

SERCON'S BANE 11

FAPA 100

AUG '62



"SO FAR, IT LOOKS LIKE
A REAL TIGHT RACE-!"

It would be well if hereinunder were to appear SERCON'S BANE #11, a magazine produced by F M Busby of 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Wash. It would be just as well from my standpoint if this magazine appears in the August 1962 FAPA mailing, about which for some reason everyone seems to be getting excited. Elinor says it is most likely because the deadline falls on Beethoven's Birthday this year, but that can't be true because Burbee doesn't even like classical music... And I might as well make it even tougher for the indexers by adding that this zine is also FAPulous #27.

Our Veep told our S-T, and our S-T told me, that I cannot run for the presidency of this organization. Why, did you ever hear of anything so arbitrary in your whole life? Wait, though-- it's not like you think. The reason why I cannot run for the presidency of FAPA is because I am not a member of FAPA. Golly, that sounds even worse, come to think of it. W*A*I*T, though-- the reason that I am not a member of FAPA is because I am married to a fan. Fanne. Femmefan. A young lady who has or had a consuming interest in the field of fantasy and science-fiction, I am married to. This wouldn't be so bad except that she also publishes. So for this reason I am not a member of FAPA and cannot run for office in the FAPA. See how simple it all is?

Oh, all right. So the reason I am not a member is that Elinor and I are a member and must run for office as such or not at all. So now it is more on the order of: FM&E Busby for President! Only a couple of extra pecks at the typer, at that.

This may turn out to be an advantage to the group. I mean, Lee Jacobs and I were running for the job. Now right off the bat I could foresee that Lee would be running on his record as the original Drunken President of FAPA, and while of course two can play at that game, I have gotta admit that Lee has a headstart on me. In fandom, that is. So perhaps it will be an advantage to run as a 2-headed candidate, thus offering something to the voter who has a Sober President in mind. Yessir, we do aim to please.

You will recall that according to my cover last time I am running on the Clean Slate, if the others haven't expelled me for hanging that label on them without asking. Now the Clean Slate is a dynamic group which does not hesitate to modify its workings in full flexibility to meet the changing demands of the times; that is to say, I still don't know for sure who-all is on the Clean Slate. I wonder if maybe we are being just a little too dynamic for the demands of this particular time.

OK. Ted is still with it for Veep. I think Harry dropped the S-T bit in favor of Bill Evans. And while I really did know all along that Larry Shaw was considering the Slate's bid for the OEship, it hadn't been firmed by last deadline; it is now.

Yes, I know. This may mean more 2-headed candidates. Gee, when you Throw The Rascals IN, this time, look how many more Rascals you can get for the same price?

OK, gang; vote the Clean Slate. Vote it NOW. As Wally Weber said once: "Don't give the opposition a chance to corrupt your clean minds!" Our thought for today.

I suppose a lot of you guys are going to put great huge zines into this mailing, those of you who haven't been scared out of appearing at all. I guess you know that all these big zines are going to be almost impossible to comment on, don't you? So I am stealing a march on you people by entering a small zine on which people can comment easily. So everyone is going to be so grateful for this small commentable zine that I will thus get lots and lots of coments. Votes, too, of course; I'm greedy today.

We had a terrific time in Los Angeles at and after the Westercon. Thanks to the Committee for setting up a wouser of a Con, and by golly it is just plain impossible to find sufficient thanks for the postCon hospitality of Charles & Isabel Burbee; they sort of gave us the place, and I hope it can be put back together just as good as new without too much effort. Real fine, folks; y'all come up this way sometime, y'hear?

Just call me a Junior Birdman, folks. I'm still at the same desk, but on 1 July the Dep't of Defense transferred the Alaska Communication System from the Army (Signal Corps) to the Air Force. Some of the Army fellas are still with us in a special unit, including a fella who rightfully claims to be "the only seagoing cat-skinning soldier in the Air Force" -- he drives bulldozer on shore jobs off the cable ship.

