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The above illustration depicts an albino nudist in a snowbank, throwing snowballs at a retreating polar bear while eating vanilla ice cream. Scattered on the snow is about a ream of typing paper, spilled when the nudist was startled by the polar bear. Out of sight just over the hill are all the Funny Parts.

[Well, there was this one stencil in the quire that was hopelessly wrinkled from about line 12 to line 44. I thought I would draw something on it and have a cover. Then I tried drawing in the wrinkled part. Thank heaven for corflu.]

Any other little favors I can do for you, while I'm up??

If I only knew what an Identity Crisis is, I'm pretty sure I'd be having one. The Alaska Communication System, which has been paying for my beans and beer since 1947, ceases to exist at the coming mid-year point, and as yet I have no idea at all what I'll be doing for bread after that time, or where. There are several possibilities, some of which are considerably more possible than others.

The standard move would be to get on the Defense Dep't "stopper list" and take the first gov't engineering job that turns up in my grade, wherever it might be. It wouldn't be here, short of a great stroke of luck, as the gummint has been cannily closing out practically everything else in the area that might have been a good bet. There are distinct disadvantages to leaving Seattle, one of which is the glorious 9% mortgage market encountered when relocating. Another is that Elinor has a job here that she really likes.

Or I can take the "short" or forced retirement annuity and find a non-gov't job, possibly in a different line of work. The retirement pay would be enough of a cushion that the new job wouldn't have to be especially high-bracket, just as long as it was sort of fun. I'm not as crazy about engineering as I used to be.

RCA (who bought out ACS) offers the big-money or rat-race option. As an exercise in dickering I have them up to \$20,000 to go to Anchorage and do my present job there. What with the retirement money and whatever job Elinor might find up there, we could add about 60% to that, I guess. The catches are that we don't want to go to Anchorage and that I don't trust RCA much for either tenure or working conditions. Also, RCA (as well as any gov't outfit I didn't already have by the balls) would start making raucous noises about my riding airplanes, which I swore off from, a little over 13 years ago, bugging the Army considerably.

So possibly the August mailing will find me drawing retirement pay and maybe teaching frosh physics or trig at the local Community College or selling used farbles to the tourist trade. I purely don't know, at this point.

OK, you knowledgeable types; is that an Identity Crisis or ain't it?

Meanwhile, let us consider the 129th Mailing of the FAPA:

FA 129 (the Four Horsemen): Egad, we seem to have lost Donaho and Tucker, unless Bill got up a petition. [I knew Bob was resigning.] They'll be missed.

With the 4th-class postage rate working for us, maybe the Treasury could afford to spring for a 4-mailing moratorium on renewal dues. What say, Bill?? Or at least a 4-mailing period of reduced rates?

I hear we have another Major Controversy about to burst on us. Oh well...

Horizons 120 (Harry Warner): 120 issues; why that's fantastic. Not too many, tho.

A platform-statement by FAPA candidates might help. I don't know that it is exactly a popularity contest now, though, except occasionally. I tend to vote for proven capability and reliability, and for Pres and Veep (especially) for people who seem to have the Legal Mind and the capacity to make dispassionate decisions; the lack of the latter has caused some real messes, just in recent years.

I'm for an all-out Mars-landing push, too. But I doubt that we get it.

Drug slang would seem to share the synonym-creating aspect with teenage slang, especially now since the two got married. I suppose the origin of this is the "hidden language" thing, where the users can talk in front of straights safely. The useful life of a new term would probably be about a week, nowadays.

I'm glad you did share with us some of the readers' reactions to "All Our Yesterdays". [In case I haven't said so before, I found it tremendously interesting and thoroughly enjoyed, as usual, your way of saying things. It's a beautiful book, Harry, and I do hope you nerve yourself up to continue FanHistorically.]

To satisfy, perhaps, some readers' curiosity: I presume the H Beam Piper suicide is the one to which you refer on page 2364. I'm told that financial disaster was the cause, and as Jerry Pournelle said at the time "he had all kinds of friends who would have been glad to help out, but he was too damn proud to ask".

