

proudly presents:

Artless Artwork Meets the Justice Society of FAPA!

this is a halo

under  
it is  
a fella

who has been nailed to a  
cross

second halo

by a  
fella  
who will  
appear  
further  
along.

This one  
fella  
right  
here is  
Saint Ed  
Martin.  
who was not nailed up by  
anyone  
and who  
brought  
his own  
nails and  
his own  
stepladder.  
He is a  
Volunteer.

third halo

this  
one is  
held  
up by  
Redd  
Boggs

who may or may not have  
brought  
his own  
nails,  
and who  
borrowed  
Harry's  
ladder.  
But it  
is Redd's  
hammer.

Now here in  
the immediate  
foreground we  
have Mr. John  
Trimble who has  
been getting all  
the credit for  
this spectacular  
outdoor production.

He is busily saying "What  
is Truth?" and washing his  
hands all the time, although  
actually they are pretty  
clean already by this time...

And off to the side here  
we have The Crowd, which is  
making Crowd Noises and shouting  
things like "Give us Barrabas!",  
and "Shiffuh!" and the like. One little

fella off in the corner imprudently shouted "Hooray for  
SAPS!" and they ate him; there's a spoilsport in every Crowd.

Right about in the middle is your narrator **munching** on a drumstick and all  
hung up for a punchline. Then a hush falls over the Crowd as the two flanking  
or volunteer performers raise up a chant from their points of eminence. The  
star performer under the first halo does not join in, which sort of spoils the  
effect a little bit if you like realism with your dramatics, because the chant  
goes:

" A l l   f o r   o n e ,   a n d   o n e   f o r   a l l ! "

Herewith commences SERCON'S BANE #18, FAPulous Pub #38, for FAPA mailing 105, November 1963. At the keyboard is F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 98119. Today, Oct 12, I say Enough of that last-minute minac; it is time to Produce...

So let us proceed immediately with the A R G L E B A R G L E :

FA 104: Well, it just goes to show; some days it pays to read all of the Constitution; I read the part that says "appoint a teller" but not the part that says "votes received a month after the mailing". It would be more one-up to try to blame it all on OEney and say why sure it has always been a month and I thought he would know this, but it ain't true; I didn't read far enough, and my fine confident wording misled OEney into thinking I knew what I was talking about. It would even be fun to nail S-T Bill Evans on the part of section 6.13 that says he will "furnish the OE information for preparing the ballot" [yes, I know it just means "provide a list of the candidates and maybe check on any amendments"], but life is not all play so we might as well get along with the routine. The estimable Mr Ron Ellik, however, is wrong in saying that the Old Regime had been out of office until I made the ruling appearing [I hope] in FA 105: section 6.2 provides that officers serve "until his successor is elected and notified"-- and now we see why, don't we? OK; my goof, and I hope it retrieved all right without excess turmoil.

Throw the Rascals Out #1: Gee, I wonder whether you have, or not? We had fun...

Self-Preservation #4: We had quite a start, here, on a Typer Collection, but the other day we gave one away to a young lady (age 10 going on 11) whom we hope will get some use out of it. This was a Royal portable of pica typeface, which my mother purchased in about 1952, used; she learned to type at age 55, by the way. Remaining to us are 3 typers and a tentative yen for a Smith-Corona 250 if we ever get far enough ahead of the game and it turns out to cut a good stencil. Our first machine is an Olivetti Lettera 22 with Bodoni typeface; a very nice little monster but it won't cut stencils; we bought it in Anchorage, Alaska, in 1954. Next, we got its big brother, the Studio 44, in 1956; that one has cut an awful lot of stencils and is about halfway through its 2nd platen. And of course here is the IBM Selectric, a March 1962 acquisition. It is a fine machine in practically every way, although recently it has taken to refusing to start, once in a while-- I have to take off the bottom cover and cycle the works through by hand to the "disengage" point that allows the motor to start unloaded. So I suppose the repairmen will be getting their dues from us sometime soon.

Every now and then I see an old (30s-vintage) movie on the teevy-- though not recently. I'd like to see some of those old Gable-Harlow-Beery jobs; hey?

