

RETRO 27

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SAPS 62

JAN '63



"WHAT YOU WANNA DO TODAY?  
START A FEUD? - A HOAX?  
- A WORLD CON BID?  
- OR JUST ANOTHER NEW APA?"

-Buz



SYADOT AG AMAN AGG TAMU  
XACH A - SQUET A TASTO  
SQUET AGG CROW A -  
SQUET AGG CROW A -

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Yep, the 27th issue of this implacable fanzine which began life as Retromingent [and, for the first 2 issues, as a Doubleback with Fendenizen] in the 36th mailing, July 1956. But here it is the 62nd mailing, for January 1963, so let's knock off the woolgathering there, F. M. Busby of 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, Washington!

I envy all you people who can say with assurance that this is your umpty-umpth fanzine, of which yea-many have gone into SAPS, thus-many into FAPA, etc. Dick Eney passes his 200-mark with a Conreport and we can be sure he has the score correctly. TCarr, BLichtman and others print indices and we can only say "How true". Whereas I do not even know for sure how many SAPSzines I've had, f'CRYsakes! I'm working on this problem though [but not very hard], and will diligently keep you informed when I run out of anything else to talk about in here. And although that possibility is quite remote as yet, maybe it is OK to mention that I think this is about my 36th SAPSzine if we may count group-effort oneshots: 27 RETROs, 4 SPECTATORS, 3 of those oneshots, an item called SAPStistics, a Pillar Poll Report with Wally Weber, and Polarity 3 with Elinor [all 3 POLs went to all SAPS, but only #3 actually went as part of a mailing]. If any kind soul recalls anything I've forgotten, I'd appreciate the reminder.

I had an alternate punchline for the cover; it went "OK, we sign Wally over to Ella Parker and she swings London fandom to BLANCHARD IN '66!" In which connection I must quote Elinor's realistic appraisal of the Blanchard Bid. She says we must keep in mind that Blanchard does not have adequate facilities, so the Convention itself will be held in Hillsboro, with the mayor of Blanchard appearing at the opening ceremonies to announce that by special proclamation the Con-site will be officially a part of Blanchard for the duration of the Convention. See, Wrai? All your worries are over.

What with the recent flurry of zines being mailed to the membership outside of the regular mailings, it might be well to bolster our esteemed OgrE's beleaguered position by reminding All and Sundry [two members who are more forgetful than the rest of us] that SAPS does not countenance nor credit the sloppy practice known as "postmailing". I know not why our esteemed OgrE decided to deprive Bob Smith and perhaps John Foyster of credit they could otherwise have received for their material in the (this) 62nd mailing had he held the zines for distribution herein. But that is his problem, and theirs; I assume he had his reasons, and will or will not disclose these in due time. As mentioned in SPEC#61, the 17th issue of WARHOON is being distributed by our President the publisher as a generalzine rather than as part of a SAPS mailing. In fact I'm not sure that all SAPS are receiving that issue; Wally and I received copies some weeks ago [and I wrote a LOC rather than reopen my MCs which were already buttoned up by then], but the other 3 Seattle memberships are WRHNless as yet; so was Wrai, last we heard, and I have no idea as how the rest of the membership have fared in this respect. But regardless of distribution [extent thereof], you can tell a SAPSzine quite easily by noting that it appeared in the bundle and was duly given credit therefore. All clear? This is one unique SAPSrule that has saved the group much confusion over the years.

Generally it is the Bawdy Brigade that swaps recipes and discusses the culinary arts in these hallowed pages. But my taste buds and gastric juices insist that I break this taboo and tell you of the delights of Slow Roasting, in case you hadn't heard yet. Briefly, Slow Roasting consists of setting an oven to what appears to be a ridiculously low temperature and leaving the item to slow-roast for maybe 24 to 26 hours, at which time a meat-thermometer will for example show that a pork roast has finally reached the temperature of 185 degrees. The results are fantastic. The usual pork roast is to me a Real Drag: after 3-4 hours in a 325° oven, it has filled the house with the stench of burnt fat and it is soggy and greasy. Slow-roasted pork is tender and tasty with a rather delicate flavor not unlike that of turkey, and is not greasy or strong at all. Elinor got onto this kick from a cookbook by one Adele Davis, in case any of you cats want to steer your wives or [Walter, you should pardon the expression] parents onto it. We have also tried this with pot-roast [and who would have thought that pot-roast could be sampled while in the rare state and be tender?] and intend to see how it goes with a large dressing-stuffed chicken, before too long. So much for Food Fandom, compeers.

