

SERCON's BANE 40 is intended for the 127th FAPA mailing of May, 1969, and comes from F. M. Busby of 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle, Washington 98119. It's probably going to be a scrawny little rascal and deserves only a scrawny little colophon.

Good Lord! This issue wraps up a solid decade of tenure in here without missing a mailing (of the first 39, at least). Is this a Compulsive Neurosis? Probably...

LOCAL NEWS is always a good way to postpone getting down to the solid work of making definitive Comments on a mailing. OK, I'm now driving my 21st car, the most satisfactorily-handling of the entire lot-- a Volvo 144S 4-stick, by courtesy of Bob Lichtman who cited the Volvo in CRYletter whilst I was rummaging around among Ramblers and Toyota Crowns and Rover 2000TCs and BMWs, etc. I shall drive this bucket to the Westercon and *enjoy* the drive, I do think. Elinor is driving my 19th car, the 1960 Lark, as we traded the good little Toyota in on the Volvo. :: Mickie moved back to Missouri late in January, and may or may not hit the WorldCon this year; we're willing to pay her way to it, but whether her mother will let her attend is something else. :: The '58 Gestetner went SPLATTT and we got a new one; maybe eventually the bugs will get worked out of it so's I can results out of it comparable to the old one. :: Elinor has been working full-time since sometime back around last November, and got rich and bought herself an electric typer of her own, a S-C 250. Perhaps one day she will write you some stencils on it, but for the moment she is more hooked on the kind of apa that is smaller and faster. (Also she reads much more than she writes, as usual.)

After having been completely out of dogs and birds around here for some months, on Apr 5th we acquired a young [full-sized but with baby coloring] male cockatiel who is named Boney after Arthur Upfield's lead character. So far, he's bashful, naturally.

I don't believe I've bored you about the Weight Problem for several mailings, so that might be a good way to leave it for a while longer. [I got to a new low around the first of the year and have mostly been sticking within 2-3 pounds of that.] But on the other hand it is an apa's duty to suffer its members talking about their *Diets*. Or rather, eating-habits. [I do not go on Diets; all I've ever done is abridge my eating-habits a bit, mildly and in small decements.] I used to think it was impossible to do without a Hearty Breakfast, but that seems to have been a misconception: once in a great while I'll have an egg and maybe a hunk of toast, but usually it's just juice and a cup of tea, and surprisingly enough, it is enough. Lunch (on workdays) is some meat and cheese and milk, followed by the usual tea-with-lemon. Dinner, meat & veg. It wouldn't work, of course, if I really WANTED much more. But I would rather have a Martini than mashed-potatoes: Who the hell ever got a lift out of mashed potatoes?!

I realize that my System sounds ridiculous; all I can say for it is the flimsy excuse that it has worked pretty well over the past few years. That's Gratitude...

I have been reading about the Sirhan B Sirhan trial (and a few others) and the defense arguments seem to boil down to "WE can kill You, because we're not responsible and all that, but it would be Very Evil for YOU to kill US". Very rarified bullshit; all it tells me is that if you want to kill somebody and get away with it, just muss your hair and holler a lot and get yourself a good lawyer. It do seem awfully Sick.

Local news seems to have run out. I guess I should go and mop it up.

Several days later: Well, the dam done busted, friends. No MCs this time. In fact, not even one more page, as I'm pretty sure I can beat 70 good one-sided copies out of the new Gestinker, eventually with much cursing, but I wouldn't bet on a two-sider. And no time to get the representative out here and make him do it, or else.

What happened is that suddenly there came up a business trip to the Wash DC area, which I've sagaciously scheduled to include the weekend of the Disclave-- I hope that when this mailing appears I'll have seen many of you there and that we had a ball!

Meanwhile there is much to do here, and not even by the usual last-minute rush procedures could I get a Real Zine into this mailing, especially not with the duper on the blink [this may get run off on Wally Weber's Gestinker, with luck]. A lot of stuff I intended to do for CRY before next Sunday-and-CRYday is also down the spout. Well, I'd really kick myself if I blew this unexpected chance to hit a Disclave, for the first and maybe only time, so I hope you won't sneer and point the finger too much at me for this smallest-yet representation, for me, in a mailing of the FAPA.

But what a helluva way to wrap up ten years of uninterrupted participation. Sheest.