Hagerstown Journal is fascinating, as usual, and what more can I say about a bounty of subject-matter that touches just about all the bases there are?

SB 43, page 2, as we see what condition my condition is in...

Aliquot 692/693 (Rusty Hevelin): Oog, sorry; the above line was cut before I saw in your zine about the health problems last spring. I do hope to hell that by now you are not only properly diagnosed but wellnigh cured to a sturdy consistency.

Anyway, I'm glad you switched to a job you like better. (Now wish me luck; OK?)

My, you do hit a lot of Cons; 5 in one year. I thought we were doing quite well to hit two per year, 3 years in a row, back in 1960-61-62. Cons are a great fannish turn-on. In fact, Cons are Nature's way of telling us to Loosen Up..! I wish we'd get to another World or other easternly Con soon but the odds are against it.

Celephais (Bill Evans): Buddie's job sounds fascinating. Rough, too.

Yes, I've seen reports downgrading the Volvo 144S, and considering what they have to say about some other cars, I can't think what they're about. After all, our 144 is the 21st car I've owned; by now I should have some idea of what is and what is not Good Handling, etc. Yes, they did up the HP in the 140 series for '69, to 118 (what was it in the earlier 140s and in the 120 series?). At about 2500 lb curb weight and 4 gears, I find no lack of zoop. I don't mean I can outdig 400 cu in with an alert intent guy pushing it, in the flat from a dead stop, or anything like that. But on the road At Speed and especially with turns and hills, none of those Big Displacements give me any trouble to speak of; they're too busy trying to keep those overblown parade floats on the gahdamn road. One thing that really impressed me was to overtake Detroit Iron and watch it move to the righthand lane with great delicate effort and apparently many misgivings, very slowly and erratically. And then realize that most cars are like that, but that I'd gotten into the habit of flicking the Volvo instantly from Lane A to Lane B when indicated. Like wow.

I hope we do get east fairly soon. And twas very nice visiting you, folks.

We've blown the minds of several of our friends with "The Graphic Work of M C Escher", just as you folks did to Eney and me last May. I swear that that man sees and draws in at least four dimensions.

Rubber Frog 3 (Gordon Eklund): Are you still sentient, or do you expect to be, in "the other apa in which (you) remain a member"? People are beginning to talk. Seriously though (they always say), you are Missed in your old haunts.

Nah, I don't think that the age of either apas or their members have much to do with the current slump of the quarterly apas. I mean, why should FAPA suddenly slump at about age-32, and SAPS at 22, simultaneously? [Read "the ages", Juffus.] Norm Clarke said in 1965 that the newer fast-acting apas would suck the guts out of the oldtime quarterly groups. Or maybe it was the influence of the planet Jupiter upon Jeane Dixon, who is a twitch if ever I read one.

I like all your Old Baseball stuff, even though as a kid I was usually the worst baseball player in any given neighborhood. Fair hit, no field. I had a good strong throw on me (erratic, though) but couldn't catch a ball in a basket; any hit to my area was automatic extra-bases. I hit fairly well even under a set of rules in which every pitch was a strike unless it hit the batter, the dirt, or somebody else, because I was the only lefthander in any given neighborhood and this screwed up most pitchers a lot. For watching, I dig football more. I don't pay attention to all that Technical Jargon (that changes as fast as the announcers can make it up). [I like the "Tiger" strip in which they're having football practice and Tiger says a lot of quarterback-stuff: Punkinhead says "What did that mean?" and Hugo grins broadly and says "Everybody run out for a pass!"] Right? Right.

I can think of only 2 or 3 current oldtime FAPAns who would have written to tell you How To Write for FAPA. Good grief! Are we that close to running out of fuggheads?

If MY SECRET LIFE IN FANDOM (a gas, on its own) reads anything like the original, I'm not quite sure I'm up to the stark no-holds-barred honesty of the MasterWork.