You cite one of my own major peeves. The immobile blocker of motion is as big a nuisance on foot as on wheels; no doubt about it. Courtesy, consideration and inhibitions are great disadvantages in dealing with such types, to be sure.

Blues in the Closet: You're out of your minds, Clarke, Clarke, and Raeburn!

Sercon's Bane & Salud, #17 each: Kind of small and puny there, kids; watch it.

Grue 31: Stoeger and Herter's still list Benjamin air and gas pistols and rifles, and I note that Herter's is one heck of a lot cheaper, something near a third off Stoeger's prices. Dean, I imagine you must have dealt with Herter's, Inc, of Waseca, Minnesota, haven't you? But if so, how could you keep from the urge to quote some of Herter's incisive if unorthodox prose? Jes' great, man.

It's a good thing for me that the Daisy BB is no more powerful than it is. At age 10 I fired at a fence post and the pellet bounced straight back the ten or twelve feet and bonged me directly between the eyebrows. Startling, it was.

Good Lord; I remember the Bungles; remember when Geo Bungle had amnesia because he had been hypnotized? [The hypnotized state was detected, and I kid you not, because the pupils of Geo's eyes were off-centers. Any questions??]

The SEattle Pee-Eye had Sam's Strip up until a few months ago, but replaced it with some Disney thing; arrfff growff. And yes, it has "Country Parson"...

"Please excuse the inadequate illumination in here", said Tom politely. O well...

\*\*\*\*\*Digression\*\*\*\*\* W Gregg Calkins was supposed to come over here today so that we could get started on Throw the Rascals Out #2, and maybe call up Dick and Pat Ellington to see whether you really did or not. But Mr Calkins is not coming. Mr Calkins has a hangover. This is not an affliction entirely unique to Mr Calkins as I do not feel so redhot myself, but since we came home relatively early it is quite likely that others feel much worse. Much much worse, maybe, even. We went to this good party last night, see, given by some fellow-workers of Mr Calkins' at Standard Oil. We talked and laughed and sang ["We may not be good but we are sure loud" as Mr Calkins observed between songs] and drank beer and ate far far too many little goodies of the kind that go all too well with beer, and this morning I had gained 3 pounds and we all know where, don't we? If I worked for Standard Oil I would probably gain 50 pounds for Christmas, unless I swore off cashew nuts; the previous Saturday evening we attended another fine party given by Mr Calkins himself and by Mr Cam (for Cameron) ???? --hmm, what IS his last name? This was a housewarming party as these 2 gentlemen or even gentlemen have rented a house on the grounds of the Maplewood Golf Course; alongside the house is a pond with real ducks, by golly. And I ate too much at that party, also, but at least I did not sing upon that occasion. So you see that it is all Mr Calkins' fault that we are not working on our 2nd issue of ..Rascals, and that I am 5 pounds heavier now, and that the Ellington household was not disturbed today by a call from Seattle.

I had a call this morning, though-- from a reporter for the Seattle Pee-Eye [or Post-Intelligencer]. He wanted to know all about Mensa but I could not think of much to tell him except don't quote me directly because I was not fully awake. I did tell him that there was no local group as such and that there would not be one until someone besides me did the organizing and all that; I'm not sure that he understood my viewpoint, but this does not matter since I don't need to sell it. I did not quite get how it was that he happened to have my name in the first place; it had something to do with a piece some joker ran in the local paper down at our state capitol: Olympia, Wash, but the details escaped me and still do.

End of Digression #1 for this issue, and back to the Arglebargle:

Scatalog #2: We certainly enjoyed meeting you here this summer, Art; it was great.

Most unfortunate that you had to miss meeting 5 FAPAns in Berkeley and a solid dozen in the Los Angeles area; your Stateside trips are all too far between.

Yeh, that coalaotian gov't sure sounds like a stacked deck, and I share your dim view of the so-called neutralists who are mainly neutral on the enemy side.

