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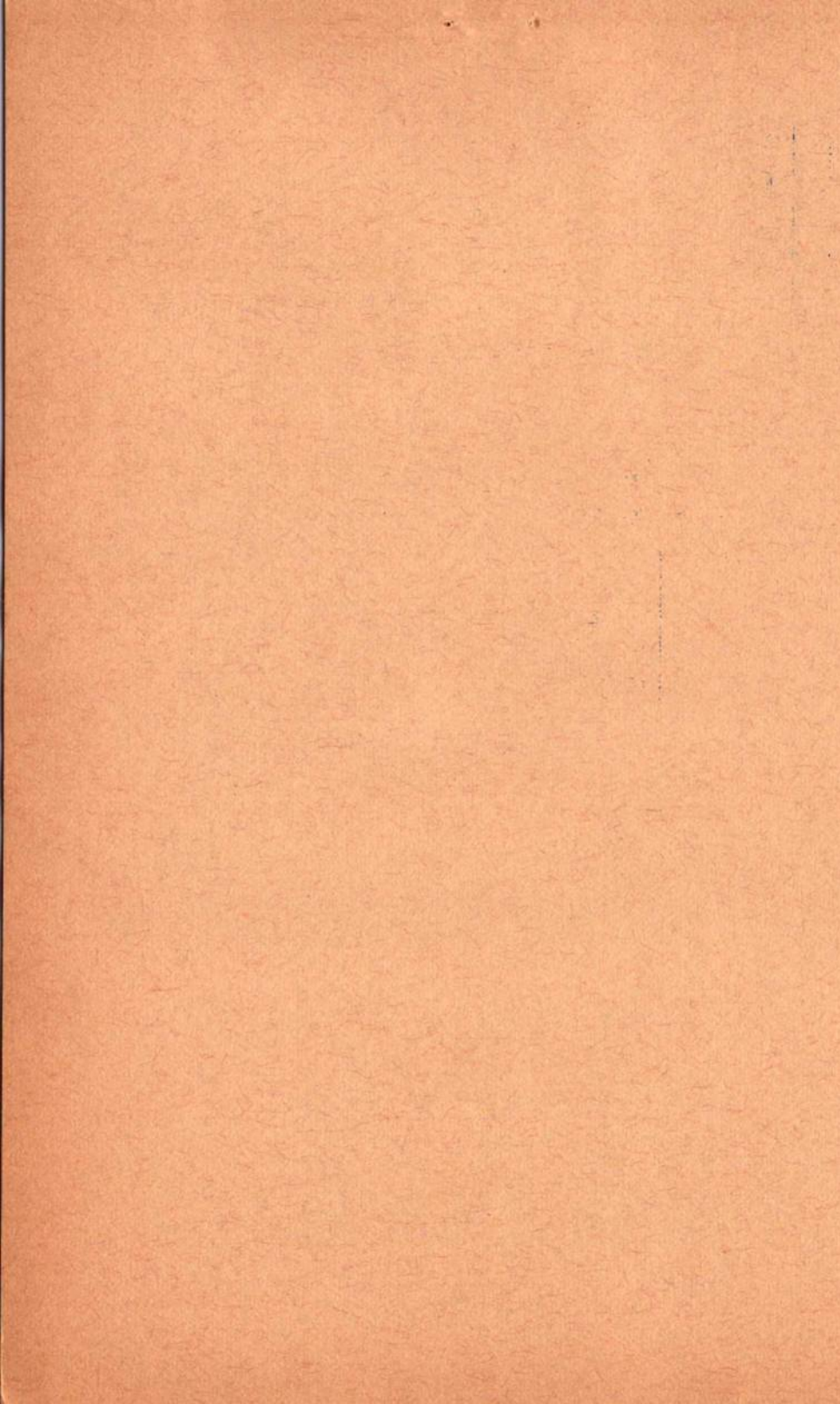


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WELL DIDN'T HERAMBLE

Less than a dozen days remaining in January and high time for me to be getting with it where FAPA is concerned. I ordered the jiffy mailing bags a few days ago and the first bundles could start arriving almost any time. Not all of us are deadline runners. Doesn't make any difference to me when they begin arriving because I just stack them on a shelf until the deadline weekend. I know some former OEs who had the bundle pretty well read by the time the final mags arrived, but that's not my style--as a matter of fact, my bundle is still untouched and unread at this moment. Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow...

I'm taking the day off from work today, though, and since it's rainy outside and I can't very well begin the spring yard work (that may sound funny to some of you in the last part of January!) I might as well put the day towards a beginning for TRF. I actually have the beginnings of a cold and don't feel so red hot, anyway, but I'm not taking the day off sick--just taking it off, period. McCullough Oil has recently made a discovery in the San Joaquin Valley which might (outside chance) prove to be pretty significant and as a result we have been working our tails off down at the office trying to get competitive and hopefully ahead in the search for other potential discovery areas near the discovery. (And, of course, there's always the little matter of explaining to the boss just why we didn't discover it first...) The Standard Oil company plane--a Viscount jet, I understand, but I've never had occasion to see it myself--flew down this morning and took all of the local brass up to corporate headquarters, San Francisco, along with all of our maps so laboriously made. So I figured what the hell, I've already put in 40 hours on Sunday through Wednesday and I don't feel so hot and I don't have my maps to work on and...well, you see how it goes.

Speaking of good old Standard Oil and San Francisco, I see where we're in hot water up there again. Or, rather, the cold waters of the bay. Seems not one but two SOCO tankers managed to collide smack dab under the Golden Gate Bridge--one headed out loaded with bunker fuel, the other headed in with crude. Now we have oil all over the top of the bay and the activists are busy saving the environment by dumping crankcase oil and dead fish in the pond in front of the Standard Oil building downtown. I guess that will teach us to be more careful and not go around wasting our money by banging our tankers together just for sport. Since we're self-insured and a dollar lost is a dollar lost, maybe we're just being told that it would be best if we left the nasty stuff in the ground in the first place. The saddest thing about the accident is that while pollution desperately needs to be attacked on a lot of fronts--and I definitely include the oil companies--throwing oil in our fishpond siphons off a lot of time and energy and accomplishes nothing. Or am I being entirely too naive in assuming accomplishment to be the goal of environmental activists?

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Personally, I'm once again caught up in my own campaign to save the environment by using less of it. Yeah, Buz, I'm back on my annual--or should I say perennial? --diet, eating less and enjoying it ~~not~~ not at all. I tipped in at 237 on New Year's Day while eating clam dip (my own special recipe) and watching the football games, so Something Had To Be Done About It. Fortunately I always have my trusty and always dependable protein diet, but even though it works and is fast (I weigh 224 today after 18 days including two weekends during which I backslid terribly) it's still a damned struggle. It's worst when I'm home--right now I'm really working to fight off the temptation to go brew up a kettle of my special oyster-and-mushroom stew with lots of butter and canned milk, and I'm not at all sure my willpower will win this one. And would I ever like some beer! No...no, we're having company for dinner tomorrow night and as I will undoubtedly fall off of the wagon then, I had best behave myself all day today. Quiet, stomach--don't you dare to growl at me! Down, I say!

The casual reader may think these initial ramblings unplanned but actually there's a great deal of time and effort go into them. Yes. Well, to be more precise, what I mean is that every now and then, from time to time, I think about things between FAPA mailings and sometimes write them down on 3x5 cards so I can remember them when it's time to cut stencils again. Now isn't that planning?

