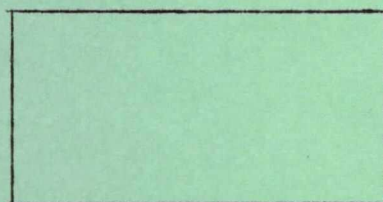
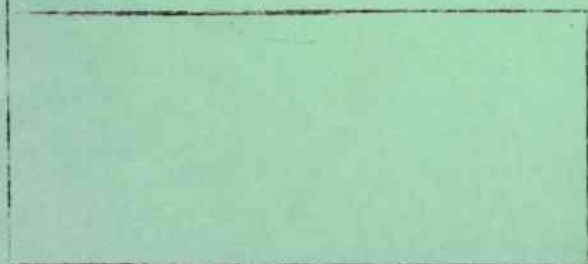
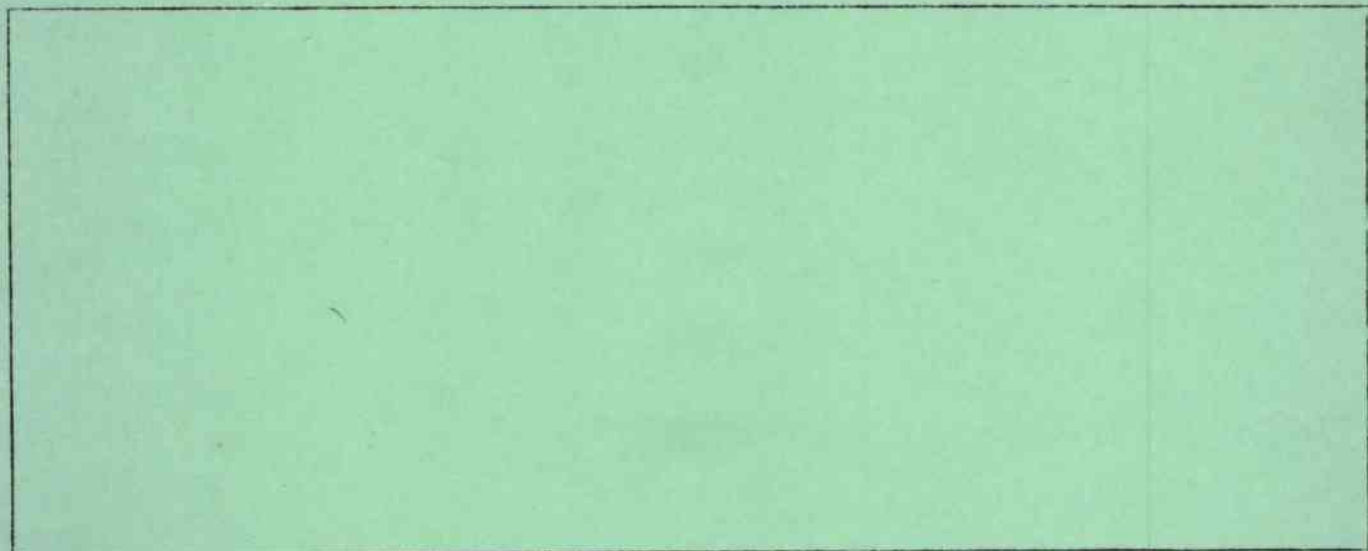
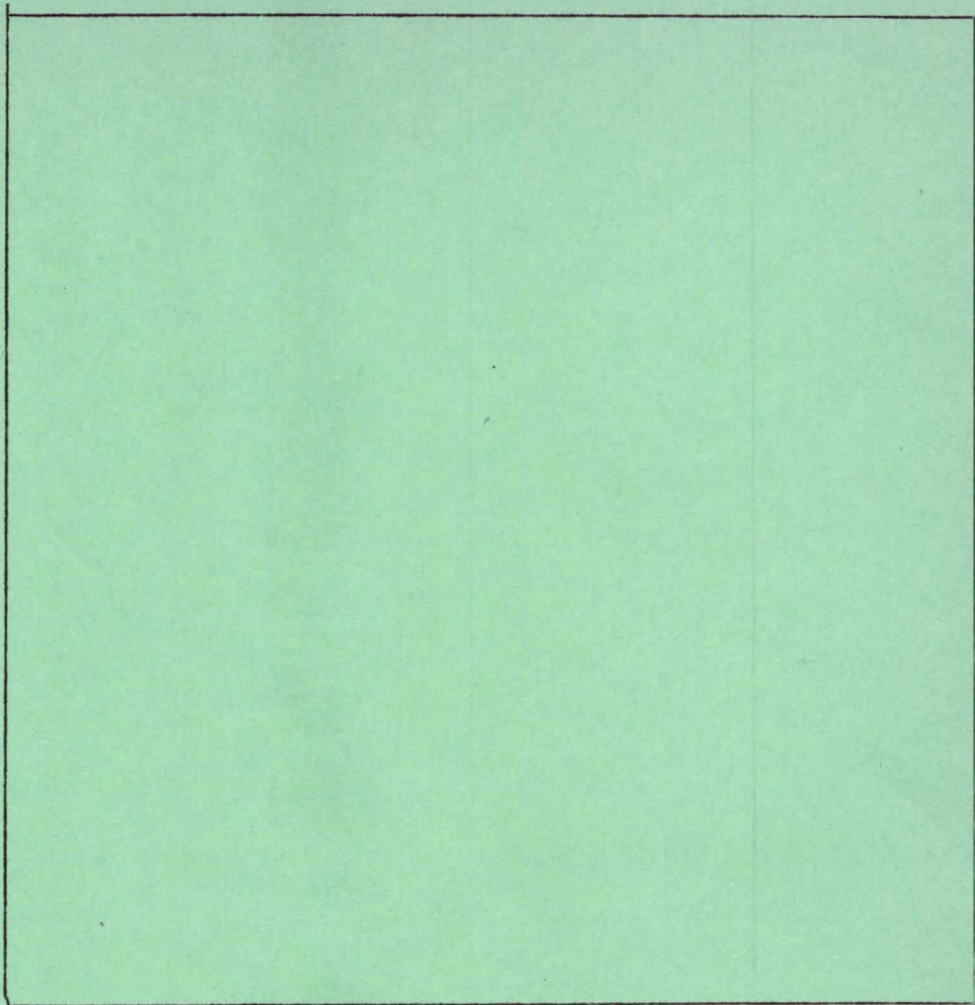


