

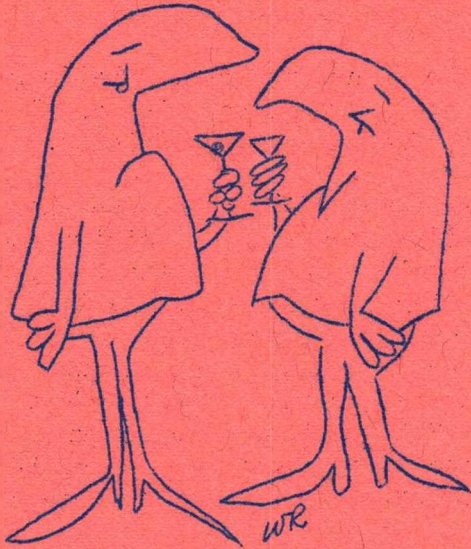
THE RAMBLING FAP 470

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WELL, DIDN'T HE *ramble...*

'Twas two nights before Christmas...and here I sit at my friendly neighborhood typewriter banging out my last few pages for FAPA this year. This decade? Does the decade end with 1969? The century doesn't end with 1999--the last year of the 20th century is 2000. It stands to reason that the last year of the decades should be 10, 20, 30 and so on, making 1970 not the beginning of a new decade but the last year of the old. Following that brilliant piece of logic, howcum everybody is making their last 1969 issue/show/whatever a summary of the highlights of the decade? (Maybe not much is predicted for next year?)

I guess I can't upset the trend all by myself, so I'll console myself by hoping that the '70s will be the decade that the Post Office Department finally becomes reformed. Or destroyed. I prefer the former, but the latter may be better than no action at all. December was not a good month for me as far as the PO was concerned...well, include November, while I'm thinking about it. First, I didn't make the November FAPA mailing...damn and blast! It was sort of a double fault, so to speak. For other reasons I missed the May mailing in 1969 and wound up with two issues of TRF in August. That grotched me a little. But then, when I mailed in what, according to the local minions of the Postmaster General (why isn't he called the Postmaster Colonel?) was sufficient time to reach Maryland by November by parcel post (I know, I know--I was a stupid dumb-dumb to believe such a silly story) and found out from the OE I was two days too late...well, that grotched me a lot! So now I wind up with two issues in the February mailing, as well. I'm trying to be philosophical about it all, but...

I guess there's only one solution. One of my New Year's resolutions this time will have to be to make my FAPA deadlines--my personal deadlines--the 15th of the preceding month...January, April, July and October. (Don't they sound like odd-ball months?) All I can say is that I hope this resolution holds up better than the rest of the mangy pack I usually pick up.

New Year's resolutions...God, what a farce eternally perpetuated upon mankind they are! The last part of 1967 found me complaining about my weight of 213 and vowing eternal vows to say avoirdupois. I did, I think, but somehow this year still finds me running right around 223 (up 10 lbs) and vowing the same type of vow. I am dramatic if nothing else. (Also unbearably optimistic. And unbelievably stupid.)

the rambling fap iii

Resolution #2 is an old favorite--I'm not going to drink any more. That's right! The follow-up to that one, of course, is that I don't expect to drink any less, either. That's always good for a couple of boffs from my drunken friends.

"Get some exercise" is the standard #3 and for a change I'm glad to see that one this year. I'm finally getting some exercise. I've been a little distressed by my back operation this year, as I've undoubtedly said before, and the big question in my mind has been "what can I do now that the disc is gone?" Notice that I did not ask what I could do well. When you have never been athletically adroit it is difficult to imagine how any kind of operation can make you do better (would the amputation of a foot make a one-legged player any better than he was before with two left feet?) and I had no such expectations. Still, since I really only discovered participation sports around 1960 it seemed to me a bit of a shame if I would have to give them up less than ten years later. And I admit to some concern.