For instance, I have here a card jotted an indeterminate number of months (or even years?) ago with the suggestion that I talk about--get this--"my recently discovered talent for mechanical repairs--guns, clocks, typers, projectors and mimeos--also installing pipe for washer." That has to have been written back when I was young and innocent and obviously giddy with some unaccustomed success. Because you don't have to know me very well at all to know that when it comes to tools and things: mechanical I owe whatever small measure of success I occasionally have entirely to enthusiasm, large amounts of luck, good engineering on the part of the manufacturer, and my one virtue, perseverance. Talent is hardly the right word.

I do heartily subscribe to the idea that you can do absolutely anything you want to do provided you work at it hard enough and long enough, though. What could I have been talking about when I jotted that note to myself long ago? Guns. Well, I took my Luger apart down to about 179+ pieces, once, and got them all back together again--that impressed me. Clocks? I don't remember that one--to the best of my memory I have never repaired a clock successfully in my life. I always have have parts left over. Typers? That escapes me, too, but mostly because I don't remember ever attempting anything like a major repair on a typewriter. However, I did do a fairly successful job of fixing my balky projector one time. It wouldn't run the trays through properly--this was a slide projector--and I took it all apart, oiled everything in sight, scraped some plastic bearings clean, hit it a good lick for luck, and somehow that did it. And long ago I had a battered but faithful old ABDick Model 77B85 mimeograph that went amok after many years and which I took down not once but several times and studied and oiled and pounded and eventually determined that it had a broken part. Only it turned out that part was no longer made and would have to be machined for me especially and at a ridiculous cost and I decided to invest the money in my present machine instead. I still say I could have fixed it, though, so I'll claim victory on that one. Installing pipe for washer? I guess I felt pretty successful about that because it was such a tremendous battle and I eventually won. I took out some pipes and replaced them with smaller pipes, nipples, valves, unions and whatever in order to plumb our kitchen sink for attaching the water supply to a washing machine. I managed by great effort and much swearing to do in a day what an incompetent plumber would have done in an hour and me with totally inadequate tools or knowledge. It was a tremendous victory in the war against defeat, so to speak, but talent? Not a smidgin. So much for that 3x5 card.

LETTERS

A strange thing happened last quarter after the bundle went out. I got letters of comment. That's right--letters, like in the mail. Hasn't happened to me since my early fannish days. Didn't know what to do about them at first but then an idea came to me. An old fane never lets anything to waste so--presto--herewith a letter column.

REDD BOGGS writes: I'm inspired to send you a word of commendation for the neat, even classy, look of the new Fantasy Amateur. 'Twas a good idea to run off enough of the covers for a full year all at once (I did this each time when I was OE, too). Incidentally, I also ran off enough copies of the FAPA constitution at the beginning of my term so that I could include it each time with the OO--not required, but what the hell, it's handy to have it in each mailing...

Since the FA is a permanent record which should of course be made to last as long as the universe itself, I could wish (at least half seriously) that you would run it on better paper than that Fibretint (or whatever the brandname is of your particular supply) for the interior pages. That paper bleaches out at the edges and deteriorates worse than any other mimeo paper, and these pretty Calkins-edited FAs will look pretty drab in a few years due to the onslaught of light over a period of time, and may be illegible before another fannish generation passes.

Would it be possible for you to tell me when my fapazine, Bete Noire #21, arrived at 509 Plato Court? I mailed it about midday on Friday, 13 November--the day before the deadline--and intended to send it airmail. The postal clerk insisted that in this case regular mail plus special delivery would be best. "Airmail won't arrive till Monday," he said. "It won't even leave the Berkeley post office till 5 o'clock this afternoon and then has to be processed tonight in San Francisco. Regular mail will leave here in exactly 20 minutes, will go to Oakland, and be on its way in a couple of hours, and will arrive in Bakersfield tomorrow." So I sent it regular mail-special delivery. Did it really arrive on Saturday, 14 November, the deadline day?

That brings me to another suggestion. I know you're busy, but would it be possible to send out postal card acknowledgements of the receipt of magazines for the mailing? Perhaps a form card could be made up to minimize the effort. I tried to acknowledge receipt of all fapazines when I was OE--as I remember, I was fairly consistent about it. I think in those days postals cost only a penny, or maybe 2¢, and of course it would cost more today--about a buck altogether for the current mailing, as I figure--but not more than the treasury could bear. Sometimes I enclose a postal of my own with the bundle of 68 copies, but when I forgot in the days when Pavlat was OE I often had to wait three or four weeks to find out whether I made the mailing or not.

Thanks for the kind words on the appearance of the FA. Actually I'm a little bit disappointed in the way the cover looks, but I can't quite put my finger on the trouble. Maybe I'll have to run for OE again next year just to see how I can do it differently. Better, I mean. Your idea to include the constitution every time is a good one and I think I'll do it from now on. For regular members it might not matter a great deal, but for newcomers or w-l'ers it might. Won't cost much or be all that much trouble, at any rate. The constitution seems to be one thing in the mailing that gets worked over pretty regularly, anyhow, so it rates inclusion on

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its own merits. :::: As for my favorite multicolored paper--ah, now you hit a sore spot. I've used that paper--or variations of it under several trade names--since OOPSLA! #11 and it's served me very well. Doesn't show through under any ink condition and it absorbs ink well with minimum offset without slipsheeting. I admit it's a bit susceptible to light, but my looseleaf folder of TRF's back to the 60th mailing are still in excellent shape. Surely you don't read fanzines right out in the sunlight? Or even during the daylight hours? :::: I can't believe you'd entrust your FAPA bundle to the PO the very day before the deadline even though you are only 500 miles or so away. Ye Gods, what faith. And here I've been hearing all these things about what poor service the PO gives. Truth to tell, I don't remember a bundle arriving that Saturday but if you mailed it on Friday then it must have gotten here the next day. I had the FA done and all of the bundles wrapped by Sunday. I think the service you got was fantastic! :::: If you'll include a postcard with your bundle, I'll be happy to let you know that it arrived safely. But let me see--that won't help you much if I don't open your bundles as they arrive, and I don't usually. The best solution is, I think, for you to drop me a line enclosing a postcard when you mail your bundle to me, and I'll notify you when it arrives. I don't think this is something worth putting into wholesale effect unless it is popularly requested. I mean, if your package gets lost what can we do about it? Unless you need the pages to save your membership you won't be able to republish in time for the mailing, chances are, so you really don't lose that much time. And if the package is that important to you, surely it rates a separate letter to the OE when you mail it?

Next comes this from NORM METCALF: There's another solution to the problem of the FAPA waiting list than that proposed in the FA #133. That solution is open membership. I've mentioned such an idea to various FAPAns in the past and met with a negative response. Apparently they're conditioned to FAPA as it is. Most other APAs have open membership, the only reason FAPA doesn't (as I understand it) is the historical accident of Wollheim's restricting the membership to accommodate hectography. One argument against open membership has been that the mailings would become as bad as the NAPA's. But I don't think this is a valid argument. The lack of activity requirements and the lack of members saying anything seem to be the chief weaknesses of NAPA. Another argument is the increased work in running more copies and the greater cost of more copies. Wouldn't this be worth having mailings of greater interest? Another argument is that FAPA is a small elite group and the arguers want it kept that way. While I disagree, I wonder how many do see it that way. Another benefit of open membership is that members who are staying in only because FAPA is so hard to get into may well drop out thus removing their annual dross from the mailings. Or they may find an increased interest in a more lively FAPA and actually contribute to the mailings. Either way the value of membership is enhanced.

I guess you can chalk me up among the ranks of those who have become conditioned to FAPA as it is. I'd be highly opposed to open membership, personally, and moderately (i.e., open to reasonable argument) opposed even to raising the membership total, although that hasn't been proposed for some time now and since the w-1 seems to be steadily shrinking perhaps the most pressing need is past. You can call FAPA a small, elite group if you like--if it is, I prefer it that way. I like FAPA to be small enough that I can feel as if I know most of the membership as individuals. The 65 member limit is also small enough for me so that publication of my FAPazine doesn't become a laborious chore--the thing which, as much as anything, eventually caused me to quit genzine publication. I don't feel that open membership is a solution to any of FAPA's so-called problems and it's far too drastic a policy change to give a trial just on the chance that it will work. But, as I said before, I'm enjoying FAPA right now as much as I ever have before.