DY18



SFPA  
27



*fun for all!*

# DamnYankee

78

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A SANGREL RABLOON UNTO YE!

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This is the 18th issue of DamnYankee entirely written by Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040 for the 28th mailing of SFPA May 1968. DamnYankee, besides being the fanzine that didn't figure to get past its first issue, is the fanzine of Kathy and Suzy Appreciation. DamnYankee, the fanzine that believes in Better Living Through Poetry, is not available outside SFPA unless I send it to you, in which case you are very special people, indeed. There are a maximum of five of you special people, in fact. Lon Atkins is doing the mimeography yet again, and he is gratefully thanked for his help without which DamnYankee would not have gotten past a much lower issue number. For the statistically minded in SFPA, this is DY's 16th consecutive appearance, and I am 6'3" tall.



# TALK

"You're making a terrible mistake, Arnie," Len Bailes said to me, concern putting an edge to his voice. He leaned toward me, as he often had when he felt something was vitally important. I wondered what my mistake was. This conversation, you see, occurred several years ago, before I had accumulated such an imposing array of them. "People get the wrong idea about you," Len continued. I prepared for the worst. "People think you're just a comedian. They think you're a clown, because they don't get to see your serious side!" Inwardly, I laughed at him. Perhaps not as much as he is laughing now, but a laugh nevertheless.

I gave the matter little thought at the time. But now, years later, I can see the truth of what he said. You were right, Len Bailes. You were right. Over the years during which I have been an actifan, I have seen my fannish image solidify, grow more complex, and generally fill out to its present state.

