

SERCON'S

"SERCON'S BANE" (ALSO KNOWN AS FAPULOUS, 5) IS PRODUCED FOR THE 90th MAILING (FEB 1960) OF FAPA. (A FENDEN PUBLICATION)

BANE #1

The Upstate Returns pretty well have it that this is: SERCON'S BANE #1

It's also, in the overall picture, Fapulous # -- oh for CRYsakes. Three mailings and already we've lost count. But what can you expect from people who would have their picture taken in overalls? ...I guess it's Fapulous #5, unless Elinor beats me out.

The worst of it is, I finished the MCs off nearly 2 weeks ago. Momentarily, I have no idea what's in 'em, nor how to avoid contradicting myself or foolishly etc. And let's don't anybody suggest sensibly that I could easily read through those stencils and avoid all this chitter-(thankyouRonel)chattering-- not at this time of night.

For those who came in after the commercial (you just sit right back down, there!), this zine is wholly responsible for F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Wash, in this 90th mailing of the FAPA, and will go his bail if required. I hope.

This is a Power Mad Publication: Little Names Trampled at a moderate nominal charge. Big Names come a trifle higher: it takes a lot longer to trample a Name like, say, Dainis Bisenieks, than a nice little short one like, say GMCarr. I agree that it's not fair that such as J Woodrow Hagadish and Seymour Kapetansky should escape scot-free unTrampled just because of our outrageous per-syllable fees, but Economics is a hard thing to buck. Something like the Post Awful in that respect.

It's been an eventful quarter around here; mostly it rained, but not all the time. On Jan 17th, for instance, the sun shone and the temperature flirted with 50°, and Elinor & I walked Nobby & Lisa around the more scenic parts of the top of Magnolia Bluff for a couple miles, and back. Very healthful. Fun, too.

Couple weeks from now I might be able to make a more exciting page of this. We're expecting, in the next week or two, to see right here in 3-D solid Technicolor the Ellingtons, the (T&M)Carrs, Bill Donaho, Danny Curran, and Jim Caughran. It seems that with Dick & Pat Ellington moving from New York via Seattle to Berkeley, the very least Berkeley can do in appreciation is to meet 'em partway. Fine with us: looks like a pretty good ball coming up, if everyone actually makes it on schedule. We haven't met Dick, Pat, or Danny, previously, and are anticipating. (Dick and I are so hopelessly opposed on politics that I once wrote to the effect that he probably took me, possibly correctly, for a Hardened Reactionary or such. Dick replied that, to the contrary, he considered me an Enlightened Pessimist. I'm not sure I understand it, but I like it: Dick allows my right to vote Republican and I allow his right to take whatever measures he takes to protest against my vote. Wish I could hold this zine up and get Dick in on a one-shot page for this mailing.

Next day (Jan 29): Phonecall from Dick, from somewhere not too far North of the Canal; we'll see 'em in a couple days. Five minutes later, call from Jim Caughran, from Longview (remember Longview?); he'll be up Wednesday. The rest of Berkeley is due in Thu or Fri. Looks to be a good week, offhand. You'll be hearing...

I wish that I, and not the Alaska Communication System, owned the Olympia typer that cut that cover-line. This Olivetti 44 has two characters (==++) over the usual; that machine has 6 additional. It, like this one, will half-space (xxx), but it will also, by pushing a lever, automatically double-space. With 2 clicks for normal vertical single-space, it has one click on the knob and 2-to-6 on the return lever (this one skips 5 but has the rest). It has adjustable means for inserting paper or stencil to a predetermined line from 2 to 17 lines from the top of the page, by pulling a lever. Paper guides that will hold a postcard so's you can type a character at each extreme corner if you so choose. Eraser rest (poor word, but let it stand) along the top of the platen. 4-position ribbon lever: you can use the middle strip, too. And two carriages (14" & 39"); turn 2 knobs and lift the carriage off. Heck, I changed carriages today without breaking anything and with no instructions as to how to line the on-going one up. Friends, that's a dream-typer.

And that's enough commercial. Overleaf begins egoboo and the usual sort of side-ramblings and unconsidered assertions. May this house be safe from tigers...

It's time for

A r g l e b a r g l e

about the 89th mailing

so let's look at the

Fantasy Amateur for inspiration.

Mostly it reads all fine and clear. But doesn't the S-T mean that "new members must pay" (renewal) "dues before their fourth mailing"??

In connection with a recent brannigan, now happily settled, I had a look at the Constitution. Section 4.2 ends "Members not paying the assessment will not receive that mailing until they pay the assessment, within a time limit of six months". Now, with all good cess to Jack Speer, what does it mean? At the end of that 6 months, what happens? Does the OE yield to superior stubbornness and send the mailing anyway? Does he burn the bundle, ceremoniously dancing around the blaze in his nekkids? Or, as would seem most reasonable, does the recalcitrant member lose all rights to the bundle at the end of the 6-month period? ...I just thought I'd ask...

We found the ballot we thought we'd sent in a month or so ago, and mailed it today, Jan 9th, 1960 (bouquets should be delivered to the front door).

Somebody has had his cotton-picking lunch-hooks into this bundle. It's all out of order, so here goes on a random approach, checking titles off on the FA. Arrgggh!

QABAI #5, out of Fond du Lac by a quick visit from LASFS: well, as one-shots go, this one went not only one better, but several. If, as I surmise, the occasions were as much fun as the reports indicate-- it's a good life, Charlie...

Involutia #5: Curt, I certainly hope that it has turned out to be a false alarm, whatever was giving you those dead-end feelings, and all. Or that it does so fall, soon, that the pressure is off and all as well as possible with you in this nuthatch world.

Sure, ESP is most likely a latent ability in everyone, rather than a big fat new mutation-- matter of fact, I think most people use it to some extent without knowing it (since the ESP most generally just backs up the evidence of the other "senses" and adds a good "hunch" that isn't usually outstanding enough to come to conscious notice). From observation of motor traffic, it strikes me that nothing short of ESP could keep the motor-vehicle death-rate so low.

No, I didn't mention (in Fapoose) that my dianetic experience didn't get into auditing-for-pay for the purpose of "lending me some distinction", exactly. Your crack has a solid basis, though, since in this area, most of the people who stuck with the routine were in the for-pay end of it. I'm surprised that if (as I gather-- I still don't have your zine with the Scn report, and I want to see it, too) you were at and about Scn HQ, you saw no transfer of funds in connection with processing and training. Money was pretty well in the foreground of Seattle doings in that line, to the grotchment of those of us who recalled Hubbard's first-book remarks about "those who seek to monopolize and profit by these principles". Well, maybe I should have specified (in Fapoose) that my dianetic experience was all unpaid on purpose. Better?

I dig, choicely, these ploys of yours such as misspelling-vs-typoos, good-and-bad taste (to Rob't Lee), and such. You have a nice light touch with the ax.

Also like your insistence on being allowed to keep on looking for answers rather having to stand pat on what you have to date... a foible I mostly share.

((Excuse the discontinuity, but Elinor made a batch of sourdough (par'm me-- I mean "sahrdaow") bread, and I keep running out in the kitchen to put butter on one more slice while it's hot...)) Finally et it all up, though.

Couldn't agree more, that the "sneer at Galaxy" pitch is unwarranted. Right now, with Ziff-Davis coping with the unfamiliar situation of intelligent editing, we have F&SF up on the top limb, Campbell out on another and apparently trying to saw it off, Santesson making an encourageable pitch for the fan-trade, and the other 2 monthly and 4 bi-monthly zines current on this US side running all pretty much even-up, and a bit behind the British "Science-Fantasy" for my taste; to each his own, though.

I dunno, Curt-- I've had these crudheads dig out from the curb lane with intent to cut over in front of me. All depends on the situation; if I'm in a hurry or maybe feeling sadistic, I'm not above digging right with the guy and leaving him to jam on

his brakes or else try to push a parked car up the street. But I haven't noticed a great deal of this sort of thing from sportscar drivers-- it's more apt to be the 4-color (plus chrome) parade float. Hmm-- well, reading on a bit, I guess I didn't need to add that qualification, probably.

Yeh, I always try to cover up a typo by changing the word I started to write, if I catch the fingers in time, rather than going on for several more letters, by momentum. Or, of course, if I catch it at all.

Interested to see you class scientologists of your acquaintance as "button-pushers": there was a certain amount of Freelance Unlimited Marathon Button-hunting at the local dianetic center, circa 1952. I suppose it's endemic in any type of activity in which one party can be one-up on his cohorts with just a bit of effort. It just shows up and stands out more in a purportedly altruistic enterprise.

Your zine deserves more comment, which didn't get on here because (1) you said you yourself are cutting MCs, so I'm writing into a vacuum, and (2) I'm just getting warmed-up, this evening, on the mailing. So consider yourself fairly cheated.

Ad Interim (and glad to see it turned out that you made it OK, Dick):

I imagine you and Webfoot Jack Speer (flooded not-quite-out twice so far this winter) will have fine times comparing his "Civil War" to "Tactics" & "Gettysburg!"

