds me, some years ago a neighbor advised me to get a teevy. "You'll love it!" she said. "It makes the time go so fast!" She repeated this idea over and over..."It makes the day go so quickly!" "Before you know it, the day's all over with.." Gave me the creeps. Why does she want the time to pass? What is she waiting for? Death? I suppose so.

FANMARK Greeting Cards still much enjoyed. They wear well. Liked every one, but especially enjoyed "Welcome to the Elite of Fandom", with the expletives inside, "Last week I called you a stupid, illiterate bastard..." "You call Mr. Garrett by his first name", and "I am going to pub...." --shades of Sick Elephant! Hmmm....guess the card for Les Nirenberg is one of the very best, too.

Hayes'

MHO & DJEE #3

Yesterday the man at the homebrew store gave me a start of brewers' yeast. Says this culture is 40 years old. The man says it makes the best beer in the world, and the clearest, and no gelatin required with it. Should be interesting. Watch this space.

What do you mean--"pseudo-feuding" re TAFF elections? You mean any time feuders don't use lethal weapons it's not the real thing? Well--perhaps you're right.

You are bitching because evil ol' OE Toskey charged poor innocent li'l SAPS member Toskey \$5 for distributing THRILLING GREEN? You're quite wrong, Art. OE Toskey had nothing whatsoever to do with that particular financial transaction. It was innocent little member Toskey's own, very very own idea. & let me assure you, Art, that in this particular organization any member has a perfect right to give as much of his own money to the treasury as he happens to wish to.

Karen & Djinn

EARTH WOMEN'S BURDEN

Real jolly fine chatter. #Karen, I like your milne parody. Very nice. #Liked Poul's stanza: "I dreamed I saw Sam Hall last night...." Very neat. #Liked Doheug.