And Len Bailes was absolutely right. Arnie Katz, Lecher? Yes. Arnie Katz, Fannish Wit? Yes. Arnie Katz, Bon Vi-



vant? Yes. Arnie Katz, Scholarly Thinker? No.

At the NYCon, a group of people were saying good-bye to a fan couple about to trek home to a distant fan center. We had all met the couple at the same time, at the beginning of the convention, and we'd all spent a considerable amount of time with them subsequently. They both shook hands with me. They shook hands with the other two-thirds of "we", Johnny Berry and Alan Shaw. There was a moment of silence as we stood there, the five of us a tableau of fannish friendship. If we'd been wearing beanies, we could have posed for "FIAWOL" posters. Just as the group was about to break up, the girl threw her arms around me violently and kissed me tenderly. The couple walked off. Alan Shaw looked up at me. If we had been wearing beanies, I'm sure Alan would have taken his off and held it respectfully at his chest. "It never fails." He seemed somewhat dazed. "How do you do, it, Arnie?" he continued rhetorically, awe holding his eyes open wide. Even a friend like Alan Shaw can only think of me, can only appreciate me, in terms of the High Life and Nights of Snog.

What Alan and the rest of fandom don't realize is that there is a serious, even scholarly, side to Arnie Katz. A side that has remained unrevealed, overshadowed, as it is, by the scintillating brilliance of my more visable aspect. Who would think, reading my material in fanzines (material such as "Leprosy Laffs" that is, I have been assured by no less charming a personage than Suzy Vick, read and re-read with unbelieving eyes and strong stomach) or watching home moives of me in passionate embrace with some lovely femmefan, that a high-powered intellect lay hidden, ready to pontificate? No one would. No one does. Not even the most astute fans have glimpsed this serious side of Arnie Katz. Rich brown, that keen observer of humanity, came closest when he told me I was not funny, but even he did not go so far as to call me serious.

This Other Side of Arnie Katz, I have decided, has been kept from fandom long enough. I faunch to take a place in the intellectual elite of fandom. To this end, and with the full realization that Len Bailes was right in that long-ago conversation, I would like to take this opportunity to discourse upon a serious subject and flex the mental muscles I have been developing in secret.

I just picked up the first issue of "His Name Is... Savage!", the 35¢ black and white comic book, and goshwowoboyoboy .....

--- ---

DY

THE OLD ARISTOCRAT OF SFPA

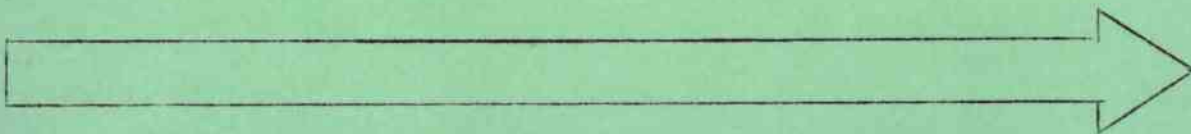
*proudly announces*

A NEW  
SFPA  
IN-GROUP

*starring*

AL  
SHAW

AS THE FOCAL POINT



Once in every fan generation, once in every fan epoch, the lightning of wit strikes the tree of fannish knowledge, and a focal point figure -- a Moskowitz, a Degler, a Vorzimmer, a D. Bruce Berry. And now, in our own fannish time, the lightning has struck again!

And though the lightning missed the tree, it hit the rock, and out from under crawled Alan Shaw.

Yes, Alan Shaw, strange visitor from another ethnos who came to SFFA with powers and abilities far beyond those of other fen. And who, disguised as a mild-mannered youngfan for a great metropolitan fan club fights a never-ending fan feud for truth, peps and the trufannish way!

