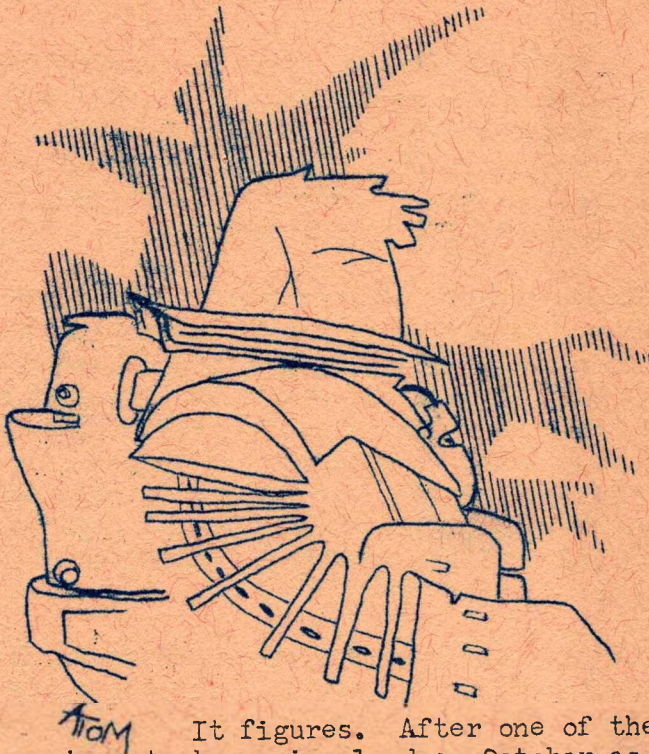


the
rambling
fap 51

fapa 133
november 1970

gregg
calkins





WELL,
DIDN'T HE RAMBLE...

It figures. After one of the busiest Septembers of my life and what promises to be as involved an October as recent years have spawned, I've just been notified that I am--admittedly not entirely to my surprise--the new FAPA OE. So here I sit with my vow to maintain my personal activity throughout the year along with my official duties mixed all over my face along with the egg. Needless to say I had planned by this time--October 6th as I begin this--to be well along with this issue, and here I am with the mailing as yet unglanced. I suppose I could be thankful that it's a small mailing...

So what happened? Well, the annual Standard Oil budget meeting descended upon me with unaccustomed vigor, for one thing. Every fall the exploratory divisions go through great agonies of inspiration followed by artistic endeavor so that we can present the Standard Oil management with a rationale whereby they can feel justified in giving us several millions of exploratory dollars during the coming year so we can go out and search for a little grease. As illogically as the baseball salary negotiations, the amount of money we ask for and the amount we get is predicated to a large amount on the success we had or didn't have in the year immediately past. If you know anything about the domestic oil business, or even if you merely follow the state of the economy in general, you might guess that (1) last year was not a good year for domestic exploration, and (2) the money outlook for the coming year isn't so hot anyhow. Result: extra frenzied salesmanship/begging on our part this fall so that next year won't be more of the same. There's a well-known correlation between exploratory dollars spent and oil discovered, but somehow it's difficult to convince management of this fact when money is tight. It's doubly difficult when Congress is putting on the pressure through cutting the depreciation allowance on minerals (depletion, if you prefer) and talking about switching from import quotas to a tariff system, while local groups are demonstrating about the adverse effects of oil exploration upon the environment--difficult for us domestic explorers, that is. Our management, being interational in scope, simply looks at these factors and decides it prefers to spend the exploratory money abroad and cuts us off with hardly a penny. Standard finds just as much oil, probably increases its profit margin with lower-cost oil, and goes merrily on its way--but the net result to us is a lack of drilling money, fewer discoveries, resultingly fewer pay raises, less chance for egoboo among we explorationists, and diminishing U.S. reserves in a time of rapidly increasing consumption and uncertain foreign supplies. A bad scene.

the rambling fap iii

As a result of the increased pressure for performance this fall, my boss presented me with about six months of work that he required in a month-and-a-half. Or so it seemed to him. He told me about August 1st that the map was due September 10th, but he neglected to remember that the middle two weeks of August would find me in the wilds of southern Utah on vacation, so that cut things down a bit. The August mailing arrived and was carefully placed in a corner for future reference...

August was a mixed month, combined in about equal parts of long days and weekends down at the office and long days and weekends driving across the fastnesses of my favorite state, Utah. The vacation was also mixed--we camped with my in-laws--but more about that later. Then came the first week of September, with the map getting done somehow as these things always do, and my boss comes to me and says how would I like to go to a 2-week school in Houston beginning the Monday after budget meeting, September 21st? And, meanwhile, here is some preliminary work to be done before the school starts...math review, computer problems, reading. So off I go to Houston, the month of September passes, the FAPA mailing remains in silent dignity upon the shelf.

October--I can cut stencils to my heart's delight the entire month of October! Not only that, but I have a totally unrealized bonus--I don't have to allow for a couple of weeks of mail time between myself and the OE for a change! It's quite possible that I can run off something on the final Saturday and still manage to have it included in the bundle. Ho ho ho! So what happens? A good friend of mine, a bachelor of 45 years standing, unaccountably gets it into his head that he wants to get married on October 17th and thereby screws up at least half of the month for me. The fact that he may have screwed up an even longer stretch for himself is small consolation. We have house-guests coming from as diverse spots as Santa Barbara, California, and Anchorage, Alaska, for the wedding. Well, that still leaves me this weekend to work, right? Even if Wednesday is tied up with my bowling league and Thursday with my accounting class, there's still the weekend. Oh, yeah? Have you ever seen the contortions a wife goes through when long-missed house-guests come to town? Sunday, to give you an idea, I spent putting paneling on one wall followed by \$40 worth of hanging bookcases to sort of tone up the joint. The couch goes out to be re-covered tomorrow (thank God I don't have to do that one) and who knows what the weekend has in store? Not, I doubt, stencil cutting.

But enough of these weak excuses. There will be a November mailing, it will get out on time, and this will be in it! Not, perhaps, the 20 pages I had scheduled back in early August--but at least I can honestly claim that it's not the extra work involved in being OE that's the cause of it. At least not yet. When I start cutting stencils for the FA that might be another matter.