Yep, it's great meeting new fans-- or rather, meeting old fan-friends for the first time (I recall breaking them up at the office one day with a casual mention of "some old friends we hadn't met before"-- I guess it is a bit unusual in Mundane, at that); even the really brief quickie-stops can be on the fabulous side...

Enjoyed this, Dick, and have a further word for you, later on in here.

Cal (what? again?) #4: Grennell, Raeburn, and (I venture to hope), Morgan (Capt): No, I'll go along with you and Rotsler on the folk-singing bit, so long as we except a good hunk of satire such as Van Ronk or Cutrell on the Bosses' Artists Songs, most of which I enjoy.

Boyd, you forgot to mention Washington's (state, that is) unique contribution to idiotic drinking restrictions-- we may not stand up with a glass in one or more of our hands. Result: man sits quietly, absorbing a load; stands up, and what do you know-- he's drrrunk! Also, women may not sit up at the bar in "cocktail lounges" but are free to do so in "taverns", which serve only beer and wine. But for a number of years, all other hooch was obtainable only by the bottle in State-monopoly stores, and in various legit and phony "private clubs" where you could buy a drink on a "script-book" basis. Dean, the setup in Idaho varied from county to county-- a roadhouse just out of Moscow in Batah county had an optional plan: you could simply buy drinks, or you could have your bottle set up behind the bar and highballs mixed from it at 15¢ per drink. This plan held certain inherent possibilities of abuse; depending on whether or not you were a friend of the bartender's, your bottle had greater or lesser lasting qualities. Being all buddies with the staff of the place, our crowd found the system a superb one for our purposes-- which were not especially obscure to the alert observer.

Get together more often, men...

Lonk: I guess your title brainwashed us, Bill-- we're buying one: a red "6" 4-door with overdrive. Other options include individually-reclining front seats, black vinyl upholstery, undercoat, sway-bar, etc. Hmm-- heater&defroster, of course. Also an oil gauge and ammeter; I don't trust those "idiot lights". And windshield "squirts"... probably a few other little gimmicks that don't come immediately to mind. Anyhow, it came off the assembly-line Dec 28 and should arrive and be serviced for delivery this week sometime, with luck. Further reports will appear later in here...

Man, you do experiment with all the combinations for stencil-cutting and repro in general. Not me-- if it's working, let well enough alone, say I, unless someone comes up with improvements. Of course, usually we have problems and so must horse around to a certain extent-- but I gather that with you it's "pour le sport".

Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to add the sponsorship requirement to the new amendment, if it would work as the proponents claim.... discussion??

OK, Bill, just to be a sport about it: the two previous pages were cut with a film and with a slick "carbon" sheet. For this page, a plastic Typing Plate takes the place of the "carbon sheet", making for finer-lined characters, less offset, & slower cranking when we get to that stage. Might not work out so badly, at that-- come to think of it, this is the first time I've tried the Typing Plate since I had to give up and use film to avoid all that type-cleaning.

You mean the Albert Peyton Terhune who wrote "Payson Place"?? Tsk.

Well, we're glad to be with you, Bill; that was a long 3 years a-WLing. Heck, Bill, I'm twice as obnoxious as Elinor is, especially on a clear day. That's why I was elected to succeed Elinor as president of the Nameless-- the club wanted me sitting up there in front where they can keep an eye on me; that's the secret.

Yeh, I went out to the FenDen to run off that Election Results stencil and found that there was no white paper in the place-- oh, maybe 25-30 sheets in the crudsheets and remnants pile. But I was about halfway through the run before the "blank white paper" remark came to mind, so shrugged and figured that the FAPate might derive a certain amount of innocent pleasure from my boo-boo.

Ugliest car? The '60 Ford comes close, I think, but maybe I'm prejudiced at the spectacle of a car nearly 8 feet wide with a trunk-lid of half that width. The '56 Rambler is mighty hard to beat in this respect, also, along with the '57(?) Merc, and those chrome-and-plastic 3-color abominations that flourished in '55-56. But the '60 Ford is about as insulting to the intelligence of the prospective buyer as anything I've seen.

You have the Goliath pegged correctly; also, it's front-wheel drive. However, to me it did not "sit" comfortably, and the shift bugged me: the visible part is a sliding tubular member in one solid L-shaped piece-- in shifting "down", you must exert a pull at a point about 8 inches to the side of the axis along which the thing slides, thus placing a bending force on the lever and a binding force against the sleeve within which it slides. Same thing on the Lloyd, by the way...

Good zine, Bill, and for you, too, a word to be found further on.

~~Fappetite~~ Fapprehensive: Well, you sure fooled me, doll-- tearing into things at the last minute and actually getting this in on time. Glad you filled in the background on the 1957 GMC-Busby split-- that was something I couldn't see how to do: give the pertinent parts without getting wound up into a detailed history of the past 9 years.

Hope you get started a little earlier this time, though...

FAPheliion: Probably I put in too much space on Gemzine, even with Redd's handy hint on the futility of it all. But it seemed to be indicated, and the fortuitous availability of the previously-published off-the-cuff WesterCon progress notes was just too perfect to pass up-- hence, the 2pp of reprints... if there's one thing I do enjoy, it's being able to Produce the Evidence in a brannigan of this sordid sort.

Who's Who in FAPA: 1959-- Oh Lord,, another Pollsheet discovered after its deadline. OK, I'll stop typing and-- no, it's too late and besides there isn't room on the sheet for info from the both of us. So here's mine, roughly: born Mar 11, 1921, Indianapolis, Ind. First s-f discovered: 1931, at Pullman, Wn, age 10. First s-f zines (read at the drugstore): Amazing & Astounding, around 1932-33. Never exactly "discovered" fandom; it just crept up in the prz-lettercols & appeared as the local club (Nameless), which I ran onto in mid-1950. First fmz: Sinisterra (local), Incinerations, Fanscient, and a couple Rhodo Digests. Fannish history: (first hit) Nameless 1950, working on CRY 1955, SAPS 1956, FAPA WL late 1956, FAPA 1959.

Non-FAPazines: on CRY staff for 52 issues: first one #78, March 1955; latest to date of writing #135, Jan 1960. 3 issues Polarity: Aug '57 to Oct '58. Retro 1-15 in SAPS: July '56 thru Jan '60. Also a few one-shots & halfCRYs, plus a chunk of Sinisterra #8, Aug '56.

Fanclubs: N3F 1951 (one year, totally inactive). Nameless Ones off-and-on from mid-1950 to present. SAPS from July 1956. Oh, yeh-- WSFS, Inc, of course, from Solacon membership and whatever other Cons we sent in registration fees for, earlier.

Cons: Portland 1950, MidWestCon 1957, South Gate in '58, WesterCon '59.

((Well, that stencil looked pretty good, so the Typing Plate stays in awhile...))
(Still with Gregg's Pollsheet): "Professional activities"-- sale of one short story, appeared in Future #34 in fall of '57.

Joined FAPA with Mailing 88, Aug '59. Zines to date: Fapoose (#88, 8pp mine), Faphelion: #89, 2lpp. Oops-- Like Hogan's Goat, also in #89, 8pp. Total pages: 37.
No offices (unless "teller" counts), no Egopollboo, no checks cashed.

Le Moindre #17: Boyd, if "Inchmery" can take its address along, why can't you?? Why, 9 Glenvalley Drive is not just a location-- it's you!

OK-- "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like house." I dig you, tho.

You had us shook, I'll tell you; to me, "meningitis" was a word remembered from childhood, when it was generally the label pinned on a classmate's sudden death. So it was quite a relief to find that you were harboring and then defeated an entirely different thing-- same name, different cause, happier outcome.

Yeh, that whiny self-pity is the worst part of the current Noises for Adolescents especially as self-pity is used to justify all sorts of anti-social behavior by the bicycle-chain set. It's the Best Kind of self-justification, naturally...

"More next time" will be duly and pleasurably anticipated.

Rambling Faps (18 & 19): Yes, the "vanity press" prices on First Fandom's OO do tend to ensure that FF is never going to have much in the way of a general following outside the membership. A businesslike fan-project, forsooth. Well, maybe it's only in recent years that fandom-in-general has accepted the principle that sub-rates are for keeping your losses ^(costs) from getting too far out of hand.

SFTimes: Well, I read a lot of s-f myself, Gregg, but the listing of contents of zines I've been reading in the previous month is not valuable enough for me to keep up my SFT sub. Seems as if every time a prozine folded, in the past couple of years, it would go this way: the zine would be off the stands for 3-4 months, several fan-zines would give the inside scoop, and then when the memory had been gently and reverently laid to rest, here would come SFTimes with headline "Croggling Tales To Be Temporarily Suspended" with a story to match. Nope, I've had it with SFT.

Sorry about goofing on that Pollsheet, but it seems that life is just one damn poll after another, these days, and this one was hiding in the mailing, at that.

