

R E T R O 2 4 combined with Fendenizen 2 4

S A P S 5 9

A P R I L ' 6 2

F. M. & Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattl 99

No matter what the page-numbers may say (and even if I can't spell 'Seattle' after living here nearly 15 years) the staples to your immediate and lower left are holding 9 pages of RETRO and 5 pages of FENDEN-- first time the two zines have been stuck together since Mailing 37 when Retro/Fenden appeared for the 2nd and last time as a Doubleback. There's no particular reason for it this time, except maybe that one skinny issue is easier to handle, than two. Don't thank me, Bruce [send money!]

This page, and Wally's leadoff page for the Pillar Poll results, serve to SAPS-- christen this our fascinating new typer-- an IBM Selectric with the quick-change typefaces in the liddul golfballs: four of which are on hand at the moment [though only one of them has been actually bought and paid for] and were used in the heading. This will/would be fine for inserting comments in a lettercol or switching back and forth from one writer to another in oneshots and the like. On this page, however, a change in typeface means only that I am playing around with our new toy.

My MCs were stenciled so long ago that I've forgotten what the Burning Issues of the mailing (if any) were. So if I am unsuitably mild or bland or civil here on this page, forgive me; it's hard to stay in character ALL the time.

Right here I was planning to stake Artless Artwork to a comeback, but the picture is too complicated for this time of night so you will just have to visualize it 100% for yourself. Anyhow, there is this bus in Mississippi or some such place: the rear seats are filled with Negroes; in the front half, the seats have been taken out and the roof removed. So these two white fellas are standing up front in the rain, and one says to the other "Yeh, the new management turned out to be a front for the NAACP!"

I guess you could call this MODERN Artless Artwork-- nonrepresentational. Just remember: you saw it FIRST in SAPS! [Heckuva thing to do to a harmless li'l apa...]

Although both large type like this and smaller type like this can be used interchangeably on this machine, the spacing is constant and invariable-- 12 to the inch as on this particular machine, or 10 to the inch, but not both. I suppose a gearshift option of some sort will be offered on later models, just to frustrate early buyers.

Elinor digs this Script type quite strongly. I think it's fairl striking, also-- but Scotty Tapscott says I had better lay off it, so as not to give a wong impression! O all wight-- I mean, all RIGHT! Now I'm almost afraid to mention the blue keyboard...

Locally the Big Stink is apartment-owners who got temporary permits to rent at transient rates during the World's Fair this summer; about twenty of 'em immediately began evicting their longtime tenants in favor of the Fast Buck, and from the hadlines you'd think at least 20,000 people were sleeping in the streets. The city passes the buck to the state, and our lovable governor Good Ol' Uncle Al Rosellini says he can't do a thing about the gouging but proposes that the state spend \$100,000 in a nationwide advertising campaign to "counteract" [meaning "whitewash"] the adverse publicity. My first thought was that after all this isn't the first World's Fair in history, so why not drop a postcard to previous ~~ConCommittees~~ folks who have been through the mill, for advice. But on second thought, the advice would probably be much of a piece with Uncle Al's, or simply "Can't you handle your own newspapers??" It gives to think, yes.

I don't know if I've mentioned our new [since SeaCon] local tavern. Aside from the nice new building and furnishings, its jukebox is a thing of beauty and a joy for reasonable lengths of time-- lots of jazz (including blues, trad, modern, & Dixie), & hardly any R&R or other current stuff of the glop variety. At any rate, that's where I first heard the number to which I am buttoning up this page: Kenny Ball's "Midnight in Moscow", truly Music to Cut Stencils By. ## OK, gang; you're on your own from here...

SAPSmailing 58 April 1962
F. M. Busby, 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, Wash.

It's a bright sunny day, warm enough so that we can and do have front and back doors open to air the joint out. Beverage at the moment, a dry sherry...

The King is Dead! Long Live the King! Coswal's sneaky unheralded defection breaks his "perfect" string of mailing-appearances at 57. So in Mailing 75, for July 1966, Wrai can appear for the 58th consecutive time and assume the crown without qualification; right now, he just has the longest "live" string... Sad to see ol' Cos finally make it in his recurrent attempts to gaffate, though.

"But who had any poetry?" Elinor and I filled out our Pillar Poll ballots today; as usual we are vaguely dissatisfied with our completed ballots, feeling that it is inevitable that we have overlooked entries deserving of point-type egoboo. I admire the folks who have the time and energy actually to look back through the 4 previous mailings and give a truly-Informed vote. As usual, we limited our votes to persons appearing on the roster for the most recent mailing; it may not be 100% fair to do this, according to some views, but our view is that the Poll refers to the current membership, not to non-members, ex-members, or future members. So.

Too many ballots is the problem, just now. Besides the Pillar Poll we have the Panac Poll, Hugo Nominations, Fan Awards, Skyrack Poll, one from Lupoff (probably past due by now), and FAPA Poll coming out in about a week. Ballot-fatigue sets in. I don't know how many of these will actually be sent in from here. Oh yes: TAFT. Maybe what we need (he says, in fun) is one All-Purpose ballot for the whole mess.

Deringer-shooters' News: Got a new gun 3 days ago; that is, I ordered it 3 weeks ago but it took 18 days for the redtape to unwind at the Catalog Desk of a nearby Sears store. Since the state courts unconstitutionalized our former city registration ordinance, the downtown dealers will (shortcutting a little on state laws, I think) sell you a handgun right over the counter, immediately. But the downtown boys did not have what I wanted: a Beretta Minx Automatic chambered for .22-short and lying within the Deringer-Shooters' rules (barrel slightly shorter than that of the Model 4 Deringer). It is a rather cute little jobbie, somewhat simplified in that there is no slidestop, nor safety other than the halfcock. One nice feature is a snap-up barrel that facilitates single-shot loading (and also makes it very easy to check for a round in the chamber). I have as yet fired no full-targets with the Minx, only a five-shot test group that spread 2 inches at 15 feet and was centered about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " low. More on this further on, no doubt. I also took the magazine apart the other night. It took me until today to get it back together! Not full-time, of course, but before I found a gimmick to get the spring in and compressed without its buckling on me. Mumble-mumble...

I am convinced that from 350 to 400 pages is the ideal size for a SAPSmailing; this 480-page #58 is too big. I'm sorry, but you will just have to hold it down, more.

OK, why NOT start the M a i l i n g C o m m e n t s inna middle of a page???

