

SEARCON'S BANE 5

FAPA
98

FAPULOUS - 14

FEB 61



6½ characters in search of a punchline--

OK, Page 3. SerCon's Bane 5; just kidding with that SeaCon bit, because it is so handy. F. H. Busby is your friendly neighborhood culprit, and this 94th FAPA mlg is his 7th appearance as a member, all consecutive going into this Feb 61 job. This will be FAPulous 14 and there has got to be some way to simplify all these numbers. Any egoboo accruing to this zine should hie itself to 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Wash. Complaints are handled by our African branch in charge of Mr Lumumba, at Leopoldville, The Congo. He's more in training for that sort of thing.

Here on Dec 10, 1960, I have just now polished-off the final stencils of a SAPS zine for the January mailing and the stencil you had to look at before you came to this page. I've just been telling SAPS all about Seattle's current crime-disclosures. There's the antique-dealer who carelessly distributed his ex-wife and her daughter all over the state, from his septic tank to the Columbia river. They caught him in New York and he's back in our snuggy-comfy local hoosegow just now while they figure out just what the charges are, on the meager evidence.

I was also telling SAPS about ^{after} the fella who just this week got another victim notched up on his record, 22 years/^{he} hung himself in our local pokey after his mama had inadvertently fingered him for a ten-year-old murder, in a letter she was trying to smuggle out of the state pen. Under a downtown building last week was found the skeleton of an XYL (radio-ham's term for ham's wife, but still abbreviates "ex-young-lady") dating from about 1921 when two YLs disappeared around here, one in connection with our afore-noted suicidal friend who was doing his best to counteract the Population Explosion nearly 40 years ago. There is nothing like a public-spirited type.

It is only fair to tell these assembled, also, that this very same week has seen the conviction of Traffic Judge William H Simmons on charges of second-degree assault with intent to rape. This was a setup, but he fell for it as expected, I hear.

Law and order are all shot in these parts. Traffic is generally running 40 to 45 mph in 30-mile streets, running right along with the lights, and our local death-rate from traffic is about 1/5 to 1/6 of the national average, the past 2-3 years. The national rate is 57 per 100,000 and our 500-to-600-thousand plus suburban visitors have only managed to slaughter 51 in town so far this year with 3 weeks to go.

So that is the sort of thing I have been telling to SAPS. I guess I should get on the stick and do better. Or worse. Or at least do something. That would help. I think.

OK. How would you like a scorching presentation showing how the Communists have set up a conditioned reflex in several million Americans so that anti-antiCommunism has become a way of life with all too many sincere-minded types? I saw this movie, and it sure as hell did not follow the original fanzine version very well... Oddly enough, the camera's vantage-point managed to pick off some top Communist jokers who did a helluva lot of pointing and sending people here&there and personal sparking and leading of specific demonstrations. This is the San Francisco HUAC riots I'm talking about, that were so spontaneous to hear of it from truly spontaneous people in that immediate area. I'm not calling anyone a liar, Ghod knows. I just say that it is a different picture from the outside, with the camera spotting the key-points.

Well, this is not going to be a popular presentation, so I'll sign off by asking all the HUAC protesters just what method. of coping with the Communist tricks (that aren't apt to be much different here than they've been elsewhere in the world) they are in favor of? Or am I correct that an anti-antiCommunist reflex has been conditioned into a great number of otherwise intelligent people? Like, think it over. The anti-antiCommunist stand is that Congressional committees are unConstitutional and dirty, that the FBI is a Bad Thing the way it acts, and (as I see it) that any and every move (that might hamper the Communist urge to take over the planet) is something to be resisted. I have not yet seen any antiCommunist moves at all by anyone who is all shook at the grave threats to our civil rights by those who ask people whether or not they are Communists. Let's keep it straight; I'm not pointing fingers or calling names. I am saying that some good people have been snowed into helping dig their own graves as announced by one Niki One-Shoe Krushchev ("we will bury you").

I'm not just out to bug Liberals; I'm sincerely trying to ask pertinent queries. and hoping to get some pertinent answers. More on this later, maybe... --Buz.

I'll have to see if a little judicious use of corflu can't tone down some of the belligerence out of the bottom half of the previous page so's the points have a better chance of getting across, like. Guess I do get bugged on that subject...

Meanwhile, though, let's have a little

A r g l e b a r g l e

on the contents of the 93rd (Nov '60) mailing:

OE Bradley, ma'am: Fine start, spiced with the usual inevitable minor goofs, which you note. A*P*P*R*E*C*I*A*T*I*O*N*S to you for the "zine-received" cards. Most glad the assembly-suggestions were of help; we used the pickup method just once for CAPS, the first time; never again!

Prez Phyllis: Good sharp thinking, and a fair/^(i.e., just)plan for requiring credentials from the current WL. Good pinpointing, and plugging, of a major loophole.

VeepEney: Nice to see the fixed-points-per-category system tried out in FAPA. One major omission, though-- you placed no limit short of the total for the number of points for any one person in any one category. Since some folks tend to plump heavily for a few favorites and others like to spread the egoboo around more, the picture can read somewhatly distorted this way (for instance, Elinor and I could give each other the full possible 190 points, legally, if we had an urge for points at the expense of fair evaluation). Personally, I used the 5-point limit in this respect, and only gave out about six "5"s on the whole ballot, at that. And still found it impossible to cover all the folks I'd've liked to give points to.

I don't see any ballot-mailing deadline, either. But ours go in tomorrow.

STEvans: With luck we'll be seeing you before this stencil gets run off, but for the record I do like your plan for firming-up the WL response system.

Redd Boggs: I envy anyone who can be successfully methodical when and where he wants to be. For myself, I only try to stay with the remnants of what they told me in the English classes, except for deliberate fannisms of word, phrase, or abbreviation.

Coswal: DYDCOMFZ, but I sure had to look closely to be sure of this.

Redd & Mez: "Virgins of Outer Space", I mean. Tremendous, I chortle raffishly.

Bill Morse: And what is a Banda machine (the process)? Comes out well, while you're still fighting the silkscreen. ### "undiluted smoke"-- my meaning was possibly vague; most cigarette smokers take a mouthful of smoke, then inhale it along with a great big drag of additional air. I referred to the possibility of direct inhalation while drawing on the cigarette, with no "dilution" of the smoke by the surrounding atmosphere in the process. Confused enough now, Bill? ### I know what you mean by the Puritan conscience, but the "New England conscience" is a wry joke to the effect that it doesn't stop you from sinning; it just stops you from enjoying it.