Elinor says she knew all along about the 100th mailing & never mentioned Beethoven...

Arglebargle [re the 99th mailing]:

the FA: I am equally pleased and croggled to appear so high in the Poll results, and particularly so since the previous year was not a high-activity one for me in the FAPA [20, 4, 9, & 15-pagers, in that order]. I suspect some sympathy votes in connection with the SeaCon, and all I can to that is-- is-- thanks, fellas.

I know it's a Sick joke, but I can't help reflecting that instead of fooling around with this Shadow-Fapa stuff, the WL would be better off to use the money to hire a traveling, trouble-shooting Marriage Counselor. Why, this method whereby FAPA is reproducing itself by meiosis is even less democratic than the Wells proposal!

Descant: Heck, Norm, I guess I do think that mailing comments are my first duty in an apa. Not everyone's, perhaps, but mine, definitely. You set me to wondering howcome this is true: is it just habit, because I started out that way in SAPS? No, I don't think so. After all, I started out in SAPS in 1956 doing first-drafts of everything, and I've been writing 90-95% of my gunk onstencil since about 1957. I started out on Ditto and switched to Gestetner in 1958. Why, in 1956 I was still fueling my writings on commercial beer rather than homebrew. Habit is not the answer. Still I feel that the MCs have first priority with me in any given apazine of my own, and that it is not a matter of doctrine or dogma. The thought comes that perhaps deep down in the very core of my being where it hardly shows at all except under a penetrating analysis like I'm doing here, is the idea that just about anything else I might write for an apa, such as articles or fiction, will go just as well next year as this year, if it goes at all. But nothing, NOTHING, is deader than comments on mailing-before-last. So if I have anything to say to anyone, it's gotta be said now. And generally I do have.

Anyhow, I am glad we have this mutual-admiration society going here, and so help me one of these times I will get caught up and write a letter. How's chances for you guys to hit ChiconIII, by the way? That's a good way to get started...

I don't think you quite understand about fruits, though. I was reading some of these books, see, and it seems the trouble is that these fellas get too attached to their mothers on account of they are estranged from their fathers or something. So naturally a guy who is more attached to his mother than to his father grows up halfway and turns fruit. Any damfool can see this, although I will admit that the whole idea seems most-understandable to the damfools with higher degrees in psychology.

Amby Amoeba: No, Jack, I never thought Simpson was Norris; the bit was that the Norris WL spot was saved by misinforming the SecTreas to that effect. The reason there was no general rumble in SAPS was that Norris dropped SAPS upon or perhaps slightly prior to exposure. I wouldn't say "no rumble" though-- or weren't you reading Kemp and a couple of others who did learn the score early and beefed mightily about it?

"There were five or more FAPA members present racking their brains to find loop-holes to evict Martin through"? Are you sure you're not living in an alternate universe, Jack? That doesn't sound at all like the way John described it in the FAs.

Elmurmurings...: You're looking good there, Meyer. "Better Bred Than Red" is a fine Minuteman ideal. However, I am against this bit of the troops trying to spread themselves too thin, as it were. Much better to recruit enough manpower to do the job up right, taking if need be the full 30 minutes on one assignment. And for CRYsakes don't let any efficiency experts or animal husbandrymen into the organization, or comes the day and you will find yourself heading for the shelter with a knapsack full of loaded syringes. The prospect of nuclear warfare is bad enough without that, surely.

Real great seeing you again in recent times.

Received...: Lee, it is always a pleasure to do MCs on your fanzines. OK, now do I get the job? ## OK, next time let's pass the amendment to raise the number required to blackball; there's one in the mill now to raise it to 15; OK? [I nudge you thus, since I do not see your name in the list of voters this last time.]

Art Wilson's column/zine: One afternoon downatthebar at the recent Westercon I asked Poul about the "Gling, glang, gloria!" verse from "Day After Doomsday"; he says this comes from a book called "The Breitmann Ballads" and I suspect that Leland is the author of it. [By golly, now if I lose that slip of paper, the info is still safe!] Art, I do

like your stuff; you bring that area to life as no visiting reporter or travelogist could do, and besides that, your material got a fierce flavor on it, all its very own.

