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"Life in the Great Northwest (and All Over)..."

Here I am owing pagecount for the 2nd time in my SAPSish career. This time it was largely because we didn't give up on the London trip and decide to hit the Westcon instead until close to the last minute, which left only the time to dash off a hurried 2-pager to give to Bruce at the Edgewater Inn near Long Beach. There was certainly no time after we got home July 7th.

I'd figured (but forgot) to make extra copies of the ConRep and run them (for no credit, natch) in this mailing a la Dikini. Anyway, it was a very pleasant Con, of the poolside type which we've come to prefer overwhelmingly to the downtown-hotel scene. (Happily, we hear that San Diego has found a poolside site for next July, so we're planning to make that one, after all.)

2 months ago I could have told you accurately just which members and wlers of SAPS were at Long Beach. No doubt someone else has done or will do an exact listing. I met for the first time: Arnie Katz, who told me I was too mean to the wl in the April mailing, and granting the novel premise that it is possible to be too mean to the wl by any means whatsoever, he is probably quite right and I will try to watch out for that in future. Wlers Dave Van Arnam and Barry Gold, also, and I saw the name Tom Gilbert on a name-badge but it did not ring a bell at the time so that's as far as it went.

Nearly everyone seemed to be fed-up with The Beef and wanting to get along this year, a pleasant change from the strained atmosphere last year. Rich Brown was the major exception but a recent letter indicates that this is no longer the case so much, which is good to hear. Rich also says I was too rough on Mike last time and gives some explanations. OK Mike, I had my say and am off your back now, and it was nice seeing you at Long Beach. In fact it was nice seeing all you SAPSish attendees there. A real nice little Con, it was.

Meanwhile, back here in the Great Northwest, we had the kids visiting for a few days before they were shipped off to rejoin their mother and younger siblings in Missouri and our 6-month tour of parenthood came to an end. It seemed a little quiet around here for a while but the dogs took up the slack. And it go along and it go along as we continued to enjoy the best summer we've had in these parts since 1958, doing our little 3-mile stroll around Green Lake more often already this year than in all of last year, sometimes feeding the ducks (especially the baby ducks, which are a gas) and the young geese who inexplicably showed up late in June. Those geese, by the way, need little encouragement to eat out of your hand. In fact they tromp all over your feet with their own big flat wet ones, crowd you, and keep trying for the Mother Lode in the one hand rather than the bite you offer with the other hand; they are quite the characters, those geese. And with all this we were logging up a sizable total of miles-afoot around that lake, plus a couple of hikes in the Cascades, one with the kids before they left and one with Wrai&Carol and Tosk.

So then last month we drove up to spend 3+ days in the Banff-Lake Louise area in Alberta, Canada. I can't recommend this scene too highly, though most likely I cannot get across in cold print just why it was such a ball. Scenery is fabulous, of course, as you may have heard. The roads, which were rudimentary when I was up there in '49, are now mostly quite good if only the campers and trailers and overloaded Volks busses could be persuaded not to hug the centerline of 60-mile road while doing 40. The beer is excellent; I do not see why it seems to be impossible for US brewers to make anything half as good. And as you just might have guessed, we got the hiking bug while up there and did a few trails, not so long (3 to 8 miles each) but somewhat arduous on occasion, as more of it than not was on the up-and-down, though some was more on the level.