Doggone tootin' the auto fills a need: not so much for long-distance transport, perhaps, but for quick convenient short-haul travel. Our Lark has a little over 8,000 miles on it now, and at least 75% of this mileage has been within the city limits of Seattle. I'm 15 minutes from work by car; by bus it's $\frac{1}{2}$ -hour plus the waiting, which of course varies. Another example: yesterday Elinor and I were downtown and decided to have lunch at a Fancy Expensive Restaurant out near the airport. In the car, we were there in about 30 minutes. By bus: well, there'd been a wall of many blocks to the station, a wait for the bus, and a 45-minute ride out. Plus the inconvenience of standing beside the highway trying to flag down a bus for the ride back to town, plus transferring to a city bus to come home. Actually, we simply would not have bothered at all, lacking the car. Public transport consumes T*I*M*E all out of proportion to distance, in the local situation. And you must spend all too much time standing in the rain (or wind or snow or heat) waiting for it. Now I have lived in places where a car was not essential; this is not one of them.

You've convinced me that in England the relation of government to private enterprise is not what it should be; you still haven't convinced me that Socialism is any reasonable sort of answer to the existing problems. Boyd will skin you alive; tsl.

Sam and Chris Moskowitz: Gernsback did well to turn down those stories, judging from the readers' reports. Interesting to see just what an editor must cope with.

Jim Taurasi: I got a kick out of the "Second December 1929 Issue" (oops, now I note that you wrote this, also, Sam). It's a good idea, and the only thing that perturbs me is the possibility that the SFT-subbers got copies ahead of FAPA, if that matters. ## Howcome the illegal pencilling on the cover? Holdover, or goof?

Chris: Hoo boy! I have seen some other good takeoffs on the theme of "But what does this have to do with science-fiction", but you really have it delineated to the life. How about some more of these, when inspiration strikes?

Mez Bradley again (Catch Trap): I'd still rather see it 12 signatures to postpone an activity requirement one mailing, rather than 22 to waive it for the year. Maybe both options could be included, but my amendment-writing fingernail is worn out now.

OK, so I said to someone: "thanks for making it Busbys, rather than Busbies, which I loathe". It was an overstatement. An exaggeration. And it applied only to the one variation; in the next sentence I told Ronel that Busbixii was OK. And I told you in letter that the Busbybodies ploy was enjoyed & not bugging at all. So are you convinced now OK? (Sigh).

I'm familiar with the routine of minority-group members who trade on the fact as a form of emotional blackmail, to push others around. There was this Sammy Glick type (in the Aleutians during WWII) who took it that anytime anyone was bugged at him it was all due to anti-Semitic prejudice. Whereas the fact was that the only way to keep this guy from walking all over you was to stay just a little bit mad at him, so that he was preoccupied with trying to get back into your good graces. But once you "forgave" him-- whammo! out came the knife again, and you had it all to do over.

Elinor has fixed Porkchops MZB here, and I like the chops fine, but there are just too many miscellaneous vegetables involved, for my current taste. (BDYDCOIL!)

Bill Danner: I saw an honestoghod Checker-manufactured cab here in town last week for the first time. To my mind, nothing makes tailfins and similar crap look any sillier than to see them painted-up with the commercial signs that indicate the car is to be used functionally. ## The BMW 600 sales probably suffer because it is an enlarged version of the original Isetta which is in turn a compromise between an enclosed motor-scooter and a true automobile, yet the 600 sells (here, at least) for the same price as the Renault 4CV which is 100% solid-auto and is somewhat fantastic in performance for what it has to work with. But I expect that Dick has had a great time with his 600 anyhow; you can learn a lot by pushing low-horsepower in traffic.

I'll let you and someone else further along in the mailing argue the Citroen hydraulic suspension; I'd like to try one, but haven't done so as yet.

My own zine: I like the report better than I did when it was fresh, but am still not satisfied with it for coverage or organization. ## Immediately following the election it struck me that for some years I have been a fairly good sport about the flood of Ike Jokes in fandom and that it might be fun to see if the jokers really had a two-way sense of humor if confronted with a few Jack Jokes. ("Support Kennedy! His dad's been supporting him long enough!" "Well, at least we got the religious issue out of the campaign as far as the Protestant vote was concerned." "Lots of American boys want to grow up and be president; Kennedy dared to try it the other way around!")

You know the sort of thing-- it's easy. Hell, fellas: maybe if I worked at it, I could be as hilarious about Jack's bad back and Jackie's miscarriages as Jules Feiffer and others have been about the partial-aphasia resulting from Ike's cerebral hemorrhage. But I don't think I'll try. It's easy enough. But it's a little too cheap to be worth much. Sure, I may razz Kennedy now and then. But I'll tell you one thing: I'd much prefer that he doesn't leave himself open to it.

This here has been a kindly radioactive editorial paragraph dedicated to the many devotees of golf, touch-football, and long weekends cruising on Navy destroyers.

"Come January 20th, the Mr Clean people are looking to merge with Fuller Brush.."

Bjohn and Don Simpson and Ernie Wheatley and Isabel Burbee and Dean Dickensheet and Ed Cox and Ruth Berman-- whose zine is this, anyhow? I think Dean takes the honors this time, though I am still stumped by the identity of "the Lancaster cove".

Howcome so little of Bjo in this? I hope that cutting your hair did not in some Samsonlike way cut down on your fannish strength-&-enthusiasm, gal.

Harry Warner: No, 3-months' grace on activity requirements would not necessarily take care of the real hardship cases, but a year is too much leeway for the minor goofoff cases the provision has been used for. Maybe we need a graduated scale of grace-mailings according to the number of signatures obtained (12 for one mailing, 22 for a full year, perhaps). Mainly I think the activity should be postponed but not waived. Well, we'll see how the new system works out, this year.

As a matter of fact, I did give vent to a written scream at the choice of Rickhardt as a receiver of funds for the Berry Fund, simply because I considered him irresponsible (which turned out to be the understatement of the year). I don't believe I thought to object on grounds of age, though-- I'm so thoroughly accustomed to paying little heed to ages-of-fans that the idea did not register at the time. At any rate, age or no, it would have been very difficult to take any legal action against Rickhardt in 1959, the way he was bouncing around from one region to the next; it wouldn't have been practical (of course, we could have waited until age slowed him down long enough to hang a summons on him, I suppose).

Incidentally, someone (not you, Harry, and possibly not even in the mailing) wrote recently of "the mess Rickhardt made of the Berry Fund". Just for clarity, while I'm on the subject, let me specify that while Rickhardt did get away with some 40 or 45 bucks known, and maybe another 10 or 15 from unknown contributors, the known filching was made good by Nick Falasca (in a sort of penance for having gone along with pro-Rickhardt opinion at the start). A blurb in the Fund Report (CRY 10th Annish, Jan '60) failed to turn up any defrauded contributors, though some are known to exist. But the Fund itself was a splendid success in spite of Rocket Willie and his convertible ethics. (And pardon the insertion of this side-tirade, Harry.)