Wraith: I fully agree that the front of an OO should be informative first and maybe decorative second if at all. I've felt this way for some time but did not like to speak up because ^{striking but} the/info-hiding covers were all by Dick Bergeron with whom I was then having some fairly sturdy arguments so I didn't want to look like a spoilsport. This time though we have ^{similarly} a perfectly-OK cover [for any zine except an OO] by Jack Harness with whom I am by no stretch of the imagination having any hassles over and above the average. And the current SAPS OO cover is by Dian Girard who also is in no way apt to have grounds to feel that my dissent might have any personal motivations. So how about this bit, fellas: shouldn't an OO be immediately recognizable as such and also carry on its front page as much handily-available info as possible? With all the zines in the mailing that are available to carry artwork, why impede the utility of the FA?

Might as well reiterate here that if elected as one head of the presidency of this group, I plan to get with the best legal minds [FAPAwisely] of the lot, and research ways of getting it on the books that dual-listings or joint-memberships should in future indicate something in the line of activity rather than merely individual-duo whim. It seems only fair-- hell, this bit is getting really ridiculous lately, in some ways.

I don't know, Wrai; you haven't quite convinced me that you got that hangnail fixed in Hillsboro rather than in New York just because of the 1500 miles; a jury might think that you were influenced by a layman's evaluation of fanzine "medical articles" as "inaccurate". Nice try, though.

Maybe Tarzan was just too attached to his stepmother [oops, fostermother, that is]. It ain't everybody who can hang an Oedipus Complex onto a gorilla, you know.

Antaios: Seeing how you are struggling to catch up on MCs, the title and explanation are appropriate indeed. You seem to be quite loaded with meanings in the story "Last Summer"; I'm not sure I dig the entire overall pitch, for sure.

You seem much milder politically this time, Jack; you do belabor the Right, but in several places you really don't sound so much like the Left, either. Hmmmmm?

Get a mimeo get a mimeo get a mimeo get a mimeo get a mimeo get a mimeo get a m

Day*Star: Marion, you just about hit it square on the head, re the draft bit. There is such a thing as the lesser of two evils; consequently if the greater is intolerable, the lesser is that old bugaboo, the "necessary evil". Thus, the draft, since subjugation by the current menace is to many of us a pretty intolerable prospect.

Fully agreed, that "moral disclaimers" by people who still live with the benefits and protections of the society do not count as a withdrawal or negate responsibilities.

Rambling Fap: Hey, I asked you & RonEl if you had seen any Marine noncoms resembling the sadistic-acting creeps I described, bwah! Passing the fact that it is sadistic of you to cut us off with only 5pp last time, "a slight paunch" does not qualify you anyhow: those jokers at Elmendorf, 1955, both had grotesquely-huge paunches on otherwise normal-looking frames, and I wondered if this were a status symbol among career noncoms in the branch, or something of the sort. JustBrig-Sergeants, maybe?

You dig shellfish so well but did not move to Seattle? Oh, saddened shame on you.

Masque: For a while there, like maybe 3 or 4 years, I was beginning to think your typer was allergic to stencils. A lot of those quotes really modulate the carrier.

Lighthouse: TCarr: These days, a hoax so constructed that "no one even questions it" ^{wondering} would be hard to do, unless it were so uninteresting that no one wanted to bother/whether it were for-real or not. I think that any hoax the content of which draws interest will likely be subject to some degree of inquiry; the ingenuity then comes into play in the matter of concocting utterly-true statements designed to give utterly-false impressions, and it should be a point of honor that this be the case.

The late Flora Jones once asked me at a Nameless meeting circa 1956 "Renfrew Pemberton doesn't come to many of the meetings, does he?" "No, I guess not", I said. "When did he stop coming to the meetings?" Flora asked. "Well, I'm pretty sure I haven't seen him at a meeting in the past six months", I said of my loyal pseudonym.

