

F a p a 1 1 9

S e r c o n ' s B a n e 3 2

M a y 1 9 6 7

(F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle Wash 98119: Apr 30, '67)

It's been a rapid quarter here, strenuous but mostly enjoyable. I've had the *monster* at work (the automatic teletype gizmo) whipped technically for some time but there is still a lot of mopping-up and scutwork to manage: for instance, the installation spec ran to 55 pages and lists 105 drawings of from one to 37 sheets. However, I had to originate only about 9 of these and rework another 32; the other 64 (including all the multisheet jobbies) were already in existence, to be worked from. Anyway, it's been an Education, of sorts, to find out just how much work is involved when all ends of a big one are in your lap. (I really thought I could crank it out with 2-3 weeks of concentrated effort. Instead, after 4 months, I'm no more than 90% done with the whole bit. Hoog.)

Elsewise: aside from one cold I had, it's been Healthsville all the way. The weight bit's been holding nicely despite much self-indulgence re booze and lurching-out (the two are related)-- I'm on my feet a lot at the Shops, when working directly with the gadgetry, and that makes a difference.

And to date no baby ducks have appeared at Green Lake. In the previous 3 years we were up to our ears in ducklings by this time. Are they on strike??

Looming at me with a menacing air is the 118th mailing: I made another try at the checkmark system this time and once again it did not work, better than ever. But just for jollies I'll start from the bottom of the mailing and work up. This should help to counteract the effect of many who start from the top and poop out midway. Or so one may hope.

Thell with arguing about Viet Nam, one and all. I can't agree with LBJ's pitch but even less can I agree with most of the Dissent element. If I had a better answer I'd say so, but I don't, so for the time being I must go along with Daddy Bird as promoting the best answer that has any possible chance of success-- on the other hand, by now the Neville Chamberlain Fan Club may have rebuilt its clubhouse in Munich. I do believe in Something for Everybody; don't you?

And now, Upward and Onward into mailing 118 (von der bottom, up):

Superscript 2 (Caughran): Didn't the *presidency* go into the House a 3rd time in the 1880s when Harrison interpolated between Cleveland's 2 terms?? Or am I thinking of the Hayes-Tilden bit? Or both?

But why shouldn't "Toyota have a 3-speed, of all things?" Actually the Corona has 4-on-floor (not imported here), 3 on column, and 2-speed automatic which I've driven but didn't care for. The larger Crown had 3-plus-overdrive but with the overhead-cam engine has gone fully to auto or 4-on-floor-- and lost me there. (As, when the shoulder bugs me, I want to manage all things with elbow at side, and 4-speeds just don't allow this.) ::: No problem to get rid of tailgate drivers if you feel nasty enough: on freeways you show sudden stop-light while accelerating with the other foot; on more winding roads you go thru a tight corner all-out without showing stoplight, and after the sumbidge gets himself back on course he will be much less eager to hang on your tail. Not well to overdo that last one, of course; you might kill the idiot.

That's HARI Seldon; no? ::: You could be right that it would do us good to lose the Moon race, in the long run. But perhaps the fatalities on both sides may help to push toward the joint effort, which'd be a Better Scene.

Godot 7 (Deckinger): Canuck Legionaires bugged you? At Baycon (Oakland, '61) they flooded the bar and sang War-1 songs all evening, and then kindly and miraculously pooped out before midnight. They were OK-types except for their loud-pedal. ::: "It very frequently never is": I love that line; it proves to me that no matter how sophisticated you get, Mike, you'll never scorn those of us who have not Grown with you. ::: You've never seen farms in winter? How selective of you. ::: The advantage of non-drug techniques (over, say, LSD) is that they never put you in over your head and flip you. Or not as often...

(like, twosies)

Esdacyos 13 (Cox): Yeh, it's traumatic to bid last-round goodbyes to a longtime homebase. And your trip west wasn't exactly peaches&cream either. Glad y'all made it (what brand of tire peeled off, so's none of us ever buy it again??)

BU798b 5 (same fella only less legible): I was pretty certain you wouldn't stack up behind trucks but still I had to ask. ::: Dealer servicing was a big problem 2-3 times with our Toyota, also. I got fed up and found a better place that (for the moment, at least) has better mechanics-- and we are by no means out of local dealers-- we just stay with the Near ones as long as possible, and meanwhile the Liddul Bucket is behaving most joyously again.