Total persons now on FAPA roster who have been here is 16 as of FA93. That's cheating, though, as it includes ourselves.

Elinor's maternal grandmother was not an Outhouse. Nor did her family change its name to Cropper... Maybe she'll Tell All, this time.

I don't know if electric typers can be hooked up in a master-slave circuit, but if they could you would have a teletypewriter circuit, essentially. So possibly the best solution for FAPA is for all members to lease a teletype machine on the Bell System TWX network: when you're ready to publish you simply ring the TWX operator and request a 65-way conference hookup, and type away like mad. Of course, there might be a problem, with the other 64 members trying to interpolate their comments on controversial pieces-- we'd need R*U*L*E*S, and all. (Lots of money, too.)

"You're talking about teetotalers as if they were prohibitionists". Someone else commented on the same point (you, to MZB; I ^{can't} recall the other case). Might be some confusion with the militant teetotaler, perhaps.

The ramifications of your preparatory work toward the fan-history are not only interesting, but also croggling. I think we'll have to start working on a special medal for you, or something: courage and devotion beyond the call...

If you really want to go to Europe for keeps, I hope you make it. But somehow I hope it turns out you don't want to. Oceans are so damn divisive, and too many of our friends are in that 99%-out-of-reach category already. Anyhow, so long as you are taking a bit of time to make up your mind, the chances are very good that you'll come up with answers that are the right ones for you, and that's the important thing.

MZB again, with thoughts on squares and satellites: for Square, also read schmoe, nudnick, nebbish, yuckel, boobatch, Mass Man, creep, faceless blob, "the Common Man", Clyde, you there with the egg on your face, sad-sack, fringe-fan-fake-fan-clubtype or you name it-- the Square has been around for a long, long time, and so by now just about everybody has a word for it.

Bob Pavlat: Hello! (Are we still working off our surplus of goodbyes from SouthGate? I've lost track.) Golly, I seem to have the Most Forgettable By-Line that (anyone) Ever Read: you are one of three(???) who dug the distribute-the-dollars-in-the-mailing ploy but failed to Remember! You read it here, first! I'm kidding, of course, since I'm having equally bad luck recalling items in this mailing, for origin.

And this is as good a place as any to agree with you and others who oppose any enlargement of the Roster. Might as well spell it out a little, here where I can do so as a point of agreement rather than otherwise: 1.The mailings are consistently big enough to be just a little difficult to cover in comments. 2.Sixty-eight copies are a great plenty to run off, assemble, staple, count, stack, wrap, and pay postage on. 3.The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to OEs would have us in court in a trice (and I don't look good in one).

Mountain-climbing: if I were sadistic, I'd suggest that while you're here for the SeaCon (plug, and hint) we line up a "little hike" in the Cascade foothills with Toskey leading the way. But instead, I am kindly giving you a fair warning on this.

Your bit about how all the Idiot Drivers have Virginia plates reminds me of the apparent case a few years back when all the worst roadhogs and bad-passers seemed to be driving Buicks. Maybe there's something to the mass-subconscious after all.

Some early resistance to indoor toilets was based on the idea that it was most unsanitary to have the defecatorium right in the house. Makes sense, in a way...

That grain-elevator of yours just about tops the playing-in-barns bit for lots of peril and all. Abandoned buildings certainly do have a fascination for kids, don't they? I think maybe it's the "nobody owns this; we can do anything we want" feeling-- though "anything we want" is not necessarily destructive; it's the feeling of freedom that does it.

Amen, Bob-- it's just about unanimous, the way we calloused types who have had our lumps in the Armed Forces have a tough time finding much empathy with anguished protests from folks who naturally want to avoid those lumps. Cantankerous, aren't we?

Jim Taurasi: I appreciate having a full set of these PittCon Dailies, having lost one from my original batch of Pgh booty. And now one of these days, will you write and publish some words just in FAPA for FAPA? It's the fannish thing to do...

Curt Janke: I owe you a letter. I owe everybody a letter except maybe Fidel who is not on my mailing list but on the other one instead. So goes the battle.

I never owned a Solid-Goaled Cadillac, myself, but the Model-A Ford was pretty good in this respect. Remember the gas-line with its shutoff-valve up under the dashboard-tank over a little too near the passenger's side of the seat? A good guesser could manage to "run out of gas" at the exact best place for steering off into a shadowed clearing. Turning this valve off with the right foot was a little risky; the expert ran a piece of string across to the left and reached down to give it a flip with his unseen (by the passenger) left hand. Worked like a charm, for depriving the engine of further fuel-- beyond that, I never had much luck with it.

Take it easy on those elephants; they can be habit-forming, I hear.

I can hardly wait to see you and Toskey discuss women, Curt. The two of you will not agree on hardly anything, and yet...

Boyd Raeburn: That batch of aspidistra-wine didn't turn out so good for Maeve and Mervyn. Last I heard they were going back to whortleberries.

Very nice job on that headwaiter at the Chez Paree in Montreal. But Good Lord, what is a "genuine poot-poot-poot-poot rock & roll group"? I flinch.

"Christmas began last Tuesday"-- the hell of it is, Pierre Berton is right.

(people in small towns tend to be) "ignorant, uneducated, bigoted, narrow, and provincial... (though) I have never lived in a small town". Provincial, yes, and definitely. Having lived in small towns for a number of years, I rate small-town dwellers just about even with the average of city-dwellers with respect to the other adjectives. Possibly the saving grace of the small-townner is that on the whole he has not been overly exposed to the rat-race and is thus more easy-going and less apt

((still with Boyd))

to be on the alert-suspicious-&-withdrawn sharpie kick. His frame of reference may or may not be "narrow" with respect to the city man's; certainly it's different.

Of course it all depends on the small town we're talking about, and the locale surrounding it. Certainly I shout no anthem for the simple bucolic simplicity of some hypothetical small town in somebody's 1925 best-seller. Nor do I raise a snoot at dirty old cynical city people. No, it strikes me that in order to get a clear picture of any person or group, it's necessary to make some sort of stab at meeting him/them on his/thr home-grounds; if you haven't lived in small towns it's not easy to do this with small-towners (and the reverse is also true, of course).

I have got to knock this off before it turns into a commercial for Esperanto.

((Flash. The HH made it. If this were a teletype circuit, you'd be the first to know.)) (((Esoteric reference to infuriate non-members of the SeaCon.)))