H OUSTON

was a horse of a different collar this time. Some of you may remember that I was there for two weeks earlier this year at a previous school...February, I think it was. That was "Basic Chev School" and it proved to be an introductory course, far simpler in concept than my day-to-day work albeit nevertheless with many nuggets of information for me hidden therein, and this coupled with some wacky motel celebration involving two hours of Absolutely Free Booze every night from 5 to 7 made the school more like a two-week convention than anything else. Indeed, the Sunday night I arrived in Houston we didn't go to bed at all, spent the night in one guy's room finishing off his two bottles of booze, playing cards and telling stories, and went directly to class at 8:30 the next morning. If anything, we picked up the pace from there. As a matter of record, I literally collapsed about

the rambling fap iv

Thursday of the second week from too much alcohol and too little sleep. Naturally I called it the flu...

Not this time, Nathan. The math involved was enough to keep my mind 100% involved at all times. I'd had all the math before, and more, but that was when I was much younger and more flexible and across an 8-year gap of dis-use besides. How fast it goes when you don't use it! So that kept me on my toes and the six hours of problems every day following the lectures kept me back on my heels and between the two they had me pretty well flat-footed. Quelle difference!

I am happy to report, however, that some things are unchanged. Eternal Truths, perhaps. Houston is still a miserable, muggy, flat, swampy, hot, moist, smoggy, unbearable place to live and I hope to God I have the guts to quit if they ever try to transfer me there permanently! Matter of fact, I can't even list it as a nice place to visit but.

All of you Houston lovers may not ~~kiss/my~~ get together and divide up my share of the town because I don't plan on using it.

UTAH

by comparison, was hurrahs of a different caller. I do enjoy that most scenic of all states, there's no getting around it. But I guess you all know that. This year Rea had wanted to spend some time with her folks and I wanted to spend some time camping and looking into small college locations, so like a good husband and wife should we compromised and ended up doing them both at the same time and neither one of them well.

We met at the North Rim of Grand Canyon and I started the two weeks off to a good beginning by being late to our meeting point. We stopped to see some old friends in Zion (mine) and misjudged the time to Grand (admittedly my error) and then I wasn't specific enough as to the meeting point (I plead not guilty, your honor, but where is the jury?) and by the time we arrived the place was in a state of uproar. That might have been something of a blessing--at least things hardly got much worse in the following weeks. Well, some, but not much. On, the next day or two, to Bryce Canyon. There I left them all and drove up to Salt Lake City on business--mending fences at the U, looking for possible teaching openings known to the head of my department, etc--for three days. Somewhat to my surprise, that wasn't all too popular either. They missed me. Not only that, but Grandma and Grandpa had forgotten what it was like to camp with four kids age 3 to 14 for twenty-four hours a day. Additionally, my dear wife had forgotten what it was like to camp with Mommy and Daddy the same twenty-four hours a day. The darling little kiddies had never known what it was like to live with two relatively strange grandparents and additional bosses for their twenty-four hours a day. Me--I tried to smile a lot, with relatively poor success. I learned a lot.

On the other hand, I had some very pleasurable experiences. I saw several old friends I hadn't seen since my graduation in 1951 (I went to high school in the little town of Tropic, population 500 or so, just 8 miles down the road in the bottom of Bryce Canyon National Park) including, quite by coincidence, one of my favorite teachers who had moved to California in 1950 after teaching me one year and who had not been back since but happened to stay in the campgrounds the same day I got back from Salt Lake...well, that's a hell of a long sentence and I'm only getting warmed up. Anyhow, there we were, camping at Bryce. And there he

the rambling fap v

was, also camping at Bryce. He's the principal of some school in California and the pressure is getting to him. On the spur of the moment he buys a used camper and heads for Bryce to camp and collect rocks and unwind. While at Ruby's Inn one morning I bump into one of the girls in my graduating class--since there were a total of 14 of us graduated that year, bumping into a classmate is not always the easiest thing in the world--and she passes on the startling bit of information that this guy has been seen camping at Bryce. So I jumped back into my car, drove into the park, and proceeded to check camp sites until I spotted him. As a matter of fact, I had checked all of the camp sites and passed him as he was driving out of the Park and back home, having unaccountably delayed his departure an hour at the lodge that morning, and I drove in front of him and flagged him down. I don't know when I've enjoyed myself more in a long time.

As a no-cost extra and perhaps strictly as a result of all of us happening to coincide this summer (another classmate was spending his last night in town before moving to Logan and had spent the previous 6 years in Alaska until this summer and I caught him boxing household furnishings) we have decided to have a 20-year reunion next summer. Now this may seem commonplace to you, but in the 70-odd years that high school has been in business, they've never had a class reunion. With only 13 of us to draw from--one guy was killed that I know of for sure--we may well never have another one. Needless to say I'm planning to attending come what may and no doubt it will all be recorded here in these very pages...

Oh, yes, I also checked out one small college with mixed results, which I thought was appropriate since it followed the general tone of the two weeks. Along the line of schools (and thoughts which occur to me out of chronological sequence) I just remembered that while in Salt Lake I had the occasion to visit my old high school coach from Tropic who is presently Superintendent of Schools for the State of Utah. How times change.

And so went vacation 1969.

SIC TRANSIT

Bakersfield has proven a welcome improvement from La Habra--so welcome, in fact, that I can't help but wonder how short a time we'll be here. Thoughts like that went through my head when I decided to run for OE--if there's one thing FAPA does not need it's an OE who moves during his term of office. One address is plenty, two is confusion.

So what are my chances? Well, since the import quotas were retained, at least temporarily, things have improved as far as staying here goes. There was a good chance for a while that those of us who survived the cut would find ourselves doing foreign work, but I think that has abated. Our company has a 12-18 month Houston assignment that I was a prospective candidate for a few months ago, but that job has since been filled without me. That's a relief because I know I don't have the guts to quit just at the moment. Alaska has slowed down with the delay over how and whether to build the trans-Alaska pipeline...no sense finding more reserves if you can never get them to the market. The biggest bugaboo now is reorganization. There has been a persistent rumor for over a year that we will all consolidate (or at least the survivors will, following a reduction in overhead necessitated by current economics) just east of San Francisco in the Concord area. It may never come to pass, or at least not for a number of years, but I still worry about it a lot. Geez how I'd like to settle down in one place for a while.