The prize of the lot was accidental. The tourist-info girl had given us a map of the Banff townsite area and environs but it was an amateur production, missing some obvious landmarks and misleading us in one vital case as to which road we were on, by failing to show that one of two went under the fershluggin' bridge. So here we went, looking for the bottom (always walk up first, then down, is my empirical finding) of a mild little 2-mile trail up to the bottom terminal of the Gondola Lift that starts at 5200 feet and rises to the peak of Mount Sulphur at 7500 feet. But our map failed us and we found ourselves at the foot of the Lift, the top of our little, sought trail but no sign of it. But here was this trail following up under the Lift, a 2300-foot rise and no clear indication of the actual hiking distance but our guess is about 4 miles. So we thought we'd go up it a little way, y'see, just to see what the view was like. Yes, you may laugh, friends. Yes, we did end up hiking the whole thing up to the top of the mountain, and y'know, the air gets a little bit thin up around 7000 feet and above, for us sea-level types. Now Banff itself is at about 4400; no sweat. Lake Louise, where we tramped to the far end of the lake and back, is about 5700, and the air there is positively stimulating or even exhilarating if I've spelled that one correctly for once. (No? Tsk.) And I'm used to the bit that on the uphill you have to poop out a little bit first and then comes the "second wind" (the metabolism shifts gears) and you can take off with renewed energy and good endurance. But up toward 7000 the thin-air effect came into play; just a few fast steps, particularly steep ones, and the wind gave out. Just a few seconds of rest brought recovery: stride off and in ten steps you're shot again. Slow and easy is the word, for awhile. But again it turned out to be a problem of accommodation or acclimatization, because toward the end of the climb I got my "third wind" and then could move pretty well the rest of the way without getting winded. Anyway, once we got up there it was most satisfactory to sit and sneer at the effete types who had ridden up on the Lift. So we had a cup of tea and took off back down the trail fast, because the sun was about to go down and great coolth was about to set in: I think it took us 55 minutes going down as compared to 2hrs 15 mins going up.

Sometime during the 3 days around Banff I noticed that my sinuses which work on a fill&drain cycle (irregular) around here, had cleared out completely. Unfortunately the effect wore off in about a week after we got home, but it was surely great while it lasted. Perhaps every home should have its own decompression chamber, or perhaps just a helmet would do. I work on this a little...

At any rate, we're making a return trip to Banff next year. This time we only went halfway up the Johnson Canyon trail, for instance (our first day there, and stiff from driving). And there is a 5-miler that starts from Lake Louise and goes up to 8000 feet. And an alternate trail up the hogback side of Sulphur Mountain, and a couple of little ones we didn't find time for this year.

Now all you pack-carrying 25-mile hikers go right ahead and laugh; I know these 8-10-mile roundtrips are small potatoes to really dedicated types. But I also know what I like and in what quantities, at this time. Maybe later we will work up to bigger things, and all that. But for now I like the sort of hiking in which it is not necessary to carry anything along except maybe in some cases a canteen or a small lunch, if that. Preferably just a cup for stream-drinking.

The car (1960 Lark 6) behaved very well on the trip, especially considering that the brakes and engine were both a little overloaded for mountain driving; next time we'll take about half that much junk along, given my druthers.

On the way home we were bashed a good 'un on the left rear by a fella who was determined to make it hit-run and did so. However, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were successful in locating him for us, and my letter to him brought back word that his insurance company will pay the damage, so all's well.

The tag-end of our great summer has gradually pooped out since we got home, and today finally The Rains Came. But I still have hopes of some good Indian-summer weather between now and the deadline for this mailing.

And that is indeed Life in the Great Northwest (and All Over), like I said.

Before plunging or perhaps floundering ahead into Mailing Comments or maybe even Great Golden Truths or Personal Words as occasionally of yore, I wonder if anyone has been noticing a strange nostalgic familiarity about the typeface on here. Yeh, I was afraid not, but this is the good ol' '56 model Olivetti Studio 44 that got well into its second (present) platen-cutting all my stencils until we got the Selectric around March of (possibly) 1962. I do like this typeface, a little larger than elite but more space-saving than pica. The disadvantages of the machine are a tendency to wrinkle stencils and most especially films, and that these (ITV) characters have to be struck several times to come through very well. In fact I drove somebody out of his tree with my invention¹⁷ of a way to type Wally Weber's name without eliding the initials.

But it is sort of pleasant to cut stencils without having the typer hum at me all the time, nagging me to get cracking and not just let it wear out.

((What happened to you, Wally Weber? Where are you hiding?))