That boy Astaroth sounds like a real winner. I wonder where this mythology of the 72 spirits (or demons; you takes your choice) came from? Could they all be outlying and unsuccessful competitors to the Lord of Hosts, or what? Obviously it is a neat trick for one tribe to relegate the god of their neighbors to demonhood.

Daylight Saving would make sense even at the equator if you want longer lit evenings and apply it all year round. And don't mind going to work in the dark. What never made sense to me was FDR's "War Time". Added to Daylight Saving and out along the Aleutians with one entire basic time-zone of displacement, this gave sunset at about 10pm, on one of the rare days that had a sunset. For WHY?

Hooray for the matter transmitter, yes; I'm with you, buddy, in deploring the necessity of travel in order to get from Point A to Point B. Oh, some travel is pleasant, given scenery and low-harrassment conditions such as some trains and some highways (and some footpaths), but in general, travel is a real drag.

No luck on inventing the matter transmitter as yet, though. And you?

A Bleen for Boggs #1: Some people have all the luck; I can splel but I ca'nt tipe.

Outstanding #1: Naturally I agree with Lee Jacobs on the prime importance of Beer, and with Redd Boggs on the Primer impotence of HPLovecraft. But what I want to know is, Who Threw the Easter Bunny Out the Window? Golly, it's just like 1958 all over again: Parker runs for office (SAPS OE, that time); Parker is no longer on the roster by the time the returns are in. Consistent, but hardly versatile; there's a kid who never has to ask what he should do for an encore.



3 Minute ~~Vgg~~ Time Test: I would have got all the questions right except that I missed #2 because I was too lazy to go find a pencil.

Vandy 19: Sorry to hear that the Midwestcon went blah on you; we have this fabulous picture of all Midwestcons, based on our one attendance in 1957, and we hate to hear anything that mars that ideal picture...

Buck, I don't "get mad" at people confusing my stuff with other people's but it sometimes puzzles me. The prize case was when someone [a good friend who shall remain mercifully anonymous here] excused a mistake as to whether I or Elinor had said thus-and-so by saying "What can you expect when you don't separate your stuff out better?" Well, it was a point, all right. We only had separate zines, separate titles, different typeface, and different-colored paper, after all...

Imbroccata #7: I can sympathize with your misery over your AWOL warrior-cat; nice that he turned out to be such a Survivor Type, after all.

Martin "...didn't care to fight for himself". Yes, that pretty well did it.

Moonshine 31: But Rick, I did mention RAPFAPA, the next mailing, but being lazy, I assumed that someone else would print your presentation. That would have been a fine ploy, the bit you had of running for Figurehead.

I don't think FAPA is so given to unfairness as you imply. Or rather, let's put it this way: can you find any moral, ethical, or Constitutional reason why an S-T (say) could be prohibited for advancing a friend's dues out of his own pocket, or why he could be expected to do so for everyone? I'll grant you that I cannot logically defend such a practice, and surely it could not be condoned if extended to fudging on activity, but will someone explain to me where and why to draw the line? Because it seems very difficult to specify where unethical behavior begins in the case of discrimination-for rather than against, on the dues-due bit: any member can obviously pay any other member's dues for him, if he likes; yes or no?

Len: Well, to date I've never attended a banquet (or other function) in coat and tie, at which the temperature was set for me rather than for the more sensibly (i.e.: more lightly) dressed female contingent. I say, again and remorselessly, that it is Utterly Stupid for the culture to prescribe such disparate standards of dress for persons of same species but opposite sex in the same sweat-box.

A Kind of Bull Morse (or something): Welcome to the hemisphere again. But like, come off it, Bill. Re your bit to Boyd on buying products built by Socialized People, I mean. I've never been impressed with the business of how can you eat animals if you don't like bloodshed, or how can you eat vegetables if you don't like manure, for that matter. And in warfare, no sojer hesitates to use a superior enemy weapon, iffen he can latch onto one.

So like I say, come off it, and welcome again to the hemisphere.

Petition (for Parker for OE): An interesting bit of historical futilia; no?

