

S e r c o n ' s B a n e 3 1

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That last figure is supposed to be the running total of all FM&EBusbyzines in the FAPA (yes, your correspondent is F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle, Washington, USA, 98119). It may be somewhat less than exact; Elinor and I have had 54 "main line" zines prior to this mailing which would indicate only four "auxiliary" zines including oneshots. I suspect there have been more. O well...

2852 and all that:

I suppose the big news around here is that right after Thanksgiving we got busy with hammer and saw and crowbar and pliers and screwdriver and bad language and paintbrush and tile-cutter and Band-Aid, to the effect that no one who saw The Bathroom in its previous stages would recognize it now, I hope. Let's see: first there was the Old Bathroom with the tub down the side of the room immured in papier-mache and paint, the john floating uneasily in the corner on a creaky bed of sodden timbers: etc. Of the present membership, Ron Ellik, Bill Donaho, Dick Ellington, Jack Speer, Bjo Trimble, Terry Carr, Karen Anderson, Sam Moskowitz, Scotty Tapscott, Jim Caughran, Elmer Perdue, Boyd Raeburn and Bill Evans (at the least) were around here in time to see that mess. Then there was the New (but Incomplete) Bathroom, with 3 new walls and a new floor and the lovely 5½-foot tub across the end of the room, but marred by a tornup old wall and ceiling plus a pair of crummy misaligned lighting fixtures on different switches, one of which hung down on wires out of the ceiling and posed me bad problems as did the whole furschtunken unfinished bit. This stage was subject to the scrutiny of perhaps 6 of the previous list (Mine Memory Grows Colder), plus Wrai Ballard, Gregg Calkins, Rich Brown, Walter Breen, Jack Harness, Ted White, Ted Johnstone, George Locke, Andy Main, Ed Meskys, Bob Pavlat, John Trimble, Bruce and Dian Pelz, and Bob Silverberg. (Gad: that's 26, or 40%, of the current Memberships, not counting ex-FAPans or VLers, who have visited here. Not bad, for living so far up/out at the upper-lefthand corner of the country.) And now there is the New Bathroom in most of whatever glory it is likely to achieve, aside from being dear to our hearts, of course. To date, ^{by FAPans,} only we and Wrai have had the chance to admire it...

Let's mercifully skip the tribulations of tearing out old crud-construction (anyone for hernia?) and cutting new structural members to fit the vagaries of slant and angle in the remaining existing mess. Oh, there was this one plywood panel that needed one corner cutout, one 8-foot slant cut down a side, 5 holes for pipes and 4 gouges on the backside where the Highly-Skilled Union Plumbers let the pipes stick out too much-- but that one came out right the first time.

The nice things are the new wall and ceiling, fixtures in line and on just the one switch and giving some light for a change, crummy old gaps covered by corner moldings, and 36 feet of new bookshelves for paperbacks (huzzah!). Plus all the fancy painting and lacquering and tiling done by Elinor, who also sweat.

Last time I was creebing about getting sick in May, July, August and September 1966, once each. There has been no more of that jazz, give or ^{it was} take a small short hangover or two; dunno what screwed up last summer but seemingly/temporary.

To placate those who are bugged or bored by my incessant yakking about the results of The Self-Indulgent Man's Diet, I'll keep this bit brief by putting it into the form of stock market quotations, setting Jan 1 '65 weights at zero and working plus and minus therefrom (vive le difference and all that...):

	OPEN	HIGH	LOW	CLOSE	NET CHANGE	RANGE
Buz, 1965:	0	0	-22	-18½	-18½	22
Buz, 1966:	-19	-17	-23½	-20½	-2	6½
Elinor, 1965:	0	0	-16½	-9	-9	16½
Elinor, 1966:	-9	-7	-15½	-9	0	8½

OK, so now this year we will have another shot at it; sorry about that, Mike.

The teevy continues its planned infiltration of our leisure hours. The return of Emma Peel and John Steed in The Avengers takes one inviolable hour every Friday, just as Star Trek keeps us at home on Thursdays. Also we hate to miss I Spy and Get Smart; anything else is pretty much expendable, though we see the UNCLE shows, usually. Captain Nice was pretty hilarious in the 1st episode; tonight we'll see if it holds up, as Batman did not after the first few gleeful episodes. Then there are several shows we tried once or twice or fractionally. Half a Time Tunnel episode was enough; I suppose it might be fun to nitpick for historical accuracy if one happened to be an expert, but the gimmick is too limited ("Sir, you've got to believe me..."). It's About Time is pure SitCom, cliché-filled and lacking in imagination (and the same exact description goes for Mr. Terrific). And The Invaders is applied-masochism, pure and simple; we watched a 2nd episode on the assumption that it could not be that bad twice in a row but we had underestimated the author: it was.