O yeh; I forgot to report on the Great Reducing Program. At the moment I'm right about where I was 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ months ago at the last writing for this group, but in the interim period I've been below this more than above it, and it was a neighbor's birthday party night before last that racked up about 2 fast pounds that are still with me today. Elinor, after making not much progress of a permanent nature for several months, whacked off 12-13 pounds in about 6 weeks but as of just today is also suffering a little birthday-party backlash, and has 3 pounds to go by the end of the month to qualify for her chosen birthday present and a goshwow dinner at the Space Needle restaurant. This will be the most expensive flesh I've ever purchased, and non-existent at that; do you think I should talk to the Better Business Bureau about such goings-on? Anyway, I'm still 18 pounds down from Jan 1st and going for a permanent 20 with any luck, which is sort of a Landmark, being the weight at which the National Guard grabbed me at the age of 19, for mobilization into the full-time Army...

And now you must excuse me while we bottle batch #451 of the homebrew.

Boy, some people will do anything to avoid doing Mailing Comments:

Tosk: I had difficulty getting started on Corelli's "The Sorrows of Satan" (for the loan of which, thankee sir) but I did like the twist on the redemption of Lucifer: how he must be rejected by mankind to accomplish this, so that the poor fella is stuck with a mission against his own interests all the way. Hoog.

Norm: Is it true that the CIA has a team out to bring the Lost Empire, the city of Opar, Pal-ul-don, the Forbidden City, etc, into the UN on our side??

John: Your story in PP40 of the V-2 rocket should go on the shelf alongside and as a sequel to Willy Ley's "History of the German Rocket Society" in ASF, 1943.

John again, but now Foyster rather than Berry: I honestly haven't followed the changes of exact wording in our Rules all that closely, but I do know that starting about 1957, joint memberships were allowed, whereas they hadn't been, before. And then it was further allowed (by the then OE, Sweet Unspoiled Miss Nanshare as she was known in those days) that if both halves of the dual membership did full activities they each got a full vote. Every OE rewords the Rules as he or she sees fit, for brevity or clarity or whatever, and no doubt Bruce did this also, over his long tenure. But historically there had never been any tradition that a married couple had to hold joint rather than separate memberships; in fact I think G M Carr wanted to have it that they had to be separate, or maybe I am thinking of her stand in FAPA; it was quite awhile ago, but I do know that she was solidly against joint memberships of any description.

Er-- are you as skeptical of the "allegations against" Bill Donaho as of those against anyone else in this whole schtick? I do hope so.

Nope, I am not running for OE this time; I'm 100% in favor of

WRAI BALLARD FOR OE!

(cont'd) You really believe that guns (and other weapons, such as maybe bare hands) have no legitimate defensive use, that all such functions should be reserved to gov't instrumentalities? I knew better than that when I was 9 years old, and I say this not to Put You Down but because it is simply true. Like there were these three fellas who thought it would be nice to gang up and beat me up. I on the other hand didn't think it would be so awfully nice, and my nice little Daisy Air Rifle held the majority vote on the matter via my proxy as it turned out: nobody beat upon anybody; they went their way (one of them with a dent in his leg) and I went my way, unbeaten. Lacking the Daisy and the will to use, I'd've got the hell kicked out of me; they did it to others.

"..thieves (who do not threaten their lives) who enter the house.." John, I guess you just do not read the crime news. A great many people are killed by housebreakers in the course of thefts and/or robberies; these people do not get the chance to dial up the Law; if they cannot protect themselves they have had it. Of course a gun is not the only answer. Healthy vigorous people can do pretty well with improvised weapons (I will not digress to tell you of the tactical effectiveness of a plate of potato salad) but not everyone is in shape to cope with a purposeful criminal invader of his or her home without something (like a gun) independent of individual strength or dexterity. And I cannot find any sense or logic in your view that defending oneself against a marauder is "taking the law into his own hands"; be just a little bit practical, man... are you supposed to just let yourself be killed if you can't find a cop?? It is unfortunate that there is so much violent crime and so many violent criminals, but the answer is not Passive Resistance by the non-criminal majority. I'm for leaving most of the job to the professionals, the police; yes. But I'm not for sitting on my hands just because there are no police available at the moment. So I own a few small guns; shortly I shall own a larger one, because it strikes me that the little ones are not really suitable defense weapons. The problem is that I can stop a man with the little ones but I cannot guarantee to do this without killing him, and I'd really rather not kill anyone unless it is required to avoid his doing the same to me. So I think I'll get me a real hand-cannon, the kind that dazes the attacker with just the muzzle-blast even if you miss. I had one once, a Colt .45 GI automatic, Way Back When; I never shot anyone (or at anyone) with that one and I don't expect to do so with this one unless indicated or as we American pragmatists say, "self-defense". And Jim and Wrai, at least, will back me up in saying that people who are somewhat accustomed to guns are the least apt to point them at people gratuitously and/or shoot someone by accident and Make a Big Mess. "Innocents" do kill a lot of people by mistake.