Spectator 58 (OPElz): You're still running a good taut ship. I believe both Tosk and Eney allowed a dual-membership vote or two, unjustified by the activity requirement. I don't recall if those votes were used, but the point is that that rule should either be enforced, as you have done, or dropped (well, maybe Rich did drop it during his regime, for all I know). ## In your first term as OE you've been pretty much a Traditionalist, which to me is a Good Thing in this group; the changes you've made have been well-considered, I'd say. So keep it up, like, and don't let this extension-of-divinity destroy your humility or not unlike that.

On, on, down into the stack we go!

... there MUST be a pony in here somewhere...

Dinky Bird (and a half) (Ruth Berman, and welcome): I like your editorial writing style. For one thing, it reminds me somewhat of Elinor's (so I jolly well had better like it, wouldn't you say?). I'm looking forward to seeing your MCs when you have the full mailing to go on. Some good lines in "Neonic Revolt", too.

Die Wis 3 (Schultz): Glad to see you changed your mind about "reorganizing" SAPS since you wrote on the subject in OMPA; for a while there, I was beginning to doubt that you really are a Survivor Type, but now I'm reassured.

I think you might find more sheer story in "Stranger..." than the reviews have led you to believe. It is fascinating how Heinlein can trigger prejudices.

Pot Pourris 20-21 (Berry): I still say that the best demonstration you could make for (or rather, of) Eddie Jones' qualifications for TAPF would be to get him to write something for you so we could see what he has to say for himself. I must say that the idea of a "strip cartoon" Report does not thrill me much-- not when considering the great disparity in labor, materials, and postage that would be required for any sort of comprehensive Report in picture form. Certainly, the bhoy does lovely illos, but without meeting him or reading him I can't say I know him at all -- and frankly, I don't see how you can, either. Get him to write, man.

Colin shows not only a creditable knowledge of the Solar System, but also a good talent for expressing himself, which I hope he'll continue to develop.

Gad, I do enjoy your writeups (and illos) of historical sites.

Resin 7 (Metcalf): You failed to mention one major flaw in the present Electoral College setup-- that its votes are allotted by population (plus 2, each state). A one-party state, the kind that makes up the Solid South, has a very low voting turnout, proportionately. Texas, for instance, a few elections ago which was the last time I checked, had 3 times the population of Washington and just about the same voter-turnout. So the vote of one Texan had the same power as that of three voters in this state. The obvious remedy is highly-unlikely ever to be adopted.

You hadn't seen Boggs' or my explanations re "Canticle" when you wrote this latest creb on the subject, so let it pass, this one last time. OK?

At least you are a Sound Man on the subject of "reorganizing" SAPS, Norm.

Nandu (gee, I don't know the number either, you ol' NanGee you, but nice to see you in here once again): It does indeed look as if you have said the whole book on the subject, plus appendices, table of contents, and cover blurbs. Like, w*h*e*w*!

Spacewarp 72 (r-tRapp): Perilous tho it may be, I have got to agree with you as against Nancy's idea that an OE has to take a furshluggin' vote to change the size of the membership. Howard took no referendum before dropping the limit from 35 to 30, in Mlg#36. Elinor and I sneaked it back up to 35 (an act I have regretted more than once) without asking anyone. So now Bruce adds one more (or Rich did, but without giving a numerical listing). Come to think of it, Nancy herself once held a referendum and then threw out the result because she didn't like it! This was on credits-for-reprint-material. Howard had allowed half-credit for reprints over two years old. So Nance took this poll which came out in favor of such half-credit, published the results, and then said "NO reprint-credit, anyhow!" So by golly that girl should know that the OE is Ghod, and can get away with anything he can't be talked out of, that does not precipitate an all-out revolt. We will leave lawsuits out of this, in deference to the sensibilities of the New Yorkers in here.

Pardon me while I rush out to buy a few mousetraps!

"Starmakers" is not exactly what could be called, gripping. You might try "Odd John", though. Hmm, wasn't it Ross Rocklynne who did the "Darkness" series?

Gads. That reminiscing, back up there a few lines, sort of fires up the old enthusiasm-- rounding off my first six years in SAPS with this zine here.

This page, like all pages of Retro
since the Year One, that is,
has been an Onstencil Composition.

Outsiders 46 (Wrai): I'm not quite sure just how many states I've been in, since I'm a little vague on the route of a couple of Indiana-Washington trips my family took during my early (prior to age 6) childhood. Since joining SAPS, though, I've been in Washington, Oregon, California, Alaska, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota(!), Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, with the latter two new to me in this period. Earlier, I am sure of Utah and South Dakota, but only reasonably certain of Nebraska and Wyoming-- oops, no, those are solid; it is Missouri that is dubious, so I will not claim it. I'll stand on 18 states, 14 of which I had been in or through prior to WWII, and 14 since then (one during, only). So as a kid I was fairly "well-traveled"-- but not in these times, comparatively. Outside the US I've hit only Canada and Mexico, each twice briefly.

I have to tell you a Bad Thing. The reason you have never received any zines on your British-prozine sub is that Eviol Wally Weber has never sent those subs in. In fact, he has lost several of the names of the winners; we're working on ~~it~~ him.

Who was the neo who asked you if you'd ever published anything? Come on now, Name Names (signed, Joe Gibson).

I hadn't been counting the appearances of non-members in the mailings when figuring consecutive-appearance strings. However, I would still be tied with Elinor, since I did the heading-and-illo for her MCs in CREEP for Mlg 35!

You're right (to Tosk) that guns are no more anti-people weapons than (say) any sharp or heavy object, or any machine that can be used to clobber someone. A car is certainly capable of being used as a weapon, with the added advantage that one could blame it on mechanical failure and get away with it, quite possibly. But if Toskey feels that we just have guns to use on people, let's let him go on thinking so. Maybe that way we can win an argument with him once in a while.

Your comments re "Quo Vadis, SAPS?" inspire me to reminisce some more. Sure, SAPS has ups&downs. Heck, when Elinor and I joined (with Mlg36), we and Ray Schaffer brought the roster up to 23 members! (No w-1, of course.) And the following mailing was 231 pages and a letdown even to us newcomers! ...and so, just one year later (Mlg41) SAPS accomplished the then-legendary feat of breaking 500 pages for the first time in its history. I cite this as an example and a precept-- that the only time you have to worry about SAPS is if-and-when the mailings don't get out on time. Period. (err-- of course there was always Mlg 38, 3 weeks late, due to a Prominent YoungFan's influence...) And that gets me to thinking about the flavor of the Big Hearted regime; I know it strongly helped to form my attitudes toward and in SAPS, and I feel that this is a Good Thing. Remember Howard's mimeo'd mailing-envelopes? "Big-Hearted Howard-- Every Deal a Double Deal", and for #39: "Hurrah! It's Mailing 38, at last!" Thus leading into the NoHoldsBarred OElection of 1957. I really do not see how a new member could have gotten a better sendoff: how about the "Treasury Report" that went like: "I haven't counted the empties, but I am sure we had lots of money"? The essence of SAPS, if any, and when it is going the best, is in not allatime taking ourselves so damn seriously.