I am delighted to report that, however uncoordinated I may have been before, the present time finds me athletically as well as ever! No kiddings, kiddings, and I am delighted. My back is still sore, somewhat, and particularly when I overdo things, but it comes and goes and every month seems to be a little bit better. The dastardly thing about the whole injury was not that I was in pain as a result --remarkably, I wasn't--but that the resulting ruptured disc was pressing on some nerves in my spinal column leading to my left leg. The particular nerves led me to believe my hip was hurting (my own initial armchair selfdiagnosis was a pinched nerve in my hip, whatever I meant by that), the skin on the outside of my left leg and on the big toe of my left foot was numb, and--when shagging fly balls a few weeks after the accident and the weekend before my operation--I discovered that my left leg/foot would not support my weight during a pivot or turn. I was told the condition was temporary but would become permanent without an operation, so...

So. My hip still hurts at times. My left leg still feels a bit numb on the surface skin, and sometimes my toe does also. But the key word is sometimes, meaning not all of the time. And the strength in that leg/foot is fine...I haven't had a bit of trouble with that, and believe me I've been testing it recently.

You see, I've recently resumed one of my all-time favorite sports...handball. I was so delighted to find a group at my office who regularly played at the YMCA--like three times a week--that I rushed right down and plunked out \$50 for an annual membership without really bothering to find out whether not I was recovered enough to play. Fortunately, I was, and it gives me great pleasure to report that I am every bit as bad as ever, possibly worse, but none of it is due to any weakness in my left foot. Just the same old poor coordination and excess weight I always had and undoubtedly always will have. But that takes care of the exercise resolution. Since December 1st I have played no fewer than three times a week, an hour at a time, often four or five times, and once the holidays are out of the way I plan to make three times a minimum venture into exercisehood. Handball is a great game and I can unreservedly recommend it to anyone reading these pages... that's a testimony I don't believe I can make about anything else I know.

It doesn't really help me lose much weight, I'm sad to say, but it sure does do a good job of improvement on the pounds I have. Three weeks ago I could barely last an hour on the court, ready to turn into instant jelly after the first half-hour, but tonight I played an hour and a half and could have easily gone another hour more if my feet had been up to it. I have to do something about my feet. Last night I played an hour and a half--I knew it was too much but couldn't resist--and started some incipient blisters. Tonight's efforts really fixed me up with a good case of non-galloping jaundice...

the rambling fap iv

The fifth--there's a timely word!--is a corollary of all the other resolutions to date. Eat sensibly. I protested initially that the terms were ill-defined, but to no avail. The best line I got out of this one, two years ago, was that there would always be an ~~England~~ Israel, and that's about where things stand today.

That's the trouble with resolutions. I never get to make any new ones...

+ + + +

Damn but I love some of my own writing! I hasten to admit that I am disgusted and appalled by most of it and, given the choice, I never re-read anything I have written in the past. My traditional excuse is that I was much younger then and I have matured remarkably since whatever trash it was I wrote last. Still, every now and then I find myself, like tonight, going back into past publications to comment on something I once wrote and...behold, like pearls cast before swine are the jewels of thought frozen like flies cast in amber.

Oog!

Now you know why I seldom go back. But, anyhow, I have to admit that I got a chuckle out of my line two years ago that I liked the word "esoteric" much better when I thought it was related to "exotic" and then only because I was confused as to the meaning of the latter word. That broke me up, I tell you. Why is it the rest of you guys never say anything boffo like that?

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Men landed on the moon this year. I mention that because this is, after all, the elephant's graveyard where old fans go to moulder if not to die, and some of you might have missed it. Lots of us did, although several years earlier.

In the 78th FAPA mailing the 1st FAPA PEOPLE POLL asked, among many other ridiculous questions, whether the membership believed in space travel and its potentialities (I spelled "its" as "it's" and God only knows what I meant by the question as a whole) and what year we believed man would first set foot on the moon. That was in 1957 when I asked.

Well, sir, 37 people answered 'yes' to the first question, evidently understanding what I meant as well as I did without thinking about it (there were 41 total replies) with three question marks and one person answering "no" but eventually guessing man would reach the moon in 2050. I won't bore you with the complete listing of the man-on-the-moon results, but 6 people picked 1968 or earlier, 22 picked years between 1970 and 2000, and 9 people were so general in their answers ("this century") that they were not counted. NObody picked the year 1969...not NOBODY!

Fans are slans.

