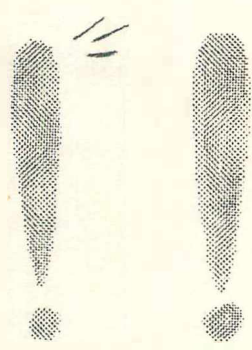


RETRO XXX
SAPS LXV

OCT 'LXIII



"Man! THERE goes one
that's REALLY stacked!"

-Buz-

RECEIVED OCT 25 1963

This is RETRO #30, October 1963, for the 65th mailing of SAPS. RETRO is the solely-owned effusion of F. M. Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle, Wash: 98119.

Looking at SPEC 64, the State of the Order appears to be pretty good: a filled Roster, a substantial Waiting List, a fine format aside from the obscuring of the contents by the cover, and a cover so hilarious that for this once, I don't mind.

WILD COLONIAL BOY 3: I'm a little confused as to just what wiped out True Marsupial Man in "Kangaroos Don't Smoke". Let's see: tobacco was aphrodisiac but they had no way to carry it because clothes were taboo and natural pouches full of offspring so they invented contraceptives-- oh hell, I think the whole race just went underground.

YEZIDEE 4: Your friend [quartered at Renton] might have been 14 miles from the Fair, at that. She just was not any 14 miles from Seattle, which is a looong skinny town.

SPY RAY: Imagine Holmes [or Lombroso] turned loose with Klein's Photo Annuals!

POT POURRI 29 & 30: As a James Bond buff, John, you might dig Donald Hamilton's Matt Helm stories; 4 out to date, by Gold Medal, and Helm is really ruthless.

Weber and ATom for TAFF, indeed; I read you loud and clear, man.

One of the "world's biggest religions abhors" birth-control? The three biggest [Roman Catholic, Moslem, and Hindu, in that order] with an estimated total membership of about 1,000,000,000 as of 1955, are all violently anti-birth-control, with the Catholics being the mildest of the lot. I don't know about the 316,000,000 Confucians, the 150 million Bhuddists, the 130 million Orthodox Christians, or the major trend of the 205 million Protestants. Oh well, there's always fallout...

And welcome back, Goon Bleary, suh!

DINKY BIRD 7: I should have tackled "Who Goes Home" on a sunny day, while we were still having some. Because I know that all that much Ditto under artificial light would leave me with prune-shaped eyeballs for about a week. Apologies, playwright.

NIFLHEIM 4: Film-sheets aren't really all that much extra work, once you get used to them. Back when we were doing big CRYs (monthly) and several large apazines regularly, we used to buy 10 quires of Gestencils without films and one quire with, and it averaged out about right. Regular films [not Saran-wrap, or at least not for me] are fine for prevention of tears [pronounced both ways] when doing headings or drawings, also. We now use these soft No.6 Gestencils for apazines and Tower for commercially-reproduced CRY; the latter do take a lot of pressure with the stylus, but a good dry ballpoint pen, used with film, is fairly safe with caution.

Sometimes CRY does goof up on trades; I'll ask Elinor if she recalls the deal. She is the sole Circ&Mail Dep't and thus the final authority for doing all that WORK.

OUTSIDERS %@[oops; 52]: I think a complete collection of SAPS mailings might run more like about 8 feet high; I have a couple stacks of about 3-1/2 feet, myself. Well, maybe not quite that much, but about 5' anyway, and not a complete set.

Basically, the N3F feud is/was that some wanted to impeach the Directors for getting something done for a change. Or so it seemed to me, at least.

No, the RIGHT to sell women is really the right to be free. If you gotta be worrying about state lines, you do not have the right and therefore are not free... Still, they are leasing automobiles rather than selling them, these days.

The right to ~~lose~~ LEASE women is the right to be free? Lend-Lease? Foop...

Authors of whose detective stories I have more than three [it's not just awkward sentences, Wrai; it's an awkward idea]: Fred Brown, Henry Kuttner, Raymond Chandler, "A A Fair" [though Gardner's Perry Mason stuff bores me silly], formerly Jonathan Latimer, Craig Rice, Dorothy B Hughes (or Flanagan). Elinor has lots of Margery Allingham, Ngaio Marsh, Dorothy Sayers, Josephine Tey. Oops; I also have several John D MacDonald items. Probably others that I can't think of at the moment.

K.L.: I think I'm communicating With some people, and not even getting off the launching-pad toward communicating To some others. You're right; it's a two-way flow or it does not march at all. [One more point for the PRO-MCs forces; right?]

RETRO 29: It's been suggested to me that I was too rough on Norm, there, but I don't think so; I figure he came on strong-upstage-and-snotty and thus became fair game when it turned out his union-suit was flapping loose in back. Nothing permanent...

PLEASURE UNITS 5: Since last mailing, of course, you've come through Basic Training and [per your letter] with considerably more confidence than you took into it. I do hope you'll feel like writing those thoughts up for the group, since your evaluation of the whole BT schtick seems very sound on both the good and bad sides of it.