Guns: your former accomplice-in-publishing, Jim Webbert, appears to be stocking up for a young war at his apartment over on Capitol Hill. I'm supposed to go handgun shooting with him sometime at the Boeing indoor range. Only trouble is, on a Sunday it sounds like great sport to go shooting next Saturday morning, but by Friday evening it always seems much better to sleep late. Anyhow, maybe next spring we will head out into them good ol' boondocks and do some tin-canning (I don't have earplugs, so indoor shooting racks me a bit). I haven't fired a handgun for at least ten years, but have always wanted to master the art a li'l bit better, since realizing that a lot of my troubles (in earlier attempts) were from trying to tighten up to steadiness rather than relaxing to it (oddly enough, I was always a pretty good second-rater with the rifle, qualifying "Expert" on the GI side but being marginal for the college Rifle Team except on my Good Days).

The Ice Age discussion is interesting, if ominous over the longer haul.

Gregg, the thing I liked most about your bit on Gemzine is that you cut right to the point I was trying to put across-- that the bulk of GMCarr's WesterCon piece would be pure unadulterated HSP66 in the general case, entirely apart from any names, dates, and places. Further word later on, once again.

Target: FAPA-- OK, Rich, we're bracketed; fire for effect. (There is a small green bird sitting on the carriage of this typer. As yet, he is not saying "dammit" at me, but if I don't quit bugging him, he might-- OK, he flew elsewhere-- we bring you all the news.) Man, you are getting a lot of good mileage out of that good ol' Pit, in one apa and another. Not that I object, by any means-- these deals go well.

Sorry, but that WesterCon Report in Fapoose was, as mentioned, written hurriedly and after a stress-filled time-lag. So come on out, next time.

SOS, as I knew it, was "chipped" or "dried" beef creamed, on toast. Same difference

((it's still Eney's Fault))

I didn't get in on the start of this euthanasia bit, but here's some data: last summer, when I drove over to Colfax to my dad's deathbed, the doctor gave him exactly zero chances, not only for surviving but for ever regaining consciousness. He had no physical reserves at all, and hadn't had any since his skin-of-the-teeth recovery from pneumonia&etc in Feb '58 (following which, he had lost the use of his remaining "good" hand, to the encroachment of Parkinson's Disease)-- at that time, he had no will to live except what I talked into him over a 3-day period, plus the instinctive bit that never lets go if it can help it. From Feb '58 on, his physical abilities were limited to walking slowly and carefully after being helped up. But until the July '59 "stroke", dad was mentally alert, and not only interested in all sorts of things, but deliberately looking for things to be interested in. During this period, his condition was physically hopeless and his will-to-live was maintained by effort; nevertheless he managed quite a bit of enjoyment in that 17 months.

After he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage which, in the Best Informed Medical Opinion, precluded survival for more than a few hours as well as any return to consciousness, whatsoever, I don't consider it especially civilized that he was forced with tanks of quick(tissue)-burning oxygen and with glucose-drips, so that he could lie unconscious and gasp raspily for breath at irregular intervals for a good 36 hours. About that time, I think he should have been allowed to Let Go. Of course, being an Untrained Layman (and, as it turned out) lacking even a correct description of what had happened (some idiot was told "cerebral hemorrhage" and told me "coronary attack"), I still had hopes. If I had known the true state of affairs, I think maybe I might have been tempted to pinch the oxygen hose and give my dad a break. Probably not, since hope dies hard-- but just maybe. It got pretty rough, watching.

Searching wildly for a more cheerful note on which to end this comment, may I commend the built-in chortles in your quote-cover?

And further word awaits, somewhere along the line. Stick with it.

Fanzine Review #1: Hi, Bob. Rusty or not, the repro came out mostly OK except for that lower-middle-page bubble that's too consistent to ascribe to the stencil-cutting.

Ted Pauls: I had the same idea that (I gather) you have, about that "rumor" of his, re TAFF-- that he made it all up himself-- but a rereading of the so-called "Ellington" letter killed that idea, quickly. Young Pauls is simply not subtle and knowledgeable enough to skirt the libel laws as carefully as is done in the "letter"; he's too all-out and everything-on-the-surface for such maneuvers, I'm sure. But it is probably just^{as} well for you to give him The Word; he looks to need it.

And furthermore-- hmm-- you know, it's a little difficult to review a review-column? Oh, well-- see you more In Depth next time?

Gallery #10: Why in the everloving hell, Chick, did you subject the only really faan-ish item in the entire issue, to the chop-chop treatment ("continued on...")?? No gripes on the perfectly enjoyable other contents, but j-e-e-z ! Watch that stuff, huh? If I can stomp a 102-page CRY 10th Annish into shape with only one "cont'd" (and the lapse occurs only about twice a year), you should be able to shape up 16 pages without such guff.... I note that you and Bob up there are both doubling in OMPA. Is it legal in both groups? ((In spite of my griping tone, I did enjoy Gallery, Chick.))

POO: Andy, I sure hope Toskey doesn't drop off thishere WL; I would dearly love to see you and him tangle, when he refutes Relativity with Common Sense, for instance. I just wonder if you would be as frustrated as I am, with such arguments from a guy with a genuine hard-earned Ph.D. in Math. But while we're at it, can you give us a picture of the General Theory, down at the ordinary calculus and Diff.Eq. level? Or does the whole thing rest on math that won't boil down that far? I confess that I bogged on the presentations I've seen.

I've seen a couple-three extra-digited cats, one of which had near-thumbs.

I already tole you: to grow dandelions successfully, you try your best to kill them off, sincerely. Spray, dig, cut, uproot-- you'll have a lush crop.

(More for Andy)

Your bit on independent rediscovery of knowledge works both ways: during WWII, the Alaska Communication System carried an academically-sharp captain (who proudly bore an M.S. in something-or-other), and this guy used up quite a bit of Uncle's loot in the process of inventing (to use the term loosely) quite a number of most ingenious devices which, as it turned out later, were hovering at or near obsolescence at Bell System Laboratories. Uncle, of course, rarely shakes hands with himself...

Very inaccurate reporting, to speak of "ranting..Raeburn voice" and all that about ending paragraphs in incoherent gurgling shrieks and like that (if anything could be like that). You know full well that aside from a certain tendency toward sticking-valves at high speeds, Boyd is as intelligible as the next man.

And, leaving that paragraph wide-open for undeserved horseplay, we continue...

In today's paper was a remark about how "the beatniks continually urge us to notice how little heed they pay to public attention"... could be.

Quite a number of good items in this that would be more discussable if I weren't suffering from a bad case of "Mighod look at the size of that stack".

The Shaw Retort: I'm not quite sure what Budrys is trying to say, and I'm not sure he is, either, but he's welcome back as far as I'm concerned, anyway. Where you been, Al? /// Bob Silverberg puts up a clearer picture (except for the bromide that fanac is a teen-age phenomenon-- I'll admit it's traditonal, but it's hardly typical in FAPA, or in today's general fandom)-- a truthful, if somewhat self-conscious depiction damon knight has had it and is glad of it, in fandom (pompous word).

Bob Pavlat, you sum it up beautifully, and to you I say (as always)-- Hello!

Horizons #80: Considering that any pre-WWII automobile is now crowding 20 years of age, and that there are still quite a few of them running around, looking and sounding fine (if well-cared-for), I'd say you're correct in saying that cars are capable of greater longevity than is usual these days. In my own case, though, a car that has to be in and out of the repair shop all the time is an utter nuisance-- it's a matter of inconvenience in getting it there, doing without it, and picking it up again-- partly a matter of my office hours and partly of the effects of Seattle's odd geography on the public-transport layout (Elinor has to drop the car off, take one bus downtown, transfer to another, come home, etc, etc). Maintenance suffers, yes, except for lube jobs and such other items as can be handled quickly at run-of-the-mill service stations. In fact, when we went to South Gate (by train), our present car had the chance for repairs that had been held off for months.

Well, thanks, but Fapoose was skimpy; considering the Listing Wait before we had the chance to say howdy to this group, there should've been more to say (like, we're accustomed to a fairly bulky publishing schedule, with Cry and SAPS).

I'm not necessarily recommending the sale of mescaline at candy-counters everywhere, but can't really see where it'd be a worse menace to the public weal (if as bad) as alcohol, presuming similar restrictive regulations on its use and on the activities of the user. Re distortion of time and space perception, Huxley was of course reporting the effects on himself of a particular dosage; these effects will vary with dosage, and from person to person, as with alcohol or etc, rather than being absolute in magnitude and/or duration. My own single experience with peyote, about 5 years ago as you read this (if you read it right away), did not conform to the popular impression that one is divorced from trivia such as self-preservation. I was liberated from compulsive social habits-- our (then) neighbor knocked at the door and I felt no need to answer and open. However, if he had come running up to the door, or knocked or called urgently, I would have answered; it simply did not seem necessary to disturb myself to listen to a lot of boring gab, as I usually did in like case. Time seemed to run about the same, by the way, except that was more of it per hour, since I didn't get wound up in details and miss any of it. In fact, observed objects were about as usual, only more so-- color and form were more vivid, but everything was perfectly recognizable, if perhaps appreciated a bit more than usual. I conclude that my dosage was considerably lighter than Huxley's.