Undaunted, I did it again in May 1968, asking plaintively "Now what year do you believe man will first set foot upon the moon?" This time I got only 12 answers, which just goes to show you can fool 12 of the people all of the time but the other 25 got smart in the meantime. The rest of us bumb-bunnies proved it by picking dates of 1970 or later nine out of twelve, with five 1972 votes being most popular, and only three mighty ~~1969~~ smart cookies picked the year 1969 this time. (Your editor's vote is not recorded individually, but it should be obvious...)

Which just goes to show what a lifetime of reading science fiction will do for you!

the rambling fap v

'WAY BACK WHEN... One of the few advantages connected with being a longliner in FAPA is unflapability when faced with superfluous deadlines for personal projects. That is to say, after you have been around five or ten years you find yourself saying, when a project is due, what the hell difference does another year make? Or another two years? Or, at my present rate, another ten years?

That's how I come to find myself considering the FAPA WHO ZOO a current project, even though the first incomplete issue was published in 1962 and a large number of the people included are no longer members of the organization. Still, that first go-through taught me a lot about what I wanted to include and what I wanted to discard, and next time I will do it much better. Any year now.

Another long-term project, I guess, is my summarization of the egoboo poll results into one publication. I began this one even further back, in February, 1960, with the publication of the poll results from 1949 to 1958 inclusive. I'm not fully sure, at this writing, what I had in mind a decade ago, but knowing myself as I do I am fairly positive that it was my intention to bring things up to date every so often and provide a continuous collection of poll results easily abstracted by the long-time FAPA member and serving as a sense of history for the newcomer. Accordingly, somewhere in this mailing should be an issue devoted to the egoboo poll results from 1959 to 1968, inclusive. I suppose from this one might conclude I intend to do this every ten years or so...and it might not be a totally unwarranted conclusion. (Just feeble-minded.) My old methods used to be to publish things of this nature ("Poetry Leaflet", "Chips Off the Old Bloch", the Heinlein bibliography) under a separate issue number, chiefly because I felt like data of this sort might be more keepable than the general run-of-the-mill FAPazine, but this year I'm not so sure. The premise might still be valid, but on the other hand I would very much like to make THE RAMBLING FAP more of a general fanzine than it has been for many years (mailing comments and rambles and not much more) and this could be a beginning. Any way it happens, the 1959-68 egoboo poll results, compiled, should be in a TRF this mailing.

It's in the back of my mind to bring up to date, complete and publish the Heinlein bibliography in a "final" form one of these days, too, I suppose. While I am on the subject, come to think of it, I'd like to publish in one issue a complete set of the egoboo poll results for all years through, say, 1970, if I had the data. Unfortunately, I do not have FA's for the years before 1950 and I do not even know for sure how long the egoboo poll persisted before that date. Would anyone be interested in contributing some data? If I could borrow old copies of the FA I could have them copied at work. Anyone?

I'm also thinking of a "permanent columnists" for THE RAMBLING FAP in an effort to make the magazine more readable. When Bob Tucker dropped out last mailing I did not understand his motives and quickly wrote offering either a signature for his petition or pages for his use if the latter was his problem. Alas, he has other troubles forcing him out of FAPA, which was a disaster greater than I had anticipated. I don't know how you feel, but Bob Tucker is one of my elder gods of fandom and it just isn't going to feel right without him in FAPA. Aside from that, he was always one of my favorite contributors to OOPSLA! and I would have been dearly pleased if he had felt like putting his 8 annual FAPA pages into THE RAMBLING FAP. But it didn't work out that way.

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If you insist on a strict interpretation of the length of the day, it is now the day before Christmas, 1969, and high time I wished each and all of you a very merry Christmas and all the best for the coming years. Salud!



FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR
Tackett

I have never been to Albuquerque...yet. One of these days. I suppose I'll be disenchanted (is that possible in the Land Of?) when I get there, but I love the high, dry country and the name has always fascinated me. Other than that, every time I see your address, Roy, I think to myself--if Tackett can live in Albuquerque, why can't you live in Durango? So far I have no satisfactory answer. :::: If you could get \$10 each from 2000 fans you would qualify as the greatest miracle worker in fannish history. All other problems ISL might have would be as nothing by comparison. :::: Discrimination because of race is a fairly recent development in man's history, you say? You have to be pulling my leg. Or what do you mean by recent? Perhaps we should get out the history books and look into this...might be both of us could learn something. :::: I resent being called an old ex-Marine. In the first place, once a Marine, always a Marine. (You should never ask a man if he was in the service, you know. If he was a Marine, he'll tell you--if not, why embarrass him by asking?) In the second place, I'M NOT OLD! I'm not! I'm not! I'm not, I say! :::: Cons--I may even attend one this year, for a change. The SFCOON 70 at the Hilton in San Francisco is an outside chance, but the WESTERCON 23 at Santa Barbara over the 4th of July is practically a lead-pipe cinch. SB is just over the hill, and we should visit some friends there, anyhow.