Early in November I got hooked for color (don't go browsing it unless you are braced to spring for it); we like it a lot, but the main difference it makes is that I'm much more apt to watch a football game now, if I have the slightest interest in either team or the abilities of specific players. Not all weekend, though, like some of the jokers at the office...

(Later) I doubt that the humor in Capt Nice is going to hold up. Tonight's bit was still pretty funny but the bones are showing through; also the budget will have to do better on special effects. I mean, the characters see an elephant or a caterpillar but these are not shown to the viewer. It won't go.

Dep't of Consumer's Reports: Don't believe it that you have to have a huge piece of carved 25-inch-screen furniture for color. Screen size relates to room size and viewing distance. Since the teevy-corner of our laundry room measures 26 inches from wall to door, our set had to be less than 26" wide. So we got a 19" Magnavox (plain cabinet, screw-in legs) at a bite of 4 yards rather than 7+ for the big fancy ones. All the major brands appear to be of comparable quality, except that on the little 12" GE "portable" the definition is poor due to design of the picture tube (on the ones we saw; they may improve it later so see for yourself). Sony is supposed to come out with a small color jobbie later this year and that should be worth checking-up on if you can use a small screen for closer viewing in your living arrangements. But (as always) compare.

Just call me Baron Frankenstein. Down at the ACS Shops I'm assembling a genuine monster. Oh, it won't walk around (I hope), but otherwise it is a bottomless pit of unplumbed evil. Take my word for it. Theoretically it is supposed to be a teletype-message-switching network (or rather, a sample of the Most Complicated Cases to be found on the eventual network), but in actuality it approximates John Campbell's electromechanical computer that developed an independent consciousness, a heart and a soul. But in this case, a manic-depressive consciousness, a black heart, and a rotten soul. I need a good witch-doctor to help scare the bugs out of this monster. It's a moot question whether the worst bugs are those where the factory failed to wire the units per the drawings, or those where the drawings themselves are wrong (like, twice today I ran into that kind). Sell all your AT&T stock at any price, men.... Anyway, for the duration of this trouble-shooting session I get Martinis every day when I come home, rather than merely on Fridays; beer just won't compensate.

Our weekend mornings (weather permitting) are still usually enlivened by the 3-mile stroll around Green Lake; last year it averaged twice a week with the help of some vacation days to make up for rainouts. I estimate that around mid-year we'll have each logged a round 1,000 miles around that little lake since Jan'64: surprising how it adds up. :: One recent sad note, though: someone (or more) appears to have taken 2 of the 6 domesticated-type geese on the lake home for Christmas dinner last month; they were there the 18th and missing the 25th and ever since then. Sigh. O well; that's positively constructive compared to the mindless vandals who occasionally kill the tame birds for kicks and let them lie. :: Anywa^y, our two Favorite geese survived the holidays OK.

Our city gummint is catching hell from both local daily papers: the Times is raising hell about Police Payoffs, and the P-I is roasting the City Fathers for being so utterly spineless in the face of any screaming from 12 or more people speaking in the name of the Church Vote, the P-TA, Motherhood, etc. The whole thing is topped by a Big High School Drug Scare, but to date the papers haven't flipped a coin to decide which will play it up and which will play it down (we have Balanced Reporting around here, I'll have you know). Yesterday's headline said "60% of High School Students Use Drugs" (meaning pep-pills, LSD and pot, not hard stuff). The text quoted some kid or kids as saying that "60% of our group..." is involved; the headline implied that the "group" was that of all HS kids in town, which is rather unlikely. So meanwhile the City Clowncil has barred ol' Doc Leary from preaching psychedelics in the city-owned Opera House; he'll talk at the University instead ("and," says Emmett Watson, a local columnist, "the U will now collapse. You know how those kids are; they won't know about LSD until Leary gets there"). Emmett does wield a mean quirt...

No doubt it does the town a lot of good to be shaken up now and then. Police payoffs can get to be a nasty thing if allowed to continue; the Council needs an occasional reminder that neither it nor the Church Vote has a majority come the next election; I couldn't care less who uses LSD or bennies or pot (after all, it Keeps Them Off the Streets), but with any luck at all, that investigation might even get sidetracked onto the subject of the increase in juvenile violence.

The U of Wash fired a prof who advocated that LSD, etc, be made available at city-owned centers for use under adequate medical supervision. I think he had a point there. After all, if "hard" drugs are available on a doctor's prescription (and they are), why this insensate punitive ferocity toward the softer ones? (Yes, I know that Internal Revenue is highly concerned about its alcohol and tobacco taxes and goes berserk at anything Easy To Grow and Hard To Tax...)

At any rate it's nice to have lively news when the weather is so damn boring.