Carol Carr: I like the poems themselves, but boy (or rather, girl) you sure do not dig our liddul furry friends of the animal kingdom. I will grant you the squirrel & the pigeon, but fieldmouses is not dismal at all, and chipmunks is the busiest li'l buggers you ever want to see. Well, I guess a .500 batting average is not so bad... and the rest I dig, particularly "...and spitting (Freud) out at a later date." Yeh! Your friendly neighborhood Poor Man's Freud digs that slam at oneupmanship, much.

Pete Graham: As near as I can remember the original of the richbrown "ichabodings" you have in mind, the usage (or overusage) of "they haven't got it here" has been rendered pretty faithfully by rich. Er-- only the illo was stolen from herriman; the text is of course adapted from Don Marquis. Aw, you knew that, you ol' Pete Graham.

Ankus: Yeh, I'd like to see Babcock's "Vacation, '42 Style" and "Porkbarrel Plans" that were suppressed in NAPA during WWII. Maybe I could respond with some '44 poetry written in the Aleutians ["Lines On the Manifest Destiny of the Lower Military"]. Les'see; in ichabodings 7, burb is filling in for shakespeare; right??

Alif: I'd never say "Beak-Wock!" to a Sirian, but the Leewit is not long on tact...

Null-F 28: You see "Communist activity in this country divided into two areas" (only), spying and attempts at conversion? Personally I consider these aspects to be very minor indeed compared to the various levels of sabotage to any overall resistance-effort. Sabotage, in one or another sense of the word, is the main task of this or any other Fifth Column. Read about what happened to the Maginot Line in 1940, sometime; it did not fall to frontal assault. Any time you can infiltrate key men [whether as ringers or via subversion/conversion] into crucial spots, then you can better your war-odds by figuring that your tools can disrupt communications, shut off power sources, call wild-cat strikes at key points [a few hours will be decisive], etc. Look; it's real simple: just figure that you want to conquer somebody, and think up the ways that would best hamper his resistance to you. Then consider that the Soviets have been working on this problem for some 40 years. I doubt that they are overlooking any of our possible weak points, any more than you would overlook theirs if you gave it ten minutes' solid thought and had a fairly-open society such as ours to deal with. We're vulnerable, man. Oh well, a lot of you optimists thought Hitler was kidding, too...

Vandy: Buck-- I read Dickson's "Necromancer" awhile back; without digging it out to read all over again just now, I'd say that the first-reading impression was that the author had been dissatisfied with one or more of the van Vogt novels and decided to rewrite the theme to his own taste. Probably the reason the story is not too coherent is that Dickson omitted to fill in the original background where he agreed with it.

One reason a hobby might come up more interesting than a job is that any time we get bored with a hobby we change it; with some years put into a particular job-career it is not quite such a carefree operation to shift gears. That is, we will stick with a job under circumstances through which we would not stick with a hobby. Reasonable?

Survival types: it is not that I necessarily expect "the times to change strictly for the worse", but that a survival type in my book is one who is most apt to make it no matter which way things may go, whereas you seem to be basing your criteria on the current trends of the society if allowed to continue in its current pattern. So like it or not, a ^{congenital} physical constitution that can only live so long as the products of a complex technology are at hand for daily injection, is "weak genetic stock" in any setup where these products are not available. Like any time except just the past few decades and however long the deal holds up in future, out of some million years, to date. The thing has gradations, of course. A tendency toward heart trouble in the 50s is not the same as the need for a complete blood-exchange at birth. "Muscles may become useful again, certainly.."? Well, if you say so, Mr Farthingwaite-Jones, sir, but somehow I've had the impression that my own meager allotment of muscles have been rather useful all along, even in this supposedly-mechanized era. Things happen, y'know. Or is your life charmed against flat tires and dead batteries and mudholes and having to cope with heavy objects because it costs too much to hire all that lifting?