I've hunted a lot (though not in recent years) both for tasty edible critters and for "varmints" as a matter of reduction if not elimination. I agree with you that Trophy Hunting and the general "blood-sport" thing is sick, in the adult; it is part of the instinct package in the adolescent, though, and it is a big mistake to try to stifle that package without sufficient outlet (as our teen gangs of sadists are proving to us, worldwide). It does not have to be hunting with guns, of course, but they need something of the sort; contact sports or any activity with a daredevil risk aspect will do, I suppose.

I think the basic thing here is that you are going exactly opposite to the inherited instincts. Do you realize that what you scoff off as "ownership of property" (and you question whether it is justifiable) is nothing more nor less than the Territory drive that comes down to us all the way from the fish on our family trees? (Quite a picture, that.) No political theory is going to wipe out instinctive drives common to our entire vertebrate ancestry and manifest all throughout its various branches. I do wish you theorists (pardon me if I include you in a group that does not really suit your tastes) would try to work with our so very longterm inheritance, rather than at right angles or positively against it. Many of our urban problems are due to men's being deprived of any Territory of their own; the problem isn't "human nature"; it's vertebrate nature. Selah.

Longwinded I am, but still: it's not the gun or the bullet but the use that is for "offense" or "defense"; surely any weapon may be used either to serve the predator's purpose or to resist him. And stringent gun laws have a consistent record of doing a much better job of disarming the prey than the predator, by the very nature of the problem. (Convinced? I thought not...)

Arnie: Yeh, I do tend to get a little too cheesed when someone comes on like trying to reform the setup the first day of work, or whatever. I did try to qualify my (Apr) remarks and corflu'd out a really Bad line or two, but yer right; I generalized too much. Yeh, I think Kusske shows talent, and all.

Er-- no, my ploy of "They'll Never Play Zuzzball" was just meant to indicate that that would really be a wild monologue, considering what Bob Newhart did with the much simpler(?) game of baseball.

Good lord. 60 zines in a little over 2 years? You're mad, Katz, mad.

Dave (Van Arnam): You & I think much alike re the future mess if Syracuse had won for '66; in fact for a minute I thought I was reading my own stuff there.

I thought the line was something like "the Fanoclasts have not been involved in any feuds"; I read "Fanoclasts" in the plural and I see you mean it in the "as a group" sense; either meaning could be validly taken, I guess; OK, leave us indeed/^{not} throw rocks over minor semantic hiccups.

As of now I'm mostly neutral re '67 -- well, not that, exactly -- it's more that I'm afraid we won't make it to either of the next 2 Worldcons and that without a regular speaking-platform (such as CRY was) my "support" is of little or no moment anyway, so why limit my good wishes to either side? (You fellas sure did provide some good hospitality at your Westercon parties, for which my thanks and probably those of many others as well. I think you'll find that this has brought a lot of good will toward your bid, all around.)

Dick (Eney): This population control info is fascinating stuff; keep it coming. I see by today's paper that in India the Lippes Loop (of which I know nothing but the name and the fact that it is an IUD or so the paper said) is being used in India to cut down on the propagation of the sacred cows, thus saving rice or whatever for people-food; how 'bout that? Now if only we could in the US&A make it mandatory for IUDs to be worn by all fertile females in families on welfare!