Null-F 42 (White): Yeh; I'd heard for years about how Awful this guy Harlan Ellison is; then we met him at Pittcon and he was a nice guy, truly. ::: It's great to hear that your life and career are going more the way you like them. I hope you don't mind that you "mellow" as things go better for you; it is just one of the hazards that cope right back at all of us. ::: Pleased to see you advocating a balanced look at the Viet Nam scene (nasty US, nasty Cong); I'm not sure why this surprises me, but it does, and pleasantly as all hell. ::: Driving: here we become practically soul-brothers; I feel that the object of pushing a car is to get from A to B without having C get in the way. And you said it: Alertness is the bit. I agree thoroughly with the pet peeves you mention and would like to add one: the nudnick on the "acceleration lane" onto the freeway, who instead of merging like everybody else, goes chickenshit and just stops cold (right in front of lovable alert me, dammit!). The worst of this one is that in very little time one must decide whether to stop or go, and the decision to go is hard to gauge (in the morning, half-awake and all). But so far I've generally been able to grab a slot without discommoding anyone, or else just stop and cuss Ol' Stupid who screwed me up. (Must mention that although mostly I consider myself *alert*, I can expect to foul up mightily about once per year or two, and be saved by alertness on someone else's part, same as I've done for others in the meantime. Have you run into this reciprocity factor?) ::: Yes, the Emma-trapped-in-automated-house episode is one of our favorites, too; I do hope to see that little masterpiece in color someday if 'twere filmed thataway. ::: Emma Peel FOREVER, and damn A C Nielsen to live with his own stupidity, the crumbum. ::: Yeh, I do absolutely glee at your remarks on bidding-parties and at the nice thing Hycon3 has done to ease them, on the bidders. (As you suggest, I "chuckle indulgently"-- but not at all unkindly-- a Con is a Con is a Con...) ::: Gotta register one more major agreement, re "folksinging at Cons": singing docs kill talk and singers rarely admit or care about this.. (and vice-versa, I suppose). I think folksinging and filksinging are all fine and good but they should not stifle *chatter*. So at the Pittcon (1960) Seacon-party I became intransigent and insisted that talking and singing have separate rooms. This did not make me popular with anyone except me, but I still like the idea.

Habakkuk II/3 (Donaho and a Cast of *Thousands*): Another tremendous HAB, and the word applies in all senses. I like your continuing episodic history of BArea fandom. And you have-- mighod, do you realize that you have a stable of three GI-type fannish humorists?? In fact you may have cornered the market, now that Metzger's out. ::: D'Ammassa's putdown of J.G. Ballard is choice; I hope Pete Weston and the Aussie SF Review gang see it. ::: Chas Platt is certainly the Upstage Lensman, is he not?? It strikes me that perhaps much of the contumely he heaps onto Geo Locke would better apply to Platt himself ("Really, all his mouthings ar^e pathetic", etc).

Asp 9 (Bill again): ^(Alive, really) Precisely (re the New Left); "inconsistency, if not downright dishonesty". The double-talk and Double Standard, all the way. Not that others of us don't fall into that Double Standard trap now and then, but with these birds it is truly a way of life. ::: I too dig comfort and convenience, having lacked it aplenty in some past times. I don't go for Conspicuous Consumption for its own sake, of course (we have 2 cars now because the Lark was getting undependable but is still more car than its trade-in value), but ^{if} I inadvertently Consume Conspicuously a bit, I couldn't care less.

(three's a crowd?)

520 07 0328 Vol I (Elmerghod): Yes, I'd say you had a pretty lively 1966, all told (well, hardly that, I suppose). ::: Lefthanded teevee would be a god-send to parents whose littul kiddiewinkies read the commercials out loud, all the printed slogans and such. ::: "Innocence: A Broad" is a *great* title. And I liked the "Cleopatra" drink bit (Old Taylor plus damn near any swizzle stick), though my feminist spouse tsk-tsked at it. ::: Boy, you sure do hold a grudge; what the hell can you possibly have against Casper, Wyoming, at this late date? ::: You do write a good stick there, Meyer.

New Cat Sand 1 (Demmon): Six cars and a murdercycle in about six years (well, five years, omitting the NYC carless period)? Not bad. Let's see: in my first six years of cars I had ten-- 7 Fords and one each Nash, Chevy and Stude. And I kept one of those Fords for nearly 2 years. But the average would still be about 7 months per car during that period, ignoring the three times in there that I was a Two-Car Family all by myself (the most expensive of these second-cars cost me \$16; after about 3 weeks I took the tires off for my #1 or \$50 car and sold the other heap for Patriotic Scrap Iron). Now my second decade of cars (of which we still own 2) took over 20 years to acquire: two Fords, 4 Studes, and one each Plymouth, Willys, Chrysler and Toyota.

I understand the Morgan is rather a hairy beast; have fun with it.

Portfolio (Bergeron): Looks as if you had fun with this batch, Dick.