And then you turn around and make right good sense re hunting and vs passive resistance: a fella who doesn't take any more guff than he can help, can't be all bad.

Did any witness ever tell HUAC he was a 1935-only Communist and So What? Hmmm?

Juanita: O come on gal; OK this fella went in for passive resistance sometimes, but not allatime; and his followers who "took over most of the Western world" sure as hell did not do it on any passive principles-- not in my history books, at least. The way of the Christian religion during the time it was taking over Europe is not exactly what I'd call passive. Like I say-- come on now, girl; epigrams are all very well, but...

"..your theory that the males... can contribute in... sex technique... makes me wince..." Are you sure you meant what you said there? Now mind you, certainly the pushbutton school of thought must be very galling to the poor girl who hears it told to her in condescending fashion more than once after she has learned better. And I'd agree that "half the fun of getting acquainted should be discovery". But honestly, do you have any reason to believe that in the general overall case nationwide and all, that the male is all that much more apt to be dogmatic and authority-ridden than is the female? Ever stop to think that either sex is apt to find the other dogmatic and hard to deal with? We all have a fairly complex relationship to learn, y'know, and the culture is no help at all in the earlier stages (but that is a full-length article in itself). Sometimes I wonder at the percentage of people who actually do learn how to get along with the sex opposite without going off the rails, considering the crap peddled to the kids.

Horizons: Mr Gernsback is certainly a man with ideas, there. No matter what else he may say, I must agree with his scoff-off of fallout-shelters. On mathematical grounds, as it were: necessary or not, they aren't sufficient. Q E D.

You're not satisfied with Horizons, and I understand by the Old Testament that it is natural for creative types to get dissatisfied and go to tear things up now and then. Just take it easy, is all. I'll second your difficulties with reusing a word or phrase two or three times in not over twice as many lines [without noticing the repetition until it is entirely too late to correct it, ordinarily]; with me, this is due to the habit of kicking upcoming coments around in the head during interruptions which are all too damn frequent around here-- pretty soon, a phrase gets hung up in the feedback loop and pops out onstencil one or two extra times before I notice. Another place where I do agree thoroughly is that it is not all that difficult to make any piece of writing come out even at the bottom of a page-- given practice, of course, and the agony of seeing how lousy it looks when you just chop off without working into the cutoff point. But in CRY, for instance, I've been obsessed for some years now with making not only my own stuff, but everybody's, come out even at or not too far above the bottom of a given page. Because if there is one thing that causes turbulence and curdling in my most vital and invaluable juices, it is the business of "continued on page 23", in a lousy fanzine! I can see why a commercially-produced publication may have to lower itself to such blatant disregard for the sensibilities of its readers, but a fan editor has no excuse for it. We pulled it in a couple of spots in the 102-page 10th Annish, but that was the special case [I believe] of producing a zine of that size on a regular monthly schedule between two other regular monthly issues, and on time to the day. So we faked it a little, yes. [And in that issue I did some rather gruesome "editing" to make several items end at the bottom of a page no matter what the contributor may have had in mind.] But with my own stuff, if it does not come out well at page-bottom, it comes out awkward there. (sigh!)

OK, so you have bats in your belfry; we now have swallows in our attic. No scoff. All spring we've had sparrows in a slot in a wall of the FenDen. Now a tiny gap at the eave-level of this house has become a haven for a family of swallows. Swallows are very graceful and interesting and fascinating birds, and this is certainly a good thing-- because I don't know how we'd get rid of them without sealing the young birds in without even any Amantillado, and I don't have the heart for that, Montessoro. [Without: y'see?]

Le Moindre: The business of custom made [or tailor made] clothes, vs "ready made off the rack" depends on a couple of factors, at least. One is that the ready-made stuff is for the supposedly average range of physiques; if you vary much from this and do not have skillful types at hand to do the alterations, it is custom or nothing. Also, you may live in an area where clothes are ready-made for an average type that does not occur on this planet at all; if the alterations people are equally-skilled, go custom or else, yes. I've mostly been lucky in that I generally happened to fit the range of skills of both the original tailors and also the laterers. Not always, though; every now and then..