This recent and current Mao-Liu bash in China sounds promising. It would be nice if something came out of it different from the present fangs-aimed-at-our-throats attitude. Of course (no matter how it comes out) a lot of Chinese are going to kill and torture and mutilate each other in the carnage; the deaths are already reported to be in the tens of thousands. But Mao and Company-- well, the estimates of deliberate killings (for plain power-political reasons in China in the worst 5 year period of Mao's regime) range from 15-to-30-million victims. So I can't help but feel that practically any total of casualties will be a longterm gain for those poor people if that insane butcher is overthrown in the process. (It's not that Mao is worse than Hitler; Mao just has more people he can kill.) (I mean, Genghis Khan tried hard but he simply did not have the Scope to work with.)

At least it will be a great blessing if the mad-dog clique can be pried loose from the domination of China by interior action (in fact, that is the only way it could possibly happen without invoking the Territorial Reflex against intruders).

And there's your clue that we've been reading Rob't Ardrey's "The Territorial Imperative" lately. His "African Genesis" made quite an impression around here a few years ago, so we decided to spring for the new one in hardcover, soonest. I think it paid off, if only by clarifying the reasons for the various reactions to the Korean and Viet-nam military brannigans. I think Ardrey has goofed in both books by not taking into account the idea of surrogate or symbolic Territory, which I feel is prevalent and important in any urban-centered culture, but who's perfect? The descriptions of animal behavior are both charming and convincing.

As a matter of fact it is Hardcover time around here, lately. "On Aggression" by Konrad Lorenz ties in strongly with the Ardrey book but is more pedantic; I'm about 40% through it at the moment so this is not the time to draw conclusions..

And (sob!) I haven't had time to lay eyetrack on Mary Renault's "The Mask of Apollo" or (the full-length) Heinlein's "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress" as yet. Let alone the stream of paperbacks that I usually sample but not this year so far. Hell; I even missed the January ANALOG. Completely. (There goes a string...)

I know I had the 117th around here somewhere...

FA 117: A requirement of a minimum number of Egoboo Poll ballots to have the results published would be just as likely to discourage as to encourage voting. That is, voting is work, and if the results possibly won't be added up and published anyway, then why bother? Perhaps the problem is that FAPA is jaded and bored with such things and would just as lief drop the whole bit.

The crux of the Great Ballot Beef is "...extra ballots held and overseen by one of the candidates". At the least, this is very debatable form, since Bruce was the only member who could have had such extra ballots... As the possibility of extra ballots is not mentioned in the Constitution, I request a presidential ruling to outlaw future use of this gimmick. Not retroactive, mind you. Bruce is entitled to Mark One Up for ingenuity and effort. (***)

Impossible Conditions #1 (Lyons): As mentioned in letter, we felt Pretty Silly at having forgotten to look you up in the Toronto area; we regret it, and doubtless it wouldn't have happened if you'd hit the May mailing, or even Feb. But the previous Nov was too long ago and we (blush) just plain forgot.

OK, the only "reversal" of left-and-right is the subjective one that the terms themselves reverse upon shifting from an inside to an outside view of oneself. If you move your left hand, the mirror-image of your left hand moves. It is the right hand only of the image viewed as a real person standing there; entirely subjective, the bit is, of calling your left the image's right.

(***)Forgot to mention under the FA that I'm glad to see Don Fitch made it back. I'd thought we'd voted too late, but luckily a Special Rule has no deadline on it except that assigned by the proponent or the officer handling the ballots. (And there, Harry Warner, is the solution to your worries about seniority and the WL. A Special Rule could put anyone in immediately, and I certainly don't feel that anyone should ever be jumped in without the favor of a majority, anyway.)

Celephais (Bill Evans): No, I'm not the least bit sure that I read Jimmie Dale (the Grey Seal) stories in Short Stories magazine. It was just that I was reading them (and Singapore Sammy, etc) in a stack of pulps belonging to my grandfather, when I was about 9-12 years of age, mostly. And Short Stories, Blue Book, Wild West Weekly (the Billy West version, not the older ones) and Western Stories were the vast majority in that stack. Sure, it could have been Argosy, at that, or a straight detective magazine. The only Jimmie Dale story title I recall now is "Dead Man Inside" and the series must have been well along by then as there were many references that weren't apparent within the one story, itself.

Missed your summer vacation visit this winter.

Rambling Fap 39 (Gregg Callins): I guess I'm just plain lucky, dietwise, that from earliest cheildhood I preferred proteins to starches and later came to dig salty flavors over sweet ones. Being largely carnivorous by preference seems to have its advantages. Oh sure, I like lotsa starchy stuff, but obviously I can't have all that and booze too (so I Chooze Booze...). As to redistribution of weight, I guess I lucked out again, in that as a kid I was scrawny topside and any blubber was always below the ribcage; later flab climbed higher but still accumulated more heavily at the old stand. Anyway, the surplus that came off in '65 seems to be mostly off the waist and sitzmark, and I suspect that walking has something to do with that. (Incidentally, some famous heart-research medic says in the recent ((this would be like maybe Jan 27)) papers that walking actually rests the heart, since the contractions of the leg muscles do about 30% of the work of pumping blood around the merry-go-round. Everyone has always known that standing-still is more work than walking, and now we know why, too.) :: Juffus' "Advice Fo' Chillun" is still valid as ever. Too bad his own MCs sometimes lapse into the cryptic, on the order of "Not necessarily; it could have been triangulr". (So who's perfect...?): Bounce fandom was founded at Boise but many Midwestcons aforetime had been poolcons. :: I wish I'd said some of the points you make to JFS re taxation, BigGov't and all. :: I do hope we see you guys next July, yes.