You may now proceed to the Mailing Comments, which were stenciled about 3 weeks ago, and then to whatever else I may yet find with which to round out this issue....

OK, gang, so what's with the 61st Mailing??

Spectator 61 (OpElz): The \*s for non-credit material are a help to you; how about some \*s or something to denote non-member zines? Naw, I'm not pulling a J A\*\*\*\*\* H\*\*\*\*\* and saying that this material should be "ignored" or such; it is just that it gets doggone confusing what with turnover, etc, checking back and forth to see if an unfamiliar name needs a welcome or missed one last time or is just anticipating itself. Hmmm?

Thank you for putting the contents back on the front page, Mr. OE, sir.

I notice that the treasury has grown over the past year in spite of the free dues, just on new-members' dues and WL dropouts. I guess you will just have to start embezzling, or else put a single sheet 2-1/2" by 6" zine in the members' bundles on of these times: printed by Elizabeth Russel(?) Smith in three tasteful colors, repeat as needed. Of course it would not be for Miz Smith's credit even if she joined, if you did not put copies in all the extra bundles too, and that might be going too far.

And I think that 374pp is a fine comfortable-size mailing...

Hey, does art-credit go to the artist or the zine? [Weber has two covers this time but needs 6pp] This is not a gripe; I never figured that one out either. Just asking.

Stupefying Stories 57 (Eney): I'll take your word that it's consistent-- Akrea, that is. Your descriptive style swings quite well on this bit but still I got lost after awhile and just skimmed looking for the Good Lines. Well, as long as you had fun, Dick...

About the only personal fantasy worlds I get into come about when I am thinking upon a story gimmick. Situations are so much more fun to synthesize than overall plots that I can moderately-identify into an episode. Imagination runs out ahead of detail-work and pretty soon I have a fine mental picture of the windup, totally unsupported by the intervening developments which I did not get noted down. Now when the Third Korsarian Empire comes into contact with the patchwork of small space-states left from the wreckage of the Old Federation that once spanned a third of the Galaxy.. O, I tell you. But it is the situations and gimmicks that fascinate me; background can stay vague.

Outsiders 49 (Wrai): Yeh, there's one of those Weber covers. Wheesh, like! Anybody who thinks he is kidding on that cover is probably just as well off. And

[[HEY! Just a dogbone minute there, Mr OE sir, skulking up there back at the top of this page. Wally Weber not only has two covers in Mlg 61, creditability yet moot as above-mentioned: Wally Weber also has a page of his very own sterling onstencil prose in this mailing. Wally Weber did not miss Mailing 61. Wally Weber is not Immoral-- at least not for missing Mailing 61-- I will not vouch for him otherwise. Wally Weber has been Foully Wronged! Come on, all you civil-rights buffs: here is a clear-cut case for you! Boy, is he ever a case. If Wally Weber is to be so cruelly denied his just deserts (wait a minute; that could backfire; let's make it just his page-credits, which is safer ground), what right have we to stand in the forum of the United Nations and point the finger of guilt at Billie Sol Estes? I rest my case, by name of Wally Weber. He probably needs it, at that. Me too; there went the indent.]]

Sorry for the digression, Wrai, but sometimes a man just got to stand up for the cause. This time I am not sure whether the cause is Weber himself or the fact that he raised his IQ from 131 to 132 by having fish for dinner on September 25, 1962. I guess that is 131 for Wally and 1 for the fish. Just think what he could have done if you had fed him a smarter fish. But the fish with IQs higher than 1 are harder to catch, maybe.

Cows are pretty smart. We will try Wally on beef liver some time (local joke). (Not very good local joke, I grant you. Wally just turns green at mention of liver.)

Well, ChiconIII was not a BarCon in the Hotel-Alexandria sense for me at least, but I guess maybe it might be on the edge of the category, overall. At a real BarCon a fairly large number are there at all (open-hours) times and even stay there in preference to parties, let alone program. Chicon could have been a BarCon for me except that I kept getting thirsty and having to leave the bar to go look for a drink.

