

H E T B P E M Я 6 5

Published for the 65th Distribution of APA L, 13 January 1966, by Bruce Pelz, who is supposed to get a SAPSazine done this week, too, since the deadline of this, his penultimate mailing, is Saturday. IncuNeb Pub 434.

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D I R E C T C U R R E N T S

TED WHITE AND OTHER NEW YORK TYPES: Apropos of the parody DGV suggested a while back:

In old New York, in old New York,  
The subway system's fine,  
But when it's struck, your out of luck --  
You just can't get nnowhere on time!  
With all that mob, each working slob  
Who drives will flip his cork;  
With subways still, it's stasisville  
In old New York!

ANDY PORTER: I know Chalker circulates his Cross-Eyed Goat outside SAPS, as several LA non-SAPS have got copies. Probably as many of them read it as SAPSsites do -- i.e, very few.

I did like your mimeo-ditto cover for DGV's F/r.

BJO: I wonder what the average IQ of PO employees is? Can't be very high.

Back in January of about 1963 there came forth an edict that one could no longer mark Printed Matter and 4th Class stuff "Return Postage Guaranteed." Henceforth, the correct phrase would be "Return requested," indicating you'd pay for getting the junk back if the numbskulls at the other end couldn't deliver it. So I started using the new phrase. And every time I get a P.O. clerk that doesn't know me, they take a look at "Return requested" and tell me either (1) I can't do that with 3rd/4th Class mail, or (2) That will cost 10¢ extra. They mistake it for "Return Receipt Requested," which can be done with First Class only. The latest such encounter took place at the Santa Monica P.O. about a month ago, and when the clerk finally called her supervisor, he goofed, too, and I had to argue him into actually seeing what I wanted. Wouldn't you think that, after three years, they'd have read the damn rules right? IQ75's?

Doing a deck of Tolkien cards would require that you decide, first, whether you are going to make a deck equivalent to some known deck or whether you are going to make a deck for some invented game. If you elect the former, then you must accept all the limitations and associations of whichever deck you choose. A poker/bridge deck has 4 suits, 13 cards in each, and a Joker; a Tarot deck has 4 suits, 14 cards in each, 22 Great Trumps; and so forth. Apparently, an imaginary game would be a better idea; it merely remains to invent such a thing, and if anyone gets serious enough about a Tolkien deck to get prices, method of financing, and such lined up, I'll be glad to work with the card designer and come up with the game. ...maybe I ought to bring out Three-Bit at post-LASFS...

FRED PATTEN: I check your cyrillic out on Rolfe, Bjo, Bailes, MacFarland, Castora, Lewis, Van Arnam, Konigsberg, Wolford, and your own. I'd suggest using the G for the initial H in Harness, Hannifen, and Hollander, as is done in some dialects such as Ukrainian, and use Жак for Jack. Shaw would be better as Шай and May as Мау, да? .



JACK HARNESS: I wonder how many will just stare at your cartoon for a long time, wondering what it means (as I did), and how many will actually get it (as I finally did). Talk about ingroup jokes!

TOM DUPREE: Well, how is your MAPA doing? The last one existed for two mailings (and it wasn't called MAPA until the 2nd and final mailing, having been the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club Amateur Press Association for the first part of its existence). For that matter, I wonder how Alan Mann's MAPA is doing.

If your MAPA survives, I'll bet you have to change the rules and allow more leniency.

HELEN SMITH: Sorry, but that verse in the last-but-one issue wasn't mine. I listed the authoress, who is another UCLA Librarian. But thanks for the compliment, anyway.

DAN ALDERSON: I was afraid you'd dump that 1-page start of a Stanbery article into APA L when I saw you make off with it at the Xmas party. Now I'm wondering whether I should also give you the 8 or 9 cruddy old stencils, also by Stanbery on Coventry facts, which were never run (and would be quite illegible if they were run). You might just be crazy enough to recut the things. I'll think on it a while.

FLIEG: "Good King Sauerkraut's" last line is "All kerchoo achievin'."

HILDA HOFFMAN: You say you're "twitterpated"?! Who's the lucky guy?!?

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ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP LIST OF LASFS - 1 January 1966                      Total: 91.