I am proud to have appeared in your fine letter column. It is an honor, indeed.

Poor rich's Almanac: You may never find out who you are [you or Bob, either]; I mean why should you guys be different. But the quest's the thing..

Phantasy Press: I hope you did take those summer trips and enjoy them, and that you will be telling us about them this time and possibly next time. You do have a knack of bringing the quiet outdoor scene to life so that I am there, Dan.

I'm with you in hoping for a high proportionate turnout for this mailing, even though the possible pagecount tends to scare me off.

Null-F 29 (aka Breenings): Jim Webbert's idea of photoetching the SeaCon trophy plaques [dammit, there goes the format again!] is practically a no-cost item if you have a cohort who can liberate printed-circuit cards and has access to the photo-etch machine; you paste up or print up copy, take the picture, and run the process. This might even beat the 5¢-per-letter engraving charges at full price, since you can have all the plaque-text on just one plate and cut the etched sheet into sections later.

OK, I'll play your game of Streets-On-Which-I-Have-Lived: Webb St, N Mill St, Lake St (or E St, depending on which city dep't was calling the play), Maple St, California Ave, Grand Ave (all of 2 blocks long), Juniper Court (from whence nearly emerged the first Busby fanzine in 1954 when Elinor and I were first married and were in Alaska for the summer), Brooklyn Ave, Oak St (not far from the end of Maiden Lane, no less); this list does not include mere numbered streets or avenues, even the present address. Unless I'm overlooking something, though, I've saved the best for last: the boarding-house of my last six bachelor years was at the corner of Cherry St and Minor Avenue!

Well, no, I couldn't call ACS-type noncoms "typical" of the entire career-soldier bit; I cited them (and Art Rapp or Roy Tackett could no doubt cite you others) to show that career-soldiers are not automatically the nudnicks portrayed in the stereotypes. But ACS, both "by nature of its specialty" and by the luck of its singular & insular status for many years, was able to set and maintain high standards for its personnel; during WWII the 2000-man organization had the highest average AGCT scores of any unit in the entire Armed Forces-- or at least, so it was leaked by a friend in the Personnel office, who had Pentagon connections. [Partial confirmation: the files of our Amchitka Island detachment, 1944, showed about 80% of the detachment in Class I or II.] I will stand by the "adaptability" bit on the basis of observation, having seen those jokers handling job-responsibilities far beyond their ratings-- digging into unfamiliar jobs of considerable complexity and mastering them rapidly-- coping with moves & changes & brassheadery-- and above all, improvising to keep things working with or without the stuff they needed to do the job. And taking a sort of gothell fannish attitude about the whole thing, withal. O sure, by Sturgeon's Law there will always be some idiots...

I didn't mean to imply that the draftee gets noncombatant duty by asking for it. I was talking about results, not procedure. The draftee who can demonstrate a non-combatant skill in short supply will not end up with a rifle; it's that simple. The Army is set up to train riflemen but takes its typists ready-trained and its technicians on the basis of prior training and/or the results of its aptitude tests. If you want to end up wielding one of the simpler tools such as a rifle or shovel, goof up on the tests and the Army will oblige you. But since combat troops made up about 20% of the Army in WWII, and less than half of those saw actual combat in person [these figures subject to correction if they have gotten rusty], I do not think that any capable individual need fear being converted into a Killer if he looks ahead even a little bit, and that therefore the I-won't-kill objection to military service is not all that good.

