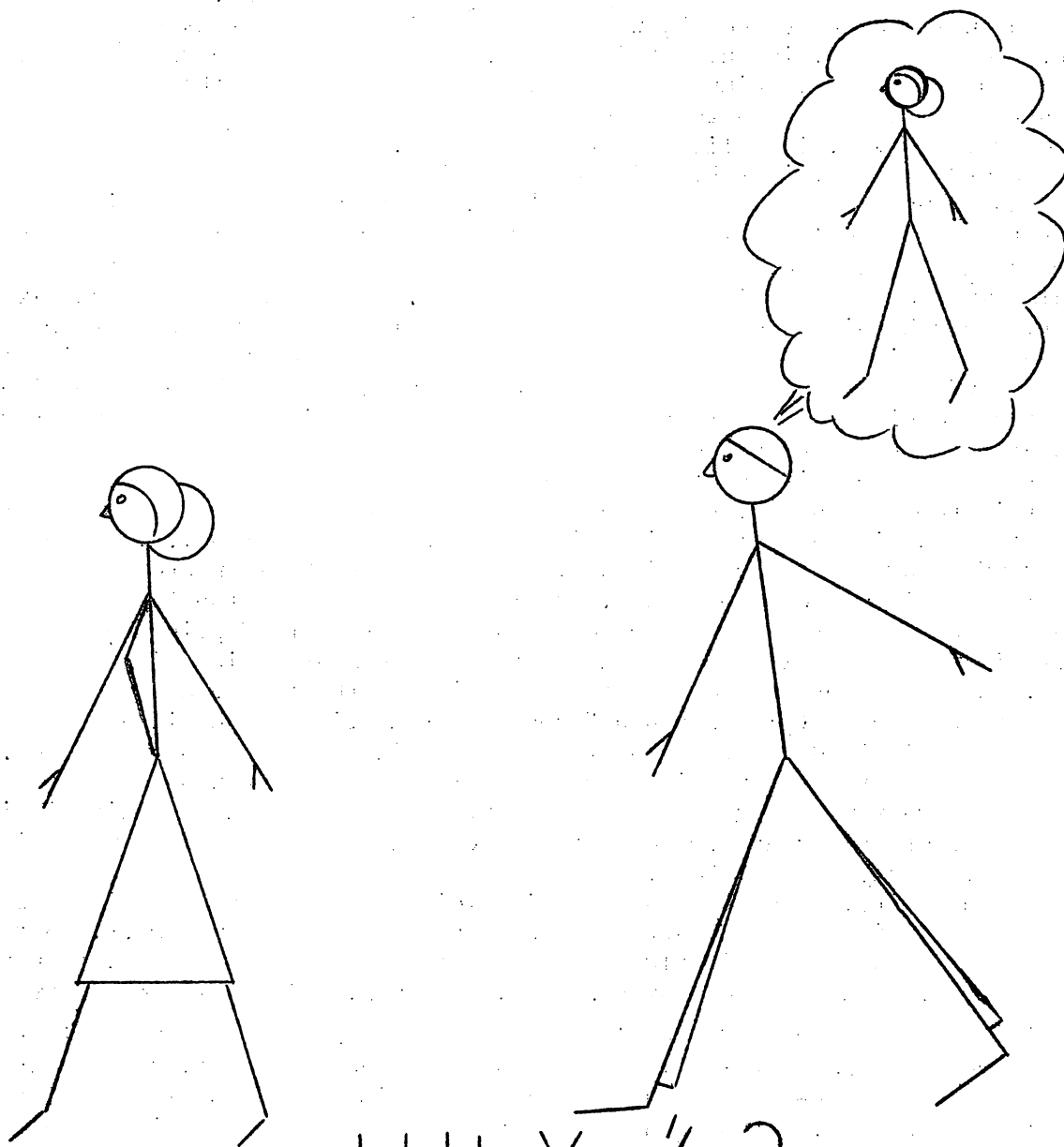


RETRO
29

SAPS-64



JULY '63

More likely than not, this is R*E*T*R*O #29 for SAPSmailing #64, July 1963. If so, it is the work of F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Washington.