THE FANTASY AMATEUR
(Officialdom)

The thought that I have to produce this next time--a bare month away, now-- is sobering. I have a cover designed but unproduced. At least I don't have to stencil the constitution this mailing...and Evans does the ST report, hmm? Why, this job could turn out to be a snap! :::: Not that I couldn't stand the sobering. This coming weekend a very good bachelor friend of mine, age 45 or so, hits the skids for the first time (seems I remember typing this only a few days ago) and as of tonight--Tuesday--the weekend is about to begin. Tomorrow night I bowl. Thursday is my accounting class. Friday the guests arrive. Whither FAPA then?

VUKAT
(Patten)

Maybe I have a dirty mind, but how does you pronounce that? :::: I heartily subscribe to John's idea that cons should be small, informal gatherings of old friends rather than giant, fluttering circuses to ballyhoo science-fiction. Had I realized this attitude in advance I might well have made more of an attempt to attend this year. :::: No bar in a hotel is an advantage to be desired, not a drawback. There's nothing better, more satisfactory or cheaper than running your own bar. The main drawback to this is that most hotels, understandably so, insist on their own bar privileges--after all, that's a big part of their convention income right there. :::: Sounds like I missed a good one.

SAMBO
(Martinez)

I feel for you in your moving agonies. Or your moving description of your otherwise moving agonies. Or something. As a more-or-less permanent type of transient I am looking forward to the day when I can buy a house and settle down never to move again. When it fills up with junk I'll just let it fill. I hope to buy enough acreage around me that I don't have to worry about the change in the neighborhood during my lifetime because I'll be the neighborhood. I'd like to build my own when I wind up a permanent resident of somewhere or other, too--I have the plans all picked out. A place in Prescott, Arizona, makes prefabricated house kits out of real logs, any design you like and some of them are pretty tremendous, and baby that's for me. I'd like to

move to Durango next weekend and get started building. Unfortunately, there is one slight hitch... :::: In terms of junk around the house, one thing regular moves does for you is keeps you lean and mean. This is not an unmixed blessing. You also lose things somewhere along the way and after a few years you never know quite where. I had sf books and mags that I'm fairly sure I don't have any more and yet I don't know where they could have gone. On the other hand, they just might still be buried in a box or two that I haven't unpacked since 1964. There's another drawback--you might not lose things outright and still you won't ever see them again. No, I'd like to move one more time, build a house, put everything out in its place and then never move again. :::: Title problems? My God, you don't mean to tell me they don't have Title Insurance Companies in Tulsa? Here in California, the land where no single family ever buys a house completely and yet the average place is paid for six or seven times over, you buy an insurance policy on your title just like on your car or your life. :::: Well, you already know how the vacation this summer turned out. Next summer, though, is the one I really faunch for! If I can manage to work it so I can go back to my old high school town in southern Utah for a week's worth of 20th anniversary reunion plus visiting all by myself that will have to be the greatest feat ever! I enjoy my family and my kids tremendously, but every now and then it's sure nice to get off of your own and have no responsibilities other than yourself or claims on your time other than your own. I don't really enjoy going to Houston on business, but I have to admit that independence is one of the compensating factors. For two weeks I go to bed, get up and eat solely at my own convenience--aside, that is, from the requirements of the business trip. :::: I'm not sure at the moment what will happen to the last week of my vacation this year. We had been planning to go to Seattle over Thanksgiving and see Rea's brother and sister and my brother, all of whom live there quite by coincidence, but this Magnificent Marriage is having an effect there, too. To accomodate all of our out-of-town guests this weekend we spent the money on furniture, food and fixing-up that we would have spent on Seattle later on. At the moment, Thanksgiving is still very much in doubt. I think we'll borrow the money and go anyhow, though. A close acquaintance of mine died in a submarine accident earlier this year at the age of 32. He worked for a geological engineering firm and was engaged in recovering a sunken pleasure craft in several hundred feet of water when a line snapped and two subs--miniature, two-man jobs--rolled together and smashed a porthole on his sub he was in. He died down there at an early age and left a lot of things in his life undone. Life's too short at best and this only underlines how fate can have a way of shortening it still more--never put off until tomorrow the things you can do today is good advice in more ways than one. We always tend to think we can put things off until next year and next year and next year indefinitely just because we always have... :::: Do you have to do this only once a year, Sam?

NEW CAT SAND
(Demmon)

I don't care how cleverly you disguise yourself as a member of the Establishment, Calvin, to me you will always come across as Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon of purple Flying Frog Fame. The four-part name always rolls across my tongue as one word... Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. Has a ring to it... :::: Why do people sweat out the income tax deadline? Hell, just file a bare minimum form on the last day and then you have three more years in which to work on an amended return. You can see that the income tax deadline is considerably more flexible in this respect than the FAPA deadline.

the rambling fap viii

KIM CHI
(ELLINGTON)