So now here is how we should really reorganize SAPS.....

Six Pages (welcome, Hannifen): Yes, it really is, isn't it? ~~##~~ Your duper is most likely a Standard (I would recognize those vertical extra lines anywhere) but not the SW model such as we used '56-58 because yours takes only two turns of the crank per sheet (you softie!); the SW took t*h*r*e*e.

Neither we nor PittCon did the Con-photo bit for 1960 (well, except for a few shots on one CRYcover); the 1960 Convention Annual was the work of Jay Kay Klein; all his very own, yes. And unfortunately Jay Kay did not make it to the SeaCon.

I think you have The Touch, buddy. Stick around and show us some more of it.

Practical Duplicator (Bob Lichtman and his lengthily-nomencluttered friend whose full cognomen-plus-additives I omit in the interests of saving stencil-space): I do not believe in Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. I am not sure I even believe in BLichtman. And certainly I do not believe in either UCLA or USC, whichever: Los Angeles high-school students do not go to USC or UCLA when they graduate; they go to pot, or possibly to New York. Ahahahahah! That "Demmon" hoax has some sharp lines, though.

Collector 28 (ol' Big Hearted): I read the Miller "Tropic.." pb and was not too taken with it. His major (narrator) character turns me off; any guy who consistently refers to women by the four-letter term for vagina is either just a damn showoff or more likely a plain crud. I suppose this was hot stuff in 1934, tho...

Speaking of editions, is this Con-producing handbook of yours-and-Noreen's going to appear in what would seem to be the two necessary editions? The one you can show anybody, and the one that goes only to bonafide Poor Bastards? I have a few choice passages for that second version (as what PB has not?).

I'm not too surprised to see you "securely in Ted's corner" re the lawsuit; hell, I think you would even turn up on Shapiro's side if you felt he was getting a really onesided dirty deal on something. You just can't help siding against crud.

I would really hate to see you drop out of SAPS for any reason, FAPA or no. For one thing, you really should treat SAPS to one more BigHearted Regime as OE. However, a look at the FAPA w-1 indicates that things aren't crucial as yet; we still have time to work on you in this respect.

The Speer reprint on Degler is an eye-opener, containing much that's new to me. I must say that Claude had shaped-up a lot better for public behavior by 1950 when he showed up at Portland. No comment, at this moment, on the possible current case.

Flabbergasting 21 (Tosk): Hoo boy, you did indeed write a book, and sold it, and like a doity-athies-or-sunthin did not tell any of us Word One until afterward! Yes indeed we do want an autographed copy and thank you very kindly, you ol' author.

I was crogged at your statement that I had produced a zine that did not in any way mention y*o*u; I had to go look it up, and I alternately pale and blush to admit that you are right; for Mlg56 (Oct '61) I barefacedly did no MCs at all.

Yes, this was a skinny issue for you, ol' Tosk. Interesting, but skinny.

Bang 1 (Les Gerber, and are you sure one is enough?): Foosh, in spite of all good intentions, you are commenting on the April 1961 mailing, aren't you? Oh, well...

I hope Harness tells you where to get Shrimp Chips; they sound great to me, too. Elinor and I are pretty strong in the seafood-fancier line, all around. We generally go "out" for Saturday lunch, and odds are that we hit a seafood spot. Yesterday, for instance, we gorged ourselves on a delicious assorted-plate in a small restaurant that is strictly nothing for Fancy but charges substantial prices for goodly quantities of well-prepared seafoods. (*burp* -- 'scuse me.)

Last I heard, we (the US) had not ever used the UN-veto even once, and Our Peerless Leaders have seemed to think that this gives us some sort of moral ascendancy that no one else in the world seems to have noticed.

Hold it. Subject to correction by direct quote of me, I don't think "weak-spined" was my criticism of Adlai. Naive, a lousy poker-player, a fella who thinks he has to tell everything he knows (though he seems to have learned a few things in the months since you and I typed our previous remarks on this point)-- these things I have said. I don't think I ever evaluated his guts or lack of same in so many words, though I may have indicated that I felt he is too-easily influenced to go along with silly ideas. However, current picture seems to be that he has his neck out of joint because he would rather make policy than perform his actual job as assigned, of executing it. So who wouldn't? But it's unrealistic of him.

Nuts. I'd rather take a reasonable risk against the longshot that everybody might come up dead, than fold up so that of a certainty everybody would be Red. I don't see why it takes so many restatements to get this simple point across.

Appear more often in these here hallowed precincts, why don't you, hey?

Prose of Kilimanjaro 2 (welcome to thee, Geo Locke, sir): I think you are better off in your glider than on your Kenya roads, from the way you describe both. I've likely already told of building, flying(?), and crashing a "hang-glider" at age 15, so I'll spare you the repetition. It was one hell of a pile of kindling, though!

Retro 23 and FenDen 23: Present and accounted for.

Never ask for whom the bell tolls; it's probably a wrong number.

Feb 11, 62

The Zed 798 (reduced from 800? Hi, Karen): Reads like a fine fine visit, and I gather that it was. Yes, one can metabolize alcohol through one's system by the means of mental activity, as well as by physical. ## Hoo! "CIJAGH" proves that SAPSfiction can overcome any framework and rise triumphant.

Gods & Prison Ships (courtesy of Alan J Lewis): fine writeup; sounds grim, though.

Warhoon 14 (Dick Bergeron): I hadn't expected to get around to MCs this soon, but I'll just have to take the chance of being redundant in this mailing with reference to my LOC sent you on Feb 3rd, which you may or may not be running this time.

To condense those LOC remarks: we agree on no acceptable solution to the problem of arguing before greatly-disparate readerships. It's not my style to cut comment on anything that interests me, so I'll likely just grotch madly, any time I'm unduly bugged. ## You can't print everyone's counter-arguments; you would not really want to run anyone's in full. Your own presentations run to length, so counter-arguments would crowd you all out of pagecount, if you backed that offer.

Generalzines carry controversies entire, mostly; apazines circulate to the same audience so that all see all sides. You're butchering the deal, like GEMZINE only more so. It's like arguing in a hall but you are the one with the live mike.