The peyote kick in Seattle, by the way, was along the "search for insight" line. I knew several people who went for it rather strongly, starting in the fall of 1953 and continuing for anywhere between a month or so to (in 2 cases) about 2 years. One or two were so strong in its praises that by Feb '55 it seemed only the fair thing to try it once, so Elinor and I both did, simultaneously (just to check out all those jokers who claimed esp abilities under the infloonce). Our conclusions were similar: no discernible esp, but considerable heightened empathy-- no flood of insights, because we had each previously dug out such insights as would be available by that means, the unassisted hard way, mostly.

However, I did come up with one. While taking a short nap in the middle of the afternoon, I dreamed. There was this machine-- a medium-sized, attractively-designed machine of considerable complexity. It was out of order, and I didn't know how to fix it. Someone came over, loosened a couple of set-screws, and repositioned an oddly-shaped plastic part fastened to the surface of the cover and with no connection to any working parts whatsoever. I asked what that part was, and was told, "Why, that's the Fault Piece." "But what's it for?" "It's there to be readjusted in order to fix anything that goes wrong." The function of the Fault Piece, then, was to be the part that could be automatically at fault-- all malfunctions could be repaired simply by readjusting the Fault Piece.

The insight? I woke up, quietly puzzled at the meaning of the dream, and thought about it. Finally it hit me-- "I've been making myself the Fault Piece of the whole damn Universe!".... another way to put it, is that we all waste a lot of sweat and anxiety trying to change things we can't possibly influence, by "body English".

Just for that one, it was worth it, though.

Absurd though it may appear to be, I must in a way defend GMCarr to you, re the proposition that she never cuts loose in person-- I can assure that she does not shout down worth a hoot (her lettercol will give you an idea of how it can go if you don't watch it). See again, Elinor's remarks in the previous mailing.

Ah yes-- restaurants (or, more properly, everyday lunch-counters). I think you have covered the field wonderfully, here. With a few local-identification deletions, this piece should appeal to some well-paying market, or there's no justice. But how about a sequel on those places that diabolically hold a monopoly on the graveyard-shift trade? You know-- no matter how you time your visit, just as your order is set before^{you}, Noah's grandfather trudges out of the depths with a bucket of Essence de Troopship, and a mop, and you have to pull your feet up and close your nostrils...

I predict a great, great future for Allen Samuel Young, as soon as he gains a little more tolerance and quits hating people for having crewcut faces and no bibs.

Finding the Journal fascinating but uncommentable in less than its own length, I need a closeout. Hmmm. Well, has anyone noticed the Barbasol (newspaper) ad, with a nice hefty rumpsprung young girl tagged Miss Barbasol, leaning over a huge spray-can of The Product and asking "Can Your Can Compare with This Big Can?" Mine can't, but then I'm a light eater.

Bundle-Stiffs #88 and the - $\frac{1}{2}$: Nice presentation on "Dennis" and on kids in general; to paraphrase an ancient FAPA-baiting gagline: "Children are what adults used to be before they lost their nerve". And a good thing, too: people, without the edges knocked-off, are too much for other people.

Migosh! "Fapa Forever!" had a souring effect on you? Quite the opposite, here. I mean, I realize that people can goof off incomprehensibly and still be Good People, and I could just see Burb, gastric juices boiling, performing a miracle of restraint and Impeccable Taste at the typer, while "there lay the Official Editor of FAPA" (a good man in his own right). No, that one convulsed me; with all due regard to the sensibilities of all concerned, it's a living classic. Maybe the full flavor depends on the reader's having been through the hassle of coping with a good friend who's off on a particularly obnoxious binge, though; I've had plenty of that, in the past, and particularly in the service-- also handed it out sometimes, naturally. Ah, well.. it'd be a dull world if we all appreciated the same assortment of items.

But, look, gal. "if I have to write it all myself, why take the trouble to make a magazine out of it?" But why not? It's the trend these days-- most of the members seem to be writing most of the zines themselves, without outside contributions except as added bonus. I'll admit that this is not the usual idea of a "magazine", and won't venture to say one way or the other as to how it should be. But the printing of one's own material in an apa has no resemblance to "vanity publishing", since a great proportion of apa material is direct communication. And why is it better to expect someone to stencil and run an item for you, than to do the work yourself? (Both ways, that is; "you" is the pronoun-of-convenience here, only.) I hope you talk yourself out of this reluctance to print your own material.

"long black stockings-- 1943" Ooog. I do indeed see the point. And, with all the best foot-in-the-mouth intentions in the world, is it OK to point out that "1943" is the key word that needs to be jammed back into perspective, more than half-your-lifetime in the past? You see the causes, and that's half the battle. The other half is to give thorough consideration to your reactions at that time, and then to change the ones that are obviously out-of-date, for future use. Like, nobody ever changes what the other guy did in the past, but we can cease perpetuating our own less-than-optimum actions, reactions, attitudes, and etc.

Oddly enough, GMCarr appeared to be enjoying herself OK at the WesterCon the first two times I saw her: at the bar Friday afternoon, and in the Consuite early Saturday afternoon. I did notice that her jaw-muscles tightened up when I asked her about something or other on that second occasion, but figured that she was just still bugged at me from 1957, so I didn't pay much attention, and finally walked away to talk to someone else, without even having anyone cover my getaway. Live and learn.

Which "techniques for reincarnation memories" do you mean? More info, please?

Yeh, one of the weaknesses of the Di-Scn pitch around here was the taking-on for practitioner-training of kooks that were on the risky side as practitionees. All the local wheels deplored this, but they were in too much of an economic bind to stop it.

I agree with you, largely, on sins and crimes-of-necessity, but what you label as "crimes-of-rebellion" are actually more due to greed. Whereas you tag some of the really rebellious deals under necessity. OK, I write onstencil, too.

And best bundle-stiffing wishes to you.

Anything Box (but you were in the room I just came out of): You went and got me all hungry, so Elinor and I just split a pepperoni sausage; wonder what else is loose?

"1st Aid for Aida" is as good as reading it in Mad.

Celephais: And hi, Bill. It was great, having you stop by here, though I wish it could have been for more than just the one day. /// "a scientist... looks on the printed word as a place to find errors.." Good ploy, but let's make it not just the printed word, but the entire confounded Cosmos, eh?

Foop. I like this one, but can't find a quick hook in these rapid comments.

Sand in the Beer: It would be most irreverent and unappreciative, to strain it.

Ibidem (when we were cheap sixteen): good ramblings, and the Bloch letter caters to my fanhistorical urges. /// "Story" I like, in a fretful sort of way. /// The only other comment I have is an inadvertently snotty crack at GMCarr, so I'll pass it; I don't believe in being snotty except on purpose.

Hugo Gernsback... Well, certainly this was interesting, once I got tracked-in for it, but Sam: ~~you made the parts too long~~ are you sure that previews of prozine articles are what present-day FAPA is faunching for? How about writing something to us, hey?

The Cambridge Scene: I assume the unsigned items ("Connaisseur" and "Incomplete Stagehand") are yours, Larry? I like this whole zine; no other comment comes to mind.

Eyetracks 1: Aw come on, Cos-- a ruling from the PO is the last thing an OE wants on a dubious item: calling attention to such a bit is just asking for future trouble.

Agreed that in the case of Russia, we can "let live" all right-- it's the "live and.." part that might get difficult if we don't sort of watch it.

Sure, Cos, come down down to Boise next FourthJuly. As you say, it'll be small enough so just about everyone can meet, but there should be a good SAPS/FAPA turnout; we expect to enjoy ourselves greatly.

Esp: "it's the subtle form that's genuine, and it's so subtle you hardly know it's there"-- a cogent comment; I agree thoroughly.

Interesting ~~fambles~~ quick hops, covering much ground rapidly.

Klein Bottle #2: What happened to Miri? Too busy working up fiendish-type campaign literature for the SAPS OElection, I hope (long as she doesn't appear in here, I may as well hope it's for a good cause)?

Photostencil is unbeatable for such deals, but your stylus-job on the ATomillo is a good one, and a lot of work, surely, with all that detail and floating black areas (which the gov't says are good for you).

Glad to see these WRotsler epics in more permanent form. I think maybe that's one reason the letters don't move too well: people let to let them go.

No, I wouldn't say that it's necessarily the Inner Ron Ellik who chitterchatters. I'd say it's more the Harrassed and/or Distracted Ron Ellik who does it-- maybe even the Diluted Ron Ellik. After all, you say it's more common when he's "tired or nervous". Hmm-- "The Diluted Ron Ellik" would be a fine myth-swelling title for a future Ellik Anthology, when some presently-diapered infant discovers Ron to (then) Modern Day Fandom. Like, wow-- doesn't that Historical Perspective get you, though? Just think-- maybe there'll be a Fannish Hall of Fame, with marble statues of all the Jiants of Fandom (except one or two who are economically turning to stone on their own accounts, perhaps). And the Fans of Tomorrow will make pilgrimages to stroll about in this Hall and gasp in awe at the things scribbled on the statues by the Fans of Tomorrow who were there yesterday.

The saga of "Terry Carr Through the Ages" was mostly clean, I think, since it was related to a mixed group-- but mighod, Terry! That was four o'clock in the morning, and over six months ago. Hey, come up to Boise and maybe we can reenact the crime!