Helen's Fantasia 17: Very effective cover. :: Are you sure that The Year of the Fiery Horse occurs only once each 60 years? I know a few ladies who... :: I agree with you; a lot of people put Laney down these days who might or might not have gotten to first base tangling with him directly. I admire a lot of things about that guy and not the least of these is Guts. :: The Fan-Dango stencils were in a box of stuff Burb sent up here in '58 but it was much later that they were discovered as such; we (and possibly Burb) didn't realize that the folded newspapers padding out the package contained stencils. Then I thought maybe we could reprint part of it if anyone had a 4-hole mimeo, but the middle part did look hopeless, and I assure you that it took the utmost consummate mimeographic skill on the part of Scotty Tapscott to make the jazz article print at all.

I don't think there is any one "American way of life"; there are ways that vary with income, with locality, with temperament-- well, you name it; it's there. Like you, I enjoy reading about how our colleagues live; thus I was interested in your depiction of Glen Ridge, N. J. That picture shows up here, too, somewhatly. In this area, rather; I don't live it, myself: we live in a highly-unorganized neighborhood, on speaking terms with any neighbors we happen to recognize, but buddies with none, at present, in the block. I rather like it this way.

Horib 4 (Lupoffs): Cheez, what was it with 1966? You-all and we-all both getting sickies, I mean. And so often, too. I did not bother any medics with my problems but otherwise it reads about the same miserable way. :: For a brief presentation, yours is one of the most effective ConReps I've seen in years, Dick. :: I dunno if 2-party elections would help our city gummint or not, but something should. The thing that seems to help best is any election in which a few of the City Clowncil are ousted; the rest seem to wise up for a few months, but it never lasts very long. Consequently I vote for the Outs as a matter of expediency. (Not Responsible Voting, but the best makeshift counter-irritant I know of.)

Horizons 108 (Harry Warner): For once your capable trenchant prose confuses me.

"I grew fond of The Avengers on ... just 4 or 5 episodes. It was odd to go to an old-fashioned serious spy series after ... so many parodies...". Either you are saying that The Avengers is done seriously or I missed something, and either way I am about as confused as one can get, this early in the evening. (Really. the Avengers is neither a spoof/^{of anything else} nor a serious thing; it's delightfully one-of-a-kind, and may it live forever.) :: Re Oswald, Warren, etc: Oh, come on, now-- no one who ever used a rifle much would ever refer to Oswald's bolt-action piece as one "that had to be reloaded every time the trigger was pulled". I suppose you meant to say that an automatic or semi-automatic weapon would have been preferable, but you give the impression of thinking that Oswald had to pull a cartridge out of his pocket and fumble it into the chamber between each shot, which is hokum. (And for what it's worth, I don't think the jokers who cavil at the rate-of-fire of a bolt-action rifle, have ever seen one fired efficiently by an expert. I'm no expert at rapid fire but I know the motions and have seen it done zipzipzip.) The speedsters rotate the rifle right-and-left against the stationary bolt, before and after slamming the bolt back and then forward with the right hand, instead of doing the entire series of right-angle motions with just the one right hand. The left hand does the rotation and the right hand does the fore-and-aft, and I have seen some people who can compete creditably against semiautomatic weapons, using this method. I dunno about Oswald; maybe he could and maybe he couldn't, but the possibility is present, and the creep had to be a rifle buff to some extent. :: Gad; you have a great many good lines of the type that can't be acknowledged without full quotation and 400% comment; bad luck. :: Sign me up in the Thornton Burgess Peter Rabbit Club also; I recall no other. :: You have certainly given much thought to the wl "problem"; I still think the Special Rule could take care of the whole bit, but you bring up so many aspects that I'll never cover it all on stencil here. So if you get a letter, don't panic. It had to happen, someday. :: All this inside stuff on the Appalachia program is very informative to those of us who see only the official puff-sheets and believe none of them. Thanks much.