Your comments on your animal population causes me to wonder idly how my own rabbit crop is coming along. One of the big drawbacks to Bakersfield during the summer is that one doesn't tend to get outside of one's air-conditioned house unnecessarily, so it has been at least a month since I got out in my own back yard. The last I saw that rabbit he was, at the age of a year and a half, being Visited by the first female he had seen since birth and he was absolutely humping himself out of his mind! The Lady Rabbit was trying to ignore him when I happened to observe them but he was busy taking on any part of her that would twitch. Since this often proved to be an ear or, unluckily, an eye, I can't help but wonder at this date what his batting average turned out to be. Are there little rabbits somewhere in this wide world wondering where their daddy is and why he never takes them to the ballgame or briar patch or wherever? :::: We saw "Once Upon A Time In the West" and it was a gasser. Those Italians are something else. :::: New Years is going to be a time of real celebration for me this year--no more cigarette commercials to ruin my football games on the boob-tube. If football on the tube goes under for lack of sponsor money, well, it will have been worth it. If I see that "what do you want, good grammar or good taste?" many more times I will go absolutely off of my gourd. Except for a relatively good dirty joke with that punch-line, that has to be one of the more boring and tasteless commercials ever filmed. Give the time saved to Alka-Seltzer and Volkswagen. :::: Well, I won't admit to giving up on the contact lenses just quite yet but it may be more out of stubbornness than anything else. I haven't worn mine for over a month now, but I keep telling myself that I am going to give them one more concentrated try Real Soon Now. They are something of a pain-in-the-I to get used to wearing. :::: Why have I had this issue of KIM CHI #17 in my 'in box' since the last time? Didn't I comment before? It seems to me that I did. And I've had it around far too long for it to have been intended to remind me to ask you if the Anarchists are responsible for the recent wave of bombings in the US recently. Are these set off by the same people who insist that we stop the bombing in Viet Nam? :::: As you noted, "By your definiteion, everybody except outright outlaws are part of the establishment" is absolutely correct. To drop part of the way out of our society is meaningless, and yet this is all that the self-proclaimed "drop-outs" ever attempt to do. Dropping out completely is quite a different thing than disagreeing with part or even most of Society As She Is. The latter implies a desire to retain at least that portion of society with which one agrees or at least can coexist, and that in turn implies that one cannot simply destroy the whole ball of wax but must instead work within the framework towards the desired changes. :::: Some kind of intensely federalist structure had better provide enough cooperation to do something about pollution or else we have had it, baby. I think that might be the case anyhow. :::: You do superior mimeography with your damned Gestetner.

ESDACYOS
(Cox)

Yeah, but what have you been doing lately? :::: A fascinating story and a marvelous age in which to need such an operation--and get one. Nevertheless, reading about it all sent cold shills up and down my spine. Hospitals, ugh. :::: Ho ho ho, you droll fellow...Gregg Calkins has several fannish projects he has never even managed to get well started, let alone finished. Still, you are a Good Man for mentioning my name in print...

the rambling fap ix

CENTURY SCHOOLBOOK
(Porter)

No doubt it is obvious, Andy, but TRF is also composed directly on stencil rather than on paper initially. The reason is two-fold. In the first place I get extremely bored typing the same thing twice, even when the sparkling prose is my own; more importantly, if I'm going to get anything into the FAPA mailing at all I just can't spare the time. In my case, it really doesn't matter all that much anyhow, since my contributions consist mainly of comments-on-comments-on-comments in generalized conversational style. Some things I would like to write more than once, like the reply I made to Redd Boggs last issue (Redd's command of the language always makes me feel like I am dueling a mortar with a popgun at best and I need all the help I can get) but by the time I realized this I was halfway through my second stencil. And I never waste stencils! :::: It embarrasses me to ask this question, but since you inferred that we have met I was wondering where it might have been? Since I seldom go to conventions and you are 1) presently living in Brooklyn, 2) apparently not from Seattle (you aren't sure about meeting Gordon Eklund, and he was there when I was) and 3) obviously not from LA or a west coast convention (you don't know Rick Sneary!), where was it we met? Pardon me for my lapse of memory. :::: Why didn't/don't you put your convention fanzine into FAPA? It's of interest, and it's the sort of special occasion low-circulation publication that goes well here. :::: I don't throw away any of the mailing on receipt but I do dispose of almost everything after I have read and commented on the mailing. I keep out the goodies, of course, but the bulk of the items go down the chute. Since I tend to move so much and have a family of four to move along with my hobbies, my rule of thumb in recent years is "if you don't think you'll read it again someday, or your kids will, get rid of it." :::: FAPA, to my memory, has always been composed of half quality and half minac. :::: It never ceases to astonish me to see the ease with which revolutionaries switch from complaining about the oppression and injustices done to them by The Establishment to statements of how they are going to force their value-judgements on society and destroy whatever is necessary to accomplish their ends. Either the oppressions and injustices done by revolution are 1) invisible or 2) of the type with are morally right when done by Us albeit indenfensible crimes when done by Them, or else revolutionaries live in a world in which two wrongs do make a right. This oft-stated concept that you first have to destroy in order to build is a load of crap! Of course, it is much easier to do it that way, and therein lies the attraction.

DETOURS
(White)

...comes along and says it very well. If I may quote: "I think violence and divisiveness are a manifestation of frustration and are inappropriate to the problem, or to the solution of any problem, that to succumb to the lure of violence is to follow right in the footsteps of those whom we would not choose for teachers, that to be violent is to have learned the American lesson too well, and that to be violent constantly recreates the problem we seek to solve." Well stated. I never saw a man who was capable of creation prefer destruction in its stead.

BOBOLINGS
(Pavlat)

You'd better have more stuff in the mailings now that you're no longer OE or I'm going to call you lazy! (This issue is coming mighty hard, though...)

the rambling fap x

STAR BEGOTTEN
(Stiles)

Interesting reading but somehow void of comment-hooks--still, I enjoyed it too much to let it pass unnoticed. :::: The frightening thing to me about our national news services is their apparent lack of competition. Oh, sure, they struggle with each other for "coverage" and attempt to be fustest with the mostest, but you never seem to hear them contradict each other on anything. If CBS were ever to come right out and say that NBC had, for instance, left out important portions of a news story, or completely distorted the meaning of a news conference--things I'm sure they all do, both intentionally and unintentionally because they are, after all, composed of people--why I'd be a lot happier. But maybe that last thing is the reason why they are all so buddy-buddy with each other...you don't point out my mistakes and I won't point out yours. In that case we need Spiro to help us out.