Bob Silverberg: Too bad we'll probably never agree on much of anything in the realm of partisan politics; you're such a highly estimable cuss, otherwise. Cheers.

Lee Hoffman: How about printing some sort of plan-drawings on these karts? I'd like to see how these little jobbies vary, and whether some of my own earlier plans for a similar go-buggy would have come close to working out. And how about tagging your cast of characters with a little more than first-names: how the hell do we know who is "Don" or "Los" or whoever it was? (And I'm sorry if this sounds like GMC gretching about Oversteer, but I do feel that there's a justifiable difference here.)

Elinor: More and more I think we might be compatible. Let's do go steady.

Buck and Juanita Coulson: Buck, how do you like Dean Rusk as Sec'y of State (as of today, Dec 12, 1960)? Here is a guy who headed a StateDept division that came up with the much-quoted-and-derided statement that "the so-called Chinese Communists are merely a dedicated agrarian-reform group". In the background we hear noises as to how won't we forgive a man just one little mistake in judgment. But I'm not sure if we can stand to see any more people taken over by world-Communism in lots of 700 million. Am I boring you yet, Buck? Anybody? ## I couldn't agree more thoroughly on the Quemoy-Matsu item as you state it and as Kennedy goofed it. But I think that Young Jack has been clued in by a couple good security briefings by now and will be OK in future. ## I'm sorry I ever commented on the waitress-flirtation question; the pitch I had in mind is so far removed from the "Hi, beautiful" routine that it was a mistake to enter it in the same discussion. Let's just say that it is exaggerated friendship-display by apparent mutual consent, and that I don't really know why.

Ideally, no one should be running loose who is unfit to hold either a driver's license or a gun permit. So much for our present-day enlightened condition. ((Oops, physical disabilities excepted back there, you word-hawks!))

Beliefs and comfort: I would like very much to be able to believe wholeheartedly in some non-dogmatic variety of reincarnation; it would make a lot of sense, and feels right. Meanwhile, I just plain don't know, but like some of my hunches.

You never heard of anyone's mind being changed by argument (or discussion)? Boy, you must live in an especially stubborn part of the world. Or idea-proud.

Your guess on the Savage rifle firing-at-will is likely correct. Thanks.

You sure must have a lot of tact, Buck, because certainly you haven't used it all up by any means. ## The way you guys seem to feel about kids, I'm surprised you didn't decide it would be a favor to Bruce to have him adopted out. ## "... and I did grow up to be an emotionally sterile person". You said that; not me.

You're right that fmz-reviews should slant heavily toward neos; who else needs them? ## Juanita: Hope the school-load eases off for you. ## You mean we should all pay more heed to telling you dirty jokes? Oh, that's silly....

G M Carr: So the lettercol finally swallowed the zine whole, and Gemzine is now a genzine, to all intents and purposes. ##The symbolism of that cover is mind-crogling among other things. ##The points re the Moomaw suicide (hurting others as well) are truly and effectively stated. ## "Charity covers a multitude of sins" may be all well and good, but my personal suggestion (now, just the same as 15 months ago) is that you can save yourself a lot of soul-searching by getting your facts straight before plunging into these moral decisions. Like, I'll take my own lumps for my own goofs, but I'm equally unwilling to hold still for condemnation or "forgiveness" on the basis of faulty information, however high-level the moral judgments may be.

((Yes, friends, I'm addressing GMC in first-person here. Long as we have some business in common concerning the SeaCon, it was simplest for us to be on speaking terms in person; so why not in print also, is how I see it. And I'm sure that Gil and I will loyally refuse to turn our backs on each other during this Con-bit. Our unprotected backs, at any rate...))

Dick Ryan: And now you, too, join Fabulous DC Fandom; good for you and it both! I have a great loathing for the task of moving, and one that is well-founded on ample experience. So I do hope that you and yours successfully weathered the occasion.

Your trouble with lack-of-zoomie in the mountains points up what I was saying to Danner (back there a few pages) with respect to the BMW 600 and the Renault 4CV. Not to be putting down your beloved beetle, Dick; I'm thoroughly convinced that it's been a thing of joy to you for the most part. Nevertheless it is true that the 4CV, selling (here) for the same price as the 600, is tres formidable on the uphill for its HP ratings. One night I was following a pair of tail-lights up one of the more steeply-inclined sections of the east side of Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascades (not that this is much of a pass, but it does have its steeper portions), and finally came upon and passed a 4CV doing a highly-respectable 55mph. Like, I was impressed, and I still don't know how Renault gets all that performance out of that bitsy engine and only three gear-ratios. ## Railroads west of Chicago do give good service. Come out to the SeaCon on (for instance) Great Northern's Empire Builder; it's terrific.

You say you priced a Lark and "mighod how can they call it an economy car". But what model, and with which of the many, many options offered? The Lark is competitive with Falcon or Valiant (and beats Corvair for price) if you take no Lark options that are unavailable in the competing makes. At least, this was our experience here. We paid quite a bit more for our Lark than we would have done for a Valiant, to name one. But we took overdrive, all-vinyl interior, individually-reclining front seats, and a number of other things that Valiant did not offer at any price. Of course, maybe you are judging the Lark's price against what "the low-priced three" cost as of five or more years ago: a Ford or Chevy or Plymouth, today, will horrify you pricewise if you are not hardened to what's been happening lately.

No, it doesn't rain all the time in Seattle; it just seems like it because our (average) 32 or 33 inches of rainfall mostly come in the form of a mild drizzle that takes quite a while to add up. Also sometimes the clouds hang around a few days before the weather man gets around to pull the chain.

You do have a point: that in a college where fraternities are the majority, any racial restrictions would be a Bad Thing. I did not consider that case because in my experience the fraternities have been the minority, definitely, and I simply did not happen to think of the opposite possibility. Learn something every day (...mumble).

Rich Eney: "what (re Socialism, its possible workability) do you think that outfit over on the Volga does to keep going?" Well, mainly they starve-out kulaks and make use of the opposition as slave-labor and mooch off chattel-satellite countries. You have not yet made a point as to the workability of Socialism as envisioned by its proponents. Hell yes, a slave-state "works", in the sense that it keeps going one way or another as long as no group can overthrow it. And now, Mr. Orwell...

The middle 20 pages are as great here as they were in SAPS, which is Real Fine.

My peaceful sleep is not enhanced by the thought that "Chessman is frying in hell". Matter of fact, though, it's nice to know he's not up for parole again...

You with the IBM cards: the bank won't cash them, and they leak.