Scrote 1 (Scotty Tapscott, and welcome to the maddening throng): FAPA can always use another good man with a needle and a Fine Legal Mind; I do look forward to seeing a Shorter FAPstitution, once you've digested the long one. :: Interestin' rundown on Brighamsburg. I'd be a Mormon today, probably, if some ancestor hadn't backslid a few generations ago; a brother of Joseph Smith's is up in the branches of my family tree somewhere. Hmm; correction: make that, I'd probably be an ex-Mormon today, if... etc. The gig ain't compatible. :: SAPS had a run of that "horse of a..." gag some years ago; I liked best the one that ended with "... the arse of a different coolie". I forget who perpetrated it. :: Non-alcoholic drink with cider and yeast?? Your friend was putting you on (knowingly or not), as sugar plus yeast gives good old alcohol every time. I do hope you drank the Hard Cider before it had time to go on to vinegar. (As I said in a letter while maybe you still had a chance at it.) No (re mirror-"reversal"), it wouldn't matter if the critter's eyes were one above the other; the entire gimmick is that with two people facing each other, top and bottom are the same for them but left and right are opposite, being oriented to the view from the inside out, for each of them. Left and right seem to be a Big Mistake, in fact, and would never have arisen as concepts if we all had little compasses on top of our heads and sensed North or any other useful direction without gadgets. :: Do people really retch at seeing raw eggs eaten? I admit it's best to get the white all in one gulp, but a raw egg with a little salt is kinda tasty. Quick, too. :: My Latin is rusted away; where does your title fit in the declination of the noun?

Vinegar Worm II:9(Bob Leman): Oh, it's good for kids to aspire to live it tough; they'll simmer down soon enough into soft stodges like the rest of us. And on the other hand, convenience as well as comfort is a "worthy secondary goal in life". To wit; we spend our irreplaceable time to make money: how else can we profit if this money does not buy us more free time than we spent in making it?? The making of wills shows that most folks run out of time before they run out of money. :: I must have a stick-shift mind. That is, I can and do occasionally enjoy the very hell out of reading Edgar Rice Burroughs. But I'm reading in a different gear than that employed for the perusal of more sophisticated works. For that matter, every reader of any versatility at all needs a great number of mental gears to appreciate all his diverse favorites. All you are saying, Bob, is that your mental gearbox lacks the ERB and Tolkien speeds, just as mine lacks the Lovecraft ratio and a number of others. Nothing wrong with that, surely. :: I must agree that anyone who touts ERB as the Greatest science-fiction writer has probably been living in a tree for too long a while. :: You are entirely too soft on Boardman. The man has a bird on his head and it's a vulture. :: The trouble with the pacifist ideal is that it has to be unanimous to work. For this reason I distrust pacifists over a certain age because they have been around long enough to notice this drawback, so they're either stupid or disingenuous. :: I counted 5 sources for Gansfather's epic and spun out. Is this par or bogey?

Some Notes ... On Polls... (LeeJ): Having commented in SAPS upon this thoughty item, I'll just summarize my conclusions. First, make it easy on the voters so as to encourage the voting. Second, make it easy on the teller so as to save that breed, too. And third, publish the results No Matter What, if you want any votes at all the following year, just one non-publication scene and I quit, man; it's too much work to bother with, on a contingent basis.

Vorpall Dragon 3 (Phil Harrell): Good that you have your own digs now; one must. :: Good ol' Steve Stiles (like, for TAFF): Jeez, the gay boys had a sit-in? I'm not sure the world is ready for that. :: Nobody dug the chick who tried to love-up Cameron, hey? (6 months in VN and she'd look to him like a Sex Angel..). (No cynicism intended, gang; it is just that isolated duty makes the heart grow one helluva lot fonder.) OK, let's not have any Dirty Talk around here, Mack...

++Burlingame in July '68++ ++Seattle in Sept '68++ Care enough to vote; we care enough to twist your arm.++ (How's that for a Pot of Message??) ++

Science-Fiction Five-Yearly (LeeH): This is a veritable gas. A noble gas, of course. Krypton perhaps, or possibly xenon, with admixtures of the lighter noble gasses such as laughing gas and whatsitsname. It is most pleasing to hear of DAG's fine working conditions and I wonder if he needs any help in that shop? :: I have some doubts about Ted's analyses of Numbered Fandoms in the past 13-14 years: in particular, are swings to the apas necessarily Interregnums (Interregna?) or are they Fannish Epochs in their own right? But I'm not about to argue this off the top of the head with only mere memory to back it up; no sir. :: Looking forward to many many more issues of this illustrious periodical.

Different III:2 (Sam Moskowitz): Satellite was indeed a good zine. I still think the distribution-display scene is what killed it. That is, only the very top of the cover showed above the stacks of digest-sized zines usually stacked in front of it. Failure to make any really noticeable change in color of background and lettering of the top of the cover from one month to the next meant that a new issue could be on the stands for weeks and no one would notice. I bitched about this a couple of times but nothing ever came of it. :: Thanks for the look at the unpublished illoes, by the way.