A PROPOS DE RIEN
(Caughran)

Yeah, I'll admit that exercise is a habit...and while I have my share of habits, exercise doesn't seem to be one I have been able to acquire. At least, not routine exercise. I love sports, but sadly I have come to be a participant only in my latter years, and as a result I haven't the years of practice or at least familiarity that most kids acquire and thus I am not very good at anything athletic. Not that it makes a great deal of difference to my own enjoyment, but it's pretty hard for me to get onto a team when I make such a weak link. I wish now that I had been more competitive as a kid. When I had my company softball league in La Habra I did pretty well--partly because I was prime mover and team captain, but partly because I had played for enough years there that I was getting passably good. The sport I enjoy most, though, has to be handball. I played tonight for the first time since 1962 and had a ball, even though I was terribly out of shape and my timing was atrocious. This group of guys plays three times a week at the Y, and I sure would like to join them on a regular basis. This is a habit I could enjoy!

the rambling fap

COGNATE (Hickey) So, now I know a little bit about you, except that, woman like, you left out one of the most important things for my mental picture-- like, how old are you? You seem to have had a professional career for a while but now you are the mother of a four-year old. What does that come to--thirty? :::: I can't imagine living in an apartment for any length of time. I don't believe my parents ever owned a house until was in the Marine Corps, and they had been married over twenty years by that time. Still, we always lived in a house, either a rental or government quarters. But then, I don't think we ever lived in a place that even had an apartment building until we moved to Salt Lake City in 1951. Even when I was single--not long, I admit--I lived in only one apartment building, and that for only a few months. I've always rented houses or detached apartments (one in Whittier was the upper story of a three-car garage). And now I'm even more spoiled. We bought our first house in La Habra almost four years ago. When we moved to Bakersfield this time, we discussed renting a house for a while. It wasn't a bad idea, but the more I thought about having a landlord again, the worse it sounded. So, we couldn't hack it. Owning a house has its problems, to be sure, but at least the place is yours and you can do what you like with it, within reason, and all the decisions are your own. There's only one bad thing about California homes, though--like Texas, we have slabs or foundations with no basements. I am a firm believer in a basement as a way of life. :::: Some of the reloading equipment was so heavy the movers refused to take it so you put it in your station wagon? Since I can't believe that the way it is written, how about a translation?

DIFFERENT (Moskowitz) Hey, this issue was very good...quite interesting. The first two pages were especially welcome. More next time?

RUBBER FROG (Eklund) Ah, yes...we are all old fans, and tired. FAPA--the elephant's graveyard of fandom. Both true, in their way. You may be right about relative senility, but I have found through the years that my interest in FAPA comes and goes. And, some of FAPA's most active members are also the oldest, both in years and from point of membership, and I won't even cite the outstanding example. :::: I don't agree with your suggestion that FAPA might be better off without you. I'd get a kick out of knowing who the old-time FAPA member was, though...I'll bet I can guess.

TERMINUS TELEGRAPH (Scithers) This I found quite interesting--you can count me as one of those interested in the mechanics of publishing a large subscription-list fanzine. When OOPSLA! got up to a total of 200, I began to have trouble sustaining my interest. The chore of mimeographing, assembling, stapling, addressing and stamping became just that--a big chore. Eventually that had as much to doing me in as anything else, and it is also a big reason my tentative plans of reviving OOPS are only tentative. I agree with the majority of your comments that the genzine editor does not have to have any outstanding gift of persuasion or editing competence to succeed...at least I didn't feel it was true in my own case. I did try to present a neatly packaged product, highly legible and attractive to the eye. I tried to give it a sense of warmth, but I don't know how well I succeeded. Other than that, OOPS belonged entirely to the contributors. And by publishing regularly (well, at least part of the time) and publishing well, the contributors came to me and not the other way around. Well, I guess that's not exactly true, either. I know I asked Willis for "The Harp That Once Or Twice" when QUANDRY folded, and I guess I pestered Bloch a bit. And Tucker. And Grennell. And...hmmm. But, you're right--there should be an easier way to get around the mechanics of publishing. The only hang-up there is that OOPS wouldn't feel right to me without blue mimeo ink on colored fibretone paper. So what do I do? Limit circulation to 200, most likely, if I ever do come back. :::: I chortled aloud at that line about "Arfarf and the Gray Gooser."

