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This is RETRO's Small Eighth Annish, sparked by Wrai's bringing over a few stencils which we just now (this evening of July 5th) ran off with fair success. So now Wrai is hitting the mailing, and Tosk is hitting the mailing; can I do less? Probably, but let's go ahead anyway.

Congratulations to John Berry, President of SAPS, and to Bruce for his most recent reelection to however many terms this makes for him as OE. Well done, ya both.

The other day I was struck, as is apt to happen to anyone who walks around these days with an unshielded brain, by a Big Idea. To wit: our OE last mailing called for a vote of the membership on the question of ousting Breen; this was to be an advisory vote [in SAPS it's hard to find any other kind, except for OElections & the Poll], following which the OE would make his own decision Like An OE Should.

There are rumbles that if the OE decides so as to disgruntle certain elements, a recent unsuccessful candidate for the post (hi, rich!) is chomping at the bit to have a stab at Insurgng. Which is all well and good but why should it be only a one-way proposition? Obviously a number of people are going to be bugged no matter how this turns out; how else? So my Big Idea is this: why don't we all Insurge?

In different directions, of course. I suggest in all seriousness [but with no great urgency] that the best solution might be for SAPS on the basis of this vote to divide into two separate and mutually-exclusive groups. The nonvoters and the WL could choose their slots, and the treasury could be divided pro-rata according to the current membership roster. To the group that stays with our OE I suggest dropping the membership limit to 20 for the immediate future; BAPS (the Breen Appreciation Society) would of course make or remake its own rules independently.

Now if you are all done laughing and rolling on the floor, think it over once. I don't say this is the sole solution or an absolutely necessary one; I do say that there could be worse solutions and that this one bears considering. Comments?

Yeh, I knew I shouldn't have added that one last query... Oh, well.

Be that as it may, it is customary in these pages to have Mailing Comments:

OUTSIDERS 55 (Ballard): So by golly you made it. Still seems like some sort of a hoax; I'm very skeptical these days, y'know. Anyway, I think you just got out of North Dakota so that in the case of a high wind the tallest manmade object in the world could not fall over on you and bust your -- uh, mimeo. At any rate, finally after all this unconscionable length of time here you are in Seattle, attached to the University of Washington in a technical capacity, & bugging me to hit the Mail'g.

I think I've solved the problem of what happened to the home life of John Carter and Dejah Thoris. Upon his return to Mars, Carter developed a passionate taste for omelettes and kept raiding the incubator. Dejah was naturally outraged by this, so the real reason that Carter was out getting into swordfights all the time was that she wouldn't put up with him hanging around the palace very much. Of course he always put up this Big Front about their great love and as to how devoted he was to her, but the discerning reader sees Carter with egg on his face.

YEZIDEE 7 (Dian Pelz): You "see little reason to pay... to slob around at an informal dinner"? But Lordy, gal, that's my point: I can't see paying good money to be purposefully uncomfortable. OK, you "enjoy wearing a ball or evening dress"; fine; they're not exactly my style but look comfortable enough. Tell ya what, tho-- attend some party in the male version, coat&tie with a shirt that cinches down on your neck when buttoned-- yeh, it'd have to be a gagtype costume affair; I realize y'wouldn't really want to go In Drag-- and then tell me how you'd like to pay \$5-6 to sit around for two or three hours sweltering and choking. I just plain declared

a state of secession from that jazz (except for weddings & funerals) some years ago. Let our Fashion Arbiters come up with something comfortable instead of the inanity of the Moose&Blanket and I will happily Conform with the best of 'em. And I have no desire to dress Sloppily in any event; I simply feel that for a supposedly Fun-Type occasion, and especially one that I am paying for, it is pretty stupid to dress so as to be overheated and to have one's neck uncomfortably constricted. So in future I will attend banquets or stay away from them on this basis, after the Chicon Bit...

Nope, I hold no brief for muumuus or dungarees, only for ordinary neat clean sport shirts&slacks-- which, incidentally, are becoming acceptable at more and more of the better Fancy Expensive Eateries, as time goes by. [Are fans Old-Fashioned??]

We'd love to have another Con in Seattle. All we need is a new generation of fans to produce it. Even aside from that problem, though, we are running out of hotels. The HH was just barely adequate to the size of the Seacon, and Cons are increasing in size as more fans have Attendance Money. One of the 2 possible downtown hotels was converted to a retirement home last winter; the other's Too Stuffly. Of course there is the Big Hotel but it would be too much like Chicago. Sad...

The trip bit ("Safari So Good") swings well, and the cartoons really make it.

SPY RAY (Eney): Yeh, the trouble with the recent OElection that nobody quite seemed to have the touch. Remember Howard's Treasury Report in Mailing 37 or thereabouts: "I know we had lots of money but I haven't counted the empties yet"? Jeez, if Bruce tried anything like that these days, the next mailing would cite Roberts' Rules of Order, the Small Claims Court rulings from 1926 to 1939, and the N3F Constitution.

RETRO 32 (lovable but fallible ME): Well, I goofed that one-- stayed completely off the Mess while waiting to see what the OE was or was not gonna do. Now of course it is entirely too late to Cite Facts to any good effect. It goes like that sometimes.

A Plea: will the next guy whose behavior is a bit too much to stomach either have the common decency to keep his Nasty Little Habits strictly to himself or else have the kindness to Tell EVERYbody, to avoid a rerun of the current confusion?

No, he won't, most likely. But it never hurts to ask, does it?

LOKI 8 (Hulan): DYDCOMZ, but you and EKLUND and METCALF are Good Men anyway.

SPELEOBEM 23 (Bruce O E Pelz): What was yellow, prejudiced, and tried to conquer the world? Give up? Adolf Grapefruit. Ain't ^{you} sorry you asked? I thought you'd be.

I'm afraid the way you set up the ouster-vote was stacked in favor of the Oppo. I know several members whose vote was called on account of Chicken, as it were. But nobody can guess right all the time, even the OE/Ghod, so wot the hell and all...

"..can I get us into one ((war)) in my fourth term?" I wouldn't be surprised...

What's purple and picks unripe fruit? [Walter Grape]

Or what's round and red and flies faster than a speeding bullet? Supertomato.

Elinor just said "I thought it would be Supercherry" and I fear for her morals.

"The DisTAWF Side" continues to enchant, and now we are getting down to the Moment of Truth, because of course it is always fascinating to see if a visit that was so great for us was also gung-ho as viewed from the guestside. Yep, it is the Teapot Doom episode (among other things) that I'm waiting for Madeleine to recreate.

What's round and purple and artificially sweetened?

-- Lyndon B Grape

End of MCs. A few persons have in invincible ignorance come on very strong indeed on the shaky side of the BreenScene but like that's their problem; I don't feel disposed to waste stencils, paper & staples on them at this stage of the game. It giffs a big lack of enthusiasm, mind you, under these conditions; I've never needed pages before.

But at least Wrai sparked me to hit the mailing; so here we are. Stay locse, all.