Rusty Hevelin: Keep up the Stefnews summaries, please, while they last. ~~///~~ Luko Short is/was a writer of Western tales, not a character in Western fact or fiction pieces. ~~///~~ Cigarettes are perverse: they will smolder away in an ashtray perfectly OK while the smoker is at hand to use them. But the minute he walks away and leaves one to smolder all by itself, it immediately begins to stink. Why? I dunno. BDYDCOME! Oh, well. ~~///~~ Oh, here you go on the old quantity-versus-quality trail (just like, would you rather be sick-and-rich or poor-and-healthy, huh, Boyd?). I hold no brief for the idea of huge-pagecount for its own sake. But it strikes me that the jolter whose enthusiasm explodes into 20+ pages just might be every bit as readable as the guy who wearily stretches his apa-survival urge out to meet minimum activity needs.

Advertising, good or bad: it's really simple to judge. Informative advertising that tells you where you can buy something you need, is fine. Deceptive advertising that tries to hook you on something you don't want, stinks. Just like any other liar.

MZB still again (Paper Trapeze): babies and young children are so lovable and at the same time so unbearable that ambivalence is natural. But I agree that standardizing the viewpoint by social-stratification is a stupid drag. And unfair to the tykes.

Oh, jeez. You have done it now. It wasn't your fault, but now it is inevitable that there will be a fannish ploy that reads as how "I am saving up for \$100,000 to sleep with MZB". Don't feel badly, though; you were giving an honest answer to a flippant question, sort of. I do have one fault to find, though, with your statement. "Anyone who wanted me THAT much"-- what relationship is there between desire and the ability to pay out money? \$100,000 from Aly Khan would mean less than (say) \$5 from some insecure budding genius who was still looking for his niche and handle on the society we live in. But then, our budding genius might seem like a creep to normal women until he got clued-in more, and probably couldn't even communicate his needs too well. You know something? Other people foul up one's ideals, mostly.

((And now we skip about 2 weeks, to Dec 26th. To cover the interlude, though...))

A Word to P Howard Lyons: if I'd had MCs last time, I wanted to make 3 points re your calling me on "fuzzy thinking on tax-loss figuring". These are:

1. On the mouse-milk bit, the gimmick was to get sensational advertising in such a way that much of the cost could be charged off for tax purposes.
2. The entire piece in which that appeared was highly tongue-in-cheek.
3. I didn't write it; Elmer Perdue did.

* * * * * Fuzzy thinking should not be the monopoly of the few. * * *

Karen Anderson: OK, we'll eskcuse that "Eskimo Song"; I eskpect it's worse in Danish.

Looking through "What Mad Microcosm" from varied background and highly uncidotic memory, many items appear familiar but few can be pinpointed. Rene Lafayette as the pseudo of Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, the American engineer who-- oh, you've heard? Shandon as Silverlock and Golias as his partner-mentor. The Highly Magnified Wogglo-Bug from "The Land of Oz". The Arkenstone from "Hobbit", buried with Thorin. Zamba, Gozashtand and the Sunqar from deCamp's Krishna, and the memorable last line from a story I just can't quite place. That's as far as I can take it just now. Fun.

Bill Evans: Best I let you and SaMosk slash away at each other's semantics unhindered and just cheer you both on. But where you mention that "he does read the mailings, it seems", I'm reminded that I owe Sam an apology from last time-- it turns out that it was deCamp and not Sam who was desperately asking Dirce Archer "but what do they do?" when she wanted him to introduce us to PittCon (and we weren't at the hall yet, anyhow). Sorry, Sam. Good ol' Absentee Reporting'll do it every time...

O good Lord yes! My guesstimate of total college-fraternity membership (back in Hlg92) is off by several decimal places; I have no idea how I happened to come up with such a figure; mea culpa all over the rug. Let's try it again, from the 1957 World Almanac: 5 years ago the combined social fraternity&sorority picture (not counting Honor Societies) covered 74 groups containing a total of 4,395 chapters and with a total membership of nearly 1,560,000. This would average to 59 chapters per

group, and 350 members per chapter, roughly. I am unable to determine whether these are all-time figures covering all members living-or-dead, or only the living, but obviously all the latter are included at least, no matter how long removed from the ivy-covered ~~halls~~ halls. The average age of groups would seem to be about 60 years, but the average age of chapters must of course be considerably less than that. Now after the last attempt you'd think I'd have had enough of guessing, but still I will enter the surmise that perhaps 10% of the total membership is now in school as active members of these groups... roughly 160,000, maybe.

For the same year, total enrollment in universities and liberal arts colleges (not counting specialized schools such as teachers' colleges or theological schools) was just under 2 million. Thus, fraternities&sororities would appear to account for about 8% of collegiate enrollment-- well, let's say, very probably under 10%.

Now the point of the whole bash was whether private groups should be allowed to be as fuggheaded as they choose in excluding members of minority groups. I quoted a guess that there are 30,000,000 Negroes among 180,000,000 US citizens-- let's go back to the 1950 census, which makes it 15,000,000 and 150,000,000 respectively. So if Negroes had a completely fair shake in trying for college, we'd expect them to make up 200,000 or 10% of that 2-million enrollment. And in that case we would have the situation of private groups comprising 10% of the student-bodies insiting on choosing their incoming members from 8/9 of the remainder and excluding the other 1/9.

Somehow I can't get too excited about this.

I think we have a valid question here, though: where does the sovereignty of a privately-organized group begin to impinge on the rights of non-members, particularly those who may be excluded through no correctible "fault" of their own? (Seems to me I asked this last year, too, in just about the same connection, but received only a few cracks at the organizations I cited for comparative purposes. Oh, well...)

Bill, first I comment to SaM and then more to Jack Speer, under your heading. Perhaps I'd best move on before you begin to get feelings of rejection, or something.

Pierre Versins: welcome to the brannigan. Judging by the flawlessly-reproduced contents of your zine, the rest of the mailing may come as somewhat of a shock to you.

Phyllis Economou: So, look what the French-Canadian segment of Massachusetts did! Produced Jack Kerouac, yet! Much better to produce Einsteinlike Jeremiah IIs.

Pagination: I start with the cover and assign a page-number to each side of each sheet, blank or not; this system seems most in vogue with those who add page-numbers at all. Buck Coulson starts with page 1 facing his inside front cover; he's not alone, either. Wrai Ballard steadfastly counts only pages with purposeful int. on them; he and those who follow his sterling example give the OE an honest count; the rest of us impose upon the good-nature of Official Editors everywhere, because we're used to our own systems. (Actually, OEs are on guard against all variations.)

By now, I'm not sure whether or not I'd forgotten the kicker on the last verso of "Two Sleepy People". However, I had written the "courtship, as distinct from marriage" line, and a couple more, before I thought to mention the song; maybe I was only recalling in part, or maybe I expected to get by with a sloppy reference without being called on it by eagle-eyed nit-picking officious-- ulp-- like, well, what I mean is-- you're RIGHT.

