

NOTES FROM ARINAM

Spring 1978

FAPA 163

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 who has somehow lost track of the numbers on this particular title--if he ever knew them in the first place.

A Marinated Publication <sup>></sup>

THE FA #162 is a fine looking publication except for Speer's pages and he can blame the cheap stencils he got from me for that. Show's what happens when one waits until 20 minutes before a meeting of Alpha Centura (sic) before deciding there is a dire need for stencils.

With Vardeman out and Patten not yet in it appears that Juffus's plan for a complete Albuquerque takeover of FAPA have gone down the Rio Grande.

CELEPHAIS: It appears that you are more semi-retired than actually retired what going in part time and all that. Devotion to the job and all that, what? Not me, babe. We are in different circumstances and different departments. My time has all been with DoD and I'll be most happy when I can hang it all up. I have the necessary time now and lack only reaching the necessary age. What with galloping inflation, though, I wonder if I will ever be able to retire. I don't think I'll be able to afford it. Still I keep thinking that I should do so at the earliest opportunity before some of the idiot proposals concerning retirement actually become law.

It is amusing in a way.

We have (all of us, the Executive, the Congress and ultimately the citizenry) demanded this massive Federal government and now complain because it costs so much to run. Congress and the Executive both complain, for example, about the increasingly high cost of military retirement. But they are the ones who continue to insist that we keep some three million men and women under arms. If that massive a force is needed, it must be paid for. I think one of the reasons behind the push for more women in the armed forces is the belief that few of them will stick around until retirement.

True, true, fandom was more close knit in days of yore. I think we tended to be more scientifically oriented, too, whereas today's fans seem more interested in the literary aspects of the genre. That's one transition I've yet to make-- I still don't much give a damn about discussing of SF as literature. Hmmm. Maybe we're getting too many English majors in the field. A crusade, yes, drive the English majors out of science fiction. (Oh, ghod, now our British members will want to know what we have against the British army.....)

I heard an interesting discussion concerning Amerind education on a local radio station recently. (With our relatively large Indian population it is a matter of some concern.) A speaker from the Jemez reservation said that one of the big problems was that Indian children could not relate to standard American literature. Such "classics" as A Tale of Two Cities, for example, were meaningless to Indian children. Well, maybe so. I think, though, that to use such items as an excuse to deny their children modern education is a mistake on the part of the Indians. We hear constant

complaints about the need for more educators, scientists, doctors, etc., among the Indians but they refuse to take the necessary steps themselves to alleviate the situation. That's not our way is the standard excuse.

Britain/England problem. Indeed. At the conclusion of the last TAFF race I put through a call to Peter Weston. Told the operator I wanted to call Great Britain. She asked me what country it was in. We agreed on England. I was afraid to say "United Kingdom"; that would have confused her completely.

OF MEMBERS, ETC. Peggy Rae, this is always a valuable publication. It serves as a memory jogger and saves us the trouble of digging through the entire year's mailings. Very much appreciated.

I wonder about these citizens' advisory committees for this and that. I get the general impression that they are set up by the political pros to give the impression that they are doing something to satisfy the demands that something be done, so to speak. The advisory committees hustle and bustle and make periodic reports to the mayor or whoever and he promptly files and forgets. But the citizens are satisfied... they have done something for the poor unfortunates of the particular category on the schedule for this tri-month. They go away satisfied that they have accomplished something and convinced that the mayor is a nice chap after all so they'll vote for him next time. Yeah.

I noted that I was beginning to lose the center of the o's. Cheap stencils. I scrounged around and found one lonely wrinkled film sheet. Used, of course. It will, I hope, hold together long enough to allow me to finish whatever it is I am doing here.

I had a terrible time keeping HORT from breaking out in my comments to Peggy Rae above. He had a doozie of a scenario all set to go on stencil until I decided that Peggy Rae was too nice a person for that sort of treatment.

NOT MUCH A NOTHIN: I thoroughly enjoyed this, Cliff, although it does not inspire much comment at the moment. I'm a bit sorry that The Spider novels never survived as paperback reprints since the stories were generally better than either Doc Savage or The Shadow. Of course the attempt to update them the second time reprinting was tried may have had something to do with that.

Inflation kills...ah, yes, doesn't it? I have almost ceased buying hardback books completely. And the number of paperbacks I purchase is about 10% of what I used to buy. Nowadays when I have money to buy a book and it goes for non-fiction rather than fiction.

Which leads, in a way, to a comparison between today's "affluent" society and the days of the Great Depression. I really can't see a great deal of difference. Didn't have much money then but didn't need much; everything cost considerably less. Got more money now, can afford to buy less. Have reached the conclusion that we were better off during the Great Depression than we are now. Makes no sense. Nothing does.