Different, V3,Nr4 (Sam Moskowitz): I missed "Death of a Dinosaur in '56; it was one of those periods during which Ziff-Davis had (literally) turned me off its zines. (Fairman, you must agree, made Ray Palmer look like the early John Campbell.) But this is a friendly little story and I sort of enjoyed it. I understand some members are raising hell because it is a Reprint, or something like that. But I wasn't aware that FAPA had a rule excluding reprints. SAPS has that bit, for Requirements.

Cognate 10 (Rosemary Hickey): Well, I will help you with the self-analysis thing because there is something that still puzzles me. Do you remember at Chicon III (1962) when at the Shaw-Lupoff suite you buttonholed me and asked fiercely: "Who do you know in Seattle?" Since I live in Seattle, I hummed and hawed and said: "What do you mean?" * "Who do you know in SEATTLE?" you retorted, eyeballs sparking. "Well, like how?" I riposted snappily if stupidly. I mean, in a list of several hundred people I know in Seattle, just where would you like me to start? Well, you weren't having any of those evasive tactics. Eyes dead-level, you pinned me to the wall. "WHO DO YOU KNOW IN SEATTLE?" you said through gritted teeth. I gave up. "Well, to begin with," I said, "there's me". Tossing your head, you turned and stalked away. Considering that this was in the afternoon when everybody was still pretty sober, would you have any idea at this late date what the hell that was all about? As I said, it has puzzled me ever since.

I'm glad you like your new turf. Maybe you were just getting cabin fever in Chicago. That's rational.

Sercon's Bane 42 (Me): Well, these things happen, if you don't watch it.

Diaspar 12 (Terry Carr): Hey, you really ARE hooked on Xerox. Well, that's OK. I remember Bill Collins; he was on the Committee for the BayCon (Westercon) of 1961, at the Leamington. A nice fella. Writes a nice stick, too. I've seen other writeups on the same developments, and Bill adds some interesting sidelights.

A Propos de Rien 129 (Jim Caughran): Your year 1969, of everything in the house breaking down expensively (whether animate or inanimate) reminds me of our 1965, which went about the same way. Just hope it's given a few years' immunity. Your words on how administration as such supersedes function in an institution are well said. I've run clang-on into this bit in my own job, at times.

Andy Main was here a few months ago, was living in Mendocino County, Calif, and planning/hoping to help set up a communal farm in British Columbia. He looked and sounded fine, more cheerful than I could ever manage on a vegetarian diet.

I believe the first extrasolar planet ever discovered was 61 Cygni C; the perturbations of the binary A&B blew its cover. As I recall it, C is considered to be on the borderline between a very large planet and a very small star (or proto-star), with a mass something like 100 Jupiters (all facts subject to error).

With only my own experience to go on, I think tobacco is physically addicting on a mere one-day basis. Psychologically it's as bad as any other longterm habit. Unfortunately I've slipped a lot since those first happy days of Freedom...

Futurian Commentator (Roy Tackett): Harry Warner *Drink*? Of course not. So far as may be discerned from his writings, Harry has no bad habits. His only flaw.

Conventions and inflation: I don't find the Cons themselves overpriced; what hurts is the cost of getting there and back home again. The hotels aren't bad as compared to hotels in general; in fact, a Committee that is on the stick generally extorts special lower Con-rates from the hotel. Occasionally a hotel tries to renege on this and the individual gougee has to beat on the desk and fight like hell, but 9 times out of 10 they seem to play it pretty straight.

What gets me about Civil Defense is its flair for nostalgia, and for pushing aspects for which they think they have plausible-sounding answers. (Pardon the "it/they" change; I got up for a beer and lost the thread.) In the late '50s OCD was pushing evacuation, as if we were still dealing with kilotons rather than megaton bangs. I got very pissed at the idea that these morons expected me to spend the last minutes or hours of my life fighting a hopeless traffic jam instead of using that time for better purposes of my own choosing, of which there are many. Then the nits got onto their Fallout kick; since they had no answer at all to blast or heat or radiation, they chose Fallout to keep their little empire going. Well, that too was a crock. The crew of that Nipponese fishing vessel (Flying Dragon) lived for 3 weeks in fallout-dust, not even washing it off the deck or off themselves, and had just one death, from hepatitis aggravated by radiation from the dust. (I have this from a firsthand witness.) OCD can go Defense itself, baby.