Your comparison of the trend to large mass-production farms,^{to} the evolution of supermarket chains (to Jack Speer) is most apt. 25 to 30 years ago, there were huge rumbles about "chain stores", but today we have both the supermarkets (which I don't like, really; I mean, I hate the congestion and the interminable standing in line & the damn' searching over six acres for a lousy can of peas or whatever) and also the mom'n'pop grocery that makes out by staying open evenings, etc. But I wonder what our economy would be like now if FDRoosevelt had thought to save the independent grocer from the A&P by subsidy (or the independent gas-pumper from Standard Oil)??

Hmm, am I right in assuming that the super-combine type farm gets more subsidy than anybody, and is in a position to make better use of it and crowd the individual farmer just that much harder, because of the subsidy? It would seem logical....

So herewith a fragment from the Liberal's Hymnal:

Tax and tax! Spend and Spend!
Who can tell where it will end?
Spend and spend! Elect and elect!
Results are as you might expect.
They'll be nice and tame, once they're SUBsidized...
They'll ignore the cost unless it's PUBLICized...
Elect and elect! And tax, and tax!
Electorate's "mind" is a ball of wax.
So tax and tax! And spend, and spend!
But if votes took brains, it would be THE END.

((The Liberal's Hymnal is a 25th Century Publication, and will be out just about then))

Like, is the public ready for a New Era in political horseplay? Oh, well...

"Old" songs: (like, late '30s and maybe a little further along)-- I don't recall the title "The Day That The Rains Came"; is this "old" or recent? There was one about 1938, title mislaid but dealing with "Last September, in the Rain", that had a lot of whammy for ol' teen-age me at that time. But then, I tend to lay off contemporary analysis of the stuff that rocked my adolescent emotions; I liked it, and what the heck. Specific musical phrasings and (especially) harmonic tricks can still stomp up my spine and kick the emotion-pedal over-forcefully on first hearings, even though the tune may later be seen to be a clunker. And maybe that's what I have against R&R: it has no surprises, with its perpetual loud whining echo-chambered BEAT.

Speaking of R&R, we heard a choice takeoff a few days ago. Sandy Cutrell was here overnight just before Christmas, and he had a tape with him, containing some wouldbe Bosses' Artists' Songs (in which too many people sang, too far out of unison; it was rarely that I could make out a complete line) plus a couple of satiric goins done by a friend of Sandy's at Reed College. One of these was an R&R bit entitled "Teenage Jesus". I flipped. This thing started out with a say-your-prayers, etc, routine in the R&R framework and then ended the verse with "Je-sus waas a teenager, too!" Well, it was more than that-- "...although he was a Jew, Jesus was a teenager too" is the way he put it. Add echo-chamber, of course.

Now the thing about this piece is that it is not a religious spoof; it is a direct schlock at the public taste-- change just a few words in this item, leaving the major message intact, and it could be on every dj's Top Forty. ("Out on the drag-strip, Jesus is there; Jesus is watching you pick up a spare") Sheeeesh!

An ex-TTY OPR, hmm? Did your circuit use all the abbreviation-jargon, or just mostly plain English? PSE ADV ASAP N TUVN CUL

Oops. I'm with you: "I can't live without great gobs of silence", either.

Jack Harness: Oh, not all that Ill-Advised. But come back when you can stay longer.

Larry & Noreen: Noreen mostly, as it turns out, and it is good to see you whacking away onstencil in all the best tradition.

As one hotbed of idiosyncratic aversions, to another, may I ask you to reconsider your aversion to the term "corflu" (or else give us an equally-convenient substitute for "correction fluid" or "obliterine")? The slant-out bit, in which the writer substitutes for "-- er-- I mean" can be used either deftly or with utmost corn; why not judge the entire presentation of a given gag, rather than just the means used? ((So all right already; so with me it's corn. So don't rub it in.))

Bless you for not wanting to allow a headwaiter to drape a used restaurant-tie onto your menfolks, or a dank on-the-house sport-coat, either. (I think the last time some flunkie told me I couldn't come in without a tie, I told him "Well, that's fine; just so they don't let you out". But that was 8-10-12 years ago; I've mellowed.)

"if you've ever taken ether you won't be able to stand the smell" is more true for some than others: I had ether when they stole my appendix (and they've never paid me for it, either), but it didn't sour me on the entire ether-selling profession...

Dave Rike: I am happy for you, with your new electric beast. Publish happily.

And here you are again with Limbo. ### On the Mayer/Kinhead/Korea/brainwash bit, all your instances contain the "some of these" qualification, implicitly if not otherwise. The only item that does not suffer from this qualification is your quote from Mayer that the Red Chinese found it such that "college-trained prisoners were almost automatically considered hopelessly reactionary." Now perhaps you and Mayer are saying the same thing; perhaps the college-trained GIs were rebels-against-all-authority whether in the Army or as prisoners. If your reading says so, say so.

Actually, it strikes me that you are making a reasonable statement: that of the US prisoners taken by the Chinese in the Korean mess, those who were sensitive enough to be influenced but who had not yet formed any strong attitudes, were susceptible to the influence of the Chinese Communists when the latter held all the marbles.

I don't see anything particularly surprising about it; it figures.

Bill Donaho: trouble with the Kingston Trio is that they sound Real Great on the first hearing of a given song off to the side where you can't hear most of the words. Then you edge in and turn up the sound and it all falls so damn flat. But as you say, "They aren't so bad"; at least, they sound good slightly-offstage.

Bill, you have this women's-intellect-submerged bit, and I've seen the similar situation where the married man is a pitiable figure of "togetherness" and will make a pathetic effort to prove that diaper-changing is The Best Fun Ever. But I think that these are mutual head-butting extremes and that both of these are on the way out. At least, I surely hope so. It is true that there is a great widespread community of parents who are harried by the LHJ, McCalls, Dr Spock, Ann Landers & her other head, the P-TA and other muscling community efforts, and the Bowling Leagues. (Don't undersell that Bowling League, by the way. Last year, 3 in our office bowled. Right now, everybody in the joint bowls, excepting only just me. But so far I have not been picketed, at any rate.) But already there are evidences of reaction in the same popular magazines that have been beating the drums; the whole mess is cycle-prone. In other words, I figure that if it's not going the other way by now, IT'LL BE, SOON.