Who was that person I saw you with last night?  
That was no person, that was my wife.

Good evening, persons and germs....

They called her Frivilous Sal, a peculiar sort of a person.

The person of my dreams is the sweetest person of all the persons that I know.

Our Person Sunday.

The Person of the Golden West.

The person in red. The whole town's crazy 'bout the person in red.

No person made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

Jane Clayton, Person Greystoke.

Vanity, thy name is person.

I dunno, Faps, somehow none of the above sounds right.

CRUMBLY COWBOY 3: Nibbled at by a young bird, eh. Really, Peter, the creature mistook you for its mother.

COGNATE: So you are in Houston now, Rosemary? A far cry from Chi. Strange that with your education and experience you should have to take a secretary's job. And still we have people out crusading against ERA. Diana ran into the same sort of thing in Lincoln. The only thing prospective employers wanted to know was how well she could type. And Houston grows. And the whole southwest is going to grow in population more and more. Two rough winters in a row in the northeast means people are going to be flooding out to the southwest. Flooding. Appropriate. Let's hope they bring their own water because we sure don't have enough.

I don't believe I ever finished the Lanny Budd series. Started through it, oh, years and years ago. Lost interest with still two or three to go.

Hey, Rosemary, want to be President of FAPA? (See, you've been asked.) Tradition suggests that FAPA presidents must drink a lot but I really don't think that's a requirement. Duties are easy. One must remember to appoint an election teller.

SPEED OF DARK: I'm glad that you mentioned Gordon Dickson. That gives me the opportunity to announce that he will be the Guest of Honor at Bubonicon #?. 25-27 August 1978 (the weekend before worldcon) in Albuquerque. For information write to Mike Kring, 6413 Academy NE, Apt 213, Albuquerque, N.M. 87109.

HELEN'S FANTASIA: Nice to see the words on Graue and Oop who has long been a friend of mine. I first encountered Oop while I was in school in Fountain, Colorado. I usually arrived in the vicinity of the school quite early and on cold winter mornings it was miserable. The school buildings were not yet open but across the street was Orcutt's Garage which was open and always had the morning paper spread out on the counter. I started going in to get warm while waiting for school to open and started reading the paper. Found Oop. Delightful. Even in warm weather I stopped in at Orcutt's Garage to read Oop. I'm sure you know that Alley is a major character in Simak's The Goblin Reservation and Simak has said it was something of a job to keep him from

taking over the story completely.

Oop appears in the evening paper here and because of the business arrangement between the papers only the morning paper appears on Sunday so we get the daily strips but not Sunday. The Sunday comic section, by the way, has most of the strips jammed together on a few pages and devotes the rest to advertising. The strips, needless to say, are greatly reduced in size.

Public buildings seemed to be prone to leaky roofs. The Albuquerque City Commission recently had to appropriate \$400,000 for a new roof for the Convention Center, a building less than ten years old. Loud cries of making the contractor pay for same but, ho ho, the city inspectors had approved and accepted the roof so there was no recourse there.

Boss

Tweed would be proud.

Hmm, I make it that I was born in the year of the Ox and since I am, according to the astrological chappies, also a Taurus that might explain a lot of things about me. And then it might not.

Back to Oop. No, Alley didn't go to Constantinople. 'Twas Boom and a couple others attempted to make that trip--and as usual the time machine fouled up and they missed their target by several years. Oop has been back in Moo for many months. He imbibed a potion which made him super-strong a while back and it was decided that the best place for him for a while would be Moo.

HORIZONS? The pieces by Al Ashley send the ego scrambling through the files of memory and tell us a great deal of what we were like 35 or more years ago. Slanshacks, regional spinoffs from the NEEF and all the rest. Indeed, as said above, we were more close-knit with more of a band of brothers attitude. Can we lay that change on Degler?

Strange,

isn't it, that after all these years Cosmic Claude still haunts us? He would have to be well up on any list of those fans who have influenced fandom the most. For better or worse Degler was a force in fandom - one that has not yet died away.

These reprints are interesting since they bring up familiar names and faces I remember only vaguely since the fans involved were met only briefly. For all of my years in fandom I still feel more like an observer than a participant. And I suspect that's just Roytac's reserve pulling him back. Foo knows I've had more than my share of fannish activity and honors but I still feel as if I'm outside watching and making notes.

I may someday,

have to analyze myself....

CACOETHES: (Still puzzled on pronunciation of that.) Received a mail order catalogue from some outfit in the east crammed full of Egyptian imitations including several busts of Nefertiti (surely one of time's most beautiful women) and several different versions of the eye of Horus. One cannot help but wonder if reluctance to feature that might just possibly have something to do with the mythology of the Illuminati?