Of Cabbages and Kings (and Baby Turtles) 2 [Peggy Rae Pavlat: I don't think your particular method of losing weight last fall would be really practical for me but thanks anyway; it's the thought that counts!]

We're looking forward to seeing the Fan Calendar; it sounds very fine. (I'D've sent you some info for it, but [SHAME] I am just now reading the November mailing.)

O yes; poking slumbering coals into flame is fun-type magic. Of course sometimes one has to throw on more wood, too, but that's the Advanced Course.

I think it's very neat that your active-type daughter appreciates your quiet-type new son. Kathy's a groovy kid and I'm sure Eric is too.

The trouble with Alistair MacLean (whom I also read, and like) is that he has only the one gear: Top Stretch Suspense. That boy never relaxes. You notice?

I hope we-all see you-all sooner than is reasonably expected. HELLO!

Poor Richard's Almanack 30 or maybe 16 (rich brown): Wow; either you and Howard got into it while I wan't looking or so long ago that I've forgotten how it went. Well, you can both take care of yourselves so I won't sweat it, coming in at the middle of the picture this way.

One argument against the repeal of Prohibition was that it could be shown statistically that the use of liquor led to the use of hard drugs. This correlation can be made between any two or more items that have been prohibited and are thus for sale only in the same black-market. QED, I think. [I was just wrapping up your own argument there, rich, and except for a few Extremes your points are well taken.] One thing though; I must confess to being a Heroine Addict; why, I read Georgette Heyer quite a lot. Heroin, of course, is something else and I want no part of it. Well, if I hadn't said it, Jack Speer would have, and maybe will...

Our local City Fathers have determined to Stamp Out Prostitution. First they roused Les Girls out of Chinatown, so the kids moved up to Pike Street in the main business district. Street solicitation, since Houses were busted long ago. Then a real crackdown was launched, with a series of city ordinances that monotonously were thrown out of court at the State Supreme Court level. Great heavy harrassment. The results have been that now a guy picked up on Pike Street is much more apt to get rolled and beaten and maybe killed, than to get laid, because the plain old prostitution game simply doesn't make the girls enough money in the face of all that heat and all the busts they take. This is an improvement? Our Moral Guardians aren't through yet, though. Now they want to make 3 convictions for prostitution an Habitual Criminal offense so they can lock up these poor dumb broads for 10-to-20 just for peddling their ass. I guess now they'll have to have their pimps kill all the customers to make sure they can't be identified later. Morals Triumph Again! Maybe I'm just naive but I think this town was a lot better off years ago when old-time hookshops lined 1st Avenue and there were regular medical inspections to hold down the incidence of VD, and police surveillance so that a customer had better not get clobbered except in self-defense, or it gave 30 days behind the padlocked door. (The House, I mean, over and above individual busts.) Bluenoses bug me a lot.

I haven't personally frequented a commercial spawning-ground since May 1950 when a bunch of us off the ACS cableship threw an epic 3-day binge in Ketchikan, Alaska, and stretched the *hospitality* of good ol' Creek Street to its utmost. Some other highlights of that blast were the 3rd-Engineer's broken leg and the time the bos'un was sitting in the middle of the main street with his bottle, singing, and when I took him back to the ship in a cab, I took my bleary eye off him for a second and he walked straight off the end of the dock. This was about par... Anyway, the point was that Creek Street served a need. Repression doesn't fill it.

Bobolings (Bob Pavlat): I hope you finally have your local Post Office straightened out, if ever (we get carriers who simply can't read numbers right).

Sigh. I wish I'd seen your new house. I keep visualizing you guys in the other one, even though I know that's no longer valid. Must be great to have Space.