I note that I guessed Laney's succession of attitudes-toward-dianetics (to Janke last mailing) just backwards. Oh well, live and learn.

You have a good point: that anyone who enters fandom in adult life and gets very far into the activity, with enjoyment, is more apt to stick around than is one to whom fanac is just one of a number of intense but changing interests, during the teens.

But I'm glad you're an exception to this general observation.

Fapathy: (Well, there goes one of my projected sub-title series.) Liked the further sidelights on Detention. /// Hmm, people exasperatingly continue to drop out; I've met just about half of the current roster, and only 13 of the WL, though the Ellingtons are due to pass through Seattle in the next week or two (Jan 12, today, is when Dick said they're heading west).

I haven't fired a gun in years (as, I now recall, mentioned to Gregg a few pages back). However, from age ten to -- oh, 16 tapering off to 18, I guess-- some .22 rifle or other was in fairly constant use by me. Not daily use by any means, or even weekly except during ground-squirrel season (no offense, Ron), but the guns didn't gather dust long enough to feel unfamiliar when picked up again, during those years. Twice I recall firing accidentally. Once, age 14, examining a Savage pump-action clip-fed rifle (only one of its kind I ever saw): the thing went off when I put the "safety" off, and went out through a garage roof and into a house roof. Couple years later, I was showing off a bit, strolling along (varmint-hunting) with the trigger-guard assembly tucked nonchalantly under my belt, and "holding" the gun only by the stock being between arm and body, loosely. I'd fallen into this sloppy habit months before, but this time something caught, and the slug punched out the edge of my shoe-sole, missing my ever-livin' foot by about $\frac{1}{4}$ ". A very chastening experience.

Well, since the Seattle WesterCon was deliberately modeled on the MidWestCons, there's not much scope for blow-by-blowhard reports on the Program. Anyhow, glad you liked our writeup, though it's disconcerting that you have independently unearthed our Power-Mad plans to Take Over FAPA. Just for that, maybe we won't. /// A further appreciation awaits you later on in here. Stick around.

((the page and (Jan) date coincide, at ==13==))

Phantasy Press #2 5 : I wonder if members turned out to use the amendment in such numbers as voted it onto the books. We'll never know, I guess.

"Out of the Past": as a fanhistory buff, I dig this, Dan'l.

You're right, Dan; wider participation is more important than sheer pagecount in making a good mailing. During Elinor's and my year as 2-Headed OgrE of SAPS, we pushed for a 100% mailing. Didn't get it, but for Toskey's first mailing as OE, there were 33 on the Roster and 31 of those represented in the mailing. Of course, the smaller Roster and (especially) the at-least-every-other-mailing requirement for activity make it a lot easier to get a fairly high percentage of participation, but that 31-out-of-33 was extraordinary, even so. I get a rough count of 35 members in this Mailing #89, which seems quite good out of 65 with a basic once-a-year requirement. How does it stack up to the average over the past couple years or so?

Dunno whether Ger Raeburn or Boyd Steward will be the first to complain of your mixing up their names, Sam. (Oh, it happens all the time!)

Dan, I think maybe the thing that Graham and Janke are trying to put across is that you aren't -- uh -- controversial enough. Yes, that's the word I mean. Now, I have had it put to me from various sources-- from Ted Pauls to GMCarr-- that one simply must be controversial in this microcosm. So I mulled on it, deliberately and with concentration, and it came to me that while perhaps these people were not wholly and entirely Right, still perhaps they were not entirely Wrong, either; perhaps their advice should be followed. I flatter myself that I have succeeded in some small measure, albeit inadvertently. And, Dan-- you too can become controversial; all you need is a Good Start. Let's see, now-- what are some good controversial statements you could use? "Dean A Grennell couldn't hit a phone-booth with a shotgun-- from the inside!" "Andy Young's beard hides a hand-painted bow-tie!" "Boyd Raeburn has a Buick hidden in his basement!" "Bill Danner is a convention fan!" "Terry Carr is a SAP in FAPA!" "Rike and Graham are cellar-Republicans!" "Norman Wansborough is a Format-and-Layout Snob!" Well, you get the idea; carry on with it, and soon you will see a great shout arise, that "Dan McPhail is too controversial!"

The first part of Marion's Detention-piece has a subtle aura of doom about it, as if nothing good could possibly come of such an ill-starred journey. If this were fiction instead of reporting, the next installment would see Mez tied to a chair with an opium-reeking Oriental leaning over her explaining how she'll just love Buenos Aires once she gets used to "the life". And with a start like this, the only way she'd be saved from a fate worse than death would be by the sinking of the ship by a torpedo, 200 miles offshore from the mouth of the Plata-Parana. All hands lost. Well, young lady, you did get home all right, but I warn you that the plot-twist by which you accomplished this would never get past an editor.

But-- "New York Central's territory" is "your own world"? Not mine, doll-- not mine. NYC is the home of the \$2.70 chicken sandwich, is all I know about it. (Oh, well-- I know what you meant.)

A Propos du Barean: Ron, it is an almost irresistible temptation to label your comment on Fapoose a big pile of-- no, I won't! I won't!

Get some of the oldtimers in your unit to give you that old jazz about how "Pfc is the best grade in the Army (oops, sorry) Corps. Them noncoms hafta take all that responsibility, see? You and me, all we gotta do is what they tell us-- if something screws up, it's their fault-- we stay fat and happy." Feel better? Neither did I, frankly, until I got rid of that word "Private".

Right. An indexer's lot is not a happy one, if it's egoboo he cares for.

Jim, I horsed around with that dormitory problem. From the order of listing, and assuming that only integers are used, the following quantities are equal to or greater than 1: $a-b$, $a+c-2b$, $b-c$, $b+c-a-d$, $a+d-2c$, $2c-b-d$, & $c-d$. A little fiddling with inequalities, which I loathe, pointed out that $c-d$ was definitely not equal to one. Not to keep you in suspense, though, a bit of cut-and-try combined with some inspection of the results, came up with assigning 12,8,6,1 for a,b,c,d values, tho I suppose there are other solutions besides this one and its multiples. But I haven't the foggiest idea of trying to reconcile these figures with the above inequalities.

Like, man, it's work.

And you, too, Jeem, may find a word or so further along in here.

Tell George (Metzger, that is) that maybe Jim Webbert can get him some primer cord (for Lars, rather, and if that's the way it's spelled, which I doubt). Jim has an affinity for things that go bang. /// Shakey's Pizzeria? Any relation to Shakey's Pizza Parlor out NE of here in Lake City, serving dark bheer?

I thought you were coming up this way over New Year's, Jim? Wha hoppon?

Like Hogan's Goat: Boy, it sure is, too! Ended up having to turn this one over to a couple of the CRYgang for running-off while I cut a couple rapid stencils for CRY #133 (I think it was-- November issue, anyhow). Not only were we out of everything except that unchristlike super-offsetting green paper, but it was damp and the feed goofed and fed 3-at-a-time so often that instead of 80 copies which is what I wanted, I made the 68th copy by assembling two onesided crudsheets back-to-back. Got my "file copy" the same way, except that the crudsheet was white and was not onesided.

Addendum: CRY racked up 494pp for '59, 2 short of the '58 total, and then took off for '60 with the 102-page 10th Annish. (a few copies still available at fourbits)

Does anyone happen to know how Hogan reacted?

Driftwood: Sally, don't let 'em kid you that multilith won't work both sides of the page, because everyone else manages it-- feed 'em cookies and tell 'em you just know that such capable guys can find a way.

I don't quite dig your views on public-vs-private power and like that; it strikes me that there's plenty propaganda afoot to get out the vote for condemnation proceedings, any time a PUD wants to oust a corporate utility from a given area, so why all the screams when the "privately"-owned utility buys answering space? Your remark as to the "exorbitant sums received" by non-public power producers leads me to believe that you are innocent of the facts of life as they concern commission-regulated utilities: the rates are set by politically-appointed state commissions; needless to say, these commissioners always keep a weather eye on upcoming elections. Telephone companies, in particular, are in the squeeze between expanding demand for services and the reluctance of regulatory bodies to allow rate-raises, from political pressure. And you'd be surprised who I work for, to be exposed to all this info.

Haven't read HOWL as yet, but from the Brandon takeoff in "Devil's Motorboat" (like "why should I see the movie? I read it in MAD") I think maybe I'd like it.

I imagine the UofChi Sociology class could have done a lot worse than to read Miz Adler's epic-- if that one isn't Sociology, what is?

Jetsam: you're clowning, kid. I like it, and what else could be said?

Wild Pumbles: well, wild enough, at any rate (regulated-by-commission, in case that public-power addict is still listening).

Andy, every time you astronomers/cosmologists put out a new version, you have the poor old Earth (or Solar System, or Universe) a billion or so years older; it's as bad as Confidential on the Hollywood Sex Idols. Nearly.

I take it you don't dig Fred Hoyle, and that you have jettisoned the good old Positive Curvature that I always felt I could almost understand whether I really could or not-- I don't think you guys are really trying to Get Along, that's what.