Doorway 2 (Greg Benford): Haven't had time yet, dammit, to read the recently-acquired hardcover version of "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress" so Ah cain't argue wif y'all-- but I do think you're concentrating on pet peeves that don't make up a very great part of the body of the story (even in Cut or Serial form). More discussion later, perhaps, when I've had the chance to dig the hc version...

JDM Bibliophile 4 (Len Moffatt): Judging from the opening sequences, all those Lost Stories would make up into a pretty good pb anthology.

Sercon's Bane 30 (me): Add Mr and Mrs Alan J Lewis to Fan-Visitors of 1966, even though they missed the previous mailing's deadline a little bit.

Salud 24 (Elinor): Fine. Now get on the stick and hit this mailing; huh?

Aliquot 3 (Rusty Hevelin): Yes, the trouble with big Cons is that the bigger the Con, the less time you seem to have to be with the people you wanted to know better. It all gets to be Just Too Much sometimes. :: To bring it off right, those fellas who plan to build the island off Calif should do the work and build a seawater-distillation plant on a Federal loan, then declare themselves independent and nationalize the whole schmeer, just like other countries do.

Damballa 12 (Chuck Hansen): Quit putting yourself down, Chuck; your sumi cover is most pleasant and evocative; I like those birds. :: The wine business sounds great; I wish I could find an excuse to visit Denver and sample some.

That business of upchucking during the landing approach sounds like sheer tension rather than motion sickness; I've seen it a time or two in people who had firmly convinced themselves that they were not scared: the body rebels. (I've never been "airsick" as such, not even when carrying a miserable nauseating hangover upstairs; I just couldn't keep my breakfast down for several days before a flight, after a few bad weather deals that scared me spitless. Hmm??)

The best thing about a good ConReport is that it makes the reader feel that "you-are-There" feeling. And you always do this admirably. Keep 'em coming, Chuck. I really chortled over the incident where Howard earmarked the drink for you, sight unseen; never underestimate the omniscience of a Big Hearted Howard.

Ha! I see you had no upchuck troubles on the way home. General jitters, such as pre-Con excitement, perhaps? I hope you have the secret of it now, anyway. (Sure thing: get pooped out of your mind before the Con??) :: Oh, I wouldn't say that "worldcons can't be like that" ("relaxed poolside or motel type", as you say). Agreed; it's not feasible in most places, but we took the experimental plunge here in '61 and the results came across pretty well mostly, I think. So maybe the newly-enlarged Seattle Hyatt House will get the chance to pull it off again. You never know until the votes are in.

If I really make it through this mailing I'll be more surprised than...

Vandy 27 (Coulsons): Juanita-- Yes, we too are great fans of Mr. Spock. Too bad you didn't get to see the unsold ST pilot, but perhaps you did see it later as the flashback sections of the 2-part episode?? I'm glad the first pilot didn't sell, because the new cast & characterizations are vastly superior to the originals, with good ol' indispensable Spock the only one carried over (I think). The 1st Captain was too much the All-American Spoiled Brat for my taste. :: I've been vaccinating myself to AM radio again in 15-minute bursts on the way to and from work. It's not so bad, once you get accustomed-enough to it to be able to ignore it again. But when you're not hardened to it, when you haven't been exposed to it much for a long long time, it is Godawful and hardly tolerable at all. And I still turn it off for a few blocks at some of the worst commercials and "songs".
Buck: My, but you are nice and rugged this time, and mostly in the right directions, too. :: I tend to ignore "scientific bobbles" in my enjoyment of Star Trek but I do think they've made a few. For one thing they are always requiring power to stay in orbit more than minutes, and you can see by the viewplate that they are the hell and gone way out from the planet. Oh well..

The Larean 11 (Ronel): Oh come now, Ron Ellik. In your Provincial Days you did too "insult persons who had had greater lives, greater fences". Was it not your earlier self who produced that great line: "But you've never even been to Hong Kong, Jim Caughran!"..?? :: So you're having a ball and interested in a number of activities, and you don't see why you should restrict yourself to one mode as yet, or settle down to matrimony? Sensible fella; move at your own pace.

Bobolings (Bob Pavlat): Ha. Still another Star Trek buff. (Hey, I wonder if the estimable Veep, Lee Jacobs, would append to the Egoboo Poll a question of the "Check One" type, as: "I dig Star Trek _____, do not dig it _____, am unfamiliar with it _____" ??) :: And I see that you too are temporarily in over your head at work. And apparently this is as novel to you as it is to me. :: I always dig your writings, Bob, and hope you'll hit the mailings more often; could do?

Trill'4 (Chas Wells): Interesting point re math vs literature as PhD fields. I know what you mean about trying to use math concepts to non-math types, tho I'm on the dim end when it comes to your "pure math" esoterica & its jargon. Gaps of comprehension come in several stages, and the gap between one-two-three and the Algebra-geometry-trig-calc group is as great if not greater than that between the latter and the rarefied medium in which you and Toskey swim. But why don't you do your article (on The Art of Mathematics) for FAPA right now? The reactions and/or lack of same would be valuable data in themselves.