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FAPA, like anything else, gives back about as much as you put in. I'm not trying to say that FAPA is perfect the way it is or that it hasn't seen better days of higher quality and higher frequency activity, but I am saying that most of the complainers seem to be sitting around waiting for somebody else to get busy--and this includes our Prexy with 13 pages during the last four mailings and 8 the year before. Those who tend to seem satisfied--if you prefer, complacent--with the status quo also tend to be those a little more active. Or so it seems to me. If you will allow me to take advantage of my position just this once (as OE, I have already read the President's report contained in this mailing's FA) I'd like to point out that even Benford thinks he sees significant changes in FAPA to the better now that he's caught up and involved with the organization through being its president. Holding office is a great cure for apathy. Ask Grennell.

Next from STAN WOOLSTON: Evidently you must have had TRF in FAPA for about 13 years if you had one a mailing. Your list of members in when you were starting made me wonder the date of your first entry. You may have mentioned it before but I hope you do it again--I'm curious. When you listed those in FAPA now who were when you joined, I thought you might say you wanted to meet them all in person, as a goal. You probably have, as all attend conventions or I think they do--if the last one on the list does (Helen Wesson). Didn't Rick drop out in between your joining and then return? If so, you've outlasted him once.

I missed that "1985" television program but I wish I hadn't. We have many groups griping, many governmental committees investigating, and few doing much. Bjo Trimble in LOCIJS says she intends to do an ecology-oriented zine to put out info on the subject so individuals can reach extant groups and have a better idea on what action they can take... If we could get excited on end results now and not get in the state a step at a time, we might do something--or demand it done--without any delay at all. Perhaps Californians with their use of petition and legal pressures could even bring about action if the houses of government did not initiate a thing--but getting the facts in depth are needed. I know some of the difficulties but not all, and not much of what is being done in the line of action. But automobiles that are the main cause of smog, factories that pump wastes into air and water wastes and all the rest need to be stopped in the next several years--meaning action should go forward at once.

Air pollution is especially bad for babies, old folk and the sick. So any group aimed at these areas should be infiltrated by people with ecological know-how and by using facts publicise the need for drastic changes by government, industry and individuals. (Keeping cars clean may mean having a "device" added by the factory or garage, but just as important is the car upkeep --in avoiding carbon build-ups and swamping any device meant to prevent smog entering the air. Of course there is a need for removing the nitrates from the cars--one thing that the additive Scott Carpenter has been advertising doesn't do--and maybe getting cars that bypass the hydrocarbon poison problem for eyes and lungs by finding new sources of energy for individual cars. In California having streetcars or electrical busses might help, but it would take a crash program to get it done in ten years and when everyone pulls in different directions the result is nobody starts now.)

I do not hate California, but I may move to Oregon or farther north, with smog as much the reason as any. Ground Zero is worth considering--and the earthquakes release more energy than a whole gatch of big bombs would, even if they might be less lethal by being spread into areas away from cities.

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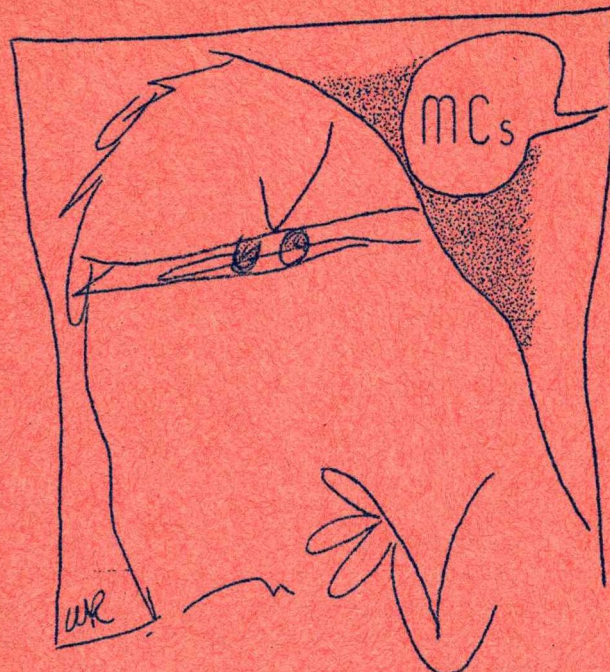
I say might because a big quake now could level LA, Long Beach and many other cities around here with hundreds of thousands of people in them. (Garden Grove is well over 100,000 people, now, up from about 800 when we first came here about 1935.) Oregon has areas where there are still trees and wilderness atmosphere; buying a square mile might be easier than a lot and building near LA. Even when cities are planned (and this one grew in its odd way faster than anyone thought of planning, and away from plans that were made, too.) I like the idea of incorporating some of the aspects of the outdoors into a city, but here a grove of trees can serve as a route for fire from burning brush to sweep deep into a city...so the matter of no flowing water is a basic factor in the facts of life here. Northern California has a different feel and look as it has the water.

My own tendency is to feel optimistic--in my way. I do not doubt we could get atom-bombed, and ecology imbalance cause mass starvation that could cut the population down to a percent of what it is today. I doubt we'd become extinct although the idea of being the only person in a square mile or maybe more is not too pleasant if it means the others were killed--maybe left to rot and spread disease till the population is reduced to a nub of naturally resistant maybe disunited humanity. I'd rather fight for this than anything--to prevent the deaths of even one sick child, one old man, or one me. This world is too big for one creature to wreck it for all the rest--or make it so bad only the wasters can provide food for themselves. (Crappy fish, crappy plants, crappy humans.)

I guess by now you know the answers to your questions about TRF, Stan, since you got the last bundle. No, I can't say that I've ever held the ambition to meet all of the FAPA members in person. I don't go to all that many conventions, personally. It used to be more out of lack of opportunity than anything else, but from what I read about some of the current conventions and attendees, I think in the future I'll miss conventions more out of choice. Oh, if I could be sure that a large percentage of FAPA would make any given gathering I'd no doubt make a special effort to attend, but usually there aren't all that many FAPAns at any given convention. I don't know. I almost went to Santa Barbara last year, and now I wish I had.

There are all forms of pollution, of course, but the two that are going to do us in are air and water...hydrocarbon sources in the air, DDT and pesticides in the sea. Of the two, the pesticides in the ocean are probably the worst. There's every indication that current DDT levels in the ocean have affected reproduction cycles of several sea birds, apparently continue to concentrate down the food chain until harvested by man, and may be affecting the plankton content of the world's oceans--the small but vital link in the chain of life because plankton produces most of the world's oxygen supply. It's bad enough to tie up the air's free oxygen supply with the unburned byproducts of combustion plus other poisons--it's the next thing to suicide to destroy the supply. The deadly thing for all of us now is the lag time. We have apparently begun to recognize the deadliness of DDT, for just one pesticide, and are restricting its use and eventually will discontinue it entirely. I'm sure of this. Trouble is, the DDT already sprayed and spread across the land will be finding its eventual way into the sea for decades, maybe centuries, yet to come. That means that maybe it's already too late.

I guess if I had to declare myself one way or the other, I'd have to say that I'm of the opinion that it is already too late. This really goes against my basic philosophy, because essentially I'm an optimist. Additionally, I'm a science fiction fan--I'm used to incredible victories being pulled out of the hat at the last possible instant. Science can do anything, given sufficient incentive. I believe this. However, I think it is late enough now that the extra time required to convince the people and politicians of the danger will prove, quite literally, fatal.