Cars: well, I do like comfort and convenience along with performance and handling, but otherwise I agree with you. "They were as safe at 70 as they were at 7, because they could turn, or stop, or take a bump"; that about covers it.

I've never driven FWDr and neither you nor Peggy exactly wrung out the Saab when I was riding in it, but I understand that Front Push is something else when you work at it. Well, I need to save some new discoveries to liven up my old age, I guess.

Doesn't FWD get a little front-heavy (well, like every US V8)? One thing I think helped the handling of the Toyota Corona and now the Volvo 144, is the crazy great Balance, with just a light-but-potent 4-banger in front. Maybe a slight forward weight-imbalance is desirable with FWD (it sure ain't on Detroit Iron).

I'm glad you dig your new job. Just so you're in a position, when my income tax return goes under computer scrutiny, to push the button that says "Pass this one; OK?" I envy you people who know how to make computers Toe the Mark.

Yes, lots of folks have said that the StLouisCon (like the BayCon) although of mammoth size, was still easy to find people (in). That makes it nice.

Kteic Magazine Vol II Nr 1 (Bill Rotsler): Nice to see that glorious old title in here again. Congratulations on not building the 15-foot Billo-Dylan wig.

If anyone ever does a definitive checklist of Rotsler Movies, he has his work cut out for him. Well, the worse for him, the better for you, so why knock it?

Your place at 3000 H'ridge sounds great and I wish I'd seen it, but the 2925 address is not exactly a Disadvantaged Locality. I guess you pick good pads.

It'll be interesting to see who says what (or says nothing) as to whether you should tell or omit sex stories in this group. Personally I think they're a gas. Well, like the "Channel Six" story with the closed-circuit stag movie. I broke up.

I do like those *hard and fast* Sunrise Tribe rules (also DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED).

The Tattooed Dragon Strikes Again (Bill Rotsler, again): I remember seeing the first

(I think) Tattooed Dragon, at Wrai Ballard's place in North Dakota, on our way home from the 1957 Midwestcon. It blew our vestigial minds. We've all changed since then. Your viewpoint has sharpened, Wm, sir. I would not venture to say what has happened to my viewpoint; it still points out there from in here. But this latest Tattooed Dragon, let me tell you, blows my same old mind in the same old way. Except, even better.

Horib 13 (Dick Lupoff): Geewhiz, Dick, if you've been *changing* for 3 solid years

now, and only just got around to say so (and to chide the Other 64 for not having kept pace), how do you know but somebody else wasn't just waiting to make it 4 years before speaking up? That is, I think maybe you should wait a little while longer before making a lot of Judgements around here. Further, you're being somewhat unfair in that you don't give anyone the chance to agree or disagree with your Changes, since you don't say what these are. You pop this new bit in without giving anyone else a chance, and frankly if I didn't know you better by more direct lines of communication, I would suspect you of pulling either a hoax or a full-fledged Phony. I know you're not doing that-- but do the Other 63? LEVEL a bit, baby, or else don't really expect the entire gang to take what you say, at face value.

No putdown, buddy; just a reminder that nobody puts much faith in unsupported guff that comes in from the Upstage direction. Try it again from Where It Is; hey?

Hey, I do like your reportings and reminiscences at the end of the zine; cool.

Gad; much of the above sounds about 500% more putdownish or belligerent than I would like. Buy it at about 20¢ on the dollar, will you, Dick??

Terminus Telegraph Two (George Scithers): Hey, wha hoppon, last fall? Note from you from o'seas saying you'd be through here and how's to get together? So I aircarded you at the "Box 0" address (I think), the one you'd presumably pick up on before hitting this area, and I said like "Fine; be seeing you" except more verbosely. But we didn't see you or hear from you. Did I pick wrong address?

Although I do hope by all the dear good little gods that I'm never affiliated with the production of a fanzine with 4-figure circulation, your exposition of the means of coping with same was quite fascinating. Fannish Knowhow wins every time!