NASTROND
(Hulan)

I used to keep records, long ago, of the books I read. I did it just for kicks and it was an interesting record, albeit tedious to keep up. I wish I had, though. I think I'm going to start something of the kind for movies. I see a lot of movies, relatively speaking, but the records shouldn't be all that hard to keep. I saw MASH last night, for instance, despite this having been one of the most hectic weekends in living memory. I enjoyed the movie very much, although my wife did not care for it as much as I did. She is more critical of movies than I am. I failed to see where Elliot Gould was such a star, though--I thought "Hawkeye" was more compelling. The recent publicity has been such that I know Gould but still don't even know the name of the other actor. Sadly, I missed seeing "Z" earlier this week due to the pressure of the upcoming weekend. "Chisum" has been on locally and also missed. We didn't miss "Threesome" though, although we saw it with mixed emotions. I thought it was an enjoyable picture, full of redeeming social virtues, but I can see why a woman might get a little turned off by it unless she happened to fall into a special category... :::: Funny, I always thought of you as sort of a hippie type shunning material possessions--so why am I envious of your IEM Selectric and Gestetner? Have I mentioned before that I priced the new Gestetners and left visibly shaken? Anybody finds a good deal on a used one that they aren't personally interested in taking, I'd appreciate hearing about it. :::: I don't like watching basketball on tv much because it isn't continuous action. When fully half of the scoring drives are followed by a pause for a foul shot at one end of the floor or the other I find myself getting distracted. :::: Ah, I see here further in the issue that you are addicted to a fairly Sybaritic standard of living, which means you can't be all bad. I would be similarly addicted if I could afford it, but this damned society keeps oppressing me and won't give me unlimited wealth simply because I have the need and desire for it. I suppose I should get even by going out and destroying something somebody else has that I don't but I am a product of simpler times. I'd rather steal it. :::: "Is any member of FAPA a practicing Christian or practicing Jew?" Why limit it to FAPA? Or by "practicing Christian" do you mean a regular church attendee and nice guy as compared to someone who is totally committed to the ethics of Christ? :::: I just sent you some spare fan artwork along with a cryptic note of explanation. If you don't wish to use it, please pass it along, ok? :::: Why is it that women wear sexual display clothing, like the mini-skirt, and then go to incredible lengths to avoid "showing" anything accidentally while wearing the things?

the rambling fap xi

BETE NOIR
(Boggs)

To each thing a season. It's curious, but where once the thought of the sf field without ASTOUNDING/ANALOG would have brought despair to my heart, to hear you support Ted White's conclusion that the magazine will not outlast its present editor occasions very little feeling of any sort. Perhaps that is because I think ANALOG's biggest problem is precisely the fact that the magazine didn't outlast its present editor a long time ago. If Campbell deserves the credit for having made ASTOUNDING what it was, and I have little doubt that he does, then he also deserves whatever recognition is due him for making ANALOG what it is today. I guess the primary feelings I will have when the magazine goes by the boards will be nostalgia and regret, if indeed these feelings are separate. :::: You say "(ANALOG) is aimed deliberately at a limited readership, and doesn't even worry about alienating the liberal and rational elements of that." Shouldn't that be "liberal or rational"? :::: I guess I must not be such a conservative as that, though--I mean, after all, I haven't bought the magazine for years and I never could stand Campbell's editorials even 17 years ago when I began reading sf. :::: The biggest difference I can discern (or think I can) between your writings of recent vintage and that other windmill-tilter of slightly greater historical fame is that he really believed in the truth of what he was doing and saying. I have a hard time believing that you are not putting us on. A man who can say on one page for the purposes of his argument that "Campbell is neither the first nor the only person to be paid a princely salary" and follow it up two pages later with "he works for bargain basement prices at that" for the sake of a slightly different effect...well, you are obviously not as confused as that, despite your many years of reading ANALOG editorials, so you have to be pulling our legs. I'd rather believe you are intentionally joking when you say that "serious work in sociology and economics might overthrow the system and lead to a better world" when you know full well that a) we've had serious workers in both fields for years, and b) no two fields could be chosen which are more principally involved in supporting the establishment than those. Your implication that all the effort devoted to people with one-sided educations in the engineering and technical fields has somehow defeated serious work in the fields you mention is beyond me. If Campbellian techniques have served to divert and confuse these people, surely their efforts to destroy the world could have easily been nullified by a few clear-thinking and all-sided educated liberal arts graduates, somewhat in the reverse fashion of the characters in a Heinlein novel. :::: No, you must be joshing me, and I apologize for not perceiving it earlier. But I will make it up to you. Next year you get all of my points for "humorist" in the egoboo poll. :::: If Norm Clarke is really Norma Clarke, you ask, what of Georgina or Gina? It should be obvious that "she" is really George Clarke operating a rear-guard action...

DAMBALLA
(Hansen)

There was a time in my life when I heartily espoused the benevolent dictatorship as the most ideal form of government, and I still think there is some evidence to support the thesis. Of course, at that time I had myself in mind as #1 benevolator, and that quickly led me to the flaw in that form of government. I mean, after I died (if, indeed, I ever did) the whole thing would obviously fall apart. There is some historical evidence to support this idea, too...not about me, personally, of course, but benevolent dictatorships or

the rambling fap xii

monarchies in general. Naturally we have eliminated this problem with out democracies in which power changes from hand to hand in succession with no loss of character. :::: It is mid-October as I type this and to date the new FAPA cover is not completed. I have high hopes, though. :::: That's a good idea of yours re the egoboo poll--I think I'll start now making notes on the cover of each FA (or maybe on a separate sheet of paper) so I won't have to do it all at the end of the year. :::: You'd better update that Ellik listing, Chuck--I'm finding things a little busier than usual around here for some reason. :::: Thank you very kindly for the Laureate votes this time.

CELEPHAIS

(Evans/Hoffman)

One of the numerous reasons which have me searching for a teaching job is the long summer vacation. Primarily I intend to spend it with my family in one fashion or another. I realize that my salary will be considerably less than it is now and I could jolly well use the summer for a second job, but I have this feeling that the time spent with my kids is more valuable than the money I could be earning. But there are other reasons, one of them brought to mind by this chronicle of your adventures in employment--namely, there are a lot of things I enjoy working at temporarily and yet I wouldn't like to do them indefinitely. Writing, I suspect, is one of them. It would be nice to be able to spend all or part of a summer writing for money as well as fun with the knowledge that it wasn't my principal source of income and once the fall fell I could go back to other things. Of course, I guess this presupposes that the writing won't come easily to me or be a tremendous financial success...if that were the case I'm sure I might change my mind. :::: I have to admit that I have not yet read a Lee Hoffmanovel. This is in part an attempt to save my sense of wonder--as much as I have enjoyed Bob Silverberg in person and in FAPA I have not found any of his sf which lived up to my expectations of him, and I hate to take the chance again.