It is also, come to think of it, RETRO's 7th Annish, for what that's worth. Actually it is the First Annish that is the important one; if you get into your 2nd year it is quite likely that you will be around for awhile, for better or for worse.

The 63rd mailing is a nice comfortable size and the participation [33 out of 38 persons] quite respectable. Of course it is a terrible thing to say that SAPS is becoming respectable, but I really didn't mean it like that. SAPS is, I'm sure, its lovable old disreputable self for the most part, and if I see any signs of its becoming anything else I will Take Steps. I will sic Raeburn and Norm Clarke on you.

A fate worse than the FAPA waiting list.

Speaking of evil fates, there is the little matter of one Worm Nitkopf, alias the Poller Pill. Ol' Worm, or Norm as he is sometimes called before people get to know him better, was as you will recall given the job of counting and reporting the Pillar Poll votes. Counting, you understand. And reporting. According to the Poll Ballot as written up by the OE, who is vested with the rule-making powers of this group. Norm was not, in any publication in my mailing, given any authority to make his own rules or to set himself up as arbiter to count only the votes he liked.

Arrogance we are used to in this world, and also incompetence; the combination of the two, however, is a little hard to swallow, so I won't.

ARROGANCE? Yes, in taking it upon himself to add rules of his own to those of the OE as to what votes he would count ["I would have thrown out quite a few... except that I couldn't be 102% sure..." that his own personal rules were being bent]. How many did he throw out? He doesn't say, except that he threw out a ballot, again for his own reasons not given in the OE's rules. The grapevine now has it that he latterly says he didn't either throw out that ballot, which happens to be my own-- that he was "being funny" and "trying to get back at (me) for losing his ballot or being funny" last year, an apparent misunderstanding of the brief notes I added to completed stencils last year when (1) Wally missed listing Norm as a voter and (2) I found after completing my stencils that Norm's comments in the "Other" category had inadvertently been omitted; the notes were meant as apology, of course. It seems to me that if the guy thought he had a beef he has had a whole year to beef or to ask, rather than pulling an idiot trick like "this was not counted...", deadpan and all.

INCOMPETENCE? The man can't add, copy, or crosscheck in order to catch his goofs in the first two ineptitudes. At least two items on the first page are not listed in the separate-category pages. Wally Weber lost 27 points because Metcalf always misses his little toe when he counts. Points are twice given to the wrong person. Either 23 or 24 people voted according to the two separate vote-point listings, yet 26 members (plus 2 "funny" non-member mentions) are cited by name as having voted. I didn't find all these goofs myself; I just spotted the easy ones.

Now THIS is the guy who insists we should all leaf through every page of 4 mailings in order not to goof a couple points to someone who had his fiction last year instead of this year, or some other such heinous miscarriage of justice.

Big, if I may say so, Deal.

Further: it may be and doubtless is ridiculous for fan A to give the maximum possible points in every category to fan B who is a brand-new member. But it is a breach of trust and unforgivable of Norman Metcalf, Official Teller, to publicize this by names. You want to bust his head, Lichtman? I'll hold your coat.

I'm not arguing with Metcalf's right to think and say that he feels the entire Poll as conducted is worthless; that's his privilege. In fact, during our own Two-Headed Regime of 1958-59, I thought seriously of imposing a similar stricture of votes for members only, and citation of appearance of items drawing votes. Yes, I considered this seriously-- for about 2 minutes; then I realized that under those conditions nobody to speak of would bother to vote at all-- I wouldn't myself. So I dropped this as a silly idea and decided to accept the Poll on its own terms, as the traditional device to determine "the Pillars of SAPS" in a less-than-dead-serious fashion that is somehow fitting to SAPS as some of us, at least, know and love it.