You make a good try at glossing the discrepancy as if it were a usual thing, but 200-to-35 still is not acceptable to me for odds, if or when we are arguing. Well, we'll see, Dick. I guess I could always shift my WRHN MCs to CRY, or such.

Yer outa yer gourd, man: "Coulson's refusal to comment" on the TEW-Mosk beef was purely from LShaw's warning that Moskowitizes were threatening to sue anyone who said mildly-boo on the subject. "Civilized behavior" had no part, from either end; you can ask Buck, or Larry, what was meant by either of 'em.

By the way, not even the most fair and painstaking cutting of an argument-in-letter, for pubbing in WRHN, is likely to be satisfactory to the writer. You ran the gist of Elinor's letter, but not what ^{planned to say} she/This is no condemnation; it is simply a refutation of the idea that we can all hit your 200 readers through your lettercol. Maybe so, maybe not; I think you made an unrealistic offer, is all.

"But where does that leave F. M. Busby?" It leaves him no more enchanted with the situation of arguing in SAPS with a 200-reader generalzine, than last mailing.

Admittedly, sometimes I get too cryptic for good communication; it happens every now and then, and I'm sorry. Nevertheless, I composed that "Creeping Serconism blast" specifically and deliberately to bait its targets into hanging themselves on it. And I think it worked pretty well, all things considered. "Wrai, & Nan Rapp"? Check Wrai's remarks again; he and I talked the whole thing out before the mailing was ever distributed. Nan was in a li'l bit of a hurry and read me too fast, to decide that the Canadian caper was a current offense-- after all, she has had a full year, y'know. "The people who answered" (or, counterattacked) that "article" sure did do so "in good faith"; did I say otherwise? Like, they bit, and hard. Too bad, but this was precisely the type of exposure I had in mind. Like, you satisfied? (Oh, sure, I admit it was a mean trick-- things piled up too much, & I got bugged.)

O good Lord; I can't cover Walter's piece on "Stranger.." in here; he will have to come up here as he promised, and we will then talk about this to all hours.

Watling Street 11 (Bob Lichtman): Nize ~~bab~~ Nelson portrayal of one boobatch.

Food: I am for lovely steaks, chicken, seafood, roasts (beef, largely), a few fine high-protein tidbits-- I scorn sweets, over-rich sauces, etc.

You seem to have had a fine time at Berkeley, and this is a Good Thing. The bit of conning the restaurant to serve according to the outlandish (and misleading) blurbs, is something that merits the Seal of Approval; I'm not sure where, but it does. One of my heroes is the guy who read off the menu "Creamy whipped potatoes with oodles of butter" and then turned to the waitress and asked "What happened to those goddamn soggy mashed potatoes you usually have?"

And I note with approval that you are another who knows which side his SAPS mailing is buttered on. Messy, isn't it?

Elinor says I can't stop for a punchline right here..

SaFari (Kemp, O'Meara): Earl, you did cut those stencils under what might be called considerable pressure, didn't you tho? Diggin the Blues is quite a ramblin mood piece; I'd like to see the full integrated version sometime, too.

Jim, I hear now that you are tagged for the Armed Forces, also. So who put the hex on Chicago, is what I want to know. Don't forget to write, though...

Sapristi 2 (Andybem): Judging from your live-type MCs, it would be a shame for you to goof off with minac in here (Ofcourse, if you were allatime upstage as in the editorial part, minac would be the second-best solution, at that) Oh, well... stick around awhile, Andy, and see how things shape up, possibly including you.

Hobgoblin (TCarr): Reading speed depends a lot on both the text and format; I read fanzines much more slowly than I read fiction, so as not to miss the allusions and also because of a certain inevitable spottiness in most if not all fannish repro. Sometime around the 3rd or 5th grade we had a few reading-speed tests; the only number I remember on these is 528 words per minute. (I know it was 3rd or 5th grade because those were the grades during which I attended the school where I recall taking the tests, you see. It was probably 5th grade, since I expect that it is more likely a score at $9\frac{1}{2}$ years of age than at $7\frac{1}{2}$.) I was not taught to read by any system; at age $4\frac{1}{2}$, sitting on parents' laps while being read-to, suddenly one evening It All Made Sense and I could read. My mother did not believe this at first, thinking that I had merely memorized the favorite animal-stories, so she brought out a brand-new book just charged-out from the library that day. Luckily I was not a child to be deterred by adult skepticism; I knew I could read and bighod I proved it. To this day I am not certain of the learning-mechanism involved; my folks did not point at the text while reading, or anything like that. I did get quite a lot of parental-reading, as an only child on an Indiana farm, especially in the winter. I suppose some "muscle-reading" went into it, sensing how the reader's attention went back and forth across the page, etc. At any rate, I was reading, handprinting (lefthanded; switched later out of conformist embarrassment), and adding & subtracting, for a good year-and-a-half before I entered the first grade (no kindergartens in our area then). Probably needed that headstart, too; I was sick so much, around the ages of 6-7-8, that I was absent for nearly half of the two school-years in which I completed grades one through three, and in fact entered grade-5 with about two full school-years of attendance spread over 3 years of chronology. After that, though, I rapidly became healthier and lazier.

Reading (currently), though: I read "bland text" fairly quickly but not at anything like Renshaw speeds-- a little over an hour for a prozine or paperback of average thickness, I'd guess. But where the flavor is vital, I subvocalize at least part of the time, though perhaps skimingly rather than consistently.

You sell me on the Graves books. "I, Claudius" is a longtime favorite, tho "Claudius the God" runs downhill at the end like unto "Studs Lonigan". So it does seem the thing to do, to dig up "Homer's Daughter" and "King Jesus".

TED WHITE, if you were not already adequately-supplied with troubles, I'd be tempted to grotch madly at you concerning the Hugo won by JVC jr. Like, ARRGGGHHH! (Nem mind, I just now called you on phone and got it all straight. Hi, again!) Pooley. You know perfectly well that you've just been too proud to let your-self enjoy SAPS, even in its current 480-page doldrum which is too big for my taste.

Sapterranean (Breen): Good quover, there. ### "clothed in white SaMite"-- good one!

Isn't the psychopath one whose elemental infantile drives are unmodified, except that the drive for empathy has been partially or wholly blocked? Thus he would be in the "natural infantile state" before establishment of any real empathy except to warmth and food, etc.

Tooth Fandom has surely been a lot better deal than I had expected; I tried hard not to have to look forward to the transition, with dread and all, but every time we have fried chicken I gnaw further down along the bones past the soft parts.