Jim: You were wondering how the Westorcon banquet would be, and wasn't that a pleasant surprise, though? Speeches short, snappy, and vastly entertaining. In fact the whole Con was as pleasant as any I've attended in years.

Doreen: Sure, I've played Euchre. At age seven (Five Hundred, also, but let's not digress). Now let's see how much I can remember about it. As I was taught the game we used only Ace down through 9, like pinochle only single-deck. High card was joker (if you used joker), then right bower (jack of trump), left bower (other jack of same color), then other trumps in order from the ace, then non-trump in order as in pinochle. I can't recall whether or not there is a "you have to take" rule as in pinochle but I do think you have to follow suit if possible or trump if you have trump and can't follow suit; am I right? How many cards dealt each player? Is there a "widow" or "kitty" in 3-handed? And that's about all I can remember for now about Euchre; ain't played it in years. O yeh; I think you bid the number of tricks you can take, for trump; right?

Howcome you didn't have a number in front of your name in Pillar Poll report? You must've been tied with someone and behind 'em alphabetically; if 3 people tie for #6, say, no #7 or #8 appears. Or else maybe I just goofed...

Wrai (for OE): "...talk to myself a little.. and hang up until I go away." A great line; definitely In The Tradition. Hey, there could be numerous standards for old time membership. Anyone who remembers when SAPS would break 500pp yet! Anyone who remembers that Bruce wasn't always OE. Anyone who remembers Norman-G Wansborough or Teddybear or Aggie Alligator? (I'm trying to keep it easy...)

Or maybe anyone is an oldtime member who has some newer members to enlighten about old times; do you suppose? You know-- the old bit where the 3-day recruits holler "You'll be sorry!" at the new recruits.

Jack (Chalker): OK, you keep coming on for Balto, too. Now as to your three questions. (1) Some of the experience needed to put on a Con is general: how to deal with people, institutions & finances, how to (jointly) allocate responsibilities, how to organize activities for least effort, etc. The specialized stuff mostly has to be absorbed vicariously as advice from previous Cons, but even here you have to know what to take and what to set aside as inapplicable, in your own case. (2) The definition of an active fan has absolutely nothing to do with the production of a successful Con except that an active Con-going fanzine fan will have better luck in relations with others of his ilk during the Con-year than, say, a devoted s-f reader unknown to the communicating fan world. (3) The best Con will be put on by the fan who has the talent for it (see #1) and a goodly share of just plain luck; types of experience do not govern, as some of us have seen at several Cons that came out better or worse than we had expected. It's like jazz, man; no rulebook; either it swings, or not. Either it comes out in the black or not, too; to insure this you should have in dealing with the hotel at least one Committeeman who can hold his own with used-car salesmen (right, Howard?); two are better, so that they can whipsaw as needed. For publications you need several people who can work to deadlines, and will do so. Scheduling and lining up the Program is the least of your worries although of course it does not do to goof off on this matter. But to the Committee, the arrangements and settlement with the hotel are your most important problems, and I definitely do mean to include the banquet arrangements in this category; see the G Scithers Con Guide for some excellent points to follow, on these lines.

"..Bruce ought to be censured for franking. This is definitely illegal.." Ba, if I may say so, lls; the OE does all the work and makes all the rules, limited only by the members' right of Insurrection; he can be influenced by protests from the membership, as has happened in this case, but by definition the word "illegal" does not apply to any official act of the OE of SAPS, short of running off with the treasury or failing to distribute the mailing. Bruce's main trouble, in fact, is that he has been leery of using his full powers.

I hate to disillusion you, but the "law" of the WSFS, Inc, lasted only 2 years between the time it was established in NYC in '56 and thrown out bodily in LA in '58 by a few words from Anna Sinclare Moffatt and a rising ovation from the assembled membership. The Rotation Plan was strictly Custom from then until the Discon passed the Scithers Constitution. And as a matter of fact it is still Custom. No business meeting legally binds the next Con. Really.

Ruth & Jean: Recently reread (after about 16 years) CS Lewis' "That Hideous Strength". I'm astounded at the great resemblance between the Bad Guys of this book and those of "Atlas Shrugged", while the Good Guys have very little if anything in common as to ideology. Oops: the dignity of the individual, yes.