Bete Noire #5 or "#1": FAPA will take over IPSO's inspired idea of the Assigned Subject, but with a difference: here, each member will take a subject of his or her very own and just continue to beat the hell out of it no matter what. Yours is Simple Ed the Martyr; right? Werr, rots of ruck, Ledd...

Actually, since Elinor and I were among the first to blow the whistle on this matter, one mailing before you or Harry ever spoke up about it [see inside front cover, Salud #9, mailing 98], I feel justified in giving vent to a certain amount of disgust at protestations 6 mailings later from people who never made Effective Move #1 when the issue was current [I myself did not think that it is worthwhile to wipe the nose of one who could not or would not try to wipe his own]. Ted White says that Bill Evans as VP would accept no action from anyone other than Martin himself, but I believe this applies only to the "appeal to an officer"; it could not and has not ever applied to a simple petition with 12 names for a mailing's reprieve or for (Perish Forbid!) 22 scribbles for a year's amnesty. So I've said it before and no doubt dammit there will be occasion to say it again (you, too, Harry!): where do you guys get off being so upstage about the rest of us not surging to do what you never ever bothered to do, yourselves? Having failed to void, get off the pot!

Horizons 95: I hate to be monotonous to the point of boredom, but to what I just now said to Brer Redd, I must add this: when discussing the Martin case in the otherwise-impeccable (and certainly highly anticipated) Fan History, don't forget to tell why you yourself (as well as Redd, and indeed Martin) felt it best to refrain from circulating the petition for just 12 names to save the guy. I'm sure that from all the hell you guys raise, you must have an answer to this; I am just curious as to what in the worlds it could possibly be.

But, Harry! The whole (and effective) point of "The Cold Equations" is that Wishing WON'T Make It So, if it really isn't. Certainly the reader's reaction is to wish that things could have been different; it is a measure of the story's bite that the reader does not easily accept the grim necessities of the situation, but that there is no alternative; what is, IS. Your arguments with the story do not hold water: simply, the landing-boat can't land two people, for the same reason that John Glenn or Gordon Cooper had a slim margin in some respects-- sheer physical limitations. And the girl can't land the craft because she does not know how to drive, so to speak. [And don't forget the load of serum to combat the epidemic; this is an emergency drop, remember... though this is irrelevant to the Message.] The point made by the story is the one you seem to miss-- the unalterable difference between manmade law that has room for second guesses, and natural law, which hasn't. Campbell, and Godwin speaking for him, were pushing "the Universe does not and can not forgive mistakes", as a true and thought-provoking statement. Well, it's true enough; the guy who grabs a 110,000-volt wire gets no chance to say he didn't know it was hot and he didn't mean to offend in any way; he is just dead, is all. The girl in "Cold Equations" differed only in that the author set it up so that she had the chance to state her case before she had to go and be dead. Which, of course, is what makes it such a real heartbreaker, and a tremendously powerful piece.

Yep, it does shake up the troops to pay cash at a credit-oriented shop. Just try buying a car that way some time-- they don't QUITE call the cops, but it's close. [Errr-- the above recommendation is only for bachelors; married men are too broke.]

I can't really go for your idea of de-emphasis of Worldcons [even though they would properly be called USCons in most cases, 24 years of faulty semantics is not likely to heed the outcry of a few purists], but I do like the business of building up the regional Cons as much as possible. And no matter what else you may say, your kindly words toward the SeaCon out-of-town pitch enshrine you in our hearts. Actually the Midwestcons started the exodus from Big Fat DownTown, and this year's Westercon proved it out nicely also, but Seacon is to date the only yearly main event to try the formula; the facilities do have to fit the expected crowds.

The Labor Day bit, though: Labor Day is a dead area for the average hotel. Thus, in approaching a hotel management for dickering, the magic words "Labor Day" give the harrassed ConCommittee a great advantage. I cite this from personal experience in the cutthroat negotiations preceding the Seacon; that's rough stuff, man.

Ecdysiast (so awright, Ed Cox, chalk on his own goat) #8: And thank you for pushing Wally Webr or even Weber, the Creature from Outer Swamp House, for like TAFF; I am sure we will all live to regret it, whatever the outcome, because who doesn't?