Apropos perhaps is an incident of Amchitka Island, early-'44. Now once the troops of Japan had left the Aleutians, island commanders had leisure to Play Soldier and began to stage Practice Alerts and like that: deals in which you all ran around in snow up to your antrims while carrying loaded rifles-- this was real great if you had worked the graveyard shift the night before. So our own detachment commander, one Captain Roger S Stephenson, told the post commander like unto the hell with that old noise; his men (including grateful me) had their own jobs to do and couldn't be bothered. The general said "But what would you do if the island were invaded?" Ol' Cap Steve told him: "If your 12,000 men can't defend this island, my 80 men will die at their teletype machines!" Now that is the kind of a guy you don't mind working for.

Nope, the "I gor-an-TEE you" line is from POGO, sometime around 1955 to 1957, I guess it was-- the semi-dream sequence with the Rip van Winkle bowlers, who were li'l fellas with the nubbins of goat-type horns. Any help on this recall, anyone??

Mescaline/peyote: you've seen the Lanctot-brothers' reports in Hannifen's SAPS-zine; I'd say they were incapacitated for driving a car, all right [of course, neither or them knows for sure just what was in those capsules]. However, I'd say that up to but not including the hallucinatory stage, mescaline or peyote would not so much make one unable to drive as it would disincline one to do so. Right? And of course anyone who is having hallucinations is going to be so taken up with those as not to want to mess with any mundane routine chores at all, I'd suspect. [The only hallucinations I have ever had were in childhood and came from doses of some goddamn sickly-sweet pink powder known to me only as "fever powders" and foisted upon me by prescription from licensed respectable medical doctors. At about age-12 I got sick with the usual high fever but utterly refused to take that silly powder any more. Oddly enough, I don't think I had that sort of illness many more times, either, after that.] I believe that on the occasion of my one experience with peyote (1955), if I had been required to drive a car I could have done so effectively, but I would not have wanted to do so. I say this because I had no trouble with coordination or attention-lag (or lack) on anything I did do, that afternoon. I had a different and somewhat clearer view of what is essential and what is non-essential, but self-preservation is essential, and I think that the avoidance of traffic tickets would have been considered self-preservatory.

Hooah: (an) "almost unfannish attribute: they dig girls". WHICH fandom did you say you were in, there, fella? ## Kent Corey is still his old lovable self, yeh.

Archie Goodwin: Well, you can tell the boys from the men because the boys still now and then sleep with women they don't really like. And you can tell the slobs among the boys because they don't have the common courtesy to shut up about it. Quote me...

WELL, THAT SORT OF DOES IT FOR THIS TIME... I was going to answer a couple of questions posed to me and/or to others, back in there somewhere-- like someone asked if I thought the Soviets would be landing on the beaches the day we abolished the draft (or rather, significantly reduced our resistant power). I honestly don't know. The only way to get an answer to that question is to put yourself in the place of Niki&Co and ask yourself what would be the simplest and easiest method of taking over in a case like that? It might be tidiest to allow the US to relax just that much further for a few more years by concentrating on "pacifying" Red China. Or maybe not. But certainly the Soviets would do exactly that which in their own estimation best furthered their designs for putting the entire planet under one monolithic Moscow-dominated regime.

Anyone who doubts that should go do some reading before doing any more writing on the subject. Like I say, there were people who thought "Mein Kampf" was for fun, too.

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT, DON'T KNOCK IT: I get a kick out of the way the peyote buffs and the peyote-haters combine to condemn the driver with alcohol in his bloodstream; they are violently at odds on the one item which at least one and perhaps both have not tried, but yet are as violently agreed on the other item of which both sides are heartwarmingly innocent of experience. That is what I like to see: openmindedness.

So far, all I have seen on the subject of drunk drivers in this crowd has been by folks who are Citing Authority while decrying that practice in other applications. Is this the searching pragmatic approach so often touted to us by the intelligentsia? Or are we being brainwashed by the corrupt press and the vested interests of the National Safety Council and Allstate Insurance? Are We Looking At Both Sides Of The Question? Where is the Anti-Defamation League and the Civil Liberties Union and the League for Sexual Equality and the Sobsisters For Gerhardt Eisler and all that pack? Looking out for their own pet peeves-- that's where. Just the same as they always do, you can bet.