Dick (Schultz): I doubt that Poul was necessarily going all the way back to Hitler for an example of international blackmail and appeasement. Hmmm??

Howard: Yes, I felt a little guilty at not digging up the older results and running the Poll stuff as far back as I could take it. I seriously considered it, and then I realized how much work it would be to dig all those mailings out and tabulate the thing and so I naturally said the hell with it. But at least I brought it up to date so that any Eager Sort can take it from there, using this along with the previous tables of back-info and a little cross-checking.

Yeh, you don't have to like what mayor Hubbard does, but you do have to admire the way he carries it off. He Finks Big if he's gotta fink at all.

I first and mainly remember Don Ford as the fine host at the 1957 Midwest-con; he did a lot for fandom before and since but that's the main picture I have.

(See? I told ya I'd get on the stick better this time)

Art: This artificial integration via busses is a Bad Thing in several ways. First place, here these itty bitty kids have to ride this bus an hour or two per day, into strange turf at that; who besides CORE thinks they're gonna like it or even be able to tolerate it without great strain? Secondly (and this point was raised by a Negro mother in a letter to the paper) what happens when the kid, as kids so often do, misses the bus and the parents do^{not} have a 2nd car or the money for cabfare? The kid misses a day's school, that's what. The lady was mad as hell, I might add. The School Board says O No we are not doing this for the sake of compulsory integration; we are doing it because we had to tear down an old school. But rather^{than} shifting boundaries to minimize the long distances and get kids into the nearest schools they are bussing kids from the kindergarten age up through 6th grade as far as ten miles through city traffic. In rush hours, of course. "They just sold out to the Urban League, is all", says a fella at the office; me, I just plain don't know but it looks fishy. If it's necessary to use busses to get kids to the nearest school, all right, but I had to ride the damn things part of one year (2nd grade) and I purely hated it; I would not wish it on any kid for the sake of some idiot "principle" like this "de facto segregation" which as you say is merely a symptom of the housing problem which in turn is merely a symptom of job problems, etc, etc.

Now there is a voluntary transfer program in its second year here which several hundred kids are participating in, and I am all in favor of that, and even of the Transit System or School Board providing free busfare for it. But I am unalterably opposed to forcing kids to go any farther to their schools than is absolutely necessary. How can some of those bleedinghearts be so stupid?

I don't think the Scott Nichols "Though a Sparrow Falls" (Analog, July 65) is a reprint; it is just that the message-in-the-genes ploy or something very similar was the punchline of Vonnegut's "Sirens of Titan" a few years ago.

Len: The way you do 90pp of MCs is to get carried away and do as I just did, above, with a half-page of comment to a 6-page zine. In the old big mailings.

Nancy: I think the Russian "cosmonauts" mostly bail out in their suits and land individually by parachute, but I believe at least one bottle rode down on its chute with the people still inside, and made out reasonably OK. I guess maybe we are suffering from a great Parachute Lag or something.

Any chance you guys might get a Pacific Northwest station next (I hope)?

Wally (or even Wally): Is that Good Grief Lois who is suing you? I thought she was considerably younger, but maybe she lied about her age, as women will.

Damn; wish you could've made it over here on your current trip to Ritzburg.

Gordon: A fella just broke in here, shot me 7 times through the navel with a 45-cm automatic borrowed from Ian Fleming's proofreader, and said "Gordon Ek-lund is a Shit, a Moral Crud." Snappily applying a small Band-Aid to my navel I replied "Aw, he's not all that Moral." He left, blushing furiously. Do you have any idea who he could have been before I dropped him with my Beretta?

Maybe he was just chugged at me because I am such an old grouch.

Ed (Lieskys): I doubt that "everyone will remember that it was Dave Kyle who had put on the '57 Con in NYC"; yer off 1 year, 1 continent & several people.

Al Halevy got cheesed at being left off the Committee for the '66 Burlingame bid. He was left off so as to be named FGOH but he didn't know this until too late. A comedy(?) of errors, I guess, (and that's all the Fine Print tonight).