Binx 4 (DAG and Sundry): I like a good oneshot and this one is. :: Now who is it, there in the corner, who digs Arhtur Upfield? DAG himself, I think, judging from the sparse clues as to who is at the typoer (no typo). Around here we've been sturdy Upfield buffs since 19 and late 63, owning 9 pbs and 1 hc, and having read as many more as can be found in the Publick Liberry in these parts. Upfield's plotting is often deficient but miGhod-- the immediacy of the scene. Like you, I found myself much more interested in Orstrilia and in knowing more about it. (On the fact side I recommend "Cooper's Creek" by Alan Moorehead, a saga of early exploration up from Broken Hill; it does get rough in those parts.) :: Don't feel bad about your political reactions, Dean; anyone can get fed up.

Spiane 3 (Len and Rick): Good trip writeup, Len; you really do cliffhang well, as in the bit with the wrong depot, the ticketstub hoarder and the telephone operator out of Kafka. I've been in such deals and it gave me the creeping willies just to read about the way it went with you, there. :: Luckily my own childhood was so migratory that I'll never get around to see all the old places so disillusioningly mutated; some stand firm in uncorrupted memory; ah, progress! :: Rick: Yes, the Const is unwieldy and less than comprehensive; the longer it gets, the more confused it is. I agree that the only real solution is to elect sensible officers and hope for the best. :: Hey, you did get into an active deal with the JDM Biblio publication, didn't you though? (Lots of luck...)

:: Gee, Rick, I dig "motel" Cons much more than the downtown type. Of course, I do like to walk and feel better for getting outdoors more often (downtown Monoxide Alleys don't quite fill the bill somehow), and I hate standing and waiting in crowds, as for elevators, etc. I don't see much difference in the way people "get lost"-- though it does seem a lot easier to lose people among 15 or 20 floors than in a mere area of 2-story structures with lots of windows facing a central enclosure. In fact it seemed to me that at Seacon it was easier to find people than at any previous Worldcon, tho I'll grant you that Burlingame was more sprawled-out and the Edgewater still more so. Anyway, I think hotels require just as much walking but you don't mind it because you are so damned tired of waiting for elevators that you don't even notice the walk. Oh well...

The Book of Bjimpson (Bjo, Don, &c): I think you guys have something there.

Lighthouse 14 (Terry Carr and myrmidons): Phil Dick is working up to be the

Mailer of stf; what is he like when he turns back off for a while? ::

I see that Disch has another pb on the stands. On the basis of his material here I think I'll buy it, although "The Genocides" did not indicate as much (to me).

:: Greg Benford: Granted, the state of humor in current stf is not so great, but given Sturgeon's Law as a basic, the longterm average hasn't been all that bad. (Some early de Camp, Sturgeon and Bloch stuff, just as a top-of-the-head f'rinstance, was loaded with great lines.) I do blame part of the decline on The Editor, and in this case on JWCjr: the man became hipped on Doom and The Bomb in the late '40s (when relatively speaking we were worrying about lady-fingers instead of today's cannon-crackers) and influenced the field heavily toward doom and away from funnies. In recent years his sense of humor is as light and airy as an elephant dancing ballet, and the Top Dollar swings a lot of weight. I am not disagreeing with you, Greg, for the most part. I'd personally like to get a hell of a lot more laughs out of the zines I buy. (I do dig Laumer, yes.)

:: Jack Gaughan and the ticks-- Mr. Benford, do meet Mr. Gaughan. He's Funny.

:: Pete Graham: Good, good; I hope you have had as fine a time in Indja, etc.

:: Pat Lupoff: Quite a wrap-up on the western outlaws. The final roundup of Harry Tracy is still narrated periodically in the local Sunday papers.

:: Walt Willis: Being rather sold on "having a view" ourselves, we appreciate how you must enjoy the sea-view at Strathclyde. Good for you.

:: Geo Metzger: I got a rattler with a jack-handle once. The secret (which I discovered at the time, by improvising) is to circle around the snake and keep moving a little faster until he or possibly she begins lagging behind in trying to turn to face you: when it is 90° to 180° out of phase, lean in and paste the bejeezus out of it. If you feel the need to, and I did, that time.

:: You sound much happier out of the Army, and no wonder.

:: Carol Carr: Lovely psycho-put-on; you come on so real at first. I do wish you'd join us more often, Carol. Your STUFF is great.

:: Gina: Actually, all we wasps need is a good press-agent and we'd suddenly be ethnic as all hell. Care for the job? Er-- I was afraid not...