Swamp Gas, etc (Albuqooqies): No checkmarks, but I notice that Kay Anderson and Bob Vardeman disagree about the planet Vulcan. Kay must be right, that the planet's gravity is greater than ours, because that's the handiest explanation of how Spock happens to come by his super-(earth)human strength.

Synapse (Speer): It's been awhile but I seem to recall that Downwind Jaxon was originally rather ordinary-looking for the (Smilin' Jack) strip: blondish, and not hooknosed like the lead character-- a near-ringer for Jack's son Jungle Jolly (a later entry), I'd guess, offhand. But Downwind was irresistible to chicks, because the writer said he was. Then he piled up and was wrapped in bandages for some time, and supposedly his face was Wiped Out-- at any rate, it was never shown again in the strip. But the author's gimmick was that Downwind was still irresistible. Of course, he started wearing an ostentatious bouquet of bright green *money* in his shirt pocket, right about then... it could be that the writer was just a mite cynical about wimmenfolks. ::: I wasn't dere, Sharlie, but I (too) get the impression that US entry into war-1 was a mistake. In fact, I've seen it stated that without Wilson's insisrences re Armistice terms, Germany would not have been put into a position where a nut like Hitler could get off the ground. I'm not historian-enough to judge the matter. Anyone...?

Salud 25 (Elinor): Yes, but are you going to make it this time, doll?

JDI Bibliophile 5 (Moffatts): June, I can cite a few more random or unnecessary deaths in MacDonald's works. And he does pick on the women a lot, that way: Paula Lettinger in "On the Run"; Betty Dawson in "The Only Girl in the Game"; Helen Wister in "The End of the Night". And, like Nora Gardino in "A Deadly Shade of Gold", each of these chicks died sort of accidentally, to no purpose at all except the author's (to kick the reader a good 'un). No, I don't think MacDonald has any "essential mercy"; I think he just thinks he has it. Not that I dislike the man as seen through his works; I just wish he would face up to his hostilities or whatever the hell they are, and quit wasting all those nice lady characters just for shock-value. I mean, Hemingway did the accidental death bit right at the end, once and for all, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls". I've never been greatly impressed by the subsequent imitations, by JDI or by anyone.

Bjottings (Bjo): Hoo boy; you folks have had a time of it. I do hope the Oakland setup works out like all the best for youlot.

Trill 5 (Chas Wells): Your ingroup-outgroup anthropology is sound, but you forget that the Pope is riding the horse of Infallibility (it dare not fall, dammit).

(four of a kind beats a full house)

Goliard 840 (Karen): Here's where the checkmark system goes bankrupt; I loved the cartoon series but its margins are unsullied. ::: Ah yes, Margaritas are a great *Goodness*; I got hooked on them for a spell, around the turn of the year. They certainly do have a high lovely Loading Factor, though. ::: Jeez; Poul's "Grendel Briarton's Future History" outpuns Feghoot-the-original twice around the block and upstairs, already.

Kim Chi 9 (Ellington): "Paul Peng", yes. The lad continually put "P.Eng." after his John Hancock, is all. And while Lyszkowski may not be hard to pronounce, Peng is a helluva lot easier to type. So now he is famed in song and story as PAUL ProfessionalENGINEER. And doesn't seem to mind very much...

I don't find Lisa very forgettable, either. Monday mornings used to be a lot louder when she was barking her head off to warn the garbage truck off this block. Now, 10 months later, I still find myself waiting for the other shoe to drop when the truck starts its clanging, several blocks away from here.

Sercon's Bane 31 (me): And why did you forget to say that this one is FAPulous #61, back there in the colophon or whatever it is? (*Idiot!*) ::: Last night the immediately-previous comment was interrupted by a visitor; I did not mean to leave the impression that Lisa Plumcake was memorable only for nuisance value. That arrogant/humble little tyke was a delightful type of nuisance.

Wraith 27 (Ballard): "Retro 30?" Er-- wrong apa, man. ::: I hope we do get around to a little mountain hiking this year, unlike last year; it is a good deal if the weather and the spare time ever match up. And last year we found it sort of disastrous to omit the warmups before hitting the Banff scene. But so far this year is a big ?-mark. I dunno which Con we can hit, if either. I may have another NYC trip (on TELEX again) in the mill, or not. Might even get shanghai'd to Juneau (I draw the line, I hope, at Anchorage). The Cosmic All is like up for grabs. But Banff should be solid, so warmup-hiking is definitely indicated.