Heck, you didn't really think I'm a fallout-shelter enthusiast, did you now? Frankly, I find that entire pitch to be depressing, futile, and a poor joke.

MY MAILING contains no "Ducksoup" by Bob Lichtman, whether one page or one-tenth..!

Porque?? #12 (Doreen): The Snow Queen of Moscow, Idaho, hey? Golly, I haven't been over in that country, on wheels, in winter, for lo quite these few years now. Used to roam those icy-slushy-drifted roads and think nothing of it (and particularly at night, out on beeg parties and all), but I've lived in Seattle so long now that I am spoiled and lazy about that sort of thing.

Jim: The Reconstruction of Herman sounds like a real fannish operation; it reminds me of Toskey's method of running the Multigraph with a roofing-nail, but of course you and Wally chickened-out and put Herman together ~~that~~ correctly, instead of fannishly finding a way to make him work with his head on backwards...

Spacewarp 73 (r-t again): "graying paunchy vets of ww2"? I dunno; I was starting to get a few grey ones at about age-22, but I weigh 12 pounds less right now than I did in the latter part of 1945 just before being discharged from the AUS.

Some good points there, against messing with the SAPS setup. And it might be interesting to compare the SAPSac-vs-FAPac of some who have left us to work at becoming brilliant deadwood in FAPA: it could be that SAPS skims the cream from such as Bob Leman while they are alive and bursting with energy, because of our high activity and fast turnover and comparatively short waiting-period, whereas FAPA gets the remaining trickle from these folks, spread out over a period of years.

Ignatz #30 (Nancy): Yer so right; one can deplore the necessity of maintaining armed forces, but while that necessity exists, it exists for all of us, not just a few. Seems to me that it takes a very unrealistic viewpoint to both gripe at the draft and sneer at the "regulars", all at the same time!

Naw, in "Stranger..", we were definitely not being led into the Martian cultural-pattern (couldn't be; the differences between the 2 species were too basic). Instead we were being given the benefit of some techniques derived from the Martian culture, to apply toward developing our own-- on lines that would be more different from the Martian than from our own present ways, I'd say.

Slug #1 (Welcome Back, WALLY WEEER): I am glad to see you taking such pains with your layout. Ted White will no doubt be pleased and impressed.

Very nice of you to help Gordon Eklund get introduced to SAPS this way; best buildup I've seen since GMC's on Toskey in Mlg#37. Everyone (outside Seattle) thought she was joking, and I betcha there'll be some CSers who think you're not.

I agree that we don't want to be giving away our fine 100%-American Boeing-built missiles and end up having to make do with a lot of cheap inferior foreign missiles that will not only be wrong-side up but which will probably not hold together very long after we get them. Just past the guarantee period, probably.

"The Mass That Is Given An Acceleration Equal To That of Gravity, By a One-Pound Force": that is "Slug", ol' buddy. But even though it is a wise fanned who knows his own title, you have the best zine in the mailing, naturally (OK, I bit!).

A. Merritt's.. (Meskys): "...Does any fan.. have the time.. to keep up..?" Frankly, no. I haven't been within 50 letters of being caught up on correspondence at any time since mid-1958, and have long since quit apologizing about it for the most part. Last year, along with handling most of the correspondence for SeaCon, I was involved in the production of 10 issues of CRY, and also hit each mailing of SAPS, FAPA, and N'APA, but only 2-out-of-4 in IPSO, plus a Round Robin letter that was good for about 6 pages every 6 weeks or so, on top of personal correspondence, the carpentry for the new bathroom, and a regular 40-hour job that buys the groceries. (I didn't get-by by rerunning one item through additional apas, either.)

Parts of your dossier on Mark Walsted ring pretty true with reference to the successive versions of Mark that I've known over the years starting about 1948-9. I believe the Bok kick is new, but there have been other things on which Mark would be spending impressive amounts of money while half-starving in student status; it was records, I believe, upon his return from the Army in 1955. It is also true that Mark has an apparent compulsion to grab and hold the floor in a multiperson chat; have you seen him jump up in the middle of a room, whirling in a sort of adagio as he waves his arms to head off any wisps of attention that might be trying to escape?

((Lieskys, cont'd)) It's a pretty impressive spectacle, especially the first time.

But as you point out, you've concentrated on Mark's "bad side" (or rather, on some idiosyncracies) rather than giving the overall picture, which is that of a likable sort of cuss whose quirks and foibles are underlaid with some good solid qualities, and whose strangely-rigid ideas seem the more out of place because of his obvious intelligence. I expect he's still changing and developing...

You didn't like Heinlein's "They" because "once you've read one of those you have read them all"? ...well, you might zip back to the spring of 1941 and try it fresh off the stands; it's hardly Heinlein's fault that you came in late and began in the middle. O well, order-of-reading does make the subjective difference.

Too much rerunning, and much too much discussion of same, Ed.

Thru the Porthole 2 (Smith): I wonder where the yellow went (that faded off the logo, which I could not read, so I had to look it up in the OO, so now I know, yes)?

About the middle of page 3, you seem to discover and correct whatever was causing the earlier parts to print so spottily. So now jus' remember! BDYDCOMZ!

TTTRevisited#2 and Ballard Chronicles Part 4 (LeeJ): Except for a few spots where you were something less than masters of the ditto, this is a fine example of a single-issue amateur magazine dedicated to the field of fantasy and science-fiction. By the way, which of you guys is still sitting on the SAPStape?

Man, those Chronicles are really getting way out, there.

Gimble 3 (Pelz, Johnstone, etc): Having recently met Paul Stanbery, I'd say the cover looks more like Paul, or at least like a combination of Paul and Ted, than like Ted himself, alone. Stanbery, by the way, appears to be somewhat appalled and "miGhod what have I done?" about the whole current development; his mien is perhaps much like that of Baron Frankenstein about the time all hell started to pop, down in the village.

There are some good lines in the stories, and no doubt this whole bit is fascinating if you take it as a fulltime avocation, but it is much too complicated and confused a mishmash to make much sense from casual browsing, which is about all I'm prepared to devote to it. The combination of semi-original characters and settings, interspersed with those cribbed from all and sundry sources, did not strike much of a chord with me when Coventry first appeared in print a couple of years ago, and I still do not seem to be able to savor it as you folks do, at all. It would appear to be quite a fascinating game at the local level, and in fact the concepts might well support quite a string of zines and perhaps even an entire apa dedicated to the mythos. However, I'd not like to see SAPS become that apa. (IPSO,

Coventranian Gazette: See above. now, has Fantasy Worlds as one of this year's Assigned Subjects. AND no Waiting List, at all.)