SERCON'S BANE

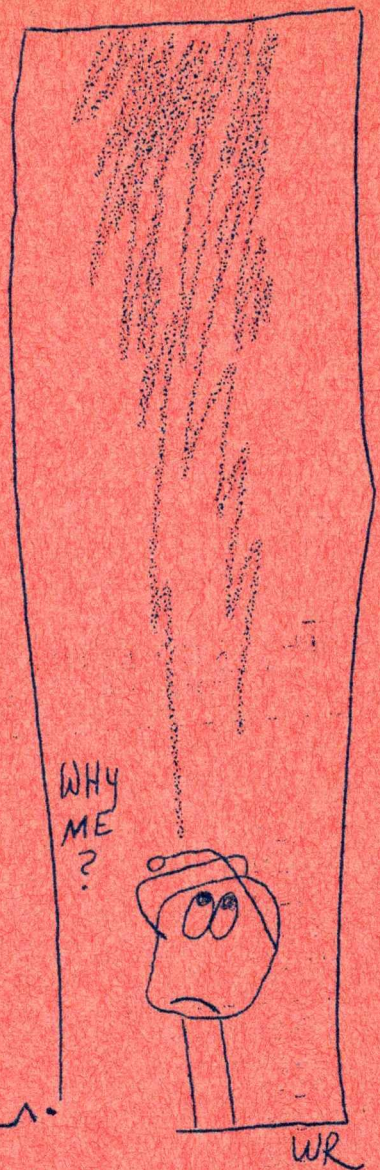
(Busby)

Sorry we didn't get together at the Westercon, but I guess if neither one of us went it might have been a difficult task to accomplish. If the OE gets this mailing out on time (November 14th is the schedule) and if the PO gets it to Seattle within a couple of weeks and if, further, you get it out and read this right away...well, we're still tentatively planning on visiting the Seattle area over Thanksgiving. Sometimes our plans are more tentative than others. I won't hand deliver your bundle, though, just in case. :::: I'm a lazy bastard, but I envy you your forced retirement. If I had only a very modest amount of dependable income and not quite so many kids...well, I don't want to get started down that dream-road again just now. :::: Elinor has become a wage slave? Rea is currently trying her hand at being a Ding-Dong Avon Calling but it's still too early to tell how it will work out. The job has definite possibilities, though, once you do like the Music Man says and get to know the territory. The job has the advantage that you get to more or less pick your own hours. She works mornings when all the kids but Karen are in school and the babysitter Karen goes to runs the place more like a nursery school than anything else so I think it's been a good experience for her. I'm in the process of setting up Rea's books for her and I always get a kick out of that. We're also taking accounting together up at the college one night a week, which is a slight help with her problems. I think perhaps I should have become an accountant or CPA...I like working with numbers and I

enjoy bookkeeping. :::: Wally Weber is a Wascal! :::: Well, of course I suppose I'd fall more on the sheepskin than the dirty-hands side of the ledger, but it's been my experience that the latter come up with more unpractical ideas than the former. Often, however, this has been true because they overestimate the abilities of the Theory Types to create anything desired upon receipt of a direct order. :::: Well, the diet is fool-proof but so far nobody has worked up a similar technique for my willpower, and I'm the fool who can prove it. I'm back up over 225 again, ready to start the whole damned mess all over again. People ask me why I don't just give up and go ahead and admit that I'm going to be ~~4/44/44444~~ slightly overweight, but they just don't understand the problem. It's not weighing 225 pounds that is so bad--it's just that if I don't go on the wagon periodically I'll be up to 325 in practically no time and who knows how much more? So, here we go again. Besides, there's always the off chance that I will luck out and one of these times discover the magical way to Keep It Off Successfully.

HORIZONS
(Warner)

I'll forego the obvious answer that there is considerable evidence that more and more people are finding it difficult to get through six or eight times as many pages of equally unadulterated but smaller type in books as there are in the average HORIZONS. It's easier to do in books because, generally, they are written along a continuing theme, whereas HORIZONS is a series of short ideas. But even books separate ideas into paragraphs and larger blocks into chapters, and many books use illustrations. HORIZONS is readable primarily because the reproduction is good and the interest content is extremely high. The format is best described as primitive. :::: Booze, alas, does not always give a softened and rosier image of the world--and when it does, that false image is rudely disrupted on the morning after. :::: One of the real advantages of contact lenses is that they stop or greatly slow down the continuing deterioration of your eyesight, so rapidly changing vision is a point in favor of wearing contact lenses, not against it. They also make bifocals. The biggest reason for you not to buy them is the one which is apparently going to stop me--I'm old enough that the effort involved in getting used to the beasties isn't worth the gain. Or so it seems--I haven't managed to gird myself for another effort for some weeks now. I really must make one more concentrated try, though, before I can give up with a clear conscience. :::: A chilling fantasy story I still remember concerned giant spiders--well, large rather than giant--which had trapped our several intrepid explorers in an unknown valley and gobbled up several of them. In an early FFM/FN but I can't remember which one and of course they are all packed away... :::: I agree that it is strange nobody ever seems to mention APORRHETA--it was one fanzine I truly enjoyed and used to really look for about the time it was due. I still see mention in the few current fanzines I receive of older and much less appreciated fanzines, but no APE...or was that APe with an accent? It slips my mind now--and of course you know where my copies are. Yeah. One of these days I'm going to have that rare thing called a permanent address and I will have everything of interest available on bookshelves, not in boxes. :::: Well, Ossie Train did quite a job on straightening you out on several points, didn't he? Too bad he didn't offer much help in advance of publication. And why is it that a seeker of credit always feels impelled to start off with a disclaimer? There's nothing wrong with seeking credit where it is due, is there? :::: When are you going to retire and move to a more decent climate, Harry? My dad is--finally--retiring next September after numerous postponements, and this time I think he's finally going to do it. He's only 61 (62 by then) but I think retirement should be done as young as possible.