OK, I will wrap up that section of gripes by summarizing that (1) Metcalf needs and deserves some sort or semblance of a bad time for his usurpation of the OE's prerogatives in rule-making, and for his miserable incompetence in the routine tasks of arithmetic and rote-copying, and (2) that since even a less-than-perfect vote is enough work to deserve an honest count, it is something like the height of stupidity for a man who can't count to insist so petulantly on the extra labor required for that perfect vote he so ardently desires. Anyway, he won't get it from me. And you?

You know, I was really bugged at this joker when I first read the mailing; I felt that something should be done about him. But there was the problem of what can be "done about" anyone in the framework of SAPS (short of busting his head, that is). A petition-for-ouster is, oddly enough, just about the only possibility. And that is too much work, even if the OE would entertain such a petition. [It would look pretty silly, too, of course, but that would bother me less than you might think; a more valid reason for dropping the idea is that it would just start Another Stupid Feud in SAPS.] So then I thought that perhaps this would be the first issue of RETRO to carry that time-hallowed line: "Why don't you get the hell out of SAPS?" in serious vein. But no, I decided: it just ain't the Real Me, somehow.

So I will settle for these words of kindly advice to Norman Metcalf: the next time you go to smart off, make sure you know what you're talking about, and then maybe you will not come up looking like quite such a fourflusher.

It is sure nice that I cooled off before I wrote all this bit, isn't it though?

And while we are all griping (but kindly) about the Pillar Poll, here is one that is at least partially aimed at the OE. "Votes for members only will be valid". Now whether it was the OE or the Teller or the interpretation of each and every voter (which latter, I doubt like hell), no points appear even for persons who were members during the year but not at the time the ballots were distributed. Now it happens that I myself vote only for members on the current roster at time of vote, but I do not think that everyone should have to vote that way just because I do. And I do not believe that no voter gave any points to ex-members who left us during the period under vote-- based on past votings, I don't believe this. J'accuse, like.

This has been an essay on Democracy in Action and other mythological beasts.

The M*A*I*L*I*N*G C*O*M*M*E*N*T*S are overdue at this point; since this is June 29 and we leave for the Westercon on July 3rd, more than usual are probably going to have the chance to say "BDYDCOMZ!" at me in justly-aggrieved tones...

rich brown: Welcome back; your PLONK #1 is a swingin' zine, and if this were the old prolific Busby instead of the older tired ~~sexfile~~ fan who is leaving for the Westercon next Wednesday, I would expand on that statement to egoboosting lengths as you deserve. ## Well, yeh, I can see why you would not like "Open the Door, Richard", at that. Like Jerry Lewis will be murdered by someone named Melvin.

Yeh, Cal Demmon does have a sort of Es Adams flavor, at that (or vice-versa?).

Dian Girard: Thanks for the scoop on the DKW; the combo of front-wheel drive and a 3-cyl 2-cyc engine fascinated me, but at 37HP I guess not.

But my license number is AJR-339, not SAM-123; you sent me the wrong sticker.

rich again: But dammit I haven't had the time [or guts?] to tackle PRA#15 as yet!

Art Rapp: Followed your travels with absorption. Mighod, you mean that with this 64th mailing, SAPS is going to break 20,000 pages? I suppose it had to happen, but it is a croggling thought. Fine chart, but my dotted line runs from 100 at mailing Zero through the following coordinate points: 0/100, 10/150, 20/225 (concave upward to this point of inflection, thence concave downward), 30/300, 40/350, 50/400, and extrapolating a levelling-off toward 65/450. All in round numbers which would give some straight-line segments if used precisely, so don't.

I haven't followed the NFFFracas too closely, but I fully support you folks and Don Franson and Tyrannical Al, from what I have noticed. ## Nope, CRY is not taken as a tax-deduction-- mainly because it is not feasible for me to figure deductions at all; I just take the Standard Deduction and the hell with it. Particularly the latter.

Larry Crilly: Put your name up front, for CRYsakes; some of us are not telepathic.