SpeleoBem 14 (Pelz): Don't forget that WKSF went to over 70 contributors, with not too much overlap with the 40 copies sent in to SAPS (all of which were distributed, I believe, with bundle sales to wlers). And I suspect that a number of copies were read by several persons, not just the original recipient... as is often the case with any published item that draws much discussion, as WKSF certainly did do. I'd not be at all surprised to find that, say, 200 people read those 110(?)copies.

But-- but you're counting Nancy's tenure from her first entrance, and Eney's from his latest; both have been out and in again during our own tenure.

Tooth fandom, if it turns out that you gotta: Get rid of the ones that keep bothering you, certainly. Then, trying (if possible) to maintain a few to chew with and a few in front for appearance's sake, get the extras yanked one or two at a time so's they don't knock you for a loop and the areas have plenty time to heal up. Then finally you hit the situation where the next step is go for broke, but by that time you have worked that final yank-session down to reasonable proportions.

Son of Sap Roller (Harness): Thanks for reprinting the whole story-to-date all in one piece, Jack; it really is a lot more fun to read through from scratch this way. HonestPete, it does look as though this tale is going to be the best longrun piece of SAPSfiction in many a year, if not the topper. Some mighty fine lines.

And thus end the LICs of Retro 24 for Mlg#58, on Feb 22, 1962

Ruth Berman: Good to see you in SAPS.

John Berry: You appear to be as insulted by any suggestion that you turn pro As a girl might by a similar but more personal suggestion. Believe me, John, I intended no insult. I intended it as an essentially complimentary (though very honest) suggestion. I really do think that you should be a professional writer, for these reasons. You have the talent, more important, you have the drive. You have the personality of a born writer. You are insatiably curious, physically very active, and you thoroughly enjoy writing. I've seen you write--I know you love it. If I had one-tenth your love of writing--if writing were a pleasure for me instead of sheer torture (I mean creative writing)--I'd be a writer. John, a check is the sincerest egoboo there is. Compared to it, fannish egoboo is apt to be pretty spurious. When a writer is established in the fannish world he receives the Bloch is superb/HYPHEN is superb/Berry is superb treatment. Automatic egoboo takes the place of honest evaluation. Why this should be I don't know--my guess is that the attitude relates to what I believe is an Irish proverb, "A gift is never small." Since fannish writing is given freely, it must be received graciously and with approval. This only applies to the established writers, because the younger, less experienced writers are not so much 'giving' as 'trying to place' their writing.

I have been informed that Eddie Jones has never done any administrative work at any British convention.

I must say that I consider some writing ability essential to a TAFF candidate. A TAFF report in the form of a comic strip would really be a victory for comicbook fandom! I was never a comic book fan. I started reading books full of pages and pages of solid black type at the age of seven, and I've never stopped.

John, do you happen to know whether Eddie ever received the CRYs I sent to him with his illustrations in them? The address we had for him was taken from an old Fan Directory. We couldn't find any recent address for him, since his address doesn't appear in any apa official organs, or in any fanzine lettercols.

Nangee: Good to see you rare up. Yes, you are probably right. We should try to have more than just comments--and I agree thoroughly that small zines making small mlg. would be easier and pleasanter to cope with.

Rapps: Lovely cover. #I wouldn't dream of watching Richard III. Having read Josephine Tey's "Daughter of Time" I'm convinced for all time that Richard III was one of the good guys--it would enrage me to see them try to make him out to be a villain. Justice above poetry, say I.

Wrai Ballard: Wrai, I share your problem about EllisMills and Norm Metcalf. They don't look alike, and they don't write alike, but I have a terrible time trying to remember which is which. I've seen Ellis at Southgate and Seattle, and Norm at Pittcon, but shall probably go thru life wondering at odd moments whether it wasn't Norm at Southgate and Seattle and Ellis at Pittcon. Perhaps now that Norm is a civilian again we can keep them straight better. Because there's no real RESEMBLANCE!

Joe Green just sold his third story (fourth, counting the sex novel). He sold it to Ted Carnell and Carnell agreed with Joe's suggestion that it be one of a series. I am horribly proud, because it was my idea that the story would make a good series. Buz and I are very proud of Joe's writing career, because he claims he owes it all to his coming to Seattle. He'd been writing for 14 years and never sold anything and was losing hope. Buz and I suggested Carnell whom he'd previously never thought of, and at the Seacon auction he bought Fred Pobl for \$15, and as he used his time to have him read one of Joe's stories, \$15 was never better invested. So it's pretty gratifying.

Wrai, Buz chortled a little too loudly that since I would be missing this mlg. he'd have the third longest string.

No, no, Buz could be cabin boy but not cook. When we sail to Acapulco, Wrai, I had

better plan to do the cooking. (Unless you want to do it). But not Buz. No. We don't want to STARVE to death, you know.

Owen Hannifen: Pelz wasn't too overweight at Seacon. He looked darned good. So you must not be a double for him in that respect. Red hair? Pelz has black.

Howard DeVore: Yes, no one need feel sad about being a second choice to Robert A. Heinlein. We were so proud of having him for our Guest of Honor! What a stroke of luck!

I read "Mr. Ballerina" and it was a real stinker. I'm not surprised it did well, though. "Memos from Purgatory" was pretty good. What Harlan could have done with it, if he'd been in jail as long as Otto Pfeifer was over his parking ticket caper! Gad. Harlan was only in jail about 24 hrs or less (I forget how long) and he got a whole book of impassioned prose out of the deal. With Otto's experience he could have had a SERIES. And all Otto got out of it was the best WRR he'd put out to date.

Fascinated by the Speer reprint. It appeared at an excellent time--seems to be a move afoot to re-establish Degler in fannish history. I mean re-habilitate, of course.

Burnett R. Toskey: I agree that Owen Hannifen is a fine name for a fan. Well, he's one of the lucky ones. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is well-fixed in that line, too.

I was 27 before anyone ever told me about 69, and frankly, I wasn't terribly gratified by the information. It doesn't surprise me at all that nobody has explained it to Nancy--it would surprise me, in fact, if they had.

Well, I talked to you on the phone just an hour or so, Tosk. It's not surprising I don't find more to say to you on paper.

Les Gerber: Scithers IS ebullient, if ever I saw an ebullient young man. About Heap, I have no opinion in this respect, since I only exchanged about six words with him at Pittcon. --Yes, I think they look alike. Have you ever noticed the tendency of men with similar names to look alike? It doesn't always hold. You don't look like Nirenberg, and Bruce Pelz doesn't look like Henstell. But still I think it does: very often happen that people with similar names will look alike.