Unlike Buck (hi, Buck) Coulson, I generally enjoy ConReports, and yours is in the tradition, covering a viewpoint distinctly different from any other I've seen, but still describing recognizably the same general events.

Mighod! The corner of E South and S East Streets in Lebanon, Indiana! Last time I saw that corner was on July 4, 1957, on our way back here from the MidWestCon. My aunt's apartment is a half-block to the south, past the service station. The brick building to the southeast was once a grade-school, which I attended for about 5½ months (3rd grade), while living 1½ blocks east of that corner (it's the SE corner of the Courthouse Square-- across from the NE corner is the library in which I read my first Oz book, eating Beech-Nut orange drops like crazy, all the while). Why, man, you were passing my old (like, 7 or 8 years old) stomping-grounds, there.

OK, so it is not a ConReport, Wilson Eofann. Howcome, though? You haven't quit going to Cons, have you? Not on purpose, anyhow? From all reports, there hasn't been anywhere near enough Tucker at Cons in recent years. There could have well been some more in this zine, too. Even if all fandom were to be plunged into war, again.

Oolong: In which mailing did this index start, Bob? We have some parts from the '58 surplus stock sale, but the way the files are around here, I sure dunno what's gone.

To Wm Danner, Esq: Very fine, Bill. Certainly, none of us considered that the Bull Moose in the last mailing was fould-up a-purpose. Hope you do get solid access to the office litho-- especially as I'm true-blue ignorant of that silk-screen deal and so can be of no help to you at all on that problem.

Fmz Index: Gotta search out the various sections and see what we're missing, Bob.

Phlotsam: I croggle just somewhat at that brewing recipe: "one GALLON" of malt syrup and 5 pounds of sugar for a 5-gallon batch? Honored lady, I must hazard a guess that the Economou family archives betray a taste for strongly-flavored, strong bheer. And flat, at that, if it sits for 5 days in the crock before bottling. The malt syrup we've been using lately (one quart, with 4 pounds of sugar, for a 7-gallon batch) sits for something less than 36 hours before it's ready to be-bottled-or-go-flat. O'course, we latter day brewers may be more effete types...

Looking forward eagerly to your recipe for bathtub gin; we need a new bathtub, anyway. (We really do.)

Nope, the west coast mostly just plied John with foods that were exotic only by unfamiliarity. Wish, now, that we'd had a tour to the Bush Gardens (Japanese food, with style), but we didn't have the heart to drag the man away from a typer for that many hours, considering. Kidding aside, I wish Elinor had had sourdough-starter for pancakes, bread, buns, etc, at that time-- we've had this since Christmas-week, and it's delightful in practice and in possibilities.

Jeez, I just now got carried away and hacked off a slice of that latest loaf of sourdough bread, and put some butter on it. It's the most. You better make this trip out here to visit your folks, Phyllis, because you should have a batch of the "starter", and I doubt it would hold up through the mails.

Sounds as if maybe Detroit put on a fine bash. From all over, it sounds like. Damn, I guess we goofed in allowing Mundane to crowd us out of that one.

I'm not so sure that I'll want a lei the moment I arrive in Hawaii...

Poor Harry Warner, faced with the hopeless inaccuracy of the Fond du Lac press. Poor DAG, under the spotlight, fuzzy though it was. Well, Korzybski had a number of words for it, and he's probably right.

I had first thought to bandy theatrical reminiscences with you. But upon reading further, I see you have me: Cards, Spades, Aces, and Big Casino. If nothing else, the unhousebroken heroine does it. But I'm still an unrequited ham.

Naturally, I agree on clobbering this idiot proposal from NY re the '64 Con.

Ah! More from Bill Morse. Interesting to see a "home view" of MacMillan; we see no such intimate sidelights on the man in the US press, of course (Lady Docker, though, gets a blurb now and then)(she would!). But never think it, Bill, that we couldn't match you chowderheads, up to and even including Mr Henry Brooke, an awesome spectacle, I gather, in his own right. But, Earl Long? Wyne Morse? Mennen Williams?

Krushchev didn't hit the area. If he had, I doubt I'd've joined in crowding the sidewalk to see him pass. Saw and heard him on the teevee a couple of times-- he seemed forceful, belligerent, out of his element and determined that the environment would reshape itself to him rather than vice versa. I'd say that K is a very capable insecure-feeling man whose background is so alien to our own as to make him somewhat incomprehensible to us. By the way, though I loathe the Iron Heel routine, I did not feel that K should be snubbed or turned away because of his undoubted murderous past. He's a Chief of State, for one thing. And can you conceive of other than a competent killer rising to be Chief of that particular State, especially under Stalin? I find it encouraging that K is more of a human being than Stalin or Beria, after having lived under their regime(s).

And into the MCs, Phyllis: your self-induced kitchen flood reminds me of a late WWII incident toward the end of my GI connection with the Alaska Communication System in Anchorage. I was handling the circuit-control board and breakdown-maintenance on equipment at the communications (teletype, tape relay, and some CW) center, swing shift. A buddy of mine from the Rock (Amchitka Island, of the Aleutians) dropped in, just in town overnight on his way back Stateside. Wanted for us to go out on the town and Really Pitch One to celebrate his "escape".

"But I can't get out of here for another 3 hours, Vito," I said. Fished up a couple bucks and said, "Here, go get a sack of beer, and we can be working on it for the rest of the shift, and then go Tie One On." No sooner said... but how to keep the stuff cool? Yankee know-how: beer bottles stacked in convenient washbasin in the corner, with the cold water running; worked fine; the other working personnel, some of them, got in on the deal also, and a second batch was procured. About this time I was stuck in the Shop with a rather nasty case of equipment trouble and no spares. Came a scream of sorts from the main area, and I looked out to see water all over the floor around the basin for several yards.

Seems someone had been careless in moving a stubby, so that a remaining one had shifted down and plugged the drain with its li'l neck.

Suddenly it came to the collective mind that Major Phil "The Hook" Reed might just pop in at any moment, as was his wont. (Funny, how that possibility had eluded the collective mind as long as things were running smoothly.) ...we scrambled, cleaning up the mess, and the rest of the beer went into the drawers of my shop-bench and the HELL with keeping it cool. And eventually, Vito and I went out and Tied One On.

Distributing EgobooPoll ballots (covering the previous year) with the Feb mlg would tend to give misleading results for that same previous year, because the latest mailing would tend to eclipse the four under consideration. My own tendency would be to scuttle the "calendar year" criterion, distribute the Poll ballots in August with the Election ballots, and cover a Nov-thru-Aug 4-mlg period. (I have no Emotional Vested Interest in this suggestion; if, as well may be, there are good and sufficient reasons against it, I'm happy to hear 'em. After all, we could also operate on a Fiscal Year basis, specified however turns out to be most convenient for one and all.)

Applause for Ronel's suggestion, and your adoption of it, to list non-members in parenthesis with no rating-number. Very sensible; this is one I'll recommend to Tosk for SAPS, also. (I did-- he's running off Spectator now-- and he bought it.)

It probably appears to be stupid of me, but I'm still undecided as to the desirability of the Silent Treatment for GMCarr-- from several aspects. I'll mention only the most practical one: why cut yourself off from the privilege of commenting on anything that may demand squelching? (Of course, there are ways to beat these Vows of Silence, but I'd sooner leave things wide-open.)

Agreeing 100% with your disapproval of the idea of jumping WLers up-or-in by vote, I'm glad to see your well-thought additional reasons.

Jim Busby is a pro-baseball player, an infielder noted for speed but short on hitting power. Ten or so years ago, he did very well for some California team or other in the Pacific Coast League, before moving up to the majors where he was still speedy in the field and on the bases except he got on too infrequently. A good live wire ball-player, and though we can't possibly be related within the past five or six generations, I'm happy to share the name, light though he may be on The Wood.

Somewhere around here I have the names' (written-down) of Boucher's Seattle friends with whom he spent an evening or two (re GM's "Seattle living-rooms" crack). I wrote the names down because Boucher induced this family to attend the WesterCon banquet, bought tickets for them, and gave me the names at the time of ticket-buying. I met them in a hurried sort of way, only, while getting the ticket setup squared away just as the banquet itself was getting off the ground. Nice folks, they seemed.

Oh Lordy, I have to stop on this fine zine, even though your latter pages could evoke considerable appreciative comment if'n I didn't slam the lid down right now.

Let's all take a deep breath and see what comes up on the next page, shall we??

~~##017##~~ ==18==, dammit

A Fanzine for Ger Steward: and who could be more deserving? You people, plus a guy or two at the office, are going to hook me yet. This reads like much fun.

Shipside: Greetings, U.S.S. Killer-Hamster. Let us know how you come out on your term paper re the works of EESmith, PhD; I'm interested in your treatment of the subject (I like the Lensman Series in its original serialized form, tho not the filled-in version) Larry Stark, and A&JYoung all testify that Larry did mail his ballot, so I guess this is another victory for the Summerfeldians.