the rambling fap

CELEPHAIS (Evans) Yeah, that bit about putting your wife to work does involve certain drawbacks. I know what you mean about it taking the first month's salary just to pay for the initial wardrobe. Then there's the additional upkeep... I'm trying to hold out another four years. Our littlest, the girl, is 2 years old this month and I'd just as soon have Rea home until all the children are in school during the day. But by that time the cost of living may have forced Rea out into the work ranks. Possibly sooner, though. If, as is remotely possible, I should take a teaching job in Colorado or somewhere with a resulting cut in salary, Rea may have to go to work anyhow. One thing I know--if I do teach, I want to be able to take my summers off and not work. Oh, I may try to write a book or something at home, but I don't want to be tied to a summer job. The 2½ months I spent at home this summer recovering from my back operation were very enjoyable. I liked being at home, my wife enjoyed it, and the kids really got a lot of benefit out of having their Dad around a lot more often. We may be poorer in money that way--not working summers--but I think we'll be ahead in the long run. :::: What is a "Gordon Conference"? You are killing me by talking about that food. I am really on my diet this month and, naturally, I am starving to death all the time. It helps not to be reminded of food. :::: How can a man spend all of his youth in Oregon and then move to Washington DC the rest of his days? Ugh! But I guess it happens in much the same way a young man goes to high school and college in Utah and winds up in California... Too bad.

KIM CHI (Ellington) A rabbit? You, too? I made the mistake of buying a small, white bunny for Easter this year. Then when we moved to Bakersfield I tried to give him away only to find the most vulnerable child in the bedroom crying to himself about his pet, so that scotched that. We brought him with us, and so far he has had the free run of the back yard. That is about to stop, however, as he has literally covered the rear lawn with small round pellets which don't seem to dissolve no matter how much you water. He has also eaten a couple of shrubs plumb to death. He also gets out of the yard at every opportunity or, worse yet, comes in the house any time he gets the chance. Since Rea draws the line at small round pellets on the carpet, that's a no-no. So now I am building a rather large cage for Herbie and he will soon be free no more. I don't know quite how Herbie got his name--from one of the kids, somehow--so I can't help you out there. :::: "Midnight Cowboy" was a great movie, I thought. I'd have to say it was the best I've seen this year, although admittedly that is not saying a great deal. :::: I wonder if I might be getting a new mimeo for Christmas? ABDick has a new model that looks damned nice, and my wife knows I would like to have it. It still has a closed drum, but according to the salesman you fill it with ink once a year and let her rip. The print comes out absolutely dry--well, almost--and he promises never any offset. Great. I sure want one before I go back to reviving OOPSLA!, I'll tell you that much. My present BDC is a nice machine in many ways, but the ink supply is not one of them. I am continually plagued with excessive offset combined with, perversely enough, light print copy. You have to watch the ink supply like a hawk, and it becomes very tedious business when very many pages are involved. The paper feed could also be improved greatly. Hell, the way I'm talking, if she doesn't get it for me for Christmas I may have to go out and buy it myself later on. :::: I disremember my exact remarks to Main at the moment, but I don't believe I was calling him or considering him a parasite in regards to earning his keep in our society. I think I was referring to his--or someone else under discussion--desire to drop out of "our" sick society and I was saying okay, baby, but then drop all the way out. No fair disclaiming responsibility for the world around you and the society you find yourself part of--willy nilly, the same way all of us did--and yet still continuing to enjoy most of the benefits. I know, I know--it can't be done, but that was one of the points I was trying to get across. None of us picked where we were born (or so I have been led to believe) or the society around us, but dropping out isn't what I consider much of an accomplishment.