But- but- the name of the game was "Mumble-de-peg"; don't you recall why? The winner drove a wood peg into the ground with the back of his knife(handle) and the loser had to pull it out again with his gahdam teeth. Standard practice. I also remember the baseball bit but on lawn rather than boards; areas vary...

Rambling Fap 40 (Calkins): Your new system for holding weight-loss sounds workable. The trick is to make it a habit that doesn't depend on the system any more, after a while. I'm not laughing at the thought of an 180-pound Gregg; sounds like a fine idea; you wouldn't be scrawny at that weight but you would have visible ribs on the inhale, all right (before '65 I hadn't had ribs for display **for** a solid ((no disclaimer)) decade). ::: Right; we do indeed "still Green Lake it", though this year we're a few (maybe 3-4) rounds behind our usual schedule due to bum weather, excessive amount of. ::: I didn't need a lot of age to turn off at crowds, crowd-noise, etc; somewhere in my early 20s I came to agree with your and LeeH's and Agberg's present ideas about Hordes, that they are mainly a drag and a nuisance and a pain in the fundamental location.

Pantopon 16 (Berman): I can't quite reconcile the Harold Shea scene to STAR TREK, but obviously you had fun writing this one, and you do hold the characters well, all told. So it was a lot of fun to read, at that.

Resin (Lietcalf): But possibly it might have been triangular.

Damballa 13 (Hansen): LOVE that cover, the spacial hitchhiker. ::: Yes, I glee at the Sanders books by E Wallace: such a lovely dry humor along with all the cliffhanging adventure. ::: Your tax mess sounds as bad as ours, and I am beginning to deduce that There Is No Refuge: it's the same, all over, and the only solution is to accept it or to be the unique sharpshooter who has a way to beat it-- and that's a fulltime career in itself; I'll never make it. ::: I'm glad you put all that wine-making info into FAPA (All Knowledge is contained in FAPA..).

(fifth: inadequate substitute for a quart)

Descant 15 (Norm and Gina Clarke): Gadzooks (thank you, Gregg Calkins and Chuck Hansen); these are fabulous Con Reports, out of which I enjoyed the hell. It's long been our contention here at 2852 and all that, that a fan's first good Con produces a great ConRep, and that it takes a bloomin' miracle for the same writer to make his Nth Con sound anything like the first few of 'em. (So keep hitting 'em, and do prove our theory wrong, gang; that's what science is for.)

Anyway, this was great; if it's not the Bestzineinthemailing, y'got robbed.

Spinnaker Reach 7 (Chauvenet): On the whole I rather like the general idea of reincarnation-- not the rigid dogmatic Hindu version, but the overall concept. Hypothetically I see it as somewhere between the ironclad accounting-system of the Hindus and a completely "fresh-start" setup: we live in a cause-and-effect universe but not all that much of a nitpicking universe. For that matter, I could postulate (or "dream up") a reincarnation setup in which your plus points go for next time and you sweat out your minus points between-times. (I've always thought that the organized religions, all of them, are woefully less imaginative than the real world is.) ::: I do wish Alvin Fick had stayed with us; I like him. ::: I agree with you re LHOswald: we may never know whether he had help, but the odds are that he didn't need any; he was nutty enough all by his lonesome.

Grandfather Stories (Devore): I dug this in SAPS, and I still do. A lot.

Helen's Fantasia 18 (Wesson): Relax; you won't have all that much sweat at an S-F Con. The problem (if any) is always that of knowing too many, never too few. I sympathize with your trepidation but 'sunnecessary. Just tromp in as if you owned the joint (and you do, y'know, in a way), and visit with those you like, and ignore the others, and even dig the Program during those times when you are not otherwise busy. I mean, this system works for everyone else; why not you?

Vandy 28 (Coulsons): Buck, re FTlaney-- I do hope you're not poggging me as a "smug acolyte". Because, funny thing there, ol' buddy: what I do like about Laney is that he laid it on the line as he saw it, and made a good try at getting it right. I have similar leanings for the writings of some nut named Coulson.

Gad. You mean you really haven't noticed the resemblance?

(Sayers) Checklist 1: (Evans): New info here, muchly appreciated.

BT: His Pages #16 (Tucker): Your adventures with truckers on the road beat mine so I'll quit while you're ahead. (I got plenty Road Stories but why flood the market, especially when yours were mostly Toppers?)

Queebcon 19 (All those lovely people): Another thing of beauty and joy forever. Well, no checkmarks; just a note that says "Comment anyway!" So I did...