Alan Shaw is the modern focal point for the modern apa. No unsightly muscles or out-moded physical bulk. Those huge focal point fans of the past are dinosaurs in the fannish age of mammals. Alan Shaw is svelte and built for speed. He can (and does) wear stretch levis. No ludicrous swords. Psychologists say nasty things about people who have a fixation on swords. No immature all-black attire that looks like it was left over from ALL-STAR COMICS. People on the street say nasty things about people who look like they should be fighting with the Justice Society of America. Whether hitting me in the face and shouting "QUISH!" or "pubbing an ish", you can be sure that Alan Shaw is always au courant from his long hair to his Beatle mustache, right down his stylish boots.

And perhaps most importantly, Alan Shaw can dance. Alan Shaw has rhythm. Alan Shaw has soul. He dances like a dervish, like a doll made out of silly-putty, like a drunk with the dt s. Every shake, every shimmy, every motion tells a story. Alan Shaw can dance Robin White off the floor. When Alan Shaw dances, everyone else clears off to the sidelines and watches.

Alan Shaw deserves to be the focal point of SFFA. Support him. Write about him in your fanzines. Bad mouth him at meetings of your local fan clubs. Think Shaw.

SELECT  
SHAW



POSITIVELY  
ADULTS  
ONLY!

This is a song about Pendulum Books of Atlanta, Georgia  
Pendulum Books are Up and Coming  
Pendulum Books keep you .....

On fucking and sucking,  
           their fortune's been made  
 in novels by writers  
           who've never been laid  
 with forwards by students  
           with hard-won M.A.s  
 Postively Adults Only!

(chorus) Positively Adults Only  
That's sure a hunk of Baloney!  
In the cities and sticks,  
They'll sell them to hicks,  
And pubescent girls who are  
loney!

They aren't smut-rakers  
but patrons of art;  
Tehy're printers couragous,  
and pure to the heart.  
Each novel is illo'd  
with privy-wall art  
Positively Adults Only!

(chorus) Positively Adults Only  
That's sure a hunk of Balony!  
In the cities and sticks  
They'll sell them to hicks  
And pubescent girls who are lonely!

On lezzies and homos  
they've made a good buck,  
on poodles who bugger  
and children who fuck  
And if they find LASFS  
they'll sure be in luck  
Positively Adults Only

(chorus) Positively Adults Only  
That's sure a hunk of baloney!  
In the cities or sticks  
They'll sell to the hicks  
And pubescent girls who are lonely!

# FIRST THOUGHTS

## ON THE DECISION OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON NOT TO SEEK THE RENOMINATION

Author's note: These are really "first thoughts". If the writing should seem to have its ups and downs, remember that the author was having his ups and downs on a jouncey train ride from Poughkeepsie to New York City when they were composed.

Toting my bag lightly, I walked down the front path of the Lu-poffs' home toward the Volvo in which Dick waited. It was Sunday evening, March 31st, and for me the end of another enjoyable visit with Pat and Dick.

"Johnson's not running," Dick shouted, sounding as if he only half-believed his own words.

"Aw, come on, Dick," I pleaded. Dick had been making some really strange jokes that evening, and against my best hopes, I thought this might be another of them.

I climbed into the car, and Dick tuned in a newscast. Astonishment, and not a little awe, was plainly audible in the voices of both commentators. If Dick was joking, then WABC was in on it. Surreptitiously, I stole a glance at my watch just to make sure that we hadn't somehow strayed over into April 1st, April Fool's Day.

Sitting here on a Penn Central train headed down the Hudson, a few minutes after hearing Johnson's withdrawal kicked around on radio, my thoughts seem to come almost too fast to get them down on paper. This issue of DY, in contrast to my general run of light-hearted SFPac, was to have had an article unburdening myself on the subject of current events. Though I could have been considered a borderline hawk as recently as a couple of years ago, with everything I read and hear, my position has moved dovewards. I am not a C.O. -- I am not against war in any and every case, though like everyone else, I'd rather see things settled peacefully. Disregarding "official" Hanoi and U.S. pronouncements on the war as highly prejudiced (and therefore, of course, highly suspect), the main remaining body of opinion tends to support the notion that the people of South Viet Nam want neither their government nor American protection from Ho Che Minh and are not prepared to support either. We have by our war-prolonging slow (but constant escalation been devastating both North and South Viet Nam. In my opinion, all we can, in good conscience, do is negotiate for an honorable peace settlement, such peace negotiations to include the Viet Cong (or NLF for Boardmanites out there).