Joni Cornell looked older at Seacon than she did at Pittcon. She was really a living doll at Pittcon. By Seacon she had put on a little weight, and changed her piquancy for a bit of added voluptuousness, and her hair was bleached so palely that the texture and gloss was damaged, and it hang down her back like absorbent cotton. Perhaps by Chicon she'll be a living doll again. Let's hope so--she certainly is one of the prettiest girls in fandom.

"Hazel" originally meant the reddish-brown of a hazel nut. I think the way the meaning changed is this: people started referring to green eyes flecked with hazel (have you ever heard that phrase? I heard it occasionally as a small girl. Have you ever seen green eyes with tiny reddish brown flecks in them? Not too common.) and from that, started calling green eyes hazel. But, this has simply destroyed the usefulness of the word.

Glad you like to see your word in print. Did I ever tell you that I think it was invented by Rick Sneary? Under a dnq, but it was too good and too necessary to be kept.

George Locke: Welcome to SAPS, George.

Karen Anderson: What-all did you and Heinlein TALK about all night long? I'll bet he told you some wonderful anecdotes, and I wish you'd share 'em with us.

Richard Bergeron: How DARE you call her "Elinor Roosevelt"? Oh, I am wounded to the core. Why do you think I changed the spelling of my name in the first place? --Reminds me, you know I started out life as Marjorie Eleanor, and on my 14th birthday decided to drop the Marjorie as too unbearably bourgeois. When I was seventeen an old acquaintance of my mother's, a woman who hadn't seen me for some years, suggested rather sneeringly that I was now called Elinor because of my great admiration for Mrs. Roosevelt. This was

an insult, and I knew it. I sat up very straight, looked her in the eye, and said quite calmly and clearly, "I spell my name with an 'i'." This was my first great victory, the real start of my adulthood. I had coped, without raging or dissolving into sputtering embarrassment. The woman chuckled, and gazed at me with approval. Oh, my afternoon was made! --So, Dick, never, never call That Woman Elinor. Just me. Okay?

Extremely pleased that you are supporting Ethel Lindsay for TAFF. You show EXCELLENT taste in TAFF candidates, my dear sir!

Bob Lichtman: Toskey really prefers white cake with maple icing. I used to make chocolate cake all the time because I have a recipe that requires no work, and uses ingredients which one always has on hand. For a long time I made it every CRYday, and called it CRYday cake. I haven't made it for several months now because my oven has been out of order, but I finally got it fixed. But my chocolate cake was remarkable for ease of making rather than for delectableness. It tasted all right, but it was nothing special.

Am I a good cook? Not bad. I have, I think, quite a good palate, and at least I don't goof without knowing it. But I do goof sometimes. Sometimes I get over-excited, and some times I just don't give a darn. When I'm in the mood to cook I usually do much better than when I'm cooking because I have to. I wish I had a freezer, and then on days when I really felt like cooking I would cook up lots and lots of stuff and put it away, and then when I didn't feel like cooking I'd thaw it. Gad that would be great. I'd become a sublime cook with that sort of an incentive. --What kind of food do I like? Oh, just about everything. For one thing, I like anything at all with cornmeal in it. Why this should be, I hardly know, but I think I could probably eat dog food if it had corn meal in it. I like meat loaf, and always have. I like pot roast.

I do not like oysters. As a small child I was passionately fond of oysters, but once when I was five years old I was slapped while I was eating oyster cocktail, and I haven't liked oysters since. I got an oyster a couple weeks ago in a captain's plate, and I ate it all gone just to see if I still disliked oysters, and I do. I plan never to eat another oyster. Why should I? Other people LIKE oysters--let THEM eat 'em.

I love prawns and scallops. Love crab. King salmon steak, fresh and juicy, or baked salmon. Clam chowder, either Boston or Manhattan. I do like smoked oysters.

I love cheddar cheese (Tillamook), cream cheese, mozzarrella, provolone--all kinds of mild cheeses. Hate Swiss cheese. Ugh. Sometimes I crave good provolone. I agree with Sturgeon that 90% of cheese is crud--one keeps looking, and one tries to remember the good kinds. A&P provolone is pretty good.

I love crackers with raisins in them. I love dates, almonds, angelfood cake, Heath icecream bars.

I love guacamole, frijoles refritos, and Mexican food in general that's not too picante. I don't care to have my insides set on fire. I like to savor a flavor gently. I'm not dead keen on enchiladas. Knowing how I feel about cornmeal, you won't be surprised to hear that I think tortillas a wonderful invention. In Mexico they serve them with meals so people can sop up the sauces with them. How good! How goodly good!

I like Italian food, and related cuisines using allspice and bay leaves and garlic. (I am thinking of my neighbor, Sam Snidarich, who often brings over some of the things he has cooked. He's Croatian, but the cooking is closely related to the Italian I am sure.) I sometimes crave really good Chinese food, and have decided that I prefer it to Japanese. I was reluctant to come to this conclusion, because of a feeling that Japanese food in 'in' and Chinese food is not. However, Chinese food seems to be getting 'in'er all the time, and I would like to have some in me at frequent intervals. I do hate water chestnuts, though. I see no reason for water chestnuts. All they are for is texture, and it's not a texture I care for. I think almonds should be substituted for water chestnuts in any recipe which calls for water chestnuts. Almonds have a nice texture, and they taste good, too.

I like lamb, mutton, curries of every description provided they are not too violent, and I love pizza, especially with pepperoni. I hate anchovy in pizza, and consider it completely incompatible. I don't like anchovies anyhow, nor caviar. Too salty. I like hot milk before I go to bed, and I like my egg in the morning cooked gently in butter. I like cantaloupe in the summer and apples in the winter, and I like Italian green beans

or black eyed peas cooked with bacon. I like tomatoes fresh off the vine, warm and fragrant. I love zucchini. Oh, gee, I like so many kinds of food so very much, and there are so few foods that I don't like. It's no wonder I have a tendency to get a little podgy from time to time. But Buz says that one can train oneself to love foods just as immoderately but in very moderate QUANTITIES. Perhaps he's right. I must try it.