MAILING 133

THE FANTASY AMATEUR
(Officialdom)

I can't say that I'm totally pleased with the cover, but I'm not totally displeased either. I may have to run for OE again next year just to have the opportunity to improve it. Still wish there were a suitable Rotsler illo for that lower left-hand corner instead of my substitute. The title didn't come out the way I visualized it, either. Oh, well. :::: My comments to Benford on activity have earlier been stated. I just want to add that I co-authored the proposed amendment because I think it is high time something is done about the waiting list and this method appeals to me as much as any I've seen. :::: Oh, yes--I hope you all noticed the filler page on FAPA officialdom and previous Top Ten winners. I had a page left over after everything was stencilled, and you know how I hate to waste blank paper. The thing is, a blank page just might hit me again in the future and what will I do then? I have one idea just in case it occurs this issue, but after that, what? Any and all suggestions will be appreciated. Material on FAPA's first 50 mailings is always welcome.

TRANSLATIONS and ASGARD
("Carl Brandon")

A beautiful production. It must have been a laborious, expensive process to produce this and include it in the FAPA mailing. :::: I quite enjoyed your editorial comments--signed by Brandon, I notice--and I think from them that you must be wrong about not being able to do good mailing comments. The trick to mailing comments (at least, so I think) is to make them long enough and detailed enough so that they make sense to the person you are speaking to some three to six months after his initial statement, and also to give them enough substance to make them interesting to readers other than the addressee. Or, as I said, so I think--but then I never wind up very high in the mailing comments section of the egoboo poll so perhaps you shouldn't pay too much attention to me. Thanks very much, by the way, for your totally unexpected comment to the effect that I am always fun to read. I appreciate it very much. :::: You do your Rotsler illustrations justice and your material, especially D&G, is very readable. I don't know what your Swedish fanzines are like, but you do a hell of a fine job in English. Better than most of us natives...

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THE RAMBLING FAP
(Calkins)

As a follow-up to my remarks last time... Well, we got through the budget meeting last fall and so far little seems to have been decided. The key word is seems. Recently we've been working up a schedule for our manpower needs for the next two years, but I know of at least one two-year project that has been told to be completed by this summer, so who knows? I still think it is Standard's intention to cease domestic exploration as much as politically possible, and in particular to stop exploration in the urban areas of California. It's too costly and too much of a political/ecological hassle when we have much cheaper oil available in foreign countries. There are set-backs in their plans, of course. For instance, recently there has been a discovery not far from here that could have great exploration significance, and we're busy devoting a great deal of time, money and effort trying to check this out. If it should prove to be of the importance it potentially could be, then we're in a new ballgame for the next several years. If not, of course, then it's back to the same old game-plan. Meanwhile, I sit and wait and wonder. :::: The perils of composing on stencil. The seventh word in the fourth paragraph on page iv last issue should be "now" rather than "not" but instead the typo has changed the entire meaning of the statement. Rats!

FANTASIA
(Wesson)

Pamela does a very creditable job. My wife says "Is she really a witch? She must be--how else would she know so much about it?" If I answered yes, I don't know if she'd believe me or not. :::: I enjoyed your account of the Eastercon but you sort of let all of the air out of the balloon on the third page without explanation. Why didn't Shel go to the Carter's? What happened? Later, you characterize it as a boorish refusal but still give no reason. :::: I don't really enjoy swimming much, for all the time I spent in a pool as a boy. Can't say why. I did join the Y last fall and start on a handball program, though--a game I truly enjoy. Then I pulled a shoulder muscle and laid off for awhile and then I hurt an ankle at softball and since then I've merely procrastinated. My back doesn't bother me much, though--only when I sit for long periods, or improperly. :::: Thanks very much for your fine comments on my poll. If I have time towards the end of this issue, I'll go into my own answers in a little more detail. :::: I don't know much about the death of JFK and the Warren Report except that it seems to me there were a lot of questions and a lot of effort to keep them suppressed. From experience, any time honest investigation or questioning is suppressed it is usually because someone has something to hide. :::: But, Helen, we don't need a federal law to ban the sale of bazookas, grenade launchers, machine guns, anti-tank weapons or a ban on the sale to minors. They already have plenty of laws on all of these subjects in all of the states. What we need, instead of more laws, is a little enforcement of the ones we have! Registration, no! Can you tell me one valid purpose that will be fulfilled for the police or the honest gun-owner by registration?

CENTURY SCHOOLBOOK
(Porter)

As you putting me on about the "Revolution For The Hell Of It" bag? If you aren't, it makes me feel a lot better about other peoples' "Putting Down Hippies And Other Bearded Strangers For The Hell Of It." If people have the right to riot for kicks, other people have the right to shoot them for the

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same reason. As a matter of fact, I strongly suspect this is happening on both sides right now. :::: Got a kick out of one line: "Susan allowed as how she would take me on for the weekend, should I come up."

ROUNDSHOT
(Evers)

I'm putting this under the FAPA title since I didn't put the postmailing into the bundle for comment, but nevertheless I wanted to say how much I enjoyed RENO, NEVADA when it arrived. :::: You think it's sheer tomfoolery that acquired physical traits can be inherited? Sort of knocks out the whole idea of survival of the fittest, doesn't it? :::: "...all restrictions be lifted from drugs--no prescriptions needed to buy drugs, no drugs banned, and so on. Oh sure, the idea is immoral as hell and would kill off millions of innocent people, most of them children and the uneducated if put into progress, but it's also the sort of thing that would bring about the complete collapse of the society that instituted it." You sound like you are pleading the case of the morality of drug legislation versus the immorality of unrestricted use. I think it's a good idea, myself--but I also doubt if it would do a damned thing towards the destruction of the society that instituted it, whatever that is. No, I think people should be free to do their own thing as much as possible, with sufficient safeguards between the oddballs and the rest of society as to prevent them from doing damage to each other. I think the heads should be protected from the squares, and vice versa. As for drugs--sell 'em on the market, at the market rate. Including junk. Free junk for the junkies, no charge. Free treatment, too, if they choose that direction--using methadone or whatever. As for the others, let them do themselves in if that is their pleasure--or just plain exist, if that's their bag. (As you said, some people, particularly rural people "hip or straight tend to get cut off from new ideas easier than city people, and tend to concentrate on just living their lives rather than on doing things.") I don't know about the uneducated if drugs were unrestricted, but most kids would be just as well off as now, I think. Most parents would still attempt to protect their children from harm irregardless of the legislation involved. :::: Welcome to FAPA, Earl.

EUPHORIA
(Kusske)

I can assure you that Busby in person is pretty much like Busby in print, down to the speech. Age is no barrier to being "cool" any more than youth is a guarantee of it. :: I thought of all of the struggle that ABDick had with their word "Mimeograph" (capital M) and Coca-Cola with their "Coke" when I saw you speak of "Zerored" (sic) fanzines. I guess they could hardly complain about that, though. :::: "The following pages contain...fiction...important social messages are inadvertant, if they are present at all. Just blood and sex." Yeah--just a little bit too much for me. I skimmed most of it, though, and I must say you occasionally get off an excellent line or two.