But what the hell, I always say, when I have the hiccups, that is. It helps.

Well, certainly the commode could be greatly improved and varied, but there is not much chance of this in the US, so long as the overpriced potty performs its rather simple tasks with so little dependability and so much badly-designed hardware. If the fixture industry has a pinky in our space effort, I guess I know what we will really end up landing on the moon at a cost I'd just as soon we forget entirely.

I see that trying to review or evaluate a great big mess of "ScienceFiction" shrinks your Goodness Glands and leaves you nothing but a Dirty Old Man like all the rest of us. Well, it was nice you tried, anyway; I'm sure it will be an inspiration to all redblooded persons who share our ideal of maturing to become the Dirtiest Old Men who ever existed on this or any other planet. Or elsewhere, with luck.

Well, at least we are lucky that in our Universe, people do not grow up into a situation that dumps them into becoming CLEAN Old Men. I couldn't stand that...

What this planet needs is a good dependable no-hands commode. Any suggestions?



\*\*\*\*\*DIGRESSION #2\*\*\*\*\* I see by the Tellers' Report that you did indeed Throw the Rascals Back In, for which thank yous. President Calkins no doubt thanks you also; he sounded a little sleepy when we were discussing this on the phone or I'm sure he would have remembered to mention this. This? This? That's what I get for pausing in the middle of a sentence to swat fruitflies.

And of course there is no truth to the lady Teller's assertion that the Tellers are corrupt or corruptible. After all, they stayed bought, didn't they?

End of Digression #2...

Synapse: I did not mean to imply that driving blanked-out was desirable or even defensible, but rather to point out that since I had done so on numerous occasions in past years with a rather low accident rate, the policy and belief that finds so much righteous horror over relatively small amounts of booze in a driver is hardly realistic-- especially considering all the other causes of poor driving, many of which are under no legal or moral cloud whatsoever. Poor reflexes, poor coordination, and just plain lousy judgment can be found in an hour's (or less) drive through any city, but these are only punished on results. But a guy with beer on his breath is automatically assumed to be bereft of reason, irresponsible, unable to see the truck ahead of him and incapable of caring. Well, certainly, there are drunks like that and they do make nasty messes. But the idea that a moderate load is incompatible with caution, alertness, and adequate performance-- an idea that has been pushed as a Holy Crusade until (as we see in FAPA) it cannot even be examined through the highly emotional semantic fog-- this idea does not hold up under a good look at the motoring public [not just the police records, mind you]. Including no doubt several members of this august organization.

However, I did "stop pressing (my) luck", Jack, about 10 years ago. It was the irony, I think, that did it. After having gotten away almost entirely free with all sorts of crazy shenanigans off and on over about 15 years, I got nailed but GOOD for the heinous offense of bumping noses with a halted taxicab at about 15mph in 2nd gear, having hit an ice-rut wrong, turning up Pike St off 2nd Avenue. So I quit while I was well ahead of the game.

Phantasy Press 42: As your comments to Harry and to Ted indicate (taken together), there is a big difference between correcting an error and in jumping on it with implications that it\*deliberate or malicious. [\*was]

Hope the back is shaping up OK. ## Yep, we'll all miss Phyllis. ## As you no doubt have guessed, I agree with you re Soviet Cuba. ## But did I say anything about Trading Stamps? Heck, they aren't even legal in this state, and I think I'm glad.

Null-F #34: 2 hours and 10 minutes does seem like quite awhile for Applied Romance.

I don't have a stopwatch, but I think about an hour and a half is the modern day record chez me; actually, somewhere between a quarter and a half hour is a lot more practical: do you have any idea how the average citizen could whack out 2 extra leisure hours day in and day out? Just doesn't seem feasible somehow...

Paul Williams: Control of the "franking privilege" is a matter of good judgment and common sense. Remember that the purpose of FAPA is to circulate the zines of the members to the members-- not to ensure that the members see everything good that turns up in fandom. A oneshot in which one or more members, plus some non-members participate, will ordinarily go through perfectly OK. But when a member starts ringing his buddies' personal zines in, Wlrs or no, the OE is correct in looking to the Constitution to see if he is doing his duties according to it.