Right: MCs look to be easy to tackle, but are a lot of sweat to bring off. The condensed type are the hardest of all, since it takes 5 times as much reading as writing. [OK, first I'll award you the medal; then you award it back; we'll split it]

TOROIDAL TEST 1: A "flack" was a public relations man, and "flacking", his efforts on behalf of publicity for his clients, in the sense I used it. Quite a bit similar to splitting horsehairs for a living, at that, I guess...

PROOFREAD PILLAR POLL RESULTS and METCALF POLL RESULTS: What really surprises me, considering the small [as could be expected] turnout on the latter item, is the high degree of correlation in overall standings. Eight are in the upper ten of each Poll, and seven in the 2nd ten ratings of each. Having counted points on a couple of the Pillar Polls, I know how just one voter can make a considerable difference in total results. So howcome the 20-odd not voting on Norm's Poll didn't have the result of completely turning results topsy-turvy? Why, clearly, because all that jazz of having to cite chapter and verse is as irrelevant as it is impractical.

But I do not wish to be unreasonable about this matter. It is not fuggheaded to feel or say that the voting would be more valid if restricted to giving points only to persons having material in the applicable category within the preceding 4 mailings. But it is fuggheaded to expect the voters to look through all those pages in order to effect this slight improvement in the results. There is an old saying: "If you want a thing done right, do it yourself". What this means is that a job will be done best by the person most interested in seeing it done right. Now then: Norm Metcalf, as teller, went to the work of checking the mailings to find out who had what, in what categories. Bully for him. So why the hell didn't he publish his findings with the ballot, thus putting plain limits on the validity of all awarded points? If he had done this, I would have voted his system with no complaints [except of course for errors if I were driven to look up a specific item and he was goofing off there]. It would have been a Public Service, and ^{we} would have applauded. But Norm apparently feels that because it makes him feel all warm and self-righteous to sort through all that paper in order to fill out a ballot; by damn! --each and every one of us should have to duplicate his work-- otherwise as we saw in Mailing 62, he feels justified in making no end of snotty remarks about our quaint efforts to amuse ourselves in relatively-harmless fashion.

Well, nuts to that. It takes me about half an hour to fill out a normal Pillar Poll ballot, and that is as much time as I am willing to devote to the task; I don't know how long it took Norm to check out the mailings, but I won't match it.

How about just a little common sense in this schtick-- hey, Metcalf??

FLABBERGASTING 27: Yeh, you came out of that romance with a few lumps-- but don't let it make you gun-shy. Look at Tommy Manville-- he never gives up...

The state of Washington can only collect tax on cars owned less than 90 days prior to the new owner's bringing them into the state. That's bad enough, I admit.

The Boarding House Axioms are funny and true, particularly the proof ending: "but then the weekly bill of Boarder A is less than it might have been-- which is absurd. Q.E.D." Yeh, I lived in a Seattle boarding house for about six years. It was quite a place, with an old pull-chain tank-high-on-the-wall toilet and fancy marble washstands of circa 1910. What impressed me was the wiring in the place. A length of oldtime green-yellow twisted-pair drop-cord came out of a ceiling outlet in the kitchen and disappeared in an upper corner of the room. After I had lived there about 3 years I discovered that this cord was the power lead for half the upstairs. Somehow the place still has not burned down, though.

As a fellow ex-cabbie, I salute you, sir! Helluva racket, isn't it though?

ENZYME 4: And weren't you also driving cab, Phil, when we saw you at PittCon?

Last time we saw or heard of you in SAPS was the 2 longdistance phone calls you made to save your membership and then weren't able to make the mailing after all.

[[Still with Phil]]: I see we will be welcoming you into Tooth Fandom soon. Man, you will be surprised how much fun it is to enjoy, again, eating a lot of things that have been a lot of work and discomfort to eat for some years now.

PINK PLATYPUS (etc) 4: But Tom, I don't recall saying a damn thing to Walter Breen or to anyone else, about your "inclusion of many different types of stories and articles in PP#2"; if I am wrong about this, perhaps Walter can cite the date of my letter containing such remarks and I'll check the context and see what the heck I might have meant. Frankly, I'm too lazy to search the fat files myself. But at any rate, man, print whatever you please; people will read it or not, like it or not, and comment or not, at whim, anyway. On anybody's stuff; there is just too much fanzine material, in and out of the apas, for anyone to give each item its due consideration. And still make a living and get some sleep once in a while, that is.

Hmm-- reading further, it appears to have been Harry Warner who talked about all the different techniques and such; should you have dedicated the paragraph to him?

