

the gallant gallstone lxiiij

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A PAIL OF WOVEN WORMS

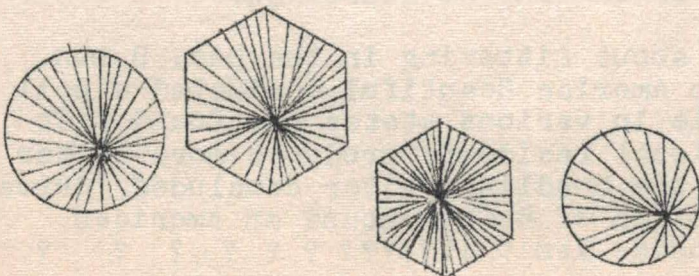
BRUCE PELZ: No, I wouldn't say that I was "looking forward" to the next life (next G.I. body, to phrase it more accurately)---at least in the line of looking-forward-to-Reward, or anticipating Heaven or Eternal Bliss that a dying person looks for. I'm not looking forward to it any more than I look forward to tomorrow's sunrise or sunset or my next Chinese dinner or listening to a favorite record; until you mentioned it, in fact, I hadn't even thought about what to do with my next body for months. I have been no means exhausted the potentiality of this life, this body, and I'm not exactly taking book that I'll need to trade this one in for decades or even longer. It'll be faster to get where I'm going with what I have now than spend more time doing it with a new body; it takes eighteen-plus months to get one under sufficient control to be able to talk with it, you know.

As to whether I'm concerned with the Here-and-Now, that's a matter of definitions. I'm more concerned with Being than Doing this life, on the grounds that (a) it's easier to do something if you can assume the Being of the task first, than it is vice versa; i.e. it is easier to do Writing by being a writer, by postulate, and then doing the necessary, than attempting to be a writer by doing typing in the hopes of assuming a Beingness, that, is a roundabout and less guaranteed, as a method. And (b) I've had to overcome a certain inertia of thought, this life, since I hadn't started it with any better intention than I have started the last few---and those were short-lived lives (I've been dying young, I tell you) (I have overfulfilled my quota by 140% so far, as the Crummunists phrase it) since I lived over 20 years of age this life). It's been easier for me to Be and See than to Do, accordingly. And it's shocked me to see what a low level of insight passes for living on this planet at this time. The most unexamined lives, the most heedless & senseless thought-processes pass for Sanity in this culture. That is something to be concerned about, rather than how "active" a person is. The ordinary person is concerned with the Here-and-Now, but with the Dead-and-Gone. But that's enough sermonizing.

IBN SALUKI: Ugh. Another tiresome matter to set to rights. No, I haven't disconnected from anyone in the L.A. group, or LASFS, or APA L. on the grounds that he/she/it/they is/are suppressive. But we'll see how the STATEMENT works at APA L; it's been helpful to me so far, on two LASFS-type parties, and no doubt will be at other fantype gatherings.

TED WHITE: Exactly how much of a stable does Wally Wood have of artists? I mean, if we see the name WOOD in Galaxy, who does the illo there?

Word comes that Jayn and Bill are doing another dissertation on Ceiling Worshipers like that. I'm sure that Understanding the Ceiling is completely over their heads, and they shouldn't attempt it. They are otherwise excellent people; they gave me a \$5 gift certificate at the Herb house whose catalog they ran through last week's Disty... wonderful. Now I can look at APA L and dream about what spices, roots, herbs, barks, or whatnot I want. Like rose hips. Is that something to eat, to flavor with, or a cosmetic use in a nudist camp? Or fenugreek; latin is hard enough. I could always get some tomentilla root to give to Dian. Purple Loosestrife or Khus-khus root, anyone?



Some snowflakes for
Len Bailes

DIRECTIONS: cut out
and paste on strips
of aluminum foil.

Jack Harness