Earl Kemp: I like blues songs too. I like the west--thrill to the smell of sagebrush. Seattle isn't the west--it's the Pacific coast. But there's West nearby, only a few hundred miles east. Ellensburg is a typical western town, with a river running through it, hills all around, ranches and horses and all. They have a rodeo there every Labor Day. I went one year, but never will again. I had fun that weekend. Rode a buckskin horse in the parade, and was scared every minute. Primo didn't let me down, though. Didn't throw me down, either. A nice horse, and as pretty as a picture. Buckskin is my favorite color for horses, I think, and Primo was a particularly pretty one. The people who bred him had been trying for a palomino, and though he had a black mane and tail his skin was golden, like a good palomino. That was a long time ago--I was single then. Horseback riding is a wonderful hobby for frustrated spinsters--all that vigorous life between one's thighs--but after I got run away with and thrown once, though I kept on riding for a few more times, the thrill was gone.

Jim O'Meara: Too bad Joe wasn't able to get in touch with us. Perhaps he'll have time on his way home. We shall be most pleased to see him, at any rate.

Terry Carr: I read fast. On a college admittance test I scored ten out of a possible 10. However, the test wasn't too fine--lots of people read faster than I do. My retention of material is quite good. I remember anything about people much better than I remember anything not about people. I think I subvocalize when reading material by fans, especially fans I know. Perhaps I subvocalize quite a lot, I'm not sure. With fans I know, I can almost hear them talking. --I don't remember learning to read (although I learned to read in the first grade, quite mundanely, at the ancient age of six). I probably learned the phonics system. I was a good reader from the beginning, and loved to read out loud in class. It used to appal me to listen to the other kids stumbling along.

Yes--first-rate historical fiction is a great deal like first-rate science fiction. Much more like than either is like the second-rate of its own genre, or even, I think, the first-rate of any other genre. Robert Graves--I thought "I, Claudius" was wonderful, but "Claudius the God" was too depressing and full of sort of ughhy things. --Terry, no doubt you're familiar with "The King Must Die" and "The Last of the Wine"? The former is an exquisite book, the latter is very good, but has got too much boring history in it. Renault, of course you know.

Ted White: Who were all the people in the story Harlan wrote based on the Nunnery? We recognized some of them, of course, and Teddy Bear Sims came in under his own name, as it were. Were the main characters based on anyone, or were they sheer imagination?

Walter Breen: I'm pleased you grokked Nan Gerding. I hope you will meet her some day. She is one of the most dynamic women in fandom, and has a presence of --how to describe it?--really terrific immediacy. Like man, she's THERE. This is a trait possessed by several fans, yourself for one, John Berry for another.

"Our Town" was wonderful, wasn't it?

About relations between adults and children--I like the term 'respect'. I think that children should respect their elders and vice-versa. It sickens me to see adults tease children, use irony and sarcasm on them. But I think people should respect pets, too, and it sickens me to see people grab animals and fawn on them without making their acquaintance first. But some animals are just as bad. Nobby especially has got no pride at all, fawns first and fanatically, especially on electricians. Oh well.

Lots more checkmarks--but either I've forgotten what they meant or it was just that I agreed with you. Ah--that's not very interesting.

Doreen Webbert: Nice repro. Congratulations on getting your machine, and having it working.

You will be pleased to hear that I finished Buz' Christmas socks in February. (I got over-ambitious this year, SAPS, and I decided to knit Buz two pairs of socks for Christmas. So I finished one sock of each pair, and on Christmas day, that's what he wore. One dark brown sock and one beige sock with green diamonds. Quite exotic.) I am now working on Buz' birthday socks, which are yellow with peacock blue and emerald diamonds.

Art Rapp: I remember luminarias. I saw 'em in Albuquerque when I was there in '51 and liked them very much. Nobody could guess from the description how pretty they are. They make electric light look garish and vulgar.

Nancy: Yes, I think I'm lucky to have a house and all. But by waiting for a house you'll probably have a nicer one anyhow. Anyhow, your apt. is your own home even if it's rented. #I not only tired you out with all the things I listed that I was thinking of doing, but I also tired myself out and I didn't DO them.

In "Stranger" the martian/terran culture was quite different from the martian in one respect: sex for martians was a nothing deal.

You know, Nancy, I think the reason why you didn't enjoy the con was because you were already pregnant and undergoing all sorts glandular changes. It's no wonder all you wanted was to get home--I'm sure that's the normal reaction.

Wally Weber: Gee, it's great to have you in SAPS again, kid. #Glad to have the truth about Gordon Eklund.

Now I too have met Paul Stanbery. Nice kid. Short, slight, young, fairish. Round face with delicately craggy features and big light eyes with long eyelashes. Intense, eager manner. Gives an impression of youth, drive, and great potential. Vivid temperament. If he were an actor, he'd make a great Eugene Marchbanks.

Ed Meskys: Ed, I loved your write-up on Mark Walsted, and for me it was the best thing in the mlg. Yes, you see Mark just as everyone who knows him does, I think. It's too bad you didn't put your report on him in N'APA--I imagine G. M. Carr would enjoy it. She and Mr. Carr were very close to Mark for years, so had plenty of opportunity to be thoroughly bugged by him. --Mark is curiously like his mother. She started taking ballet lessons at the age of 50 odd, which of course I admired her for very much. So I was prepossessed in her favor before I ever met her, and when I met her I liked her appearance. But before the evening (a meeting of the Nameless Ones) was over I was just a tiny bit annoyed with her. She made too much a point of the fact that she wasn't a science fiction fan. You know? Look at me, I'm not a science fiction fan.

When he was in Seattle Mark had not yet started collecting Bok paintings, though he admired them much. He was on a kick of collecting juveniles, especially juvenile fantasy. I think it was from me that he heard about Arthur Ransome, and I know it was from me that he heard about . E. Nesbit. He collected about everything by Ransome and a lot by Nesbit, and when he left town he sold them to me quite cheaply. (He didn't sell me all his Nesbitt--there were one or two that wouldn't be easily replaced). We also bought his "Silverlock" and Tosk bought his Tolkien. To me this seems very strange. I hang onto my books as best I can, come hell or high water. Mark had a big collection of books, and he sold them all/^{or most} when he went in the army. When he got out, he acquired another big collection, and sold them all (or most) when he went back east. He's a collector, not a keeper. I think perhaps when his collection of Bok paintings is big enough, he will hang onto it for a little while, and then sell them all. I won't buy 'em. I'm not a Bok fan at all. (But I'm sort of pleased about my Ransomes and Nesbitts, and we love our Silverlock). #I think Mark is 32 or 33.

I also enjoyed your account of your trips to Philadelphia. #Glad to have the pics. The repro isn't the greatest, but they're still nice to have.

Bob Smith: Tom G. is Nan Gerding's boy. #Good to see you in SAPS. #Adieu for the nonce, gang.