the rambling fap

BOBOLINGS (Pavlat) Gee, I'd like to have a "permanent" house where I could put up yards and yards of shelving and fix a full-time place for my mimeo and effects. That would be nice. I have books and mags in boxes I haven't unpacked for several moves now. And my mimeo sits in the cold garage (yes, the winter months are downright cold in Bakersfield by comparison) waiting to be brought in once a quarter for a furious night of cranking. But, in the first place I can't afford a large enough house to do this in California, land of no basements, and in the second place I am so liable to transfer that I just never seem to feel it's worth it. Two guys out of this office were transferred to Anchorage just last month, and the way our exploration dollar is going lately I wouldn't be surprised to find most of the rest of us there before long. Having just moved here from southern division I might seem like a safe bet to be here a while, but I just don't dare count on it. I still feel like a transient, passing through the community overnight. :::: I recently discovered that the FAPA correspondence that I believed passed on when I quit office is still in my folder where I put it and forgot it. Now what do I do? The thought occurs to me that I could print it as a special issue of TRF someday and then all of FAPA would have a copy to save for a theoretically interested posterity. Can I get into trouble legally printing letters from other people without permission? I forget how that one works... :::: In your comment to Silverberg you ask: "what's a heffalump?" The obvious answer is that it's better than none. :::: Thanks for the listing of the initial membership mailings from 42-73. This is a keeper!

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK (brown) Attempting to be a realist, I'll have to go along with you where legalizing marijuana is concerned, I guess. I mean by that that the "no more dangerous than alcohol" label is apparently widely accepted and possibly true, and if so, continued suppression of the drug merely makes it a profitable account for the sellers (who, in the case of the harder drugs, at least, are generally non-users for some strange reason). If people are damned well and good going to have it, I say go ahead and make it legal. Of course, I feel the same way about prostitution, but you don't hear much lobbying for that these days. About LSD, I dunno. Temporarily, I guess, I'd lump that in with the harder drugs...and agree again with you that the drugs should be made available to addicts at cost, at hospitals and without prejudice. Man, can you imagine what that would do to the crime rate in large cities? Or the crimp it would put in the mafia's balance sheet? We talk tough ('we' being the administration) these days about the war on organized crime, but we're going about it all wrong in one sense by simply beating them about the head and shoulders with a plethora of lawbooks. That's not really "the American way"--which is to plainly and simply out-hustle and out-market any and all competitors. How to put the junk peddler out of business? Sell better and cheaper merchandise than he does under the same non-judgement conditions. Hard to get votes for that, though, for much the same reasons Oklahoma had trouble in trying to switch from dry to wet some years ago...all of the bootleggers kept voting against the bill, and they voted early and voted often. Besides making large campaign contributions. :::: I enjoyed one misspelling, though..."If you're a heroine addict and stop taking heroine..." Never! :::: When you put down Spiro Agnew with "Great words, from a one-time Certified Public Accountant, to (among others) men who had won Nobel prizes" aren't you guilty of the same sort of gross and unjust generalizations for which you criticize Spiro? Or would you have us believe that all Nobel prize winners are capable of great words, all one-time CPA's are not, hippies are Communists, long-haired kids all smoke pot and are no damned good, and a multitude of other things like that? That's one of the troubles involved with putting down people who are wrong...you have to be careful that your methods aren't just the same as their methods and that the distinction between right and wrong isn't merely one of what you like versus what the other person likes. :::: I wish you would give up minac for optimac...

the rambling fap

THE TATTOOED DRAGON STRIKES AGAIN
(Rotsler)

Welcomed. I particularly appreciated "The Stud" and "Frustration" and "Hm--too bad, really."