My 2nd page was blank on all copies; old CRY custom. In doubt, check the Spec? But I always have the odd-numbered page on the front of the sheet, regardless.

Yeh, I guess that some of the tightened SAPSrules are actually retightened, and elsewhere in the mailing Howard reminds me of one he tightened up which I had either forgotten or perhaps never knew about since we were neoSAPS in his BigHearted regime.

"...ask those who were members at those times what they think of the idea" of SAPS losing its WL and dropping below-strength? I see that we are thinking alike again, Wrai. OK, let's extrapolate: let's say that interest lags in SAPS so that those who are already bored and just hanging around bitching give it up for a bad job and drop out. Then the word gets out that SAPS is Slipping; mortality becomes high among invitees; the WL is used up rapidly and new applicants are few and far between. Dropping-out is contagious; the group's so-called prestige is shot to hell and neofen pass it by in favor of-- well, let us not draw any invidious comparisons by Naming Names; there are enough struggling new groups so's you can take your choice there. FAPA SNEERS at poor ol' SAPS lying on its empty belly there in the muck; people who do not like to be on the wrong end of a one-up situation depart hastily and write scathingly of SAPS so as to thoroughly and safely disassociate themselves from any taint of its lowly state. The Roster is pitifully short of its full count. Why, SAPS must be ready to fold, because what is left?

Well, there aren't any summer soldiers, that's for sure. The upstagers have moved on, and the bigdealers, and those who felt that SAPS made a good 2nd-best while sweating out the FAPA WL. So I guess that all you have left is the people who sort of like SAPS regardless. Since they are a smaller group it is easier for them to kick things around personally at greater length. They tend to feel closer than before, like huddling around a small fire. The discussions being less diffused become individually more manageable; ingroup jokes get started and are wellnigh kicked to death before new ones get piled on top of them. All of a sudden it is a hell of a lot of fun, and this starts slopping out into the members' other writings elsewhere, so that the word gets out, applicants begin turning up, a WL develops, the new members dig the atmosphere and join in, and pretty soon SAPS is in for another boom again. Or at least this is how it seems to have gone for a few years from the time we joined in 1956 bringing the roster up to 23 members.

Wrai, I think SAPS is long overdue for a good therapeutic rock-bottom slump!

Ignatz 32 (sweet unspoiled Miz NanRapp): Well now, I purely hope that [as long as Art got nailed for the foreign tour] you did manage to get concurrent travel and can write for us all about those strange furrin' places where they don't even know how to speak English! [Teach 'em Fanspeak and throw all Europe into chaos!]

Well, I don't find it boring to read of my friends' important experiences when told well and directly, and was not "yawning" at your account of Stevie's advent. You got to remember that people may be concerned for your well-being than you might think. (Oops-- more concerned, that is-- can't insert it between lines too well on this typer.)

Glad you got to see Nangee again and that things were well with her. Haven't heard from that gal this century, it seems. ## Good luck on the tour, like.

Spacewarp 75 (Art): Too much housing for Century 21, and an excess of parking lots, too. Well, there were more fast-buck artists than there were fast bucks, is all.

OK, I'll bite: tell us how you "spent 5 years in the Guardhouse" without tears.

I don't think I will make a radio out of an old razor blade, Art. I think I will start with one of my wornout electric razors and produce the really de luxe model.

Come to think of it, I did like "Open the Door, Richard". Of course I was finishing up at school that year, so you have to allow for a strained unstable mental state.

Yeh, I know exactly what you mean about how things accumulate on you while you are not looking-- books especially. You had two years; we've had eight; we cannot afford to move, ever-- it would be simpler to sweep streets for a living, I think.

Again-- hope you guys wangled the concurrent travel OK.

Retro 26 (me): Well, you may be right, and surely I would not say you are wrong, but...

Collector 31 (ol' BigHearted): Yeh, that's right; you did clamp down as OE and require 4 pages of text out of the six for minac. Didn't you also lay it down that double-spacing would get only half-credit? Yeh, sure-- it was Wansborough's bit of having one handscrawled line of text across a stencil, three or four of these in one zine, that really took the rag off the bush. Oh, you were a fierce OE, at that, burdened as you were with a Youngfan and an Alligator and a Teddybear.