Southern Comfort: certainly it's too-sweet & cloying, but this evaluation is based on running onto the stuff cold-stony. When Ted Rozak and Ed Cluphf and I hit downtown-Kodiak a couple days after V-J Day and were steered onto S.C. about 9pm, I assure you that these considerations didn't enter into the picture, most of which has always escaped my recall. I do remember how Eddie and I restrained Ted from brooding up a revival-meeting we were invited to attend ("I been to theological school", said Ted; "I'll preach the ass off those sons-a-bitches"). (He might have, too, but he wasn't allowed.) Next day I learned firsthand about this dry-heaves bit, and then had to force down several swallows of the S.C. before I could focus well enough to walk a half-mile downtown and (go to work)(report for duty)(it was all one). Later, Ted and I were putting away huge platters of scrambled eggs when this beatup old fisherman came up chuckling and letting on how two of us had carried the third up the hill, stiff as a board. Ted & I looked at each other, aghast, and shook.

I hate to spoil anybody's fun, but it turned out that Ted was the one who went up the hill feet-first and petrified. This is just one of life's little disappointments; the rest did Ted a lot of good & he is still married to his 7th wife.

Edig your comments to Pete Graham: "State Socialism always necessarily involves tyranny"; "the courses advocated by Liberals do lead to totalitarianism"; "a Liberal Line which most don't bother to think about but swallow whole"; "the Communists do expect to bury us; if you Socialists have their way, they will"; and best of all, "I simply do not believe in the benign use of power". (Quasi-quotes used to provide for cutting to essentials without quoting you out of context, Bill.)

"When the fire hoses were turned on ((at the HUAC protesters)) 90% of them were sitting down". True, B*U*T-- there's a little more to it than that. This corridor was jammed (I saw and heard the movie of that mess) with a shouting, singing mob; it was ordered cleared (not by the HUAC but by judges who found it impossible to conduct Federal courts up on the next floor). So the demonstrators were told by their leaders to sit down solidly blocking the corridors, linking arms and jamming their hands in their pockets, facing away from the hose-positions, heads ducked.

The camera followed the action. A few were giving instructions to others to run around and circulate; where the runners had passed, the demonstrators sat down in rows to make up an immovable locked mass as well as possible, still shouting. Passive resistance? Not when you consider that the noise was itself an effective attack on the proceedings of the HUAC and of the Federal courts. The demonstration outside the building was one thing; the shouting inside the hearing-room and in the corridor is something else again: here was something against which action would have to be taken; any mug could see that, yet the group acted in such a way that no non-violent way of trying to clear the corridors could possibly be effective. You still say nobody but the police figured on violence? The setup argues otherwise, I'm afraid.

I'll agree that most of the demonstrators got carried away and did not realize just what they were letting themselves in for. So that leaves us with the answer...

Dan McPhail: Can't blame your cover boy for looking uneasy; things are tough all over.

Mez sent us a pic portraying herself, you, Martinez pere et fils, and Stevie. So now when I read your zine, I visualize the benevolent-Mephistophelean grin and the glint in the eyes. Pics help a lot.

Does anyone know why the minor little whirlwinds or dust-devils that are seen in many parts of the world are able in some areas (such as yours) to put on muscle and heft, and become the devastating tornadoes you folks have?

Oops: so that's you who used the term "sorry mess Rickhardt made of the Berry Fund", and so now I see it was just your turn of phrase; anyhow, the explanation is a few pages earlier in here, as a sidelight in commenting to Harry Warner, so all should be clear now..

A good summary, Dan, on the efforts now being made to give the handicapped a chance to do what they can do, in employment. On mental retardation, did you see the Arthur J Burks articles on that subject, that Alpha Hart ran in his Aberree a few years ago? ~~///~~ There's a state school for the retarded, about 40 miles from Seattle; one thing they work hard to do is to train "marginal" individuals so that they can be placed in jobs "outside"-- the employers naturally are screened by the school and are instructed on how to help the retarded individual where help is needed, and there are checkups from the school. I once knew one of these "parolees"; at first I thought she was an awful kook (she was housemaid at my boardinghouse at that time), but when I learned that the poor woman was trying to play the game with a 38-card deck, her errors and lapses were understandable-- she wasn't in quite the right job; she'd have done better where more thorough supervision could have been given.

Yes, I get the feeling of your storm-interlude, and you're so right.

Sam Martinez: You look rather "frozen" in that pic from MZB; I expect it's just a reflex from having to wait for the verschtunken flashbulb to pop.

You and Dan sure seem to be multi-active types; good for the both of you!

Kent Corey: Oh for CRYsakes! Everyone else who commented on Calkins' "Who Zoo" was interested in (1)"Just what year was that list made up?" (my guess, 1955 or '56) and (2)"Whatever happened to good old Whosits?" Au contraire, though, you are interested in (1)accusing Calkins of self-aggrandizement (failing to note that Gregg was one of 3 named members of a larger group that made up the selections), (2)spouting that "fandom is based on the ideal that all men are created equal", and then (3)spending most of two pages arguing for your choices of BNFs and/or vBNFs for that as-yet indeterminate year for which "Who Zoo" was compiled.

So now tell me, won't you-- why is it so horrible for Gregg to publish for our amazement his 4-5-6-year-old list showing what a group of actifans made of fandom a few years ago-- when you have no qualms at publishing your own personal list? I hate to raise welts on the obvious like this, but I want you to get the point.

You know, Kent, I remember your nomination of yourself for TAFF. But this time I think you've topped even that monumental masterpiece of (you name it).

I'll pass the obvious comment on your much-touted yen for White Space.

Sam, this friend of yours does have his good points; can't you and Dan get him to shape-up before he gets far enough up the WL that he might draw negative votes? Tho of course FAPA always needs a few good targets; this one I'd hate to see wasted.

((Pardon me, friends, but I am still a little shaken-up at the revelation that Calkins is trying "to make the ends justify the means" by printing an old list of names. I mean, there are numerous ways, I suppose, of attempting to justify the means by use of the ends (one, both, or possibly more)-- but publishing a list of names is a new one on me. The sheer scope of the idea takes awhile to sink in, if at all.))

Jack Speer: what would be the Civil-War-buff parallels to Insurgentism & FIJAGH?

"...to the right-wing fanatic... there is no distinguishing the important from the unimportant", you say, in answer to Boyd's: "to the totalitarianist, no right is important". Let's run that series around again, shall we? And take a real good look this time? "Important", to the individual, is that which is hung up in the foreground of his attention for the nonce-- for better, for worse, or just for the hell of it. For instance, you got bugged because several of us were comparing regional idiocies in liquor-control laws and chortling over their contradictions from place to place (this is far from "demanding that we be solemn and serious" about them), so you scoffed it off as "unimportant"-- that's the background. Now feed those top two lines through again. And y'know? I do find it sort of totalitarian when someone jumps in and goes to set up my scale of importances for me with the assumption that he has the utter and complete right to do so. It's too much of a piece with the way the totalitarian states wipe out the amenities of private life when they get in the way of tractor production, etc (a poor example, but better than none).