And thus Shadow FAPAZines as such have no place in the FAPA-postpaid bundles. Any other interpretation would produce an uncontrollable increase in de facto memberships, and personally I do not think this would be a good thing for the group.

Ankus 8: Well, thanks; you fling out some pretty live punchlines yourself now and then, if it comes to that and occasionally it does.

Do you suppose anyone will propose an amendment to the effect that no member may pay the dues of any other member? Somehow it would not surprise me much by now.

As a sterling Gimlet-Eyed Snob, I expect better semantic rigor of you than the "Illegal Postmailings" tag for Shadowzines. So work on it, y'hear, man?

Revelations from the Secret Mythos #4: Well, there goes a good kid.

Target: FAPA: Oh sure, just get up from the ChiconII banquet and go hunting for the joker who knows how to turn the heat down. Of course he will be easy to find [you do have a picture of that banquet, don't you? If not, nearly any other banquet pic will do] and of course he will turn the heat any direction anybody tells him. I'm sure glad you reminded me there, Clyde; I was worried, before.

"Bitter feuding TAFF has caused": Well, perhaps "long-lasting bad feeling" might be more accurate but I won't quibble with Elinor's original phrasing. The aftermath of the 1957 race lasted for quite a long while and eventually brought about GMC's persistent attacks on Walt Willis resulting in his resignation from this group, among other things. And I believe several of us will not soon forget the 1959 campaign eventually won by Don Ford-- though no doubt we'd like to do so. Further, that year there was considerable friction between some TAFF stalwarts and the Berry Fund. Luckily this was finally settled before anyone ran off at the stencil, but I assure you that it was no fun at all. It is very pleasant to see that for the most part there has been no bitter stuff in the last few years of TAFF, but for a while there, the US campaigns, especially, were a bitch on wheels.

Lighthouse #9: There have been a few local Rights Marches here, and there is to be one in a week or so for the proposed Open Housing Ordinance. So a Citizens' Council outfit announced a counterMarch. The chiefapolice promptly said that if so, they would stay the hell away from the Rights march, by virtue of the entire force of the Police Dept, if necessary. So today the CitizensCouncil boy says there will be no march by his side. "All persons interested in segregation stay home that day" he says. I dunno... Anyway, we have not had any bombings around here except the usual ones connected with the pinball & jukebox industries. But I don't think the Open Housing Ordinance is going to make it. Poor public relations: the proponents openly fight to get it done by the City Council without allowing for any popular vote, and naturally this antagonizes John Q Public. It's too bad, to see these people get overeager and thus lose support they could've had. I think the proposed law contains inequities, but these are less than the existing ones, so given the chance I'll vote for the silly thing, most likely.

I see that Walt Willis and Terry Carr are both thoroughly convinced that any driver carrying a medium load is ipso facto a great menace. Boy, the term "drunk driving" has sure acquired a load of its own in emotional connotation, hasn't it? Well, let's keep in mind that my argument is with the legal definition, which says that a guy on booze is SOL even though his physical reactions are adequate (and mental reactions, of course). It is difficult to give good refuting-type examples, because if they aren't spectacular they are ho-hum, and if they are spectacular the answer is merely "Boy were you ever lucky, you idiot." But I still say that "drunk" is how you perform, not just what you happen to be carrying at the time. I'll heroically refrain from telling any anecdotes to prove the point, just now.

Thanks, Terry, for disassociating yourself from the "Down with CRY" front. But as a matter of fact, "Fandom Harvest" was edited to some extent, every now and then. Not heavily, though by golly I did change (not cut) a punchline on you once. But as I've mentioned, the series of circumstances that injured Ted was an unlikely combination as well as an unfortunate one. As a sidelight, what we have done in at least one other such case since then is simply hold the whole unfittable piece over until the next issue. And I don't try to get ahead of the game by doing Page Three or adding page-numbers, until all non-staff material is stencilled & counted.