Horizons (Warner): Re the management of the waiting list; I agree 100% with your current proposal. Yes, let's do poll Les Miserables, and insofar as possible within the framework of our own rules, henceforth handle the WL according to its own stated preferences. And let's ask them all the questions, while we're at it: the response bit, quarterly or semi or annual; seniority vs invitational preference. I think it's a fine idea to quit arguing our ideas and put it up to an advisory vote of those who are currently directly concerned in the w-1 ratrace. ::: Good ingenious story at the end of the zine, Harry.

Horib 5 (Lupoffs-- well, DICK Lupoff, this time): Juffus' yen for "multiples of 6" in his pagecount might be postal in origin. He Postmails a Lot, you know, and 20-weight paper runs approx 6 sheets to the ounce. CRY tended to try to get as much for the postage-dollar as possible, also, but we found that somehow the ink and staples made 4 ounces of 23 sheets, not 24; this is why you will find a lot of 46-page CRYS in your stack, if you have one. ::: Hey, man, the "Tucker Bloch" fan-award bit was my very own idea. I suggested it to no less than Geo Willick, among others, at a time when Geo's pitch still appeared viable-- long before he antagonized everyone and then went in for the extortion bit re ChiconIII. (Proolly I mentioned the Tucker Bloch to the Chain Gang and Noreen caught it there.)

(six-pack)

Puckle Pits(Lupoffs & Co): "what do you do for an alligator bite?" Use a good mouthwash, any time you just have to bite an alligator.

Die Schmetterling - '67 (Schultz): All that union jass was fascinating in a shuddery sort of way. I know I'm spoiled but I'd hate to have to work again in a place where you have to fight for a living as well as work for it. (And I once worked for a joker who never paid me until I threatened sabotage, and then I had to have a tire-iron handy to keep him from following through with his brilliant idea of beating the hell out of me to Teach Me My Place.) I went 3 rounds of that in 90 days and decided the hell with it. Only way I managed to collect in full was: he had a bus-charter that evening; I'd bought up the only specimen in the state (I think) of the part needed to get the bus running; it was in my back pocket and he couldn't have it, let alone have it installed, until he paid me off all the way. For a while I thought he was gonna try it, tire-iron & all. But he paid, finally, and I fixed his crummy bus as agreed. Then his son (a rather large hulk) decided he would Beat Me Up to preserve the (ha!) honor of the tribe. By this time I was so pissed that I welcomed the idea: I told him he might or might not make it, but that I would see to it that he didn't enjoy it. So nothing happened-- and that's Labor Relations for this issue

Sorry your romance fell through. But don't worry; you're young yet, and it takes a few disasters to give you the background to recognize a really workable scene when it turns up. Just be glad you didn't marry the ones that don't work out, is all I say. (Or, "it is better to have loved and lost right away" -- especially in a community-property state, man.)

Celephais (Bill Evans): I agree thoroughly with your preference for the previous system of handling the w-1, over the present method. I can't see that those who proposed and voted the currently-effective amendment have any real feeling as to what it might be like to be a w-ler in these troubled times. Oh, well...

Aw, come on now, Bill: "prostrate gland" was neither a typo nor a Freudian slip; I just liked it that way, is all. (I thought it was only Elinor, in this household, who's never credited with hitting all the keys On Purpose. Tsk...)

FA 118' (the Minuet For Four): I said it before and I'll say it again: if ever I vote a Poll ballot under a "yea-many votes or it won't be tabulated" stricture, and it is not tabulated, don't bother to send me any more ballots under the same system. Voting is work; I won't bother to do it into a vacuum, more than once. (I do hope our votes hit the extended deadline, Lee.)

* * * * *

That did it for MCs. These pages have occupied 5 evenings; anyone who says that MCs are *easy* is living in a different Universe than mine. Rewarding, yes; easy, no. I think the checkmark system may eventually work out; this time it fell flat partway through the mailing, but by commenting from the bottom up, I found that memory held up until I hit the portion where checkmarks helped. All with a little ~~fluff~~ extra effort, of course.

Today I forwarded to *the field* the installation-specs&drawings for the automatic teletype net or Jiant Ant. Two one-foot stacks of paper. There's still the bit of getting my Working Sample torn down and shipped North; our Logistics types put all our camels through the eye of their needle. O well; one of these days I am going to catch one of those IBM card-machines in a dark alley and kick it to death. (Actually, it is not the machine that is at fault; it is the people who unthinkingly worship it.) :: I may have another NYCity trip coming up. I've mentioned that the last week in August would be awfully nice for this, but more likely it will come up, if at all, in June or July. So *trips* for this year are entirely up for grabs: NYC? Westercon? Juneau? Banff? Nycon? I think we'll make Banff and hike up mountains all right; the rest is all quite uncertain...

I did think at the top of this page that there would be more space for mere rambling. But not so; the luck ran out. OK; see y'all next time.