Freedom-vs-totalitarianism gives a number of dichotomies: "All that is not forbidden is allowed to the individual" vs "All that is not compulsory is forbidden". "The individual has certain inalienable rights" vs "The individual exists to serve the state". "A man has the right to make his own choices, within a minimum of legal limitations" vs "Big Brother Knows Best". It goes on and goes on, like that, if let to. I think the main point is that you let a momentary impatience with comparative-trivia bug you into sounding dictatorial in your protest, and it all got out of hand.

As, witness your "The Successors". Built out a bit, that could go pro.

In "Adam's Rib", however, either you are a little too cryptic for me toward the end, or I simply missed a key phrase somewhere, or else there is a key point in the story's structure that is clear to you as you reread but which you did not manage to get onto paper in so many words. Happens all the time, and mostly I liked the tale.

Oops. One thing I forgot in the "totalitarian" remarks: this aspect came about when you said, like "you'd think that drinking was an important right". Jack, any right-- no matter how trivial, how unimportant, how little-apt to be missed-- comes up as of the utmost importance just the minute that Big Brother goes to legalize it out-of-existence. Not that it usually does much good; the "controllers" are skilled at setting up restrictions so that only the minority is hurt at first, so that there is seldom if ever a threatened&aroused majority to do any standing-fast. Foop.

Terry & Miri: I dunno how KB got misplaced down the stack this way, here; sorry.

On the basis of the material you cite, Miri, it would seem that Chessman had a retrial coming to him; regardless of (1)his personal history and (2)the offenses with which he was charged, you have convinced me that the records of that trial were not an adequate basis for determining his guilt or innocence of those charges. I suppose the reluctance to grant a new trial was due to several factors: the wellknown proclivity for officialdom to cover up its goofs, revulsion toward the offenses of themselves, and perhaps the fear that with a former star witness now declared mentally incompetent the case would not hold up a second time. But considering that the state of California is running the lucrative Finch case through the courts for a third time, it does give one to wonder about the price of justice, or something.

Elmer's equally-superb coverage of the Chessman case (rather neat, running the 2 items in the same issue) set me to thinking of possibilities for Chessman's Last Words. But all that comes up is to run a last-second strapped-in picture over the caption: "Send This Boy To Camp!" That oughta be sick enough, in all directions.

WRotsler, both in the SouthGate bit and the Kteic excerpts (what has happened to Kteic?) is his usual mentionable-as-a-matter-of-policy self, like fabulous.

Terry, your list of last lines hits me with several stories that are themselves remembered, but not the titles. Oh well, let's see: 1.The "Saki" job about the li'l girl who scares the new guest off by convincing him that her singing, marching men-folks coming in from a hunt are all ghosts. 2.On the bare edge of familiarity... 3."World of A". 4."Born of Man and Woman". 5.No clues. 6.Short story in aSF maybe 8-9 years ago; the punchline summarizes literally an object-lesson given to convince a weapons-inventor to suppress his discovery. 7.Aliens discover single remnant of destroyed Earth culture; this one must be 12-13 years ago. 8.Eludes me completely. 9."That Only a Mother"-- Merrill. 10.I think this is Sturgeon's job in which 99% of the universe turned out to be seetee. 11.Where the apartment house turned out to be a specimen-collecting-trap spaceship, circa 1955. 12.van Vogt's "The Weapon Makers". 13.Bradbury's: the children unwittingly help the alien take over. 14."Nightfall", Asimov, aSF '41. 15.Leinster's "First Contact", aSF '45. 16.Final story of Simak's "City" series, aSF '47. 17.Familiar, but eludes me. 18."No Woman Born".

Hmm, that's only 7 complete-with-title-- oops, the Simak is "Aesop", I recalled just as I stood up to go out back and look it up; visualized the cover, and there it was. It would probably take me at least a half-hour to look up 1, 6, and 11; the others, I think, might be rather hard for me to find in any reasonable time. Thanks for the memory-prodding.

It's not fair, and would not happen if KB had turned up in its proper place in the stack, but I'm passing comment on both your choice MC-sections for now. Except to mention (re teletyped fanzines) that the all-capitals pages of Vernon McCain's "BirdSmith"s appear to have been cut by an all-caps typer, or "mill", rather than on a Teletype machine. Elmer Perdue's teletyped zine was done by punching the text on tape and then running the tape through a transmitter-distributor the requisite number of times for the printer to bang out enough copies. I tried cutting the stencil on the Teletype but did not set the print-hammer spring-tension high enough, so the cutting was uneven and faint in spots. Better luck next time we get a new model in down at work (so that I feel the need to set one up and check it out before letting it go to the field, so's the field doesn't ask me embarrassing questions to which I have no answers at all, not even good evasions).

Bob Leman: So welcome into FAPA. And just in time, too, because it just happens that maybe I can help you solve your problem. There is this fella who lives out south of town next to the slag factory, and it seems that for years he has been raising Vesuvian goats on a small scale, pasturing them on the monstrous pile of tailings from the slag plant. But now with a Democratic administration coming in, the slag company is retrenching and will centralize production in the Midwest soon, leaving the goats without forage. Now since (or so I am told) the entire state of Wyoming is one big slagpile (unfortunately not of commercial grade), and since it is well-known that Vesuvian Goat-Dogs turn vicious at maturity unless provided with the goats that are their hereditary occupation, I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear that on or about March 1st you can expect to be pleasantly surprised by a call from the freight depot to come down and pick up your goats, absolutely free except for freight bills.

I agree with your evaluations and opinions of Communism, but I have a sneaky hunch that you're misjudging Mack Reynolds' motives-- I have the impression that his pitch is to needle the public with "this is what could happen if you don't get on the stick and do something", and that the bowdlerized version of Soviet history is meant to be the time-mellowed version that would be current in a fatter, softer USSR. I could be wrong, of course, but while reading the stories it struck me that Reynolds was working for shock-value with his "we lost" picture.

Your own local labor-union fracas typifies my worst misgivings about the way the herd-instinct can be manipulated by sharp operators.

Dammit, I have to stop with this page, so now just a cheery-type acknowledgment to Gina&Norm (Dug those "LICs" the most) and to Sally Kidd, whose "Driftwood" arrived stamped "Damaged in Handling in the Postal Service" and they weren't kidding.

I regret being so damn' jagged-edged here&there this time: particularly, since while I think I have a valid point to make re anti-antiCommunism, I don't think I quite made it this trip. Regards!