Well now Larry (or Lawr, or perhaps even Lars or Lar' since Bourne and Stone aren't using those last two any more around here), what makes you think Breen's SeaconRep was "biased", except that of course any individual writeup must needs be? Were you there? I've said it before and with my luck I'll probably have to say it again sometime: within the limits of normal reportorial accuracy, I thought that both Breen and Eney did very fine jobs overall in their Seacon Reports. Cons are chaotic, man.

How many adult Americans can speak American [let alone English], hey?

John Berry: You certainly do bring the "field problem" situation to life-- "problem" or "maneuvers", the misadventures are equally hilarious. I remember one in which we were deployed in hope of ambush; this one clump of bushes up the hill in a fence-corner kept thrashing around and making noises, and the First Sergeant got very perturbed indeed. Finally he charged up the hill to chew out PFC Wm Smawley who was supposed to be hiding quietly in those bushes, and discovered that said Wm Smawley had been assigned to lie doggo on a nest of the very same yellow-jacketed wasps of which one specimen stung you on the hand on your last day here in Seattle during our venture in search of Swamp House. These particular yellow-jackets had-- now brace yourself, man-- sent a squad to infiltrate PFC Smawley's breeches, which turned out to be a blind alley so that the squad was trapped and trying to sting its way out. The results were much the same as various tropical-primitive puberty rites, I guess. Poor Smawley; there was a kid who would have been a big success if he had had only two left feet. He died in Burma of his ingenuity in skipping yellow-fever shots.

Wrai Ballard: As of this writing I am still hoping that Bruce Pelz or Elmer Perdue or some Ghod or other passes a miracle and gets you to the Westercon after all.

I'd do it myself but I hate to get involved in jurisdictional disputes.

I hate to break the tradition and use clean tactics in a TAFF race, especially in SAPS, but the only dirty-pool I can think of to use in favor of our esteemed Mr. Wally Weber is that Bruce as OE can't leave the country next spring when he is under obligation to get out the Apr '64 SAPS mailing, #67. I'll admit that that is pretty weak dirty-pool but it is the best I can think of on such short notice.

Maybe SAPS is in a slump at that. Do you realize that out of 38 persons on the roster, only 9 have ever been OE? Of course, 4 others have run for the job, so maybe the spirit of adventure is not entirely dead.

All persons who recall the Martin Alger homemade \$3.75 mimeo will be croggled to hear that in these inflationary days one of the PopMech-type magazines gives plans for a 50¢ mimeo, no less. Probably sent in by Norman ~~Wiz~~ G Wansborough, I suppose.

"...at the time SAPS was known as a friendly group.

"We used to do our own butchering.." Nicest pair of joined quotes I've had the chance to quote in a long while. In direct sequence and everything. Well, I guess SAPS is still a friendly group that can still do its own butchering, wouldn't you say?

OK, it is perfectly all right with me for you to come out here and put on the "Blanchard in '66" Worldcon here in Seattle, so long as you can stand up and convince the London 1965 business-room meeting to approve of the technical irregularity. OK?

Specimen of men's-room graffiti: "Christine was here-- but not lately".

Walter Breen: Another way to state the objection to the Speer/Nicholson Handicap Theory of Fandom is this-- all the people you do not know well&thoroughly put up a good front and seem to be making it just great. But when you come to know anyone, fan or mundane, really well, it turns out he or she is in reality having it pretty goddamn rough in at least a few crucial ways. Or so I have found it to be in the majority of cases. Fan or nonfan, it makes no odds; troubles aren't all that selective, it seems. (And me, you ask? Well sure, I have a problem here and there, but for the most part I am coasting these days on the strength of having won a few of the big ones with myself over the past 10-12 years; of course there are always the rematches.)

Dick Schultz, you are schultzing-around with fiction again; a rowrbazzle be upon you.