Sure: BLANCHARD IN '66! [And just in case I don't get to the zine that made the mistake, London's predicted '65 Con does not do the Midwest out of its turn under the Rotation Plan; the whole schedule just moves on one year. Pardon the digression, Howard.]



There must be some way to point up the symbolism of the flight engineer burning the blade of his screwdriver in order to get home to his new bride, without getting us into trouble with the vandals who tear up Wrai Ballard's packages.

Your dad must have been pretty rough&ready, to cope with 3 guys on his neck while he was driving the car. I dunno his situation but I do know a guy can get into some tight ones by being uncritical of who his associates are on a pubcrawl. Twice in my model-A Ford days I had guys get on the running board and try to call the turn; the obvious answer seemed to be "Get off or I'll wipe you off" so I did, once on a parked truck and once on a high dirt bank alongside an alley. Both times I had to concentrate on my clearance so I do not know in either case whether the guys actually got wiped or whether they jumped first. Those old motors made a lot of noise with a straight pipe.

That's right by golly; we had two ex-OEships at the PB table. SAPS didn't have a table at ChiconIII; SAPS was infiltrating and taking over the whole blame whingding!

The Zed 801 (Karen): I wish I'd seen that X-15 show, including films. Heinlein is quite right in putting a high evaluation on this whole line of development; that has been (to my mind) the one bright spot in our lag on the man-in-the-bottle stuff-- the fact that we have also been working up to space flight along this other direction.

I am(also)at a loss as to why Ellik should choose eunuchs to shout your praises, but if he offers ten you might as well believe that he can deliver. After all, don't they always say: "Los Angeles has EVERYTHING?"

Son of Saproller 27 (Harness): I showed the Gondorian Goulash recipe to Elinor and she agrees it sounds promising, except what is "hashi"? [Prob'ly we'll never know...]

"Shit Oh Dear" may or may not be derived from the French, but either way it has been around for a long time-- it's probably older'n the both of us put together, which is a pretty alarming prospect if you stop to think much about it. "Dismay"? Well, maybe, but I tend to hear it as the preamble to an address by one who has not quite yet lost his patience, to a fumble-fingered student or apprentice or recruit, etc. It was quite prevalent in the eastern part of this state in the late '30s, so I suppose it is about due for popularity once again by now. Here and there.

Flabbergasting 24 (Tosk): A rather telling point on Stanbery-vs-Coventry, I'd say.

We'll have to try out "Campo's", the Mexchowhouse on Roosevelt Way, one day soon. I've seen it but it looked too fly-by-night and I have gruesome recall of Ivar's try at Latin-American cuisine up on Broadway a few years ago.

"..I think the Lensman series is better, but I think I enjoyed reading the Skylark series a bit more." This is a strange statement, and<sup>one</sup> which has appeared fairly often [worded differently, but same content] with regard to books, stories, and even fanzines: "Canticle.." comes to mind as being "better but less-enjoyed". Now what in heaven's name [and this is not a personal blast, Tosk; you merely provided the concrete example, possibly by a chance turn of wording, that provided the handle]-- WHAT, I say, is the rationale behind such a comparison? Does it mean: "I like A, but I think that probably I should like B"? "Having no confidence in my own taste...[etc]"? "If I do not understand it, it must be better than this which I enjoy"? No, your comment as quoted above does not imply all or perhaps any of these things, Tosk, but the totality of comments of that sort in fandom gives me to wonder. So I'm asking.

Speleobem 17 (Bruce): The cover is almost too esoteric this time; took me quite a while to figure out just who was being insulted; is the artist losing her touch?

Gosh, I thought Tosk and I were the only ones who dug his math paper. And NormanG.

"Never count a man out until he fails at something he likes"-- damn good line.

Well, I did have this idea percolating for a Fanland story called "The Outcast of FAPA Flats", but-- well, this was back in the Indian days and there was this warrior who was the consort of a shaman named Griz-- and I don't have \$75,000, even if I had any wish to get that nasty or gratuitously insulting. So I need another story line, one that does not depend on unjustified innuendo to get laughs. Like later, people.