It is obvious that America's problems do not begin and end with the war in South East Asia. Our domestic problems -- economic and social -- were bad, and because \$40 dollars a year is being spent as



a direct result of our involvement in Viet Nam (that is 40,000,000,000 dollars, friends) they've been getting worse. Massive Urban Rehabilitation programs are vital, and Lyndon Johnson to the contrary, the war against North Viet Nam and the war against poverty (and disenfranchisement and crime) cannot be fought simultaneously.

My dilemma -- which I believe is a common one and was the impetus for writing an article -- was this; I come to these situations with the orientation of a Liberal. I have always believed that the System under which we live is, for the most part a viable one. Lon Atkins might use this as an instance of the idealism which he long ago stated I possess; so be it. I am not ignorant of corruption and power politics, but I have believed that the American government was more or less responsive to the wishes of (ta-da!) the American People. That even though change has so often been too slow for more progressive people (among whom I number myself) change does finally come, however slowly, when people articulate the need for change.

And this System, this system to which I have just expressed my allegiance, seemed about to give me a choice between Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson in the next election.

It is very hard to consider Nixon vs Johnson as a choice. I never bought the old Nixon used-car joke (Though I have never, on the other hand, bought a used car from Dick Nixon.), he is a hawk in foreign policy and strongly conservative on domestic issues. Johnson is far more liberal domestically, but he is also a hawk, and the most liberal of domestic policies does me (and America) no good if all the money which would be used to implement such liberal policies is going down the drain in Viet Nam. I will not choose between a little escalation and a lot of escalation.

Would such a no-choice election have proved the System invalid? If the System is invalid because it is totally unresponsive, must one go outside the system? Activism has never been a seriously considered alternative to me, but events seemed to be forcing me into the streets and onto the demonstration lines.

Johnson's decision not to run is a breath of fresh air. I don't see Johnson as the psychotic madman pictured by his most vehement detractors, but I did think, as stated previously, that he was pushing this country in the wrong direction. Further, there did seem to be a little quirk in Lyndon's personality that made him identify very strongly with the war and perhaps kept it from viewing it as objectively as the rest of us would like. From what I heard on the radio, he seems relatively sincere about seeking an end to the war that has divided and drained this country. The System is not dead.

Lyndon Johnson is not running for re-election. The people on the train are smiling.

--- Arnie Katz, March 31st, 1968

Another note: What were your reactions to the news? How did you feel the next weekend, when Martin Luther King was shot and killed?

# EVIAL thinking

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The Southerner #27 - Lon Atkins, OE

---

I hope you've decided to run again, Lon, though I know you've been making strong noises to the contrary. Dave Hulan was undeniably a good SPPA OE last time around. Equally undeniably, he isn't really very interested in being OE this time, and SAPS has recently suffered from his "didn't-really-care" term. I think if you hold the fort for another year, someone from the South will come forward to take up the slack. I don't suppose you would be willing to construe my 10 days in Lynn Haven, Florida last summer as sufficient to classify me as a southern member; I'd rather like to run sometime, if I were eligible.

Some casting ahead into the mailing has shown me that this is not the mailing in which Complete Mailing Comments will make their comeback.

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Starling #11 - Hank Luttrell and Lesleigh Couch

---

Mike McInerney would definitely want me to tell you, Lesleigh, that that "rather large bookstore" was Bookmaster's, probably the largest paperback store in the country.

Fred Lerner is always inventing old fannish customs such as singing "God Save The Queen" at Midnight. We, his loyal friends, choose to look upon this as a single failing in an otherwise sterling character. Others have, it is true, been less kind. And Lesleigh, if Fred should ever happen to mention someone named "Motah", make believe you didn't hear him.