HUMBLE OPINIONS: Your comments about the incidents at work reflect once again the vast gulf between management and labor. Management continues to view itself as some sort of aristocracy and labor as peasants and peons little better than animals and a whole lot more sneaky. It is distressing, in these supposedly enlightened times, to see the position of the worker slipping back down to what it was before the New Deal and all the hard won gains melting away. There has always been an anti-labor feeling in this country and it is becoming more and more overt, particularly in view of the coal strike. What is particularly bothersome is to hear workers in one industry badmouthing workers in another.

Sitting around the break room at work, sipping coffee and inhaling nicotine. Listening to one of the men complaining about the coal miners, how they should be cut off from all benefits, how they should be, essentially, driven back to the mines. What company do you own? I inquired. Why, none, he said. Then why the hell are you putting down labor? I wanted to know. You're sitting here condemning working men for trying to improve their lot when you are one yourself. What makes you think your position is so damned secure? Gaping jaws and some furrowed brows and maybe a dim light glimmering.

Trouble is, you see, we all work for Uncle and most of the men are, like myself, retired military. The military, as you well know, is anti-labor and does a fair to middling job of instilling anti-labor ideas in its people. Fairly good. There are a few of us confirmed mavericks it doesn't work on. The men I work with are now firmly convinced that I should be colored somewhat pink, if not completely red (but I can't be that because I'm a retired warrior...). Incidents (who?) like the hidden cameras continue to show that management distrusts labor which gives labor a good reason for distrusting management.

GUBBUAN SAOR: Powermad Albuquerque Clique indeed! Today FAPA is ours! Tomorrow the N3F: ((Ghod, what a horrible thought.))

WHATEVER IT WAS by Barry Hunter. Well, Barry, I really wouldn't want to see you go through all that work of digging out your old poems. After all, old boy, I know it would be difficult and all that. Just save yourself all the trouble and all that. Yes.

520: Mighod, everybody is doing mailing comments. Even Perdue. Gets more uphill every year? You betchum, Red Ryder. And that's because the likes of me and thee are over the hill.

GRUE: I think the closest thing we've got to an all night supermarket is the 7-11 store which, of course, isn't all night and hardly a supermarket. ABQ has not yet the population to support anything like that. For which we offer thanks.

I am not enthused about CB. We have a set which we use whenever we make long distance trips and I have found it to be useful a couple of times. When we're not travelling, though, it sits on the shelf. I hardly find the chatter of boorish truck drivers and stupid townfolk worth listening to.

It is glad I am that I don't live in a tract or subdivison. Some good

friends recently moved into one of the planned tracts here in the Village. Beautiful place--or will be if it ever gets landscaped--but I don't think I could put up with rules and regulations about what type house one must have or what sort of outside structures one can put up and all like that. It keeps me busy as it is just ignoring the Village's ordinances.

COMPOROID: I never did send you that LetterofComment. Ah, well, it is far to late for that now.

I am not one of those who are fascinated by computers. I believe in the inevitability of the Butlerian Jihad. //You have lots of tuna fish, eh? How much of it is porpoise?//There is a ready made pronoun for those who find the use of "he" or "she" difficult. Try "it". But not on me.

As does Frierson, I find the subject of homosexual rights a bore. That applies equally to arguments for women's rights or black rights or chicano rights or any other special interest group which climbs upon its soapbox to proclaim its rights. There are only human rights and they should apply equally to all. All Assorted groups demanding their rights tell me they're after something special and I don't go for that.

LOOSE TIGER: That we are at the beginning of a new ice age, Lester, is arguable. There is no agreement whatsoever among climatologists as to what is going on. Those who think we are pouring an unmeasurable amount of pollution into the atmosphere argue that Earth is actually warming. At the same time there are those who argue that the sun is cooling a bit at present which means that Earth should also cool. Perhaps they are both right and one offsets the other. As to your comments about a slowly receding ice age--wrong. The evidence shows that about 9,000 BC the ice melted extremely rapidly--rapidly enough to raise sea level a number of feet in an extremely short time (which probably is the root of the flood legends). Ice in the mouth of the Hudson last century had nothing to do with the ice ages but simply a cooling cycle which is not unusual. Go study the history of weather.

Agree with Rick Norwood. For anyone with children in school and for many college students the Labor Day weekend is the wrong time for the worldcon. Many schools no longer observe the tradition of opening after Labor Day but open, perhaps, the week previous. Universities also. UNM, for example, resumes classes about two weeks before the end of August. A change of the date of the worldcon might be something for future committees to study.

How do you pronounce death?

BOBOLINGS: Buddy was Wilma's brother. His, ah, girlfriend, shall we say, was Alura. She was from Mars, I believe.//If I followed your lines correctly I see that I joined FAPA in November 1967 which means I've been a member for more than 10 years. Doesn't seem possible.

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... the ... ing President. For ... only  
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