VANDY
(Coulsons)

Yeah, who does buy hardcover books? I do, occasionally, but the purchases are getting fewer and further between. I buy hardcovers of my favorites or books I think I might want to keep "forever" as well as on the rare occasions when the hc is cheaper than the pb, as happens now and then. For instance, I just joined the Doubleday 99¢ bookclub the other day because I could get six books for 99¢ for joining and only had to buy another three or four during the year

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for them to feel like they're even. I buy maybe a book a year from the Literary Guild and they're happy. In practice, if you make occasional purchases from one of these club deals they don't hold you to the letter of their "buy x number of items in return for your Free Gift Joining offer." The exception to this, for me, has been my current membership in the Capitol record club. Not only do they demand their pound of flesh but they also seem to feel that the blood was included as part of the deal. Let me be a month late with a payment and I hear from them. We've had some good exchanges so far, but I'm not getting as much fun out of it as they are because they always win. After my next two records they can have their damned club. :::: As a fellow never-have-smoked non-smoker, Juanita, I have to agree with you about the bad manners of smokers. That's one of the nice things about pot smokers--at least they do their thing in private. :::: I'm getting more and more interested in the astrology thing. Just got a book (ASTROLOGY by Ronald C. Davidson) that is supposed to contain complete instructions for casting my own horoscope. I'll tell you how I make out. I also bought a book on reading Tarot cards--now does anybody know where I can get a deck? I think it's all very interesting. I won't pretend that I 'believe' in astrology or anything like that, but I am fascinated to find how many of the character traits generalized for Scorpio and Cancer fit me and my wife. Much better, I mean, than the traits similarly generalized for the other signs. One of these days maybe I'll be ready to do a full-scale article on it for FAPA.

TORA
(Speer)

You don't say--were you elected?

RUBBER FROG
(Eklund)

Fabulous! Fascinating! One of the few things in the mailing I read all the way through. I can't say I understand it all or even believe it all, but it was unputtable-downable. You got off some absolutely fabulous lines.

TRILL
(Wells)

Aha--you have just confirmed one of my favorite daydreams! I am not your mythical average person, just like I always thought. I don't remember Galois but of course I know of Euler, Gauss and Hilbert. Euler from the equations by the same name; Gauss admittedly from physics; Hilbert, the matrix man. But what about de Moivre? Poisson? Laplace? Fourier? Newton? Bernoulli? Bessel? Legendre? Admittedly, some of them are probably more well known from physics than mathematics...but where do the two become distinct, anyhow? I always think of mathematics as the language of physics, and as such they are different parts of the same thing. The mathematics may precede the physics, perhaps, but I claim this does not disqualify my definition. :::: What does a research mathematician do, anyhow? With all of the truly fabulous mathematicians the world has produced and all the research mathematicians we have had sitting around creating all of these years, why aren't you guys All Caught Up by this time? Theorems about algebra, indeed. I think some of you guys have been flogging fido around there. :::: After that, you lose me. Since basic English in the long-ago days of high school, diagramming sentences and relaxing from tenses, nuances of the language I know strictly from nothing. I know, I know...it shows, don't it?

the rambling fap xii

DYNATRON
(Tackett)

I hope Harry Warner is learning about retirement from Woody Wolfe's story. Nobody wants to live out his old age in poverty, but money is slightly easier to come by than time. I'm glad my dad is finally going to hang it up this fall a little earlier than he might and devote some time to travel and a hobby or two. I don't plan on working regularly any later than 55 at most--the trick now is lasting that long--before devoting full time to my own oft-times ephemeral interests. :::: The affair Moskowitz appears to be growing. :::: Egad--what is that peculiarly ugly strike-over you use to distinguish paragraphs?

DIFFERENT
(Moskowitz)

My own personal 'golden age' of science fiction reading and personal involvement with the promags revolved almost entirely around the Margulies mags--Startling, TMS, Fantastic Story Magazine, Space Stories and WSA--and their letter and fanzine columns after my initial plunge into the FFM/FN/AMF group. :::: Can you imagine an editor insisting that authors making first sales supply letters of recommendation attesting to their honesty and reliability? I can hardly believe it. :::: Sam Mines, Sam Merwin, Jerry Bixby--those were the professional idols of my early fannish life. Meeting Mines and Bixby (as well as Mahaffey!) were two high spots of my first and only world convention, the Chicon II in 1952.

BETE NOIRE
(Boggs)

I've always thought that a fabulous cover logo by Bjo. :::: Don't worry about chewing your fingernails another 1038 years over that radioactive material off San Francisco Bay, regardless of whatever its half-life may be. Even with luck, you'll hardly be bothered by the time the century is out... :::: A jiffy-bag, properly cared for, lasts almost forever. In fact, one of my greatest luxuries as FIPA OE is getting to use brand-new, virgin, totally unmarked jiffy-bags in which to put out the mailing. Not having to search for a clean spot for the address is sheer heaven. :::: I have never, to my memory, wasted a stencil. I once had to obliterate at least a dozen lines (another stencil would undoubtedly have been cheaper than the corflu needed) and it looked like hell in print but it wasn't "wasted." :::: And of course EVERYbody salvages stamps, don't they? I hit my supreme triumph in stamp saving not long ago...a good \$1 "Eugene O'Neill" which still resides in my stamp box awaiting a large package to take for a ride. :::: Several years ago I heard of a wondrous new replacement for the silkscreen on my BDC (which isn't silk at all, I believe) made out of nylon or some such substance somehow different from what they used to use. I've always wanted to buy one, but like your Gestetner 120 my machine has never seemed to need a replacement. I bought it circa 1957, though, so one of these days... I had thought thoughts of a new Gestetner this year until I went down and priced one.

HORIB
(Lupoff)

You would suppress art in favor of function? For shame! Don't ask me how I got "Calemont" instead of "Claremont" on the cover, though. Sorry about that. :::: I sure would like to own a Selectric. And a Gestetner. And.

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ALLERLEI c/w DAY*STAR
(Breen c/w Bradley)

Alas, dear ones, the OE does not keep track of FAPA page credits--the S/T does. Presumably he is watching. :::: I am tempted to ask you how you know you have never seen a dirty Negro child because of course the dirt wouldn't show as well on black skin, but it occurs to me that I had better not because there would probably be people who would not know I intended it as a joke. Maybe not a good one, at that. It's sometimes hard to keep a sense of humor in a deadly serious world. :::: So Elliot Shorter is a Negro? Well, well --I didn't know fandom had any black members and I always wondered why not since most fans are outspokenly anti-racist. I mean, when you are prepared to be open-minded about little green men you are hardly about to stumble over a slightly shaded earthman. :::: I particularly appreciated the title "Great Moments from Hee Haw"--I had the misfortune to stumble across that program once. Here in Bakersfield, the Okie's home away from Oklahoma, the Country&Western thing is Very Big and occasionally unavoidable. :::: Should I start subbing to your astrology fanzine?

DIASPAR
(Carr)

You make me feel better, Terry. My art file also extends slightly into the past and I've always felt faintly guilty about it. Since Rotsler is unofficially artist laureate of TRF I manage to use up only one or two "outside" illos per mailing and I sometimes wonder when the poor artists will ever get their proper egoboo. I've made more of an effort to pass on some of the stuff in recent years, but some of it I continue to hold Just In Case. You know how it goes--personally, I've never really considered OOPSLA! completely dead... :::: Excellent ATOMs. New or old? :::: WR meets HE was great! Fabulous! Unbelievable combination of talent--perhaps the best thing I've seen Harlan do. If that's a put-down, sorry, Harlan.

