

Of all things, this turns out to be the *9th Annish* of Retro, or Retromingent as it was originally known before I got so lazy. Nonetheless I am afeared that this is gonna be a shortie, which I regret because the 71st was a very enjoyable mailing in many and perhaps even most respects, and I do hate to skimp the Good Ones.

["I" being F M Busby of 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle, Washington: 98119.]

Well, let's quit horsing around and get on with it. The first item on the agenda would seem to be where Mike McNerny says to me "I just don't understand what you have against me.." Well, we can't have that, can we now? OK, then, once again I'll level unilaterally with you, Mike, in hopes that this time it just may pay off.

There was Boondoggle and there was Minac (12, I think) and there was Ellington's carbonletter, and there was the version of that letter that was printed in Minac a little later. Then there was Dick Eney citing the (original) Ellington letter in print to some purpose or other, and then you, Mike, came on scoffing Eney to the effect that you preferred to get your facts from Minac.

At this point I personally wrote to you to the effect that the Minac version had been edited so as to change Ellington's original (highly anti-Gerber/White) stand to an apparent anti-Donaho stand. I quoted to you some rather long sections from Ellington, edited-out by Ted, some of which appeared fragmentarily in The Loyal Oppo of all places. I offered to lend you my copy of the entire original letter, to show you that "the facts" were hardly in Minac at all. Anything for the truth, like.

You, McNerny, never responded to any of this either privately or publicly. You continued to pretend that you had no idea that there could be any dissent from the Minac version of the Ellington letter. Neither to me nor to Eney nor to anyone else did you intimate that you had been offered the chance to check out the more complete evidence and re-evaluate your position. You turned your blind side to the whole bit.

So, to be frank, I have figured you for a crummy little fink who maintains his position of infallibility by a steadfast refusal to look at any evidence that might shake him up. Consequently, I have really not had much use for you over the past year or so. If this sounds harsh, that is merely because it is harsh.

Very well; you asked me, so I told you. However, there's no point in holding a grudge indefinitely, so I seldom if ever do that thing. Not unilaterally, at least, though my tenacity is pretty good with regard to bilateral brannigans. So it goes...

If you want us to get along, Mike, it's real Easy. But it's your move...

Well, while we're here, naturally I'm glad you dug my previous zine, and I have some checkmarks on your Nr 1 nr 2, at that. First, there's more verses of just the Plastic Jesus bit its own self; Sandy Cutrell sings *em. Next, just what clue did we all miss as to how rich brown was Jes' Kiddin' in his PO threats to the Pelzes? It struck me and others that he was shouting sincerity to the housetops, and inside info is no basis for putting down those who did not have access to it. Thirdly, the rules of Worldcons as adopted by Discon [the WSFS, Inc Constitution has not applied since Anna Moffatt banged the gavel in 1958] have been printed and distributed by George Scithers at least twice in the past year or so, including an article in Yandro.

You chip or maybe even chop the "o"s out of stencils? Like, one&all who ain't checked it out yet, heed: there is the stencil with its backing sheet; using this alone, you can cut up the stencil and also cut too heavy and get offset. The "carbon sheet" makes a heavier inking pattern than the bare-bones stencil. The plastic backing-sheet makes for a much finer cut and less inking&offset. The film covering the stencil heavies the cut a little bit but protects the stencil from cutting and also protects your typefaces from getting gonked up with stencil wax. I use the film over the stencil and the plastic sheet under it, and mostly it works out OK.

"Rosinante, who is he?" "He" is a mare, mainly, if Cervantes can be believed.

If you really want to get along, you might try knocking off this stupid crude offensive jazz like "your evil, warped mind", as you throw it around in Mailing 71. Yargh! I apologize to the group for wasting all this space on just only one fella.

Oh, exsanguinating Hades! It is beyond the bounds of possibility that there'll be time to dig through and comment upon Mlg#71 as it merits.

So, might's well bring you-all up to date on the State of Events around here.

School let out and the kids are visiting near-by relatives just now, whilst it is determined whether they can be sent to the midwest in Jiffy Bags or not, right away.

[Oh HELL, indeed. I was just now interrupted with the news that the kids' li'l goldfish has suddenly crapped out of this life. Not that they ever paid much heed to hiser welfare but we did nurse the little crittur through at least one crisis...]

Sometimes one hits a stretch wherein nothing works at all. This is what has happened to our supposedly-firm plans for hitting LonConII this fall. We thought it was a cinch but within the past 6 months we got bombed out of it by expenses that no one could have anticipated. Well, maybe it was just our turn, or something. So we will go to the Westercon. Chee, at one time we hoped to make both deals, but that liddul dream did not last very well under pressure, at all. At any rate, this Long Beach swimming-pool Westercon should really be a gas all the way.

The last time I gave you all a peek at the bathroom scales, I had if I recall correctly knocked off 13-14 pounds since the first of the year. It is now more like 17-18 pounds and has been this way for some time; we have sort of hit a level balance. I bought a couple of pairs of 30-waist pants and will settle for that, although there is an inevitable amount of spare tire still remaining. Frankly I'm highly pleased to skin down this much without actually "dieting" or giving up good ol' booze except for Fancy Booze during the work-week, which went by the board a long time ago. For the record, the only way to lose weight is to eat a little less day by day, and the only way to do that is to dish up your own helpings, a little less than you think you will really want. If the generous spouse dishes up for you, you've had it! But most surprisingly it turns out that no noticeable strain or suffering is involved in "losing" almost 1/8 of one's total weight a lot faster than one might expect.

Why am I telling you all this for free? I should wrap it all up into highly secret Courses of Study and get rich like L Ron Hubbard or *somebody*.

I was in NYC for the first time in my life a couple months ago (on business) and saw some good ol' buddies like the Carrs and Shaws on my two free evenings there. It was great, too. Why, even the business part went great. I will not bore you with all the details, but there was this one bit: on a day when it was my turn to be taken to lunch, I was taken there by this nice young lady, and when she slipped the money under the table I was croggled to find good ol' Ben Franklin looking me in the face. I am not exactly accustomed to paying a luncheon check with a \$100 bill, but I will say that it bothered the cashier's booth a lot more than it bothered insouciant me. Well, I always say that it is interesting to learn how the other half lives.

Down at work it is a real drag lately; at the first of the year I had a horrible backlog and somehow I got berserk and cleared this up by midMarch, and now of all things I do not have a damn thing to do, most of the time. I realize that this is temporary but still it is impossible to sit still at a dead desk for very long at a time. For me, at any rate. Well, with luck I should be snowed under again in just a few more weeks, so I guess I can fake it until then OK.

Hey there, Bruce Pelz: I have not yet met Bailes, Chalker, Foyster or Katz of the April roster. I think this puts me one or two behind you in the Sweepstakes. [When it comes to the WL, I've only met 4 out of 27-- HOOG!]

I feel rather badly about having goofed off and missed commenting on this one particularly good mailing, but then I have not been snowed this badly before, either. So bedamnt if I'm gonna worry about it; there will, I trust, be other mailings, and it is to be hoped that they'll be every bit as good as this latest (Apr65) one.

The only thing is that some of you guys had some real great material in here, and I don't even have time to dig in and cite by name this time. Well, toujours gai.

Maybe next mailing I'll be able to absolutely inundate you with blather of the better sort. Who knows? Either way (that you prefer it) you can get your hopes up. MCs or no MCs. Well, cheers to one and all; tomorrow will be better, I guess. -- Buz.