At the start of "Variations in Style" I'm taken by the juxtaposition of the words "Squamous" and Rugose". Back when Kornbluth was writing most of several s-f pulps under pseudonyms that escape me for the moment, like maybe in 1940 or so,

some of his stories featured a lot of light gassy dialogue. One fragment that has stuck in my mind began like this: "Space is a thin weary substance, partly rugose and partly squamous..." Well, it's still a fine matched pair of adjectives.

"Variations...", though: I grok (I)Lovecraft, (III)Leiber, and (IV)Howard, OK, but (II) throws me. Bradbury, maybe? All IV are a gas, in any event.

Yea verily there is a lot of s&s crud, as well as s-f crud onstands of late.

The Vinegar Worm VolIII Nol2 (Bob Leman): You mention Carl H. Claudy's "Land of No Shadow". It just happens to be the first unequivocally science-fiction story I ever read! The spring of my 8th birthday, I believe. In the serialized version, of course. Then there was the two-buddies series, Ted and somebody: the first I saw had to do with the time-machine and the Neanderthal skull with bullet-hole in it. The last concerned invisible invaders from Venus and was about 8 years later. I once mentioned to Forrie Ackerman the place of "Land of No Shadow" in my reading career; then in '67 when he held an Open House during the Westercon, bedamnt if he didn't dredge up a copy of the book version and give it to me. I was whelmed!

My very first exposure to Carl H. Claudy, however, was as the author of a book on the construction and operation of model airplanes. A fine book, that one.

Your arguments against the use of *hip jargon* are valid in themselves, yet I don't agree with your overall pitch. The use of contemporary slang and colloquialisms can often convey meaning with better impact than the use of precise English. You used to hit a colloquialism over the fence every now and then yourself, as I recall, and very well-hit, too. I think Westbrook Pegler was the outstanding exponent of the art of switching back and forth between Impeccable Prose and gut-level slang for maximum impact; that man was a master wordsmith. And new live slang usages (the good ones-- the ones that fill a gap) add to, rather than detract from the language. Much of it, of course, is ephemeral and rightly so. But some of it, from any era, sticks around and becomes part of the accepted language. Bring-down (or downer) and bummer, for instance, are logical and look to stay around. Uptight is much better than its 1940ish predecessor "the tight collar" which meant almost exactly the same thing. I think you're prejudiced against today's slang by way of being bugged (oops; sorry) by its Sources. Yet in any era there have been those who limit their vocabularies to a few current catchwords; they would be as incoherent if slang didn't exist; that's their bag handicap. I recall a gorgeous redhead at college right after War2 who used a 5-word vocabulary about 90% of the time. Two of these words were "Red hot!"; the other 3 were "Hubba hubba hubba!" Like nowhere, man...! [Can you dig it?]

I loathe insurance companies and their adjustors with a great purple passion that looks not unlike a grape. A very sour grape. Bastards, all of them.

When shall we see you at a Con or otherwise? 1958 is a long time ago.

Kim Chi 15 (Dick Ellington): Your "Gunk" sounds a lot like what we call "Hamburger Goop", except that we take it straight rather than pouring it over anything.

Come to think of it, we haven't had that for quite a while. Instead we seem to use hamburger as patties with cheese on top, smothered with chili & beans. Groovy.

You're a good man to send out all those extra copies of your FAPAZines. I used to run a lot of extras, but never got around to sending them out, so now I just run enough to cover the way the gahdamn Machine is apt to goof up, and stash the extras in a Stack someplace. I'm just kind of a shit, I guess.

I hate to say this and be a spoilsport, but the Jurassic didn't run much to bears. But the Smokey Sutra was fun, anyway.

Jack Speer is alive and well in his Funkin' Waganall's. (Jest jestin', Jack.)

THIS HAS BEEN a strange exercise in not (for a change) waiting until the very last damn minute to get cracking on desperate attempts to hit the deadline. Why, it may even prove possible to send this zine in, other than Air Mail or even First Class.

Most of the local news around here is incipient rather than actual, so probably someone else will get to blow your minds with it between FAPA deadlines. Stay tuned.

That seems to do it for this mailing. And about time, too, you beautiful people.