SERCON'S BANE
(Busby)

I know you already know this, but since the first part of this went through the FAPA prints I guess it's only fair for them to know that I did make it to Seattle this Thanksgiving past and you did sell me a lot of your back SS, TWS and ASF. Makes me feel like a young fan again to get these mouldy old treasures. (I do mean mouldy, gang--Buz was keeping the mags out back in a sort of spare-room shed and the roof had fallen through or leaked or something in the perpetually damp Seattle climate.) A good many of the duplicates have already passed on to Metcalf...all he needed, as a matter of fact. A number of issues remain unsold, however, if any of you old sf fans out there in the audience are interested. Reasonable prices our motto. Only trouble is, ol' debbil collecting bug almos' bite me again. Now I want to start filling in the gaps still remaining and that takes more cash than I have at the moment. Damn! Also, I just plain don't have the room to put everything out on bookshelves in this house and it frustrates me to have everything put away where I can't get at it. Even this recent purchase has been inspected, taped and repaired where necessary, indexed...and boxed. I figure I'll be moving one of these days again pretty soon, courtesy either Standard Oil or my own change of occupation, so I might as well box it now and save myself some trouble. Funny thing. When I brought these mags home and started checking them against my old collection for duplicates, some of the boxes I opened had not been unsealed since I packed them in Salt Lake City in 1962! Ah, the

the rambling fap xiv

joys of the gypsy life. :::: :::: (Whups, got carried away.) As for loud motorcycles, I think the closest I ever came to shooting at anyone in my life was the early Sunday morning years ago in Salt Lake (how come you take me back to my SLC days?) when some nut pulled up at our corner and for some unknown reason proceeded to sit there and rev his motor for 5-10 minutes. So help me, I had first ignored and then endured him as long as I could stand it and was just about to bounce a .45 slug aside him on the pavement to see if we could reach some sort of communication when he took off. Just as well, because although I am a fair shot with a .45 they are nonetheless difficult weapons to shoot accurately and at that range I might have made a fatal error. :::: I should say half a dozen words here about my recent sf reading, since you made comment, but I may go into it in more detail later. So, nothing. Besides, I want this last stencil to finish up with the last item left in the mailing, which is, as it often is,

HORIZONS
(Warner)

FAPA number 118? Better watch out, Harry, I'm catching up on you. Why, I can remember when you had published 50 times as many issues as I had, and now here you are barely twice as many issues as my 52. At this rate I'll catch you in (groan) next to no time. :::: How do they figure oil and gas reserves? Well, basically it's an estimate, of course. The very good estimates based on a lot of control are called "proven" reserves. The others, based on anything from sketchy data to no data at all, are "estimated" reserves. The reserves are based on oil that is capable of being produced using current techniques and--more important--is presently economic. For example, say I discover and map a prospect that I feel has 1000 acres of closure, my pay sand is 100 feet thick, and from previous wells into this formation I know my recovery rate from this sand to be 1000 bbls/acre-ft. A well is drilled and a discovery made. At this point our estimated reserves are $1000 \times 100 \times 1000 = 100$ million bbls. Those figures, however, are based on my original map and that might have been made from any number of things--good seismic data, other well control, pure good guesswork, you name it. So we do some development drilling in the field and it turns out after a sufficient number of holes to firm things up that I was exactly right. (It's so rare an occurrence that, since this is a fictional occasion anyhow, it seemed like a shame to pass the opportunity by.) Now the reserves are proven reserves. But what, for instance, if the field had been only 1% of that size...1 million bbls, not capable of economic production. Now we have no reserves at all. For another example, what are the oil reserves of the San Joaquin basin? Well, we have the proven reserves associated with the known fields--i.e., the oil in place not yet produced--but we also have some estimated reserves based on the fact that so much explored volume of the basin has produced so much oil and there is x amount of volume as yet unexplored. You'll note that these reserves could get a bit sticky given a few bad breaks. Still another but slightly contradictory case: we speak of the millions of bbls of "reserves" in tar sands and oil shales, but since neither source can be produced economically at present (and possibly never) they are not really reserves at all until conditions change. Reserves are figured in bbls, not years, so a change in consumption rate doesn't directly change total reserves. It does effect, of course, the length of time the reserves will do us. Right now consumption rates are rising steadily but, I believe, total world reserves are keeping pace. Domestic reserves, however, are falling at a fair pace and therein could lie some real problems for the US in the future. When the shortage hits the oil companies will be blamed, of course, but I think it can be fairly said that the taxpayers and the politicians are doing an excellent job of bringing it on themselves.

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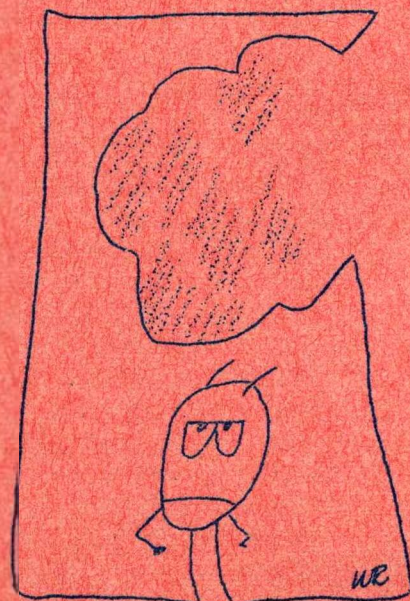
In TRF #50, August 1970, I wrote about the way that Dickie Geis in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (50¢ from PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif 90403 in case any of you missed it last time and wish to make amends for your sins) had reawakened my sense of wonder with his entertaining reviews of current sf novels, and how I had ordered a number of same. To wit:

THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN - Tucker
THE PALACE OF ETERNITY - Shaw
THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS - LeGuin
RITE OF PASSAGE - Fanshin
THE HEAVEN MAKERS - Horbert
MACROSCOPE - Anthony
NIGHTWINGS - Silverberg
STAND ON ZANZIBAR - Brunner
UP THE LINE - Silverberg
LET THE FIRE FALL - Wilhelm
THE JAGGED ORBIT - Brunner
DUNE - Herbert
PHOENIX PRIME - White

There were several others on the list but when I put in my order they were unavailable at that time. I will re-order them next time along with a number of other titles. Incidentally, if any of you live in places where a good selection of sf titles is not readily available, let me suggest a long-time supplier of mine--Richard Witter, F&SF BOOK CO, PO Box 415, Staten Island, New York 10302. He also gives discounts of 10% on \$10 orders and 20% on \$25 orders, which makes him well worth considering if you buy in bunches as I occasionally do. He also has a very comprehensive listing of all current pb selections as well as used pbs, books and sf mags.

So far I've read all but the last two titles (although I did read the serial version of DUNE in ANALOG several years ago) and I must say that by and large I've enjoyed almost all of them. Hmm. I'd have to say that I certainly qualified that sentence, so I must have some unstated reservations. To be honest, I didn't care much for MACROSCOPE, which started well and promised much but somehow dropped me off along the way. I must have finished it--I have a compulsion to do things like that--but at this date I don't remember fully the last third of the book. THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN was good Tucker and a fine story but left me with an unquieted sense of paradox unresolved--something Agberg solved in his enjoyable UP THE LINE by explaining as being unexplainable. They tell me the Silverberg story was written as a great put-on to all time travel stories, but if so it avoids falling prey to the sin of over-cuteness to which most put-ons succumb and becomes an enjoyable adventure in its own right. It may not be what they mean by new-wave, but you certainly wouldn't have read this much before 1969.

MORE
RAMBLINGS
BY THE
FAP



the rambling fap xvii

I found NIGHTWINGS, THE PALACE OF ETERNITY, THE HEAVEN MAKERS and LET THE FIRE FALL all to be good, readable stories but with nothing particular to recommend them. By that I guess I mean that while I enjoyed reading all of them--including NIGHTWALK by Bob Shaw, inadvertently left off of the above list--none of them caused me to sit back with a sigh and say "now there was a good book!"