Yes, it was I who said we should not take ourselves so seriously. It was Elinor who was turned off by your apparent aimless cruelty to "Norris". We are not one person no matter what it says in the FAPA Constitution. Hell, my info from "Norris" said he was an ex-Marine so I figured he'd flatten your head if you bugged him too much.

Since you lived in the same town with "Norris" I figured either you knew your man or you didn't, and frankly it did not bother me in the least either way. But sometimes women are too tenderhearted for their own good [though you may not believe this].

By the way-- don't feel badly about losing to Bill Evans for the FAPA STship. If you will refer to the last page of "A Sense of FAPA" you will note that this is Bill's seventh consecutive term as a FAPA officer. Under the once-in-five-years rule he has been vice-president twice and president once; in the offyears he successfully runs for SecTreas. The tenure-of-membership in FAPA is such that he would not win these elections if he had not been doing a pretty bangup job; say you not so? What it boils down to, then, is that you ran for the wrong office. I will give you a handy guide for future reference, assuming that Bill stays to the 5-year plan for pres and veep and does not lazy-off for some unaccountable reason: do not run for president of FAPA in 1964 and at 5-year intervals thereafter; for V-Pres the kickoff-year is 1966. And do not run for SecTreas in any other years than these-- or such is the advice that I would take, myself. Anyhow, Bruce, this time you were just up against a proven winner, and I do not think that beefing up one's activity would make any difference.

So you see, the vote alone does not tell the story, without the background. And incidentally the margin of Gregg Calkins' win over Ted White for FAPA veep is based on more than just Ted's troubles in his last tour as OE there. Also in the act is Gregg's having lost two very close races in the two previous elections, so that he had a few "next time" votes coming from previous years, reasonably enough.

Jeez. All that talk about the Other Apa. I go wash off Typing Finger with soap. Pot Pourri 24 & 25 (John Berry): John, I hoped we might have the spare PF#9s here but I haven't located them if so. Sept '59 was in Tosk's Regime; we'll check to see if he might still have a bit of "surplus stock" left but it is a frail hope.

"Wolf Whistle" is in the Best Berry Tradition, that we know and love; I can just see the "duchess", the Trained Dog, and -- er, I hope you did recover Kathleen OK; hmn?

The unjust-accusations bit sounds typical of what I've heard of OCS; std gimmick? I know, this entire "Army Daze" series begins to look more and more like a salable item.

Wellington Street 14 (bLob): I notice one serious omission in your NonVention account, Bob. What kind of a deal is it where you do not spend an irritating amount of time standing around waiting for elevators. Aside from that, though, a competent occasion.

I see I've been missing a good bet in recent mailings; all the rest of you guys take a page or so to tell why your zines are smaller lately. It gets like reprint.

I hope to hell Elmer is either kidding or achieving catharsis in that item of his.

Cher Qué? 15 (Doreen): Gad, you were shook up, doll, what with the trip and the moving and all else whatever that may have been but it usually happens if you're overextended to begin with. On acc't, I've seen your writeups before, and generally you ramble on with quite good organization that looks as if it were casually done. This time you are bouncing all over the place and no floorplan. Nem'mind though; it's fun anyhow, and I hope you can get events slowed down to a mad frantic stampede one of these days soon.

The Goblin 9 (TCarr): while Petit Mal and Truth About Cinderella were each interesting reading, TWhite draws the comment: Ted, if you read Wrai's 3-4 lines on "Gonorrhea, syphilis, and constipation" [in the Wicked cities] at all thoroughly, you'd have seen that the place where Wrai could "ever hear any such nonsense" was in WRHN 15, Redd Boggs' "File 13" column. And if you read WRHN 15 you'd recall that this line came from the 1925 anti-sex marriage manual reviewed by Redd in that issue. Turn in your gimlet eye.

Psilo 6 (Jane Ellern): Too bad you still don't like Mailing Comments; Mailing Comments like YOU. ## The Barana letter was... interesting... ## For the Green Door of Gonser! [Ok, I couldn't resist that one, even if it was Blotto Otto's Green Door, more. O hell, now I have inadvertently put in a plug for more door.] I'll forget Coventry if you will.

DemiTosk (Willis): There is something funny about this zine, and I suspect it is the writer. Madeleine should sue for that bit about how Greyhound lost your baggage but you saved the suitcases. ## well, I'm glad somebody appreciates Toskey as a human being; it's different. ## Any comment on "Letter to Greyhound" would, I fear, be too reminiscent of the mechanical rabbit at the dogtrack, and you've covered that. ## Say again, any time.