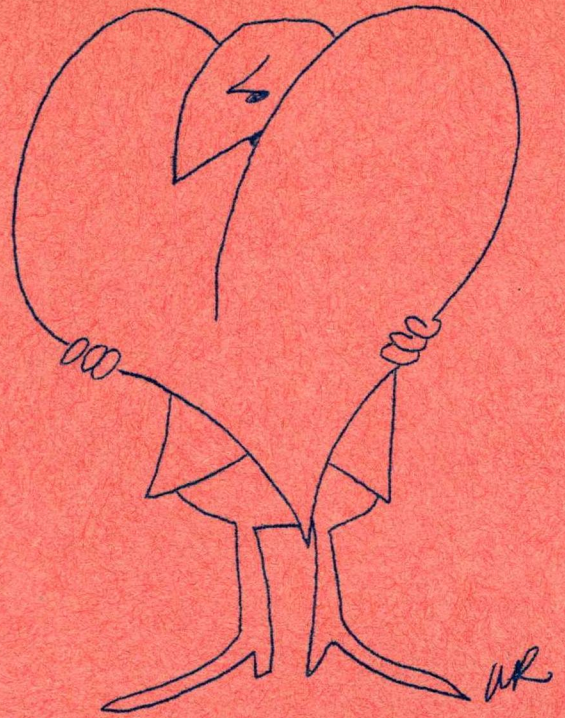
MORE RAMBLINGS BY THE FAP

Slightly over a year from now--the February mailing, 1972, to be precise--I intend to be marking the completion of 20 years in FAPA with some sort of celebration or other. I may just get drunk quietly all by myself, which is no doubt the sensible course, but I will probably do something foolish like publish a special issue of TRF. I mention this here because I have committed myself on paper on the very next page and I feel I should defend myself if I can.

I guess the basic thing behind all of this is the fact that I have always thought only 8 pages of FAPA material a year was a ridiculously small amount to require from the publishing giants comprising the organization. Well, for Harry Warner it is, but he seems to be a very special case. At any rate, I long ago decided that MY goal was going to be 8 pages a mailing, not 8 pages a year, and I set out in pursuit of that easily reached goal.

Ha!

You can see the results--hot streaks, cold streaks, aspirations, failures--in the following chart. It has been a long, rocky road and the end, although in sight, is far from being attained. In fact, This Very Mailing is liable to find me a few pages short of my 20 page goal and thus make the total for the next five mailings just that much harder to reach.



THE RAMBLING FAP
(membership year ends in February)

	May	August	November	February	# pages	total pages
1952-53	9	-	-	-	9	9
53-54	-	-	-	8	8	17
54-55	4	-	-	-	4*	21
55-56	8	-	16(2)	10	34	55
56-57	-	-	-	16(2)	16	71

57-58	20(2)	32(3)	16(2)	-	68	139
58-59	-	-	8	-	8	147
59-60	8	10	16(2)	27(2)	61	208
1960-61	6	8	-	-	14	222
61-62	10	25(3)	10	17(2)	62	284

62-63	5	-	-	8	13	297
63-64	-	-	-	5	5**	302
64-65	-	-	18(2)	13(2)	31	333
65-66	-	-	-	18	18	351
66-67	-	-	8	4	12	363

67-68	-	-	-	12	12	375
68-69	15	10	-	-	25	400
69-70	-	22(2)	-	32(2)	54	454
1970-71	42(2)	20	20	20	102	556
71-72	20	20	20	24	84	640

totals (through 8/70)	127	127	92	170		516
goals (after 20 years!)	147	147	132	214		640

notes:

(2) = number of issues of TRF in bundle

* = missing page requirements not accounted for - what happened?

** = 3 pages in publication by F. M. Busby that year

the rambling fap xvi

An average of 32 pages a year has proven a very elusive thing for me. After my triumphal entry into FAPA in May 1952 I managed to sit back on my laurels for six straight mailings until I had to resort to Saving My Membership with the minimum number of pages in February 1954. They've since passed a law to kick out such unworthy new members, and rightly so, but in those days such meager participation was allowed if not encouraged and so I survived. I don't know what happened the year after that. (I really don't. If any of you out there have any idea, I'd appreciate hearing from you.) For some reason, I published only 4 pages in TRF and search as I might I can't come up with anything to indicate that I had work in another member's FAPazine (as I did in 1963-64) or that I petitioned for a waiver of publishing activity. I suppose a good case could be made to kick me out for failure to publish 8 pages that year--I'd be hard put to defend myself.

Whatever happened, it caused a spurt of activity the next year. Actually, I joined the Marine Corps in May 1953 and that pretty much tells the story of what happened to my FAPA activity for the next little while. By late 1953, however, I had settled down to a permanent duty assignment and plunged into publishing my subzine, OOPSLA!, on a regular basis (144 pages in 7 issues in each of the next two years, 1954 and 1955) and apparently this cut into my FAPA interest. At any rate, following a short spurt during which I hit the 32 pages per year mark for the first time, February 1957 found me safely out of the Marine Corps, married, back in college at the University of Utah, and desperately Saving My Membership once again. February, you may have noticed, has been a popular mailing for me!

Ups and downs. I did the best I had ever done for one year, then just sneaked in under the line with 8 pages the next year. I don't know why, at the moment. Not when you consider that the next 13 mailings, beginning with May 1959 through May 1962, contained the most consistent FAPA production I have ever achieved. The egoboo poll bears this out--I was 7th in FAPA's top ten in 1959 and 1962, a height I had achieved only once before and never since. One thing FAPA recognizes more than any other is consistency--making those 11 out of 13 mailings in that stretch meant more than anything else. Then I got out of college in September 1962 and started working for Standard Oil.

The next five years were pretty much years of retention of my membership. I did not break the 32 page barrier at any time, and one year in Seattle while I was on a seismic crew and without my personal belongings (i.e., mimeograph) I had to depend on Buz and Elinor for 3 pages of Last Minute Activity Credits. Whew!

Since 1968 things have been on the upswing. Beginning in February of that year I hit three mailings in a row for 37 pages--not bad for me--and after two lapses I then hit the next seven mailings in a row counting this one. What's that? That isn't what the table says? Well, you have to read between the lines a little. The two publications I had in August 1969 was the result of some sort of an error--one was really intended for May 1969 and didn't make it for some reason or other that I've always considered the PO's fault. The same thing happened in February 1970 when the bundle also included the issue of TRF I had assembled and mailed in time for the November 1969 bundle but also didn't make it. Damned PO!