I dig your stuff, Tom, and pray semidemiannually for you to get a MIMEO.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 7: (am or pm?) I agree that increasing the size of SAPS has not been a Good Thing; in fact, I believe I made this point myself, and sort of apologized for doing this (the increase from 30 to 35) during our regime in 1958-9. Oh, yeh-- the "FAPA will sneer" line in that polemic of mine some mailings back-- yes, that was referring to the oldtime game of interapa sniping; that bulge in my cheek was not Brown's Mule at all, really. ## "most of what (I've) been saying about (you)"? But I've said hardly anything, and that all in MCs to you, I do believe. One time there you were a little too far upstage-- but what else has there been?

Happy CoastGuarding, at any rate...

COLLECTOR Substitute: Howard, if there were more stubborn witnesses like you, there would be a higher incidence of suicide among lawyers. Which is not a bad idea.

The Midwestcon sounds good, but I am afraid to go to another one, since I don't see how it could ever live up to that blast we had there in 1957.

SON OF SAPROLLER 30: I wish I could figure out whose side you are on; do you know what the hell you are talking about, or would that be cheating? I guess it is all right, so long as Jane continues to drive you to drink and to the brink of madness [lovely view from there; isn't it though?]. The only thing that really worries me is this vision of you with, and I quote, "my nice in my grindstone"-- you'll sprain it, man! ## Last week the local Scientology wheel was shot dead with one shot from a .380 automatic by a disgruntled ex-student and estranged husband; charged 1st-degree.

COCONINO 3: Write 50 times "Script typeface does not cut a solid stencil"! See the above re Scn, and when you get to be a Wheel in the movement, remember never to get in the situation of encouraging a student to divorce a husband who can shoot straight.

SLUG 5?: Wally, I feel cheated somehow. Here for the past 2 or 3 years you have been telling how you were going to follow in your uncle's footsteps and on your 34th birthday become a hopeless alcoholic, changing directly and immediately from the hopeless teetotaler you have been all these years. But I thought you were going to give us a run for our money; little did I think that you would turn directly from a teetotaler to a cured alcoholic. I suppose you are saving all the hallucinations and ravings for London; the home folks never stand a chance. # Lovely Westercon Report, though...

MISTILY MEANDERING 5: Yes, I too hope everyone loads up on the Burroughs pbs. To date I have about 16 Tarzan, the 10 Mars, 4 Pellucidar, 2 Moonmen, 2 Venus, 3 Land that Time Forgot, 1 Misc ("Land of Hidden People"); I think that's all.

You would have been even more disappointed if I had gone ahead and delivered the speech I had written up for Westercon, reading it off the pages; it just plain would not jell, so I adlibbed off the joke parts and a little extra, and let it go. Incidentally, at the moment I stood up, I had not decided what I was going to do; the decision was made in midsentence at one point. Good thing I don't get stage fright, I guess. [I'll agree that the result was to shortchange the attendees, but on the other hand, Banquet ceremonies have been getting entirely too long of late.]

OK, let's get a universal agreement to attend no mandatory-coat-ē-tie functions.

Here for the first time in some years we have some non-Busby material...

t i m e c i r c l e :

Time is but a foolscap mirage,
 It marches on through days and years,
 across pages and pages of humanity's sorrows and joys,
 until one day I look in time's mirror and see
 white hair, wrinkled skin and the oldness is a shock.
 Hard to bear for I feel and think the same inside:
 young love and vitality, hope, fears, desire,
 all is there as in the beginning.
 Yet here is the end at hand before I had time to know
 the beginning had begun and passed
 and I am in life's finale.
 So it will be when God beckons
 and I begin the beginning again.

-- K. L.

* * * * *

I've been indulging in Solitary Vice ~~of the past~~ again-- reading, that is. I suppose all the rest of you Eriudite B-----ds read Robert Ardrey's "African Genesis" a couple of years ago, when it was best-selling. Not me; I read it this week. Fascinating book, in a disorganized sort of way. Just in case anyone missed it, though-- Ardrey cites the work of Dart, Broom, Leakey, Keith, etc, to describe the theory that man did not create weapons; weapons created man. Or, briefly, that about 800,000 years ago a 4-foot 90-pound carnivorous ground ape in central Africa, with a brain about the size of a chimpanzee's, developed weapons and a hunting society, and that the demands of these in turn developed the Big Brain. Well, it figures; I never did see any valid explanation of the opposing theories [that man somehow developed his brain and physique directly from herbivorous apes and then for some reason began to eat meat and make weapons]. This pretty well knocks out the idea that primitive man was a peace-loving grape-nibbler; man was a killer before he was anywhere near manlike; drop your Utopian blueprints in the wastebasket on your way out, students.

Further, Ardrey cites strong evidence against the traditional hunger-&-sex picture of animal motivation. Equally strong and often more so, he finds, are the drives for Territory, Order, Society, and Dominance or Status-- in ALL vertebrates, from the fish on up. So much for egalitarianism, individualism, anarchy, and the abolition of private property-- all these propositions are directly opposed to deep basic instincts, so it is hardly surprising that they have not worked out in practice. Ardrey demonstrates (among other things) the fallacies of socialism and communism (lower-case), and points out why Communism (upper-