Has this fair-minded group attempted to poll a representative selection of persons who navigate our streets and highways with a load on? Have we even taken a straw vote [assuming that some of the subject group might use straws]? NO, I say. NO, & NO again. The FAPate has denied to alcoholic motorists the consideration it has been most free to give to Communists, etc. I think I shall one day write a full-length article on this.

The Forbidden Equations

During that period there came about a great enthusiasm among the peoples of the area for the study of mathematics. Certainly the peoples could have set their minds to less purposeful goals, yet it was passing strange to see the concentration with which they entered into this preoccupation.

The children were encouraged to play at numbers from their first signs of interest in the field. The older children gave much of their time to the study of arithmetic when not occupied with the more usual pursuits of childhood and the other studies set them by their elders. Adolescent boys and girls were quite taken with algebra and geometry and trigonometry; at this age they worked best in teams without too much help or supervision by their elders, for the most part. But it was not until the late teens or early twenties when the signs of approaching maturity became evident that the young of the area were encouraged to begin the studies that engrossed the adult population of the time-- the studies of the differential and integral calculus.

The adult populace, as we have noted, held the study of mathematics in a high regard. Having been brought up to it in a wholly favorable atmosphere, they were for the most part highly enthusiastic-- and if any one of them lacked in proficiency in the calculus, it was not, certainly, for want of encouragement; the land was full of calculus and the populace rejoiced that their ideal was enjoyed in such widespread fashion.

Yet always and howsoever there must be an exception. And such there was: in the Ward of Bassack, far out, the ideal was approached from an entirely different aspect.

In the Ward of Bassack, number games were forbidden to the children, on the grounds that these might hamper their eventual appreciation of the beauties of the differential and the integral calculus. While it was covertly admitted that arithmetic might be of some value toward the eventual blossoming of the talent for the calculus, still it was held that arithmetic in itself was apt to rot the minds of young people and therefore should only be tolerated in this fashion: to condemn it publicly, pretend that it did not exist, and try not to notice. Consequently the children of the Ward of Bassack were hampered by having to study their arithmetic both in secret and in solitude, for the most part. Nevertheless the urge to the calculus was strongly upon them, so they made do as best they could, which was sometimes better than one might expect.

The Ward of Bassack utterly proscribed the study of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry; these studies and practices were made into penal felonies, on the grounds that they were unnatural perversions of the beautiful and perfect calculus. In order to hurry students past these prohibited studies, the Ward of Bassack instituted calculus classes for the young-- these classes consisted of full-fledged problems without any preliminary explanations, and of course with no hint of the felonious algebra, etc. Surprisingly enough, some of the youth of the Ward of Bassack managed to pass these tests and thus show proficiency in the calculus, despite the handicaps put upon them by their elders. Neither the suppression of arithmetic, the proscription of algebra, nor the premature and unprepared exposure to the calculus could daunt the predisposition of many of the Ward's youth toward the consummation of the cultural aim toward the calculus.

Of course there were a number who flinched at the prospect. Some defiantly went into retreat and immersed themselves in the outlawed studies of algebra and geometry. Others retreated even further and resumed the solitary and furtive study of arithmetic when no one was looking. And of course a very few of the most defeated-feeling would withdraw from the ideal to the point where they would lurk around children in the hope of teaching them to play number-games. The authorities of the Ward of Bassack all felt very badly about these developments and worked very hard to find constructive ways to deal with these people who could not seem to face up to reality and morality as defined in the Ward of Bassack; the best way to deal with these backsliders seemed to be to lock them up until they quit being stubborn and agreed to practice naught but the calculus.

The other people in the area, the ones lived outside the Ward of Bassack, did not agree with the Ward's way of teaching the calculus. But for the most part they contented themselves with saying that this was about all you could expect if you insisted on doing things in the Bassack Ward fashion. After that remark they generally gave up on the subject of the differential and integral calculus, and just talked about sex.