And I'm glad to see the fabulous "64 Frisco or Fight" story in print at last.

Celephais 36: OK, Bill, we'll look forward to the trip writeup in this mailing.

Rambling Faps 2: Of course, Lee, you'll send in a oneshot from each country??

Le Moindre 29: Actually, "ID" or "ID card" is from the original ethnic GI, as the members of the Armed Forces carry such cards and show them to MPs in bars and elsewhere when asked. The term just spilled over with the influx of refugees or "veterans" that have been coming into the country since WWII.



\*\*\*\*\*DIGRESSION #3\*\*\*\*\* The Tuck Handbook arrived today and thank you Art Wilson.

Asp #2: Bill, your "le affaire martin" is the definitive work on the subject. It might perhaps be stressed just a little more that the petition for 12 or 22 names could have been circulated by any member, specifically including the more extreme pro-Martin contingent-- if 'twere justice rather than griping that interested them. [And I freely admit being interested enough only to speak up in print once or twice about the original decision at the time, but not enough to circulate petitions.] Or, what gives A, who let the thing go by default, the right to grotch at B for doing the same? A is condemning in words what he accepted by his own inaction.

Anyway, you did a lovely job of analysis on the whole bit.

Yeh, fraternities have varied a great deal from the traditional stereotype, even before WWII. The Kappa Sigs at Wash State were a high-flying bunch of rounders with very little in the way of one-up social pretensions except that you were not supposed to disgrace the house by passing-out in public and like that. On the other hand, the chapter here at the U of Wash seemed to act and think much more like the traditional pattern has it-- from what little I saw of the group here.

Gretchen: The trouble with applying literary standards to apazines is that so many of them (specifically including my own) are more of a form of group correspondence than anything else of a classifiable nature. Sir Wrai Ballard of Blanchard, North Dakota, once likened SAPS (the junior circuit or American League of fandom) to "a system of interlocking mailboxes," and you have got to admit that he has something there, at that. [I speak not of What Should Be, whatever that is, but only of What Is.] Elsewise you do have it pegged pretty well, there.

I have to admit that the Tantric Yoga line was a pure throwaway. Why, I would not recognize any real Tantric Yoga if it walked up and bit me in the leg-- which would not particularly surprise me either, I guess. Ah, never a serious moment...

Except that feminine weakness for uniforms didn't help much in the Aleutians. First place, no women. Second place, it would take a pretty Krafft-Ebbish female to have much of a weakness for the oilsoaked crummy fatigues that were my "uniform" on Amchitka Island [I threw 'em in the corner at night and whistled for 'em in the morning, they were that strong and sturdy and organic]. No, 1944 was not my best year at all, colleague; the only constructive thing I did all year was grow a beard.

POMTSAIMLINGS... Descant #10: Well, the MRA [toward which I have heretofore been sort of neutral, largely because I could never figure out what the hell it was talking about, if anything] has purely cooked its goose with me, putting down good ol' Sex thataway. "Indulgence by the married.. may.. be the source of irritable tempers"?? Boy, if I ever saw any idiot get something just backwards, it is this idiot that you quote and I here requote. Words fail me...

Yeh, Norm, I remember Courtois (and his hoax-sister) circa '54-'55. He was a sort of shrill inept version of Laney, as I recall his more vituperative phases. It gives to wonder what has happened to some of those jokers. [Deeck, by the way, he who while burning was stood upon by the Boyd] turned up in the Oct CRY after a five year period of fannish nonexistence. So I guess you just never know, do you?

And once again: any member could have circulated a petition for Martin... and in the immediate period of the action, 12 signatures would have given 90 days' grace.

And I don't see why it is a "lousy trick" for Gerber to be off the WL; he had a full 3 months' warning and leeway before he was dropped, and although I too like Les, I don't see why the rules should be special just for him (or anyone else). After all, the only hope of a bottom-end Wler (up to now) has been that he could advance on the goofs of people who were insufficiently interested and alert to keep in good standing; the new "subscription" system removes even this solace, dammit. Oh well, all this means is that all the attrition will take place at the top of the list, as the sleepers turn out to be either disinterested-after-all or sans the necessary credentials. And there may be a fair number of initial dropoffs of those who resent the dollar per year (Broke Fandom), so that will help out a little bit.