---

Crypt of Ennui #2 - Milt Stevens

---

I believe you may be selling Fandom short, Milt. "Sober and sedate" is hardly a fitting description of our beloved microcosm. I think you've simply adjusted to Swinging Fandom so well that it just seems sober and sedate. The Truman Administration was, perhaps, somewhat sedate compared to FDRoosevelt's terms in office which featured the end of the Depression and WW II, but it was far from being



sedate per se (Korean War, Sen. McCarthy, etc). In fact, I would like to suggest to you that, far from being a backwater eddy, Fandom has been in the forefront of the sexual liberation movement. Fandom, not Hippydom, was the cradle (or should I say crib?) of Expansive Love. Fandom had its little sex clubs based ostensibly on water brotherhood long before hippies ever heard of "Stranger In A Strange Land". Wait and see, Milt, within the next two years a trip to the Village, Haight, or Wherever will bring you face-to-face with no less than 87 girls living the part of Sadista, and 147 big flabby guys dressed all in black and carrying broadswords.

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DamnYankee #17 - Arnie Katz

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I've met all the members except Montgomery, Reinhardt, and Staton. Avery I haven't met, nor have I encountered Mann and Edwards from the waitlist.

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South Norwalk #1 - Andy Porter

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Welcome to SFPA, Andy Porter. Instead of calling your fanzine S. Norwalk for short, you could call it SNORK. In fact, I wish you would.

Gee, you've been to all those cons and things I've been to, and I find it nearly incredible that I don't know who the hell you are. I know who Ed Meskys is, though. I saw Ed Meskys close-up at the 1963 Lunacon, my first face-to-face meeting with fandom. Why, I rode in a down elevator with Ed Meskys (Len Bailes can vouch for the truth of this, folks!). I even saw Marsha Brown pick the dirt off the end of Ed's nose in that down elevator. And that's sidelights of fanhistory for this mailing.

Point of information, Andy, but was Fred Hollender known outside LA before apa 1? I had the impression that he and the Caltech crew hit the fanzines as a result of apa 1. Maybe I'm wrong, though.

---

Such and Such #15 - Hank Luttrell

---

Someone with such a prestigously high issue number shouldn't leave it out, Hank. Only DY and Warlock, after all, have higher numbers among continuing SFPazine titles.

I'm really quite fons of Procol Harum's first album, despite the lamentably poor recording job. It's funny, but I considered the voice of the lead singer (Gary Brooker? I don't have the album handy) one of the group's strong points, along with the piano-organ combination and the music itself. My favorite song on the album is "Salad

Days", which, to me, is one of those terrible evokative pieces that crop up on albums now and again (another example "First Love" on the second Incredible String Band album).

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Panache #1 - Alan Shaw  
-----

Since you, Andy, and Johnny got on the waitlist, I've been somewhat fearful lest diehard SFPAns get the impression that I was trying to "pack the court" as it were. If Johnny Berry produces as well as you have, I think I shall be free of such suspicions. This is one of the most auspicious beginnings I have seen anyone make in SFPA thus far in my membership. If you can continue writing such excellent general material (had it not been for the fact that the material would've been somewhat dated by the time QUIP #8 was due to appear, I think I'd have succumbed to the temptation to lift large sections of this) and add a section of mailing comments, I may have to become your accolyte.

I loved your Chamberlain cover, but I think I would have found it personally more interesting had the pretty girl been the one in the mirror. I went so far as to ring up Ross and ask him about this, and while acknowledging that I had a point there maybe, he pointed out that he wanted to use the ditto on the bird-girl and the picture seemed to balance better with her in the mirror.

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Mel #12 - Lon Atkins  
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Making up the SFPA Trivia Quiz robbed you of the boundless joy of wracking your brain for obscure answers to obscure questions. Therefore, I've come up with a nice, short trivia quiz for you (the rest of you can play, too, of course). Answers at the end of this mailing comment.