Phil: Howcome you weren't at Long Beach, it being so close, and all?

Lee & Ed: Hell, even I refuse to believe all the stories that FBI Busby tells on Wrai Ballard; I mean, that stuff of being cornered in a room with one girl and 4000 mice is obviously a put-on; no girl would stay in a room with 4000 mice.

(cont'd) I didn't get too stoned at Long Beach either, Ed, except possibly for a short while the first night; oddly enough I woke up each morning there feeling better than the previous morning, quite opposite to the usual order of such things at Cons; on our last morning at the Edgewater I felt really great and everyone I met in the bar hated my guts for this, though not seriously.

Anyway it was a great Con and I hope you two jokers have convinced Wrai that he really should attend San Diego next year, or ELSE.

And once again, sorry that the SP's new (take the bus from Bakersfield and save 2 hours) option deprived us of being M*E*T by you-all at the depot.

Don: I gather that SAPS has had several Golden Ages. For me it was approx 1958-60; nearly everyone was enthusiastic without being too serious about it.

Very gentlemanly apology to MZB. However, it should be mentioned here, as it has been mentioned elsewhere, that the passage to which Marion supposedly took offense could not (by internal evidence) have possibly referred to her, since the person cited was specifically noted as someone who attended a Berkeley gathering that occurred when Marion was still in Texas. So let's bury it, huh?

Jack: Aw, the Edgewater layout wasn't that bad. All that healthful exercise...

Dian: The time I was on the staff of our highschool yearbook there was a big thing going on linoleum-block printing, but after circumcising my thumb I let that movement go and reverted to cartooning in pen&ink for reproducing by some process or other that cost the school an awful lot of money. It's the breaks.

Bruce: Maybe Bill Austin is ready to dig out some of his old fanzines and sell them off by now. If I know Bill they won't go cheap, though.

Any of your own zines you'd like to unpublish? I may cringe at a poor phrase or typo, etc, in some of my old ^{or new} stuff but on the whole it gives me a pleasant nostalgic feeling to run onto one of my oldies, naive bits and all. A few things in others' zines I'd like to see without the worst typing goofs.

Rich (Mann): OK; as I said to Arnie, could be I came on too strong, mann. Anyway, your own stuff has been fine & I anticipate seeing you a member.

Fred: Nice Westercon writeup. Yeh, *Seattle* occasionally gets ideas about someday bidding for one again (maybe semi-Midwestcon style with just a Banquet, Costume Ball & an opening speech or two) at the good ol' Hyatt House, but the prospect of all that work and damn' little attendance kills it every time; it would almost have to be on a 4-day weekend to draw at all well from SoCal; no?

Dave (Hulan): OK, you get by with Ditto, Just This Once, mind you. (It fades.)

I suppose Dick(Eney)'s arrows-vs-laser bit hinges on the fact that lasers are line-of-sight whereas arrows can be sent high-trajectory from behind things, just like mortar shells, hand grenades and Big Rocks. (Ban the Boulder!)

Nice to see you folks again, too, at good ol' Long Beach.

E Joseph: Yeh, "are you working for the machine or is it working for you" as I keep asking them down at the bank, our Supply Division & occasionally other places where the issue comes up. # I forgave Dave his Ditto, but yours? Hmmm...

Terry: In this eruption of G&S and JRRT upon you, you might take refuge in recasting the Tolkien verse into G&S style and/or vice-versa. This is known as massive retaliation, I believe. ~~///~~ Faanfiction at last; dug "The Last One", too. Interesting letter from Aldiss on "Greybeard", which I recently read (pb).

End of Mailing Comments. *The king is a fink!*

And after that line 2½ hours ago I caught "The Manchurian Candidate" on TV, BC (Between Commercials). It was a pretty good job (in 90 minutes of text disrupted by 60 minutes of commercials) of portraying that fine book; quite a lot of omission and oversimplification, of course, but they made it live (yes) and even included 2 of my 3 favorite lines from the book, omitting only my 1st favorite line: "You always were stubborn as a dachshund, Raymond." ..like later..