Sapterranean 7 (Walter the Breen): Well, I wouldn't go so far as to recommend that fans work at getting into jams with the law just to bring out their best writing, and it is a little soon to see how it will go with Shapiro, but Sir Blot's piece in WRR [on the time he got hauled in for trying to collect a full 52-card deck of parking tickets, and was left to cool for 3-4 days because at \$9 a day it was better than Unemployment Compensation] is probably the best and funniest thing he ever wrote; it swings, like.

True, that "Demmonization" [capitalization of words for ironic emphasis] has been around for a long long time; many of us have been overdoing that bit for some years, including me. Cal, however, has the touch with that gimmick, combining it with his own inimitable breezy style in such a way that it purely does get across to the troops.

Nice seeing you up here last month. And, sheest, I seem to be out of comments...

Dinky Bird 4 (Ruth Berman): Some real fine lines there in "Case of the Coffee House".

Arkham Sampler (Meskys): Oh yeh, it's you, Ed, who misfigures the Rotation Plan-- either that, or else you are figuring Blanchard as West rather than Midwest. Which? Anyhow, London in '65 still leaves the midwest in line for '66; honest, it does.

Heinlein is not alone in being averse to having a letter printed when it was not written for that purpose. There is a difference between writing for the edification of your correspondent and for that of his readership if he is a faneditor. This difference is a little hard to define: part of it is that a private letter need not spell things out for the general reader but can rely on previous understandings between the two correspondents; part of it is that one will allow awkward passages to stand, in a letter where the writing is purely off-the-cuff, that would be thought out a little better if one were working on a stencil or with publication in mind. So a private letter can be embarrassing as hell, showing up in print, and regardless of the context or of any confidences spilled sans authorization. It is a little bit like talking over with someone what your speech is going to be about at a banquet, and then having that conversation taped unbeknownst to you and played off at that banquet in place of the presentation you had intended. Now it happens that I have been stung on this bit of unauthorized publication more than a few times and I have come to dislike it intensely. Heinlein being rather an eminent figure, to say the least, has probably been bitten more than most [in his dealings with fans, anyhow], simply because Joe Phann has to show off that he got an honestoRoscoe Letter From Robert A Heinlein; it figures. If so, I can hardly blame him for appearing to react more strongly than the content of a given item might seem to indicate-- the hot-stove reflex and all that. Clearer?

In "Beyond This Horizon", telepathic contact with an embryonic-stage infant gave identity-clues to the personality of a person who had died about the time the child had been conceived; thus "the question of immortality has been answered by the back door" or some such phrase. It wasn't a major component of the story.

I like Harry Warner's idea of one supreme Elder Age classic of literature from whence cometh all the very best lines of current [this-Era] writing.

Stumping 2 (Jim): Another fine Weber cover; great punchline as usual.

I had a roommate once at school who had one of those .45-70s. He had taken a few inches off the barrel, put a recoil pad on it, and used a 500-grain slug for deer in woods country-- the sort of shooting for which the .44 Magnum carbine is designed.

I dug the info on cannon; I seem to recall reading somewhere once that the largest gun ever built had a 20-1/2" bore, but Rodman's is probably the one meant [the info was in an encyclopedia and I read it when I was in the 5th grade, so I can hardly look it up now]. ## OK, with 9pp in 2 consecutive mailings, welcome to Instant SAPSdom, Jim!

Pleasure Units 2 (Gordon Eklund): I like to save my first text-page for last-minute ramblings in case the earlier-written MCs are dated by new developments. This does not always pan out too well, but the idea has proved fairly sound most of the time.