KTEIC MAGAZINE
(Himself, again)

Man, this is too much. The time-stream must be moving backwards. :::: :::: Still the same old Rotsler, though, nekkid ladies and all. I sure would like to see some of your films someday...wonder if I'll ever get the chance? Some of the current crop, I mean--naturally I have complete faith that I'll see many of your general release films eventually. :::: Shannon Carse. God. :::: You lead an absolutely fabulous life, Willie. "It's the nicest life style I've ever had." I should think so. A legend in your own time.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS
(Pavlat)

The calendar sounds great! I am a tremendous fan of Barr, Bjo and Eddie Jones. Barbi I don't know. I am out of touch with general fandom. :::: "Where Eagles Dare" has to be one of the most enjoyable books I've read recently--and I dig most of MacLean's stuff in general, but this was something extra. Now that's the kind of guy I like to see for a 'hero'--ordinary-guy-type protagonists sort of leave me cold, being an ordinary-guy-type myself. I liked "To Walk the Night," too, as I remember, but I read it a very long time ago. I have a lot of good stuff on my shelves that is about ripe for re-reading. I wonder if my complete collection of FFM/FN will bear up well?

THE VINEGAR WORM
(Leman)

If mentioning the Worm is all it takes to get a paragraph like that out of you, Bob, why then all I can say is here comes another mention. I read that first paragraph three times, though, all the time thinking "wha...wha...what?" I know TRF #45 was all you said it was, but I really didn't expect general recognition and acclaim. :::: As you already know if you have been doing your home-work, I am indeed fully recovered from my back surgery--so far I have played golf, basketball, bowled regularly and started handball again, all with some soreness but without noteworthy discomfort due to the surgery, and I call that fully recovered--and, yes again, my MS is safely in the bank. Well, I get the diploma in June, 1970, but that is merely the formality. I had tentatively planned to go back to Salt Lake and go through the ceremony for the enlightenment and amusement of my wife and family, but unfortunately the kids will not be out of school here in time to see me get out of school there, so now things are up in the air re graduation. I don't really want to go through it simply for myself...I found my BS graduation a massive bore and I don't imagine things have improved since then. But, who knows? I have certainly done things considerably more idiotic in my time with an unprecedented amount of unpredictability. Yeah. I am a geophysicist by trade, which is a close relation to but not exactly a geologist. Sometimes this is good, but not always. But, then, on the other hand I am also (or expect to be soon) a registered California geologist, so I guess I am a fence-straddler. I was once told that the worst part about being a fence-straddler was the extreme likelihood of getting a picket jammed straight up a most sensitive area, and I must admit the possibility is all too possible indeed. :::: Very much appreciated the line about football replacing baseball as The National Pastime because the ball is larger. :::: "Isn't there any speedy way of mailing a package, short of sending it first class?" If you get an answer, pass it on, but I fear there isn't one. And from what I've been reading about the PO recently, even first class isn't all that first class anymore.

HORIB
(Lupoffs)

Nice cover, that, perfectly depicting the relationship between man and cat. :::: I like your blue ink, but some of your paper this time is terrible. Or was it an ink change on the last few pages?

the rambling fap

:::: As I commented to someone earlier, Dick, you may well feel differently about FAPA yet again in future years. I know my own interest comes and goes like some mysterious tidal current in the innards of my brain. I wouldn't mind if the dampness wouldn't cause things to rot so. :::: It was strange to read this and see you talking about ancient history like Apollo 8 and 9, when as I write this numbers 11 and 12 have really made reality out of all those crazy stories we used to read as kids. I wonder whatever happened to those funny pulp magazines...
:::: Like you, I dig Dick Ellington. I don't remember ever meeting him, either--will you be at the Westercon next July, Dick?

DIASPAR What's this? Another fanzine printed on only one side of the page?
(Carr) In my youth that was such a crime that I still feel guilty when I do my TRF covers on only one side, even though my reason of eliminating offset from what I like to think of as a tasteful use of blank space is justified.
:::: I enjoyed Bill Collins, even though I was disappointed in not having a lot more Terry Carr.

HORIZONS If elected, I plan to fulfill the obligations of the office to the best of my ability. How's that, Harry? I mean, when running for a FAPA office what else is there to say about your plans for doing the job? :::: Your comments to me this time, Harry, sound as if you think the Golden Rule advocates doing unto others the way they do unto you. But that's not the way it goes, is it? If you do unto others the way you would have them do unto you, then where does this leave the strong, unscrupulous people you talk about? The Golden Rule says nothing about punching back harder than the guy punched you in the first place. In fact, you wouldn't punch back at all. I'm not sure that it would be possible to be unscrupulous, anyhow, if our hypothetical assumption that the Golden Rule was the Prime Directive were true. :::: What would the police have arrested me for after I impersonated the siren that night? Being drunk and disorderly, that's what. And with some degree of right on their side, too. :::: I have to shamefacedly admit that I do not have a copy of your book yet, Harry--but I am going to get one eventually, truly I am! Tell me truthfully, Harry--do you think you really will ever write the companion volume about fandom in the Fifties? Or did the first one do you in? :::: The Hagerstown Journal section is still the best part of HORIZONS, and I still find myself wishing you would break up those ungodly solid blocks of print so I could read with less discomfort. :::: No, as I have told many other people about the moon flight (they asked me knowing I read science fiction), the biggest single difference between sf and the actuality was the television coverage. I don't believe I ever read an sf story about the first trip to the moon that even considered live tv coverage. You talk about something unbelievable...