This was not the case with the two best books on the list: THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS and RITE OF PASSAGE. The Hugo winner is a fine, sensitive story, and Miss LeGuin does a superior job of creating an alien world and people. Interest never flags and at no time does the story become unbelievable or strain at the plot. Not quite the same comments are due RITE OF PASSAGE but I'll pay it a compliment of another sort: if you enjoyed that fine type of fiction that Heinlein used to write up to the days of (and even including) STARSHIP TROOPERS, Panshin is a worthy successor in this novel. Entertaining, interesting, a future history type story deserving some note. According to the cover blurb this is Panshin's first novel and I haven't read any of his short fiction, so I'll be looking forward to his future works with some interest. I very definitely read by author and I'm always looking for additions to the list.

The last two novels, Brunner's THE JAGGED ORBIT and STAND ON ZANZIBAR, are something else entirely. I didn't really like them at first, and as entertainment they are still definitely unsatisfactory. I found them choppy and difficult to read, the style quite distracting. For all that, the books are quite powerful to read and very disquieting in that they have done an all too effective job of projecting the present into the future. Indeed, it is often difficult to tell where the two join together in these books, and it isn't a very pretty future that Brunner sees. For the amount of impact they have had on my thoughts, both while reading the books as well as long after, these are the two most powerful titles on the list. Notice that I did not say the most enjoyable.

That adventure in sf ended so well I've decided to take a second plunge. In the next round I'm buying:

THE WITCHES OF KARRES - Schmitz
BLACK EASTER and THE DAY AFTER JUDGEMENT - Blish
JUPITER LEGACY - Harrison
HELL'S GATE - Koontz
SF HALL OF FAME, TOWER OF GLASS and DOWNWARD TO EARTH - Silverberg
CHOCKY - Wyndham
BEHOLD THE MAN - Moorcock
THE WORLD IN WINTER - Christopher
RING OF VIOLENCE - Mason
THE SWORD SWALLOWER and AFTER THINGS FELL APART - Goulart
SWORDS OF DEVILTRY, ...IN THE MIST and ...AGAINST DEATH - Leiber
RINGWORLD - Niven
AND CHAOS DIED - Russ
FOURTH MANSIONS - Lafferty
THE STEEL CROCODILE - Compton

Also under consideration are ONE MILLION TOMORROWS (Shaw), THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR (Davidson), UBIK (Dick), SHELLBREAK (Groves), THE MERCY MEN (Nourse), TAU ZERO (Anderson) and THIS IMMORTAL (Zelazny). I was also considering THE TRAVELER IN BLACK (Brunner) but I happened to chance across it in the bookstore tonight and after skimming it quickly I decided against it. However, that's a preliminary decision and I may not hold myself to it later on. I seldom make hard-and-fast judgements against books--all too often my ever-changing background causes changes in my opinions and tastes and I'm not too proud to switch.

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You'll notice, perhaps, that a number of the titles in this second order are not exactly recent. Some are books that I've been faintly interested in for some time but haven't come across in various newsstands. Since my interest in sf has been minimal for some time it wasn't worth the effort to write down the titles and search for them. Now it is.

While we're on the subject of books, since I read primarily by author perhaps if I listed some of my current favorites it might elicit some suggestions from All Of You Out There In FAPALAND as to possible additions. By which I mean, if ya got any goodies, pass 'em on, huh?

I dig John D. MacDonald, particularly in his Travis McGee incarnation but also increasingly in his other books. I have all of the McGee's, of course. And it may be about time for me to re-read BALLROOM OF THE SKIES...it's been a long time since I read it the first time. If memory serves, that was originally in TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS magazine back in the early '50s. Naturally, my copies are all packed away but I think there's a recent pb reissue.

I liked Ian Fleming a great deal the first time around. I have most of the Donald Hamilton titles in the Matt Helm series and so far I haven't branched out much into his non-series titles. Any good? I'm very big on Edison Marshall, of course, but since my current collection of his titles exceeds 40 I don't fine new ones very often. Sigh. Shellabarger, Schoonover and Costain are my favorites in the historical novel field. I think PRINCE OF FOXES is one of the finest novels I've ever read--and I've read it a number of times, just to be sure. F. Van Wyck Mason interests me occasionally but not a great deal. Ditto Frank Yorby. I have several of Mika Waltari's books but I'm uncertain how I fool about him. I remember reading THE ETRUSCAN with pleasure; on the other hand, I've had THE ROMAN on hand for several months now and I'm reluctant to begin it for some reason. John Masters can be very good, and I'll buy almost any J. B. Priestly I can find. His DOOMSDAY MEN, THE SHAPES OF SLEEP and SATURN OVER THE WATER were very enjoyable.

A top favorite is Alistair MacLean. WHERE EAGLES DARE is, as I believe I've said in FAPA before, one of the most thoroughly satisfying hero adventure stories I've ever read. I watch pretty sharp for MacLean titles and I think I have most of them. Another favorite author is Hammond Innes. Recently Avon is issuing a series of his of his titles only so far I've been able to find out damned little about what titles are included. Tonight's purchase of THE NAKED LAND bore the number 8 in the upper right-hand corner of the front cover...FIRE IN THE SNOW is #3 and THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE is one of the series as well. From the lists in the front and back of this current purchase it looks as if there are at least five Innes titles I don't have yet. Joy! Geoffrey Jenkins is also good anytime. Geoffrey Household sometimes. WATCHER IN THE SHADOWS is superior. William Haggard can be quite fine. Ross Macdonald is rapidly becoming a favorite, and I must have quite a few of those yet to buy. At least I don't have many titles, and I hope there are quite a few. Dick Francis is a must buy.

How it goes on! Helen MacInnes I usually buy but I can't read too much of her at any one stretch. (Funny, isn't it, how many of my favorite authors are Innes or MacInnes or the variations on MacDonald? And that reminds me that so far I've left off Michael Innes, but he's pretty much hit-or-miss with me and doesn't really qualify as a favorite.) Nevil Shute? I'll buy anything the man writes-- I found two new titles just tonight: LONELY ROAD and MARAZAN. I think his THE LEGACY, TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM and THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE are among the most moving and comforting views of the human animal that I have ever seen. Luckily for me, I still have a number of Shute titles yet to buy and read--a treasure as yet not fully mined.

the rambling fap xix

Kenneth Roberts is a fine historical novelist and I have most of his work. Garland Roark has written two of my favorite novels in *THE WAKE OF THE RED WITCH* and *THE WITCH OF MANGA REVA* (both historical, despite their titles) but his *STAR IN THE RIGGING* is one of the most disappointing books I've ever read. Damn.

I like my two Gavin Lyall books. Desmond Bagley is another winner, but I've seen only four titles by him and I think he's a fairly new writer. Ernest K. Gann is readable sometimes but hardly a must buy. Evan Hunter, likewise. At times I've bought Edward S. Marons but he is vaguely unsatisfying for some reason. My two Francis Clifford's haven't brought a definite positive reaction so far. I have four Philip McCutchan books of likewise Maronish feelings but I haven't seen a new title in some time. Is that all? Several other authors have individual titles on my "keepers" shelf of books but none have more than one title except Luke Short--my one western favorite, although several of his books, particularly recent titles, have been read with mixed emotions.

I'll pay careful attention to any and all suggestions you people might make concerning other authors or titles. I don't have many names on my "possibles" list at the moment. (That's my list of authors tried once or skimmed with negative results--like the Brunner title mentioned before--but about whom I might either change my mind or look into in more detail later on the chance that my one sample was an off book. If *STAR IN THE RIGGING* had been my first Roark book, for example, I might never have tried another. At least, not for some time.) In fact, the only name that comes immediately to mind is Eric Ambler. The nicest thing about him is that if I do get to like him later on, at least he's prolific.

ONCE UPON A JOCK

Terry Carr, writing as "The Infinite Beanie" in a recent issue of *FOCAL POINT*, speaks of his guilty secret about which he's been keeping silent all of those years. He's not only a sports fan--even baseball, Harry Warner!--but he also qualifies as something of an ex-jock as well. Terry says that there have been a lot more fans who've publicly acknowledged doing acid than those who've confessed to liking baseball, so I guess the time is right for me to declare myself one way or the other. I'll take baseball.