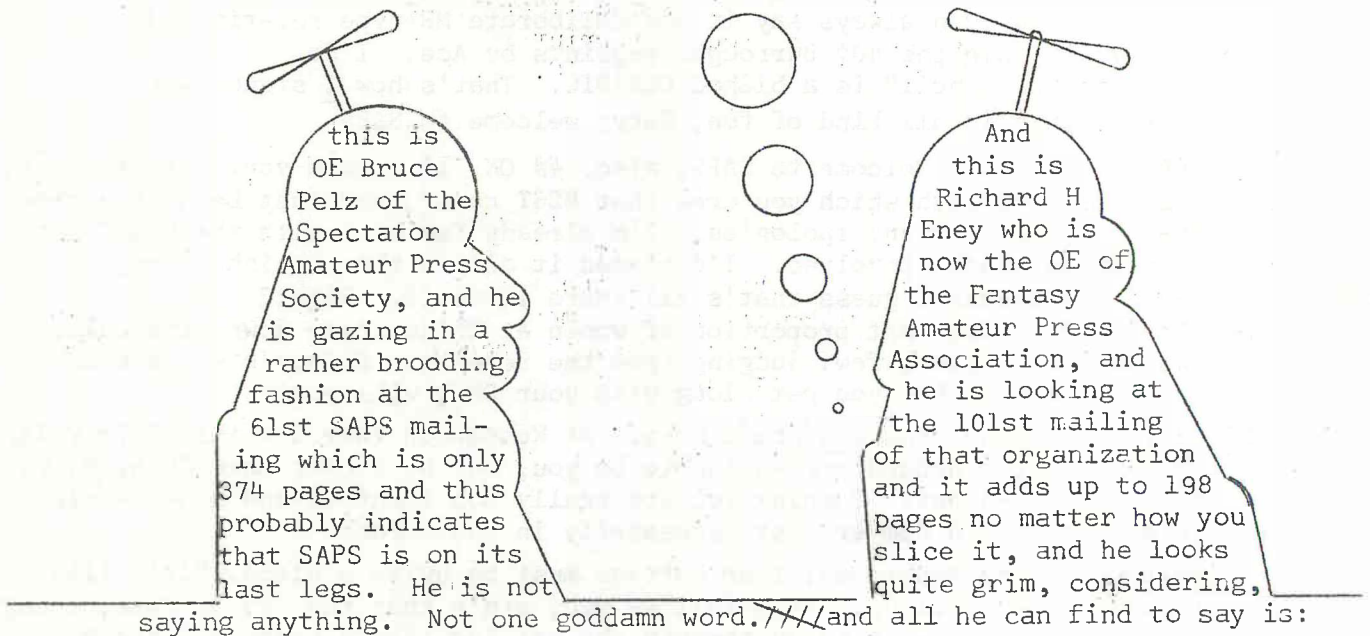
My folks generally talked me into letting sma' critturs go free rather than trying to keep them [these captives were seldom injured, though often quite young]; the ones I did keep generally died, so it became easier to convince me that it was best to turn 'em loose after the first thrill of just watching 'em wore off. And eventually I got out of the habit of bringing such trophies home at all, but would release them at the same place where I'd caught them, and hope for the best. Birds, baby mice, frogs, toads, snakes, lizards, turtles, crawdads, fish, and miscellaneous small furry beasts...



THAT SORT OF DOES IT for Mailing Comments this time around; although a few zines just left me sitting here without anything that seemed to need saying about them, this does not imply any lack of merit. I mean, what is there to say about a letter from John Myers Myers (for instance), yet I enjoyed reading it, very much. Oh well, it's the breaks.

((Jan 7, 1963-- reference those odd-numbered pages, and a certain amount of trouble on the even sides also-- this Gestetner has been laying for me since June of 1958, and this time you better believe it, it GOT me. Pray hard, now))

## Artless Artwork and the Jewels of Opar



"GLOAT, AND I'LL KILL YOU!"

-----  
Haiku is as haiku does-- a few Chicon impressions:

That fan is happy.  
He is drunk and euphoric  
but I am more so.

Parties are fun but  
at least you should try to see  
part of the Program.

Hours and hours  
Marching in search of a new  
Place to eat quickly.

The coffee is bad.  
But it helps to kill the taste  
of the orange juice..

There goes my good friend  
hurrying to spill all my  
latest DNQs...

Think of a woman.  
Think of a house detective.  
Think of a cold beer.

The bellboy knocks twice:  
You know, this must be the ice  
we ordered last night.

The elevator:  
A man could grow old  
(waiting  
for it); let us walk.

Is that really the  
house detective that you have  
locked in your bathroom?

No, I have not seen  
your husband, young lady, but  
right now who needs him?

[over and out...]