Jeez, I wish you'd checked around a bit before sending that Amis to That Person. It does not seem to have been a good idea, at all. Oh well, better luck next time.

I hate this idea of some unidentified FAPA member being the source-of-leaks to the guy who specializes in making trouble for people; looking down the roster, I am not prepared to loathe the bearer of any name thereon as I loathe Ol' Leaky. Frankly, I think some member must be allowing some idiot-friend to read the mailings...

I touch the head to God, Big Brother, Elmer Perdue, and Charles Burbee for his foresight in inventing sex in 1927. Even though I don't quite dig all the allusions.

Bjo's "Search For a Hero"-- well, I dig this, and I want the series to continue. Compared to "Introduction to a Fantasy", though, "Search.." is a bit over-burdened with continuity (as opposed to Goldwyn's Spontaneity). Usually I gripe at stories because of insufficient plotting and etc. But to fit with the first bit, "Search.." should have some of the logical-continuity edited out of it. Otherwise lovable, it is, and I realize that it's not easy to sit down and pick up the floating threads of a stream-of-consciousness bit of beauty...

FanMark Greeting Cards: Yes, but how could even a non-completist bear to Actually Part With One Of These By S*E*N*D*I*N*G It To Anyone?

Other People's Mail: Larry & Noreen, I couldn't possibly agree more completely!

Wraith: Those Black Powder Shoots are another deal that sounds like fun.

In fact, sometimes I regret living in a city with laws (against firearms) that extend an hour or so out of town in every direction.

Go-carts sound like fun, too. I don't suppose one of those \$600 Isetta 300s would count, though (and I can't afford another pure hobby).

I want to stick with TAFF at least through the '61 eastbound campaign: that is, unless it becomes certain that none of the present problems (candidates left on the hook too long for humane purposes, undue intervention of the Ignorant Vote, etc) are going to be tackled. TAFF may not be perfect, but it has the virtue not only of existence, but of Tenure. While I do not feel that the past&present setup is at all tenable over the long haul, I'm not in favor of bolting TAFF while there's reasonable hope for getting the rough edges smoothed off. It's mainly workable, with changes. Maybe I'll run a sheet on this, later on in here.

Well, hell, you're one or two of our favorite people, too, Wrai...

Vandy: Buck, your analysis of "Dennis" and of "Peanuts" comes across well.

I'm originally an Indiana boy (so OK-- shudder, but it's true); I was 9 or 10 years old before I knew that "squirrel gun" and "rabbit gun" were merely local names for rifle and shotgun respectively. My grandparents' farm was between Lebanon and Thorntown (see comment to AYoung).

Tsk-- I thought maybe ol' Ivar Haglund made up his "Acres of Clams" themesong all on his own-- you can hardly trust anyone, these days, can you?

I'm surprised and disappointed to read of segregation in Midwestcon territory-- it bugs me whenever I'm coerced in any direction, whether toward or away from mingling with any specific group that I'd much prefer to treat as individuals....

Yeh, it's possible that GMCarr's version of the practice of Christianity may set the entire movement back another 2000 years. No, you didn't say that-- I did.

Have you heard Van Ronk's "Pete Sieger" song? Punchline is that People's Artists "Go right along with their great noble Crusade/ Of teaching folk songs to the folk."

Juanita, you must turn the page (or rather, look up across the way).

I see where some enlightened judge just this past week (it's still Jan 16, here) threw out the "right" of restaurants to require coat-and-tie, etc, on customers, as long as they're legally-clad otherwise. No, I don't intend to dash down to the Olympic or Ben Franklin and stuff the clipping down the bouncer's throat-- but I just thought you'd be pleased to hear of the long-overdue development. Can it be that Creeping Meatballism has actually passed its peak?

Will see both you folks further along in here, too.

Theta: So's I don't forget, Jack, lemme now compliment your front&back covers, and the editorial. So. Lots of good lines in the "8th Day" ploy (only, it's DAIS); like, if you'd smooth ((arrggh, that should be "if you could")) out these stories anywhere near the level of the high spots, you'd have it made.

Further word for you too, later on, but might's well mention that if I wanted to hang insulting names on GMCarr, I'd consider the meaning of "matriarch" and then get all colloquial and term her the Muttriarch of FAPA. But maybe it's just that I'm a bit slow at turning the Other Cheek-- like, once is enough.

Gemzine 4/25: Not too much in here that sends me, naturally enough. But I'm intrigued by GMCarr's plea to one'n'all to "investigate the matter before you make up your mind" re her recent WesterCon Report. Damn good advice; too bad the woman didn't heed it, herself, before sticking her two left feet into the typer.

Then on the next page there's the bit about how I could hardly have connived to usurp the vote-counting spot "unless Buz is even trickier than I think he is". Well, that's a good counter-plot-- if GM is starting to see the Big Holes in her story, I guess that "my story is inconsistent because Buz is so damn tricky" is as good a stopgap as any; in fact, I sort of admire this gimmick if she did it on purpose.

Main reason I resent this particular smear-attempt from GMCarr is that it is an obvious insult to our integrity re vote-counting and etc. Well, I still have the ballots here, except for one that was returned by request, so I don't have to take any of that sort of crap. Not that I was planning to do so, anyway.

And I don't quite dig what this woman means by "tricky". In my book, it would be "tricky" to report in-absentia without so specifying-- but that's her trick, not mine, so maybe it doesn't qualify in her book. Maybe I'm "tricky", to GMCarr, because I can be convinced of previous personal error, rather than standing firmly and rockheadedly on any given initial statement, no matter how ill-advised. Figures.

The funny thing is, that looking thru this zine I find all sorts of fairly reasonable and thoroughly interesting guff-- just last mailing the old bat was doing her best to cut my throat, but her lettercol this mailing isn't much more fuggheaded than usual, and actually isn't bad at all except in a couple spots.

What the hell do you do with someone who makes hate at you, does her level best to kill you off, and still is interesting reading when her glands let up a bit?

It's fascinating to see that GM cites "FlabberCon #1" (by Toskey) as proof of her contentions. So happens that I wanted to re-use Tosk's stencils, here in FAPA, for the opposite pitch; since the stencils were long-gone, it's academic, but I still retain my Sense of Wonder on this particular item. Like, I Wonder which universe is Home to GMCarr? There must be one, somewhere, but it's off at an odd angle, surely.

Now for all those "word for you a little further on" deals-- the idea is to lump my comments on your comments on GM's epic, at this appropriate point, rather than spreading them all through here and probably repeating myself and running up the pagecount like unto an Annish or something. So...

Gregg Calkins: you, sir, unerringly went to the heart of the thing by pointing out that no factual information is necessary in order to see the Big Holes in GM's tirade; it would not hold together with any cast of characters, locale, etc, and would fall flat as fiction because the motivations aren't believable. Since detailed "you did!" "I didn't!" would have been pointless, I was relying mainly on the circumstantial logic pitch (plus a few obvious examples of errors in geography, chronology, etc, for a basis), and was happy to see an independently-derived presentation.

Bob Silverberg: Since you are not one to go off half-cocked, I was quite interested to see your opinion that GM's piece is legally actionable. Not that I plan any such action, of course-- (1) let's keep fandom's squabbles out of Mundane, and (2) any judgment against GM would just come out of Frank Carr's pocket, and I like Frank. The first reason does not apply to the sort of things done by the lad who inspired the passage of the new amendment, of course-- any time anyone starts getting people into trouble in Mundane, the Queensbury rules go out the window. But I think that about the closest GM has come to that sort of thing was in writing to a psychiatrist with regard to Rich Eney; that was definitely out-of-bounds behavior. // Incidentally, Wally Gonser also suggested that #4/24 might be of interest to a lawyer. But I told him that I'd be more interested in the opinions of a psychiatrist and of a Catholic priest (with regard to the State of Grace of the writer)

Rich Eney: I think you really blasted harder than anyone (understandable, per the above-mentioned incident). Rich, I was fully prepared to see you slyly reprinting from a couple of my early-'57 letters in which I protested against your being too rough on GM in SAPS and generally defending her. Like, I mean, it's a Good One On Me, and you're fully entitled to a bit of gloating laughter at my expense; you earned it. Why, heck, it would only hurt when I laughed.

Jack Harness: You, too, on that old-letters bit, if I recall correctly. That's quite a parody there, Jack. Did it inspire the title of the Fanac Campaign, or vice versa?

Buck & Juanita Coulson: Yeh, we went through that stage (utter disgust) in between being hilariously amused and being mad as hell. However, I think disgust is apt to be the long-term reaction, from the outside. That's the way the WAW deal hit us. Incidentally, Walt saw #4/24 and wrote "...I know how you must feel though (like when you lift a stone and find something nasty under it; you know it can't do you any harm but you'd rather it wasn't there)..." There was more, but that will do, here.

Phyllis: That timely postmailing was indeed the Living End; the trouble with the boycott system is that it inhibits you from cutting loose when you feel like it.

Dick Ryan: Granted that GM doesn't seem to be able to stand it when anyone else here in the area begins to branch out a little, but I'm quite sure that she never lets any such "jealousy" rise into consciousness where she'd realize having it, since it's a fact that for years she urged all the members of the Nameless to get out into the general-fandom picture. But apparently her conscious motivations aren't on speaking terms with her emotional reactions, when someone does follow her urging & fan out.