:: T Carr Himself, our Host Editor: (Jeez, Terry, it's a great zine, but would it not be nice to spread it out over more mailings so as not to scare the commenting public into Capsule comments??) Those are some great boffs, that you report from Tricon. That business of being mistaken for someone else at a Con is not too uncommon. I'd like to be present when you and Buck put on the Forry-Sprague dialogue to an admiring deluded audience. :: The girl in Metzger's letter who says that Hubbard "...got me on the cans" is doubtless referring to the metal handgrips of LRH's "E-meter" (or Electropsychotimeter if you happen to be an irreverent type). :: Dick and Ryan have a bad case of semantics re the bit of "unearthing" (Dick) or "producing" (Ryan) a psychosis by fiddling with someone's neurosis. Especially since the neurosis/psychosis distinction is qualitative and sometimes arbitrary, or so say some of the Bigger Boys. At any rate, I think Phil Dick's hypotheses on the nature of hallucination are worth investigating (not by the public, mind you, but in the psychiatric field, etc). Again: fine zine, Terry.

Persian Slipper 4 (TAJ): Motorcycling, eh?? Yes, 2-wheeling has its lure, and particularly in your climate. My own experience is limited to working a bicycle pretty hard between the ages of 12 and about 17, plus some practice a few years later with a spoke-wheel jobbie of about 45mph capability (50 downhill) belonging to an employer; in those days that was about the only cycle I saw that filled the gap between scooters and the big Harleys which seemed to kill a lot of the people who could afford them. You seem to have the hazards pretty well in mind: it is not that cycles are inherently deadly but that they are inherently vulnerable, especially in mixed traffic. And whereas I go into a cold sweat at the proximity of a cycle and give it plenty of room, admittedly there are drivers of automobiles who do exactly the opposite. So it is that cycles do have a higher accident rate and a much greater incidence of fatal bashes. (On the other hand, how many of us have quit smoking lately??) So have fun, and good luck, man. (I firmly contend that skill is not enough in traffic; Luck is quite essential...)

Sorry I missed your New Drinks deadline but I'm just now in February going through the mailing for the first time. Explanation below if there's room.

Ambivalent Amoeba (Harness): So you're finally going for all the marbles, Scn-wise. I hope it works out for you, Jack: that there really is a pony there.

Vukat 2 (Patten): Man, you surely do like to run for office. I think I will nominate you in both SAPS and FAPA for the office of Fred Patten. OK?? :: Seattle used to treat snow the way LA used to treat heavy rain-- that is, by being utterly croggled and succumbing. But eventually it snowed 3 years in a row and the city bought some necessary equipment. :: Yes, the '68 Worldcon race should be quite something. The Seattle Hyatt House has a new larger fancy hall besides the one we had in '61, plus many more rooms and greatly-expanded Coffee Shop, and traffic-control signals on highway 99 so's one can get across the road if need be.

Synapse (Jack the Juffus): Good idea, appending a Wler's renewal month to his name and address in the listing (or better yet, go back to quarterly response). :: The "ob" stems from EFRussell's "And Then There Were None" in a '49 ASF. :: Cartier appeared quite a lot in ASF, particularly in the '40s. :: Zeppo? Yes, I recall him as a drag to the full flow of the comedies (he sang, gang). :: What is the "preterit" for which "that seems to call" on your page 9?? :: Lilapa (to refute Creath Thorne) is not "based on the Cult"; except for frequency of pubbing, the 2 groups have very little in the way of common customs; f'rinstance, Lilapa appears twice a month and has NO activity requirements. Differments altogedder.

Spinmaker Reach 6 (Russ, or boo, Chauvenet): Short Table of Even Primes- haw! I read along and read along and suddenly it bit me. :: Do you know why Alvin Pick dropped out? I liked the one little zine he sent around (and the items you print here) and hated to see him go. Perhaps he found us too raucous.

VW Supplement (Leman): Nice try, Bob, but (as you realized) it would take several hundred pages to start at the bottom and work up, in arguing with those who have decided that the US of A is always wrong, and Better Red than Dead (there's a difference?), and all that. It must be lovely to be young&naive enough to see any significant difference between Hitler and Mao, in the realm of results... :: Y'know, dogs are such lovable heartbreaking nuisances that sometimes I think I know how God must feel about human beings, unhousebroken lot that we are.

Ankus 19 (Bruce OE): You guys really swing with those costume deals; way out.

BiGhod I did get thru the mlg (after a fashion), even tho it's gonna be the airmail scene to hit the deadline. The difficulty was first the Bathroom Job and then the Shops deal of trying to teach Frankenstein's Monster to toddle. After straining the ingenuity-muscles all day at work I find it a great strain to use 'em again on MCs, so for some weeks I just plain didn't. I hadn't realized the mental effort involved in doing MCs until this month when I came home every afternoon with a Tired Brain and MCs were simply out of the question, though it was easy enough to write less exacting material on paper or stencil. So skimping is; sorry about that.