Bob Lichtman: Whether you ever buy a VW or a Corvair, or not, you are gaining much valuable experience in dealing with used-car "people". You are learning the ropes. One day you will buy a used car and it won't even hurt much when the novocaine wears

off. Of course, this does not help you much in selling a used car. That is another and quite different routine, and one in which I can offer little advice of value; I am an expert in buying used cars, only, having bought my 15th one in 1948 and having only gotten badly screwed a couple of times, notably once when I let the salesman get me sort of drunk but not too drunk to sign papers. Any time a salesman buys you a drink, keep your writing hand in your pocket and you can't lose. The other rules are pretty simple and you seem to have these pretty well in mind for the most part. Like:

1. You don't care if you deal or not; let them do the sweating.

2. Never volunteer a money-offer; always ask, and then shake your head.

3. No matter what the offer they make, it is out of line; you can't possibly meet it or even consider it. We are talking about "the difference" here, of course, since this is the only monetary figure that really means anything in the whole schmeer.

4. The figure they name is always \$200-300 too high; after you have the salesman committed to a "difference" figure, grab (sadly, not defiantly, of course) a figure \$2-300 lower than his, and insist that that is all you can possibly pay in difference.

5. This way you will eventually make a deal. But as you say, this deal is not final, because along comes the Manager or the Appraiser or whatever they want to call the fella whose job it is to wrest the few extra hundred bucks out of you, and he says how sorry he is that there has been this misunderstanding, and that surely you will not let a lousy little (say) \$200 spoil a good deal, will you?

6. Hell YES, you say, meaning it, and walking out but not too fast.

7. The boss-salesman will either take your deal or he won't; either way you have not lost anything unless you goof up and take his deal. At this point he wants you to sign the papers; he tells you how the shop will fix all the faults you noticed when you were driving this kettle around the block.

8. You sign nothing, at this point; you come back and sign when the shop has fixed the crate and not before. This way you drive out with what was agreed-upon.

If you stick to these rules, you won't get screwed too badly, with luck. Well, the rest of you guys, anyway; I see that Mr Lichtman copped out on the back page.

Meanwhile, Bob, you discuss love in a sort of tentative fashion which is about as good as anyone else does. Well, maybe we are discussing the definitions from the wrong end: too high. How about a minimum or up-from-the-ape definition and go on from there? Like: "Love is when you don't hit somebody even though he bucked for it"? Think, now.

Gary Deindorfer: Well, it is this way. I am glad that you have saved your membership and that perhaps someday you will Do Your Trick such as regular activity without all the fudging. But I will frankly admit that if I had been OE this last mailing, you would not have gotten 6 pages credit for all that flashy space-and-a-half stuff, and so you would now be out on your ass, or similar. Next time play it more straight?

PELZ: This is the first time you've screwed-up this way. What gives, man? Last mailing you listed Dorf needing 6 pages-- oh-- urp-- ah-- oop-- OK, OK, man, so you did it right the first time, but the evidence was so spread-out that it took me awhile to find it. It is a plowed and groanly fink to be, a fan.

John Foyster: Well, I've read Vonnegut's(?) "Mother Night", and I recommend it.

Nancy Rapp: Well, now I understand Art's reference to hand-lettering amidst typed wordage; so OK. I gather you are not particularly addicted to extensive travel; me, too. I don't think you're (as yet reported) pushing Italian cookery hard enough to put it on its mettle and get the best out of it; breakfasts are no real tests, hey?

SHEEST! The guy next door jst busted in here in a big sweat, his wife just about due but bleeding ahead of time and their own doctor didn't answer the phone. It took me two calls to nail down the emergency number and I was just dialing that one when he came back and said they had raised their own medic after all. Then he bashed out of the area in a big hurry and clashing gears; I sure as hell hope he makes it OK.

Hey, Nancy, Alma Hill has written Wally and me to point out that DBruceBerry can sue because I have pointed out that DBB cannot possibly be correct in accusing Earl Kemp of stealing his beer during the Solacon. Alma seems to figure that it is OK to accuse people of felonies but libelous to show such accusations up as so much crap; it is sure nice to dig the score on these things, isn't it though? Why, suurrree.