SERCON'S BANE Don't get out, Buz...I'd rather see more of you, sure, but I'd rather have minac from you than see you disappear entirely, your place taken by some mysterious stranger. Who else could I find for discussions concerning weight problems? And exercise, or lack of? I got up to 230 stupidly enough once again this summer and now I am strenuously taking it off still another once again. Stupid. If only I had some will power. Any amount, however slight. :::: Will you be at the Westercon next summer? If so, you can bring me those pulps then. I will try to remember to write you a letter on this tomorrow, so if I do that, by the time you read this it will all be decided. My interest in completing some of my sf magazine collections is also once again on the increase. One of these days I might even start reading the stuff again, and who knows what might happen after that. It's really great having that unfinished thesis off of my back. All of a sudden I feel like I have all sorts of time to tackle projects that I always felt guilty about spending the time on before. Like FAPA and fandom. I still don't get much accomplished with the additional time, but at least I'm not always feeling guilty about it...

the rambling fap xii

NOT ON A DITTO,
EITHER...

I did part of this
issue on a new AB
Dick model 411

mimeograph, however. Since moving to Bakersfield I have discovered that blue ink for my BDC machine is unavailable locally, but in the process of searching for dealers I stumbled across the local ABDick dealership. I bought some stencils and confessed that my old AB Dick model 77B85 of years and years ago was one of the best machines I've ever used. One thing led to another, and soon he was showing me some of his new line. The model 411 at \$250 was the only thing really in my price range, so I decided to take it home for a trial. It's a closed drum mimeo and uses a semi-paste ink that supposedly has some drying agents in it to assure extremely little offset. Moreover, you never have to fuss with the inking... fill it once a year and forget it.

Since inking and offset are my two biggest problems with my BDC, needless to say I was very interested. Alas, only half of the story was true. It's true that you fill the drum and forget it--it does a beautiful job of inking all the way across the stencil, with never any light spots--but the zero offset is another thing entirely. As a matter of fact, I couldn't see any improvement in the offset and since the feed mechanism on the machine wasn't so red-hot, the model 411 isn't worth the extra money to me.

You can make your own comparisons, if you like. The cover, the first page of the text ("well, didn't he ramble") and page iv were done on the 411. Pages iii and v were done on the old, as well as the balance of the issue.

Dick Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is done on--I believe--a Gestetner. He does a beautiful job of mimeography, and if there's ever any offset it isn't in my copy. Is this a characteristic of the type of ink Gestetner uses? Does it have good page registration? The ABDick 411 was terrible in this respect, something I forgot to mention back there. What kind of a chore is inking the Gestetner during a run? Before I consider going back to publishing a general subscription fanzine again--if I ever do--I first want a mimeograph that inks easily and, preferably, automatically, produces no offset without slipsheeting, and has excellent page registration. Or is that asking too much?

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Travel time. The heart of Standard Oil's geophysical processing is situated in Houston, Texas. The recording and processing of seismic records is quite a sophisticated and complicated business these days. Everything is recorded digitally on magnetic tape in the field, and the unscrambling of these signals plus the removal of unwanted noise from the records involves computer processing that you wouldn't believe. Almost all of this has developed since 1964-65, so that leaves a majority of geophysicists, even the "younger" ones like myself (I've been out of school only seven years), slightly out of it. To combat this, SOCO runs geophysical schools in Houston periodically, and that's why I'll be spending the first two weeks of February in Texas. Tell you about it when I get back...

AND YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER
DONE IT ON AN ELECTRIC
MIMEO?