So you can see I've been more active in recent years than the statistics bear out (beware unadulterated numbers!) and this should be my 7th straight mailing, which would be a record of consistency for me since 6 was the best I have ever done in the past. Alas. Be that as it may, 1970-71 is already the highest page-count I have ever put into FAPA and I hope marks a new surge of effort on my part. I put 213 pages into FAPA in my second five years--I'd like to beat that mark during my fourth five years. And I'd dearly love to finally hit that 8 pages per mailing average by the end of my 20th year. Only 640 pages...that's not too many.

the rambling fap xvii

Lest any of you worry that the end of my 20th year will leave me without goals, forget it. So far I've spoken only of the quantity side of the ledger. What about quality?

I've long aspired to make TRF into more of a general fanzine than it is. Recent issues have been composed of three parts: 1) opening remarks or comments on the top of my mind, sometimes cut before the bundle arrives--and ideally so; 2) the heart of the issue, the mailing comments themselves; and 3) anything else that comes to mind after all this is done. Unfortunately for the quality standpoint, all of these items are done by yours truly. The time has come, I think, for TRF to have some regular outside contributors. Not that I haven't asked around a bit. When Tucker quit, I offered him as many or as few pages as he would like, for as long as he liked. Sensibly, he declined. I would have given Willis all the pages he ever wanted, indefinitely, and given him my bundles besides. Not that I was truly surprised at the lack of interest--up until now, TRF has not been a consistent enough publication to really attract regular contributions by other FAPA members or would-be FAPA members.

So my first goal is to change this. I'd like to run a regular contributors column every issue. I'd also like to do some FAPA history items--unfortunately, I've never been one to save the bulk of my FAPA mailings and things are too well packed away at any rate for me to find anything. Perhaps I should reprint from my old files of fanzines from the 1950s if I can find them. But I'm also open for fanhistory items, bibliographies, lists of interest...oh hell, things like that, things with permanence.

Another goal would be to match Boggs and Pavlat in their hat trick. As far as I can tell, only those two have held all four of the FAPA offices over the years--I welcome corrections!--and I'm starting to close in on them. I haven't really been OE vet--as I type this I have a garage-full of packages but I have yet to put out a mailing--but I think I'm going to like the job well enough to run for at least one more year. That leaves the Sec-Treas job as my only stumbling block --a not inconsiderable item. Evans has been S-T so long and so ably that I would not think of challenging him as long as he is willing to take the office. More than that, I think the job entails enough work that I'm not willing to tackle it until I think I can handle it with time to spare. That puts it an indefinite distance Up The Line.

If all else fails, I'm getting long-lived enough--or will be by the time all of my other goals have been accomplished--that I'd like to try for one I may never attain. I'd like to be the longest-lived FAPA member ever!

And you thought I was running out of things to shoot for...

WHAT DO THE SIMPLE FOLK DO?

I saved this from a previous issue of TIME magazine. It would have had more meaning with Willis still on the w-l, but nevertheless it illustrates the way in which modern times have invaded our little world.

"SHOOT THEM DOWN BEFORE TEA. The British military patrol froze in momentary disbelief. Down one street in the Belfast working-class district around Newtownards Road came the funeral procession of James McCurrie, one of six Protestants killed during a weekend of fighting between Ulster's two religious factions. Down an intersecting street came the coffin, weeping widow and keening friends of Henry McIlhone, the riot's only Catholic victim."

the rambling fap xviii

When last I saw Newtownards Road it was the home of Walt Willis, visiting spot of James White and Chuck Harris, hallowed shrine of the game of Ghoomdinton. Now Walt has gone and the district is finding other things to do. Does this remind anyone else of the story of Arthur?

POLL-ESE RELEASE ME, LET ME GO, . . .

I have at hand the results of a poll of several issues back. It was ill-conceived and contained in one of those issues which did not make the mailing for which it was aimed. As a result--I like to think--it garnered only a bare 10 replies, two of which are mine and my wife's, and the conclusions aren't really worth drawing. Just the same, I'd like to thank Roy Tackett, Terry Carr, William Rotsler, Charles Wells, Juanita Coulson, Rick Sneary and Harry Warner for their considerate efforts. One anonymous soul also replied and I would thank him if but I could.

There were some interesting answers--there always are, which is the thing that sucks me in on these polls. One question had to do with a mistaken arrest, in which the license plate on your car fit in part that of a wanted car on a police broadcast, and your general appearance fit that of the suspect. With the cop courteous and firm, with pistol drawn, I wanted to know if you'd (a) obey directions meekly, (b) get mad, (c) tell him what a bad mistake he's making, (d) get scared as hell, and (e) be patient and retain your sense of humor until the matter was cleared up. I also asked if it would make a difference in your attitude if the city were Durango, San Francisco, Chicago, Butte, Jackson, or Dallas. Almost all of us answered (e) with additions of (a), none of us seemed to get very mad at the mistake and all of us realized that he'd find out (c) in due course without our un-asked-for help. It was revealing that answer (d) came into play only when the two cities of Jackson, Mississippi, and Chicago, Illinois, were involved. I'd sure like to have had a greater response on this one, though.

Do we think the police are adequately paid? Ten out of ten said no. Would we consider the job ourselves? Again no takers. Eight of ten said the number of police should be increased--two said about the same. None of the respondees thought we needed fewer police than we have now. All but one person thought we could attract better police than the people we have now. None said how.

None of us have been stopped by an officer who was anything but courteous--but then I also suppose that none of us are black or live in poverty level neighborhoods. Of course, only one of us was stopped for anything other than a traffic ticket--I was the lone admitted violator--so that has perhaps something to do with it--but I never once gave a thought to police violence in that more innocent age.

Well, all in all I got some very interesting answers. If the number had exceeded 10 I think they would have warranted printing in detail, but otherwise this is just too small a sample. Rick Sneary complained that the questions were as slanted as Eney's, and I have to admit that he's right. The anonymous respondent considered that he had the right to break any law that restricted his freedom. That deserves some discussion. Several people noted the use of the word "right" and argued over it--as I hoped they would do. Roy Tackett claimed not to give a damn whether law and order were maintained or not, but since he presumably sends his kids to school and leaves his wife at home alone when he goes off to work I can't help but feel that he hasn't thought out the question and is so spoiled that he takes a hell of a lot for granted in this less than the best of all worlds we live in. If his family were the target of gang rape every time he left home with no recourse but his own physical strength I have to think he'd reconsider this question, ex-Marine or no. But that's the way the poll went.