Gordon Eklund: And a happy sunny June 30th to you, sir. Oh, very well, I'll admit it; I don't compose on-stencil at all. I first-draft everything I write, and sometimes even second-draft. Mentally, of course, and generally the further ahead I am figuring the presentation, the better it comes out. Or not, at times. So now you know. Incidentally, this zine is being written in a reasonably happy but somewhat harrassed/timeridden mood. Yes, even the chewing of Brer Metcalf; I enjoyed that.

For a picture of primitive Africans confronted with today's world, I recommend Richard Llewellyn's "A Man in a Mirror". The author's solution may or may not be valid, but his picture of the Masai culture is powerful and fascinating.

Dick Eney: Akrea certainly did not "grotch" me; I simply was unable to make myself dig into it fully: antibodies left over from Coventry, no doubt. Bad luck.

Ruth Berman: Reduced to fade-prone ditto? Poor girl; I pity without censure...

Burnett Toskey: Gad, you have 909 pages in 25 mailings? I croggle, having no idea what my own count would be for the 28 mailings preceding this one. 500, maybe? It seems strange that you've been off your Big Zine kick for nearly 3 years by now.

Willis never sent me a copy of DEMITOSK, either. I wonder why?

It was I, not the author, who cleaned the news-stand out of its 10 copies of "Immoral Motel". I did this at the request of the author, who was marooned out in the wastelands and could get no free copies from the publisher. The original story was written in 1949 and was a James M Cain type tale, not bad at all. The author tells me he had plenty sex in the original; it was just the stereotyped physical descriptions, mostly, that the publisher laid on with a big spade.

This issue wild enough for you-- in spots, anyway??

Dave Hulan: All I can say is that I hope Roy comes through OK; good luck, there.

Larry Anderson: Interesting-but-scary account of being a medical guinea-pig. It is a helluva thing to be on that end of experimental probings, from all accounts. Anyhow, you made it, and that's what counts.

Howard Devore: You live an exciting life; imagine starting out with Girl Scout cookies and ending up with gun play. Even Raymond Chandler couldn't get a deal like that past a publisher. I don't blame you for not going for a Hero Badge. Punks of that sort may be lousy shots but they usually are jittery and spray it around all over everybody when startled. One young fella here in town went to shoot the owner of a small grocery, missed him, but killed a perfectly innocent lady customer who left 3 children to her widower's care. Right up the hill about a half-mile or so.

Don Day called up last week; the Index won't make it for Wash-Sept but he does begin to see his way clear to work on it later this summer after many months of being tied to a treadmill. Don has a truckload of presses and accessories for sale at \$75 to any good fan, or twice that to a mundane purchaser. Freight is the trouble...

Dorf again: Well, it is nice that you found out early in your SAPS career that the pagecount requirements are based on single-spacing; so now you know, hey? Perdue's double-spacing days were some years ago, by the way; you might say that Elmer used to be FAPA's very own Teddy Bear Sims, or perhaps vice versa.

Now if you were Dave Rike, you would have ignored the OE's demand for more text, and Terry Carr would say how you had been railroaded out of SAPS, probably. [The cases are comparable except that Dave didn't need it until the next mailing.]

Norm Metcalf: How you feeling there, buddy? Need a Band-Aid or anything?

Yes, but have any buccaneers hit the Great South Seas lately?

Good Lord. Is the N.A.P.A. really all that bad (per YOLO #1)? Hoog.

Jane Ellern: You have me thoroughly confused. I think I will go OUT and come back IN again and start all over from scratch.