Wrai: Best two-line Demolition I've seen in years, with hyperbole and all.

Marion Z: Sure, GM went to the WesterCon determined not to enjoy herself but rather to nitpick (after having had no part whatsoever in either the promotion or planning of the thing, let alone the execution of it). So did poor Flora: still sore about having been aced-out of "control" (she pretty well had Wally Weber, who was doing all the work earlier, by the ear) by the Wyman family vote, and naturally-enough transferred her peeve to us at that time. But Flora came around OK, especially after the club pointedly refunded her banquet-ticket money to shut off her complaints about a meal that everyone else had enjoyed (oh, we're a mean gang, that club); she's a good gal.

Coswal: Your approach is milder, much milder, but quite effective.

Also enjoyed were the cogent summary by Harry Warner, the quiet aside by Boyd to Redd Boggs, Bill Danner's "welcome" and spoofing, and Jim Caughran's treatment. Howard Lyons and Lee Hoffman seem to have GM's number down, also, in the general case.

Apologies if I missed anyone; I don't have the mailing in order-of-listing yet.

It might be well to assess the effectiveness of GM's little campaign, to date, since one objective is to topple this Invincibility Myth of hers, for future occasions. So far, she doesn't seem to have picked up much of a following in FAPA. Any local unpleasantness stirred up by circulation of her piece was pretty well ironed-out in 3 or 4 weeks (that is, within 2 meetings after the Gemzine hit the fans). Of the non-FAPAns on her list who are also correspondents of mine, we had a definite degree of

estrangement, for awhile, with one individual: end-results are that we're back on friendly terms but that Elinor and I have a spare unoccupied pedestal left over for the use of some deserving fan.

One thing, though: a couple-three weeks ago, Elinor and I realized that we had allowed this deal, over a period of 4-5 months, to make us altogether too damn touchy and hard to get along with in fannish communication. We're working on it, meanwhile, and trying to lean over backward the other way when in doubt.

It'll be interesting to see what, if anything, GM comes up with in this mailing (#90), after taking a breather here in #89. We'll cope.

And Here There Be Postmailings:

Stand By For Repercussions: Well, Ted took care of the debt and all is well on that score. I don't know whether your withholding of his mailing was constitutional or not, but it would certainly seem to be the logical course of action in any situation of that sort, regardless of who might be involved. Far as Ted is concerned, I've had a couple letters from him that are much more upbeat in tone; also he turned the #86 and what he thought was a #87 bundle (it turned out to be the Surplus Stock, but he is checking for the missing items) over to Boyd, who mailed them to us (Ellik: who repays Boyd the \$1.05 postage? You or me?). It's only natural to raise hell when you can't get satisfactory communication any other way on unsolved problems. But if, as it appears, Ted is pulling out of the slump now, shall we get off his back?

Amateur's Journal: Chick, I see that Andy rules that this is part of the mailing and not a PM at all; my apologies for failing to include it earlier.

Your profanzine looks to be a useful and informative item.

8-Pager: That cover just about turned me off from reading this zine at all, John, from association of the only adjective that properly describes it, to the possible attitude of the editor. Why give an impression of being snotty, huh?

Your points against the amendment would stand if (1) FAPA didn't have such an outstanding record (now demolished) of voting-apathy, and if (2) the situation could have waited another year until the next election (oops, make that Poll). Under the circumstances, I'd've voted for even a less-foolproof deal than the one we have now.

I dig your Army bits; Hargrove pretty well covered the BT scene.

Synopsise an Arab epic for us: an epileptic hero should be a change, at least.

Season's Greetings: Long time, Dave. Much interested by the Sonoma bit, your guess that some are using it as a refuge, perhaps... etc. Frankly, I don't think the badly retarded types you heard-but-did-not-see would have held up the "subtle horror" at all, if you had seen them. I've seen some so utterly crippled as to be incapable of any sort of communication whatsoever except that of physical contact-- they are horribly pitiful, but, oddly, not repulsive as one would imagine, at all.

Dwarfs and hunchbacks (re not being allowed scope in employment): can't agree with you, Dave. As long ago as the early '30's, I recall 2 hunchbacks in the small (pop., 3,000) town of Colfax, in eastern Washington: one of them tended bar in a beer tavern pool-hall; the other was "helper" on a grocery delivery truck. In the neighboring town of Pullman (a bit larger, but not much so at that time), a Negro hunchback had a shoeshine stand in the taxicab office, weekdays, but also ran his own dance-band on weekends. In 1942 the physics department of Washington State College employed (as Assistant Professor) a brilliant little hunchback named Eichenberg; he had his Ph.D. I haven't been to Anchorage lately, but in 1954 the Alaska Communication System's tape-relay center there employed (as tape-relay operators) two women less than 4 feet tall. One was a midget (and she is a Living Doll, though in her late 40's at least); the other was a dwarf, with tiny arms and legs on a normal-sized head-and-torso. In Seattle, the ACS has employed (since 1943, at least) 2 men who are victims of (I think) polio-induced dwarfism; both use crutches. One is a tape-relay operator, and the other (with no college degree; he came up through the Shop Branch) a radio engineer at about \$9,500 a year. I cite you no charity cases: all these people merit their jobs on a performance basis. Things are better than you thought.

Might also mention the case of spastics: 20 years ago, these people were taken to be mentally-deficient and left to stagnate; today, you find them holding down normal-type jobs; jerky movements, communicative difficulties, and all, they still can make it, given the training they need. A case in point: in Pullman, Wn, about 20 years ago, an "old age" child was born to a-- well, let's say an underprivileged family. Home birth, difficult delivery, unskilled help-- result, spastic. The family was ashamed of the boy and refused to allow him to be taken to any training center until about 3 or 4 years ago. So for at least 16 years this kid reeled and staggered his way around his immediate neighborhood (he's about 6'4" and extremely thin), ^{unable to communicate except in monosyllables.} Last I heard, he took to training with zest and aptitude, so may be salvaged.

I do agree that the possibilities of the mentally-retarded have not been explored sufficiently, but Elinor can tell you more on that from her part-time volunteer work at the Children's Orthopedic Hospital.

Condit writes it cool, but I wish he'd put some dates in. Sandy Cutrell says Tom must be combining episodes of two separate trips; is this correct? "Going green" really flipped me-- most descriptive. Incidentally, an old friend of mine from here was taken to court by the LA Narcotics Division for accepting a package of peyote in the mails. He beat the charge on the grounds that the statute describes peyote by its Latin name only, and that a citizen should not have to know Latin to know the law. The fact that peyote is not an addictive narcotic was, of course, totally irrelevant, in the Scales of Justice: ignorance of the law may not be an excuse, but ignorance of the legislature that wrote the law is binding as all hell.

And I think that does it, Dave. Enjoyed this zine mightily.

And both sentences also apply to Mailing 89 in toto (you should pardon the Latin)

Well, how about some good ol' P u C o n N e w s along about now??

((Since this zine is not an Official Organ of the Nameless or of the Seattle S-F Club (locally-only Inc), I guess I can get away with calling the projected Seattle '61 WorldCon by its "call name" instead of its "registered name"))

Well, we're newly returned this evening (Jan 17th) from a Nameless/SSFC meeting. The SSFC's Board of Directors (Jerry Frahm, Wally Gonser, Jim Webbert, Wally Weber, and Geneva Wyman) appointed a Convention Committee: the first four (as listed) Board members, and lovable ol' power-mad me. Jerry Frahm will be Chairman; the Committee hasn't met yet, as such, but it's pretty well agreed that Jerry gets railroaded. Others will be listed on the Committee as jobs accrue to them, but the entire club agrees that 5 is plenty for the voting, policy-making group. I might mention here that the club, in the past few weeks, seems to have swung to a much more action-minded attitude than at any time in its past history: the heavy-business SSFC meeting this evening moved right along, mostly (once in awhile it's necessary to point out that the item under discussion is properly a matter for the Board to decide, once the various viewpoints have been presented, but that's not bad for the course, in any organization I've ever observed).

Well, this here Committee meets about next Friday, and maybe we'll have a hotel picked in time to mention it on page 3 (yet to be created). At any rate, all info will be spread thru as many outlets as possible and as soon as possible, once it comes into being. You know, I am actually beginning to think it's all possible.

On the way home from the meeting tonight I asked Elinor, "Doll, when you stuck up your hand in meeting about 5 years ago and volunteered to edit the March '55 CRY, did you have any idea that it would come to this?" She could not answer me; truly she could not. It's not the sort of question that can be answered, safely, and my child bride was too wise to try, even though I was driving and thus legally enjoined to keep both hands on the wheel. ((GAD! We're all Shook Up! Just had a call from Berkeley and talked to Miriam, Terry, Karen, Jim Caughran, and Ronel. Like wow, and like real great! Hope we didn't talk past a rate-limit interval, folks.))

End of last page of whatever I decide to title this besides Fapulous #5.