Ackerman, Forry	Hannifen, Owen	Petti, Luise
Alderson, Dan	Harness, Jack	Pournelle, Jerry
Ammon, Charles	Hartman, John	Puckett, Paul
Bailes, Len	Hoffman, Eric	Reynolds, Neal
Baker, Ed	Hoffman, Hilda	Roberts, Bruce
Bell, Jeff	Hollander, Fred	Rosenzweig, Ed
Blackbeard, Bill	Hulan, Dave & Katya	Rotsler, Bill
Bratman, Alex	Jacobs, Lee	Salin, Phil
Brown, Bob	Johnstone, Ted & Lin	Salo, Steve
Brown, Rich	Kaiser, Dwain	Shakocious, Sandy
Buchman, Ed	Katz, Arnie	Shaw, Greg
Cartier, Steve	Klassen, Mike	Shoemaker, Paul
Castora, Phil	Knight, Betty	Simpson, Don
Cox, Arthur Jean	Konigsberg, June	Slate, Tom
Cox, Ed & Anne	Lamont, Gil	Smith, Helen
Craig, Ray	Lavender, Lois	Sneary, Rick
Daniels, Dik	Lee, Sandy	Squires, Roy
Daugherty, Walt	Lewis, Al	Stevens, Milt
Demmon, Calvin	Lewis, Alan	Stier, Lyn
Digby, Thomas	Liebscher, Walt	Stine, Henry
Ellern, Bill & Jayn	Linsey, Linda	Stroup, Bill
Ellik, Ron	McInerney, Mike	Tackett, Roy
Fitch, Don	May, Barbara	Thompson, Earl & Gail
Fox, Dave	Meskys, Ed	Trimble, John & Bjo
Franson, Donald	Moffatt, Len	Turner, Paul & Ellie
Freeman, Jay	Newkom, J. G.	Van Arnam, Dave
Gilbert, Tom	Niven, Larry	Whitledge, Fred
Glass, Bill	Patten, Fred	Wilder, Bill
Glass, Dick	Pearson, Durk	Zuber, Bernie
Gold, Barry	Pelz, Bruce & Dian	
Goldberg, Victor	Ferdue, Elmer	



# The Way of Life 15

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by Edward J. Dean

The Triskos had spent a fairly quiet afternoon and evening at home after the NonCon broke up. Ray had caught himself up on the various small chores that had accumulated over the last few lazy weeks of August, when he had taken his vacation from both his job and his work about the house. He mowed the lawn, trimmed the hedge, washed the car, and wrote out the monthly checks. Then he headed for the television, a beer in his hand and little on his mind but the video schedule for the night.

Tema spent the time putting her hobby room in order, with the alleged help of Bob Grieger, who spent more time talking to Tema and getting in her way than he did on the job itself. Still, they did get the bookshelves in order and the last couple months' accumulation of magazines, fanzines and books filed away before dinner time rolled around. Tema surveyed their accomplishments, then turned to Bob.

"I suppose you'd like to stay for dinner as usual?"

"Oh," replied the young self-appointed knight-errant, "if it's too much trouble, I can go over to the hamburger joint and come back later. It's only a mile or so away," he added, in his best stiff-upper-lip voice.

Tema let out a sound that was part sigh, part snort. "No, it isn't that much trouble. Come on, Sir Robert the Martyr, let's see what we can find to eat." Shaking her head, she led him into the kitchen where she set about fixing dinner while he sat quietly on a chair, chattering brightly and watching her as she went back and forth.

Dinner was uneventful. Ray was used to Bob's being around, and accepted him as part of the scenery. When Bob exclaimed on Tema's ability as a cook, or complimented her on her writing, there would be a mild seconding of the praise from Ray, but otherwise he ate in silence, and, when dinner was over, went back to the television, leaving Tema and Bob to sit and stare at each other.

"If I ever get married," said Grieger, smiling warmly across the table, "I'd want to take an interest in whatever my wife liked to do -- and of course I'd hope she'd take an interest in my activities. I figure if we couldn't play together as well as work together, we shouldn't be married, and I wouldn't blame her for leaving me."

"That," thought Tema, "is about as subtle as a blackjack. I wonder how far he'll go along that road... ." Aloud, she asked, "That's quite a liberal philosophy of marriage. Found a girl to go with it yet?"

"I think I have," he replied, looking as intent as possible. "But I'm not sure yet. Do you think many girls would disagree with the philosophy?"

"Well, I...,"

"What do you think of it?"

"I think I agree with it," she smiled, "but I'd have to judge each individual case separately from its own situation and details."

Bob's face lit up like a flare. His brain raced like a demented track layer, placing one phrase after the other to move the idea as fast as possible. "What if one's spouse... wasn't at all interested in fandom, would a fan be... justified... in leaving? If the spouse was only interested in mundane things?"

Tema didn't laugh; she could tell the tension Grieger had built up in himself getting around to these lines. But the game had gone far enough. "Bob," she said softly, "I'm not interested in leaving Ray to run away with you." The flare went out, Grieger thanked her politely for dinner and quietly left, as Tema sat thinking of what she had not said.