Actually, I believe I've confessed to my sports addiction on several occasions here in *FAPA*, but since I need to finish this page plus on more in order to make my *FAPA* goal this year (membership year, not calendar year) it won't hurt to ramble on a little more. It won't hurt me, at least, and like Granny Goose might say, rambling's my bag. Provocative, I hope, and possibly even curiously refreshing.

Baseball and football, both of the professional variety, are my favorite sports. It is impossible to distinguish further between them as to my one favorite sport because the two occupy rather different spots in my pleasure dome. Pro football is a violent, active game; a quick and bruising game of split-seconds; a team effort on every play, albeit with individual stars; three hours on Sunday and then gone for another week. There's little question that given the choice between watching either a football game or a baseball game on tv that the football game would get the nod most of the time. Oh, the World's Series might compete even with a bowl game, but they're such different animals that I'd prefer to compare regular season games. Football wins there. Funny, though, after the tv set is off and the game is over, I seldom think about football again until the next weekend. With extremely few exceptions, I don't pay any attention at all to pro football statistics or individual stars. There are exceptions, though--I can't help that.

the rambling fap xx

Baseball is entirely different. The game is deliberately paced--too deliberately, say some, perhaps with justice--and only occasionally physical; much more, to my mind, a game of individual against individual, as in the case of the batter versus the pitcher, or the individual versus the team, batter against everybody; and the games are savored afterwards, sometimes for years, with lovingly fondled statistics. For the true baseball fan, statistics are half of the fun. Sometimes more. For instance, every time Henry Aaron comes to bat this year I'll treasure the knowledge that he is hot on the trail of Babe Ruth's all-time home run crown, and the next few seasons will make or break him. I still remember Early Wynn's 300th victory with satisfaction, not because it was a pitching gem but because it was number 300 and not many pitchers ever got there. Or will again.

But Terry's article was more about participation, and when it comes to sports I'm afraid I haven't been much of a participant. I'm sorry about that, too. It comes from two things, mainly--partly living out of town all of the time, which meant I had to catch the schoolbus or not get home, but mostly because I was too damned young for my classes and emotionally unsure of myself when it came to competition with boys who should have been my peers but whom I unconsciously regarded as older and better than I was. I graduated from high school at 16 when most of my friends were 19 and sometimes 20. Many of them were getting married in their senior years. Physically I was as big as they were and usually bigger, and if my coordination was not quite as well developed, perhaps, I was occasionally more talented. I just didn't have the mental make-up to compete physically with those people, and this reluctance followed me through college. Even the Marine Corps didn't make a true physical competitor out of me and contact sports are still not my bag. I think my reluctance here is because if you hit me hard enough to hurt me I'm going to get mad enough to kill you in return, at which juncture you've not only lost the whole point of the game along with your cool, you've also lost a good portion of your competitive ability in the process. By the time I got out of college, of course, I was physically on the downhill run at 28, especially since I had acquired no skills at any sport through practice in my earlier years.

The last couple of years I was in college I did play quite a bit of handball with three other friends. This worked out very enjoyably because we were all starting from scratch, taught ourselves the game from the book (and as a result never did learn any of the nuances of the game), were about on a par, athletically, and all enjoyed the beer stop afterwards with mucho gusto! Last year about this time I took up the game again, this time with some guys from the office, and this time I am out of my depth. These guys all knew what they were doing. I was learning, though, when I hurt my shoulder and went on the disabled list for a few months. An ankle injury several months later playing grabass softball further incapacitated me and come one thing and another I haven't been back yet. I'm much recovered now, however, and should take the game up again. I'll wait until I get down around 210 first, though...another month at current rates.

What brought this all on, though, was Terry's references to his pitching. I guess the only organized sports competition in which I have participated was the slow-pitch softball league I founded, organized and captained for Standard Oil in my La Habra years, 1964-69. As a league it was pretty low; as players, we were pretty inept. To give you an idea of my ability, the only position I could hold down the first few years was pitcher and in slow pitch there's very little you can do with the ball except be very, very tricky. I like to think I did very well--well, hell, we won our six-team league one year and finished second every other time, I think. Funny how pitchers think differently than any other player on the field, though. I can still remember those home runs on "mistake" pitches with dismay and anger at my own stupidity. And errors in the infield--ah! When, later, I graduated to 2nd base I felt differently, of course, but that's another story. Anyhow, thanks, Terry, for reminding me about it all. Sic transit gloria mundi.

the rambling fap xx

/ GOOFED!

Imagine my surprise when I mimeographed the first 'twenty' pages of this issue and the total came out odd rather than even. I design TRF so that the inside of the front cover is blank--otherwise there is too much offset on my normally wide open covers which depend on large amounts of blank space for balance--and also the back cover just because I prefer it that way. This means I need an even number of pages per issue, so when I got to page xx this time I called it quits. That would have been fine except that I seem to have skipped page xv somewhere along the line and I can't imagine why. My last mailing comments were on HORIZONS, I'm sure of that, so I haven't lost a stencil anywhere. I guess my subconscious was just in a hurry to get finished.

I know Walter Breen is an expert on coins--pardon me, numismatics--but aside from Walter I haven't heard very much about it in FAPA from anyone else. Surely there are other coin collectors in FAPA besides myself? I don't claim to be an expert or even particularly knowledgeable when it comes to coins, and for that matter I can't even claim to be much of a collector. Finances place a practical limit on the extent of my collection and the rather definite amount of time God has seen fit to allot to to every day gets me from the other end. Every now and then I wonder if I don't have too many jobs, hobbies, kids, houses, yards, and etc. My interest in coins is a perfectly natural offshoot from many of the things that attracted me to science fiction and fandom.

Coins are beautiful objects, and most of us, I think, have a certain appreciation for beauty. The eye that can perceive the beauty in an old pulp sf magazine cover, even one by Frank Paul, can hardly fail to be attracted by a well turned coin. Then, too, there is the undeniable fact that coins are, to be sure, a form of money --a substance that fans, much like anyone else, can hardly help but find of interest. After all, money can be exchanged for such things as convention memberships, fanzine subscriptions, science fiction magazines, certain mind-expanding (or so it is claimed) substances, and many other items too numerous to mention. The mind trained to science through habitual exposure to sf can hardly help but be intrigued by the way the coin collector cuts through these twistings and turnings, straight to the heart of the matter, by spending his money not for crude items of barter but for money itself. Very neat. And, of course, he doesn't trade for just any old money but, instead, for items of special interest. Well there you have one of the most debilitating diseases known to man, the virus which lies deep buried in the heart of every true fan--the collecting bug!

My collection, as I said, isn't much to speak of, and yet I look on it with a certain fondness. The silver dollar has been a favorite of mine for as long as I can remember. They were quite common even in my youth, of course, a point I recall with a great deal of regret nowadays, and since my family and I passed through Las Vegas at least once a year I managed to have at least one silver dollar on hand almost all of the time. Unfortunately, at that time I regarded them more as forms of money than forms of coinage, and so they passed out of my hands almost as rapidly as they passed in. At the moment I have 61 silver dollars in my collection, 27 of them BU, and none of them survive from those early days. With the prospects of a complete set of US dollars pretty well out of my financial reach, I am turning to Canadian dollars as my primary interest. There I have only 17 dollars, but all are BU. Moreover, only collection needs only 24 more coins to be complete--not that I mean to imply that I will take care of that little chore any day soon now. At my current rate, it may well take me the rest of my life. At any rate, it has taken me to the end of this mailing.