1. Who edited the first issue of Phoenix for SFPA?
2. What is Kent McDaniel's first name?
3. Who called their mailing comments section "The Weeping Danish"?

What would you say if I told you that on your ghu-damned quiz I correctly answered three in the first part and one in the second for a grand total of 9? What if I further told you that because of your insulting remarks I intend to resign after the next mailing? Besides "good-bye", I mean.

The question, I believe, is not whether Reinhardt Very Ltd. has a solution to fit every pocketbook, but rather if Reinhardt Very Ltd has a solution to fit the problem. I can see it all now, the members of RVL are gathered in the majestic office of Hank Reinhardt. "I have," he says, "found the Solution!" Gasps of awe.

"What is it?" Lon Atkins blurts. "Is it bigger than a bread box?"



Though Boardman never told the Fanoclasts that Eric Blake was a hoax, I long suspected the truth. Eric Blake was the kind of person John Boardman would like to think (and probably does, knowing John) is a conservative. Blake was obviously either in need of immediate and intensive psychiatric care or a hoax. As he had a p.o. box, I leaned toward the hoax hypothesis. Perhaps it's as well that I didn't know Blake was playing Diplomacy allied with John, or I might have felt a Mighty Must to waste time and try to spring the hoax. Sorry Diplomacy Fandom got burned on this one.....

I hate to drag out the discussion of something this trivial, but I still believe the plug for "Edco for TAFF" was out of place, even if he were the only SFPA actually running. My disapproval is based on two points, one philosophical and one practical. SFPA, to begin with, is an amateur press association, and I think apas should stick to apa-ing and not try to institutionally support any candidate for anything. I would consider a plug for St. Louis every bit as out of place, even though there are no Columbus fans in SFPA. On the practical side, there is at least one sfpn who was a nominator for one of Ed's opponents.

Maybe my ears are more acute, but though I don't have the album with me to check specific instances, I think Buffy bleats like a sheep every time she tries to hit a note 'way past the top of her vocal range. Of the songs you mention, I agree about the excellence of the "Circle Game" and can't think of anything wrong with "Little Bird" right off hand, either. "The Seeds of Brotherhood", on the contrary, while the performance is adequate, is banal like unto the Monkees. "97 Men" is Buffy imitating Mae West, not succeeding at it, and sounding stupid doing so. It is possibly significant that Buffy's been getting bad reviews on her concerts since she started performing a lot of the material from "Fire, and Fleet, and Candlelight"

If you and Dave Hulan are both going to have your own statistical charts, wouldn't it be nice if you both agreed on the same activity figures? You and he disagree on the page count totals of eight members.... I checked back, and I get a different total for you, Lon, than either you or Dave had listed. Your total for Dave seems to be the correct one. Dave is correct on Fred Lerner, who had a wler zine that you didn't count, and also probably on Hank Luttrell's total (did you take off half the total of Starling which should be credited to co-editor Lesleigh Cpuch?). It's a good thing I don't know anything about statistics.... I caught that snide remark of yours about Significant Figures (obvious allusion to SFPA's most significant figure omitted). Are you implying that I am ignorant in the field of mathematics? Why, I can count all the way to 18. But don't worry, Alan Shaw has promised to teach me the next number in time for use in the next issue of DY. This learning one number at a time is really exciting, let me tell you. It's like a suspense thriller; you can never count on what the next number will be.

As you may remember from my last letter, I was going to make a hard-sell pitch for The Incredible String Band. I'm not making it only because the group is very difficult to describe, since they are so original. How can I get across the essence of their music by saying that it combines, folk, blues, calypso, scottish ballad, and Indian

music? Who would believe me if I said that "The 5000 Spirits or The Layers of the Onion" can stand with "Sgt Pepper", "Satanic Majesties Request", "Bringing It All Back Home". and "Song Cycle" , since few in America are familiar with The ISB? No one. So I'm not going to do twenty pages on it as I'd planned. But you could all go listen to it ten times straight through, and it would make me very happy.