Lots of good stuff (or "Good Stuff") in this Descant, you-all, but I am gonna end this zine at the bottom of the next page even if I have to cut off the punchli



Sambo 12: Sounds like a great Westward trip, and next time head a little bit more North, also, hey? ## Migosh, you mean you actually typed Ditto masters twice identical, to get a zine out? I mean, I knew Ditto as a snare and a delusion, but it never did that to me, back when I was addicted to the stuff. Well, if this catastrophe or even catastrophe leads to your forsaking those evil purple ways, I guess it will all be worthwhile over the long haul come Judgment Day & like that.

And somehow I do not seem to have one more blessed word to say about the 104th mailing. Or any other kind, if it comes to that and just now it did.

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Oct 19, a day which shall be devoted to Miscellany:

Today Elinor and I had lunch in the Hyatt House coffee shop, which about 20 of you (or a few more, perhaps) will remember from 1961. I'm not sure whether I reported or not, earlier, that the HH had quite a fire for itself early in June: it started in the kitchen, and the whole dining room and Convention hall and bar went up, leaving the lobby and the front or booth end of the coffee shop in place. None of the "rooms" wings were touched. At any rate, the eatery and assemblage end was out of business for about 4 months, although a bar and a buffet-style dinery was set up in the south wing; the bar was (and likely still is, to date) in the Flight Lounge where the Art Show was held during Seacon. Well, the coffee shop got back in business about 2 weeks ago, and is somewhat expanded from the original version; some 23 seats have been added. Too bad they didn't build it this way in the first place, hey fellas? Other improvements since Seacon are a State Liquor Store directly across the highway (starting about a month after the Con ) and traffic signals at the north end of the enclave so that people can plan on getting across Highway 99 in one piece with some degree of assurance. I guess we just bid a few years too early, is all. Better luck next lifetime.

I also bought me a few New Clothes today; well, a sport shirt and pair of slacks, anyway. The only noteworthy aspect of this event is that I finally have tracked down what used to be my favorite downtown clothing store; some years ago it vanished from Pike Street and reappeared at an esoteric-looking address out in Burien some miles outside Seattle. I had liked that store; its prices were not of the most economical by any means, but when I bought something there I was generally well satisfied with the purchase and with its durability. In recent years, making do with local stores on the infrequent occasions when my pants would come out at the seat, etc, I have not been satisfied with the merchandise worth a damn. So I was pleased to find my good ol' store again, though I cannot say that I am at all pleased with the current "fashionable" selection of goods, there or elsewhere. I mean, you can call it Ivy League if you like, but to me it looks as if 95% of the stuff is sold only in various shades of Dark Dung. One reason I did not buy more garments today is that I did not find much more that I liked at all; otherwise I would have liked to stock up a little more, having made the trek to find the place. Now all I hope is that that shirt and pants live up to their doggone pricetag.

Because I wrote a bunch of checks this morning and am feeling rather Broke.

I see by the Roster that we have now met the unlikely total of 50 out of the 65 FAPA memberships. And with Croutch and Parker being replaced by Deckinger and Hansen, that will make 52. I wonder if anyone at any time has ever been in the position of having met each and every member listed on any given roster of FAPA? The odds would seem to be against it, but you never know.

FAPA PRESIDENT SKIPS TOWN! [Inebriated Press dispatch]: Upon being notified that he had been elected President of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, the Honorable W Gregg Calkins, former Vice-President of the organization, leaped into his trusty convertible and headed South. Asked as to his destination, President Calkins said: "Oh, I dunno. San Francisco or Los Angeles or Mexico City or Rio or Buenos Aires or Tierra del Fuego or maybe Little America; I'll prolly be back a week from Sunday." Concerned, local authorities have sent for ace criminologist Boyd Raeburn of Toronto, who will make preliminary investigations in California before presenting his final conclusions here. Stay tuned for a possible oneshot.