Tom Armistead: Well, I don't advocate lynching Bob Jennings, but it is just as well if perhaps he got the hell scared out of him for printing the DBB stuff and if many other fans caught the message also. To say "I can understand how.." something or other happened is not to lessen the rigor of disapproval or even condemnation. For

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instance, a few years ago in this city a young fella was driven berserk by a young lady of the "teaser" variety and killed her, after which he worked her over with a broken beer bottle. Now certainly any guy who has ever dated a girl of that sort can "understand how.." this lad went off his tracks; nevertheless, it just won't do. [The guy got "life" and of course is out on parole by now.] Jennings didn't kill anyone, but he did a lot of damage to Earl Kemp-- I cite the fact that a wellknown SAPS contributor who saw Earl at Southgate when the holdup-scene was supposedly taking place, still found it in his heart to say "Well, there must be something to it, with all that detail". So Jennings has something to answer for, though I am just as pleased as you are that Earl is big enough to let the kid off the hook.

As to "why no one chooses to chasten (D Bruce) Berry who wrote the whole thing": ...it is difficult to answer that without making statements which true or not would be grounds for a libel suit against me by DBB. Well, let's try it this way-- from my reading of A TRIP TO HELL, I got the impression that it was written from an alternate universe, and that nothing I could say from here would affect things there. OK?

I have a hypothesis that perhaps high-IQ develops as a defensive measure under early interpersonal/social stress. I have no idea whether this is any sort of hypertrophy or merely a fuller development of natural endowment under pressure, but I imagine I could throw the idea into MENSA and get back enough bricks to build a barn.

Me: I'm not so sure that I'm speaking to Me lately...

Dave Hulan again: Nice rundown on the Pellucidar series, except that doggonit you do not suspend your disbelief as much as is required to best enjoy Burroughs.

Jim Webbert: The cover came out great [folks, we saw the original at a Nameless meeting, is why the report]. I expect Sheba is getting nearly big enough by now to ride back and forth to work. Or soon, anyway. Nice the Boeing strike folded, hey? ...and Doreen: Lack or fading of enthusiasm is an odd thing. In Elinor's case, she wearied of SAPS but was hot for OMPA and FAPA; at the moment she is somewhat blase about the whole schmeer, and I'm sure I don't know why. For myself, I can recall waiting eagerly for apa mailings, and now upon arrival of a bundle I only read a few favorites at once, sometimes leaving the remainder for last-minute scanning in the face of the deadline, searching for that which demands comment, etc.

But I am pretty sure what went wrong with SAPS itself, to the extent that anything did: pretentiousness, nitpicking, Creeping Serconism-- you name it-- merely keeping in mind that this stuff does have to go through the mails, after all.

Or maybe we're just getting too perfectionistic? OK, laugh it up, out there...

TCarr: I've now met 29 of the 38 persons listed on the (SPEC 63) roster, and 8 of the 16 on the WL. 54 people now connected with SAPS? That's not . . . so bad.

..and TWhite: I guess I don't have a very good gimlet eye either, judging from my near-goof in commenting to the Dorf earlier in this issue. But honestly, anything so outre as Redd's quote and Wrai's use of it (all that VD in the Big Wicked City) should have hit you as being less than sercon/literal. No kidding,

A lonely isolated braincell says that TACITUM related to a Benny Sodek. Hein?

Fred Patten: As a kid, I was not exactly a friend to all the animal kingdom. I had a trapline for ground-squirrels and also (from the age of 9) shot them-- and just about anything else not under interdict, for a few years there. I suppose the big highlight was inadvertently killing a badger by boffing it on the nose with a large clod of hard-dried clay; the critter charged a couple of us, and it weighed about 40 pounds and had claws over an inch long. The scene was late twilight, and for a few minutes we thought maybe it was a small bear, no less.

bLob's reviews: we here did not care at all for TROLL CHOWDER; it was Terry at his absolute most-upstage and snottiest, and this is not the TCarr we know and love.

Ted Johnstone: "I rather liken it to selling my soul to the devil-- the odds are he'll get me anyway, so I may as well try to strike a bargain with him and make what I can out of the deal." Now, friend, you are coming around to a realistic attitude about the Armed Forces (keeping in mind that if you want a good deal, you gotta produce, too). One thing, though: maybe you'd better check on the respective post-service obligations of officers and of enlisted-men, before going for a commission.

Ed Meskys: Your bacover does have a bit of a Garcone flavor at that, but not quite authentic somehow. Being no art expert, I'll ask the experts to distinguish.

Dunno about Friden, but Teletype tape can be corrected for typos by backspacing and punching the "Letters" [downshift] key over the typo; this punches out all the intelligence-pulse holes and the machine simply shifts down or marks time on that character, so you can then take up wherever you left off.

From your spelling, I think you must be Richard Koogler in a clever plastic disguise. You do rather well with consonants, but you seem to have the idea that all the vowels are interchangeable. No doubt you've just been reading too many fanzines.

Bruce Pelz: Naw, I asked you first, as to who was supposed to be insulted by that one cover you had; I honestly couldn't figure it out. [It was the messy-looking female throwing fanzines around and asking a dopey-looking servitor to bring on a fresh batch-- near as I can recall it.] Since there was no extrinsic significance, I assumed that some personal putdowns must be involved, and since I could not figure out just what these were supposed to be, I asked. Well, if it is some esoteric L.A. ingroup thing that is not supposed to be understood out of town, never mind; hey?

I think that any SPECS of our regime (#44-47) went to Tosk along with other surplus. I'm not sure whether or not you've run us out of back CRYs, but your note of binding FT/SFT reminds me that we have a large mass of those that we'll never get around to reading, and that we are one day soon going to have to unload quite a mess of fanzines [since it is sinful to discard them in final fashion]. My terms are for the most part postage plus a fee for wrapping&mailing because I hate that chore.

Fellowship of Nothing: it just now hit me-- Die Freischultz? Butch, I guess.

One of the nicest things about "The DistAWF Side" is that given just a bit of concentration I can dub-in hearing the text in her own lovely voice and with the feeling of presence which seems to be such a fine strong point of Belfast fandom.

Don Fitch: My remarks on page 5 of RETRO 27, Jan 63, were not my own estimate of the state of SAPS, but my extrapolation of conditions cited by others. All I was saying was that if it is this bad, then perhaps maybe we will be much better off when all the faint hearts go away to brighter pastures and like that. You stick around, though.

The "BDYDCOMZ!" bit is primarily my fault; I started it as a funny. O well...

Well, OK, I was harking back a way: A YoungFan, an Alligator, and a Teddypbear are respectively George Young(fan), Alligator Aggie Harook, and Roger Teddy Bear Sims, ^{being} all of Detroit fandom circa 1955-58 roughly. SAPS is the poorer for their passing-on.

The Wler who wants FAPA enlarged becomes the member who doesn't; I used to try to send extras to non-members but I've given in to my essential laziness by now.

Don, I purely hope you will be making the Westercon later this week.

Jack Harness: Well, you seem to be having a pretty good time there. I wonder if I can set up an elevated birdbath as a new nation and put it on Lend-Lease or whatever they are calling foreign-aid by this time. The ambassadors walk around on stilts?

That is a real redhot Good Luck chainletter; I'd hate to spoil it by joining.

Karen Anderson: "Arzan Honey" reads to me like an outline-with-expositions, of a story you may sometime want to write out full-length. Reading it, I hope you will.

* * * * *

This has been a rather rapid bit of work, Ghod knows. No excuses, mind you. Let's add a big WELCOME to L Crilly and to Don Fitch, since I missed these in the main body of text. I just now took time out to cut a cover and Elinor tells me that I goofed up the intent that she saw in my original scribble-sketch. Well, you cannot win them all, I guess. The Spectator Amateur Press Society will rise again though if it hasn't already; just you wait and see. Not in pagecount, though, I hope...

JULY 1st: Ha! The sun is shining and the Gestetner is working just fine through the first 7 pages at least, so it is time to wrap this thing up and tie a string around it. After which I shall have a beer and a li'l lunch (this being the first day of vacation which runs through the 14th) and get to racking the lees of my brain for something to say at the Westercon banquet, at which I hope to see a goodly number of you.

This would be a FenDen Publication except the Gestetner is now in the diningroom.