Answers: 1. Dave Locke 2. Donald 3.no one

---

Patchwork #4 - Kathy

---

I hope you won't feel that I'm trying to stifle your artistic expression or anything, Kathy, but I think I'd rather see some more direct expression of your personality than hand-colored covers. That is, the same physical effort necessary to produce hand-colored covers, joined with concurrent mental activity , would produce a number of additional pages of your delightful writing. By all means do both if you've got the time, but I'd rather see you write more (and in greater depth). I hope you'll find time to do more after your family finishes its rush, en masse, to the altar. And multiple congratulations!

I'm really sorry you've been so rushed for time these last couple of mailings (and you haven't written in ages....sniff). Occasionally your rush does show, I'm afraid, though mostly, as I intimated in the previous paragraph, your stuff's been very good. Certainly, we are all the sum of our past experiences, and I don't think Len was trying to suggest otherwise. But you have to realize that Len and I have had about a half-decade of quite different experiences between the time he was taking about and today. There is an undeniable identity between Arnie Katz - 1962 and Arnie Katz - 1968, but to say that they are the same is to imply that Arnie circa '68 has not matured in the interim. Perhaps I haven't, but, as I said last mailing, I like to think I have. Look how much you've changed in the last five years, Kathy . I don't really think it's necessary to elaborate on that angle, at least in a fanzine. Suffice it to say that the change has been considerable (and for the better), and that if Bailes and I have not changed quite so much, we are still no longer 16 and 17 year old Bailes and Katz, either.

I guess I'm glad that I shall always be linked in your memory with a hard on, and I will try to retain the high-class tone of this fanzine by forgoing the obvious comments. After Lon's extravagant praise for the "hard on" type over the phone and yours in Patchwork (for which you are Thanked, fair lady), I considered making a typo on-purpose that would shade "hard on". But I could see where that would lead; each issue would have to feature a typo more freudian and more outrageous than the last. Finally, I would be reduced to writing whole articles just to slip in some particularly grotesque typo. To save SFPA from this crescendoing adventure in creative orthography, magnanamously giving up the egoboo I know could be mine, I typed "V-o-l-v-o" near the beginning of "First Thoughts, etc". The crisis is now past.



Have you heard Jono Mitchell's first album on Reprise Records yet? If you liked the last two Judy Collins records, you'll love Joni, since Collins has, for some reason, fallen into a style which imitates Joni Mitchell. As Joni's is the higher voice, she has less trouble hitting those high notes which sound a little strained on "Wildflowers". Joni Mitchell's music is excellent, too (she wrote "Clouds (I've Looked At Life From Both Sides Now)" if that helps place her) very lyrical and, for want of a better phrase "feminine". For example, here's the first verse of the album's initial song:

"I had a king in a tenement castle  
Lately he's taken to painting the pastel  
walls brown  
He's taken the curtains down  
He's swept with the broom of contempt  
And the rooms have an empty ring  
He's cleaned with the tears  
Of an actor who fears for the laughter's sting"

"Demeans sex or implies that it is dirty" is, unfortunately, one of Those Phrases that can also be used to justify the actions of a thorough-going puritan. Some blue-nose could use this same phrase to censor Henry Miller or down-to-earth sex education in the high schools ("makes us sound like --ugh!--animals or something!"). I think I know where you're at these days, and it isn't that sort of prudish outlook, but your phrasing doesn't really clarify your position.

Never having been much interested in limericks and not having my copy of "The Pearl" from which to excerpt, I'm afraid I can't supply any dirty limericks. But never think that I'm not trying to please, for nothing could be further from the truth. You can justifiably consider "Absolute Adults Only" a product of your inspiration/instigation. I hope it finds favor, for this fanzine is, after all, the fanzine of Kathy and Suzy Appreciation.

\*

\*

Unfortunately, I don't really have anything to say about the rest of the mailing. Well I do, but I'm in a mellow mood today, and I'd rather keep peace in the family. See some of you at the Midwestcon and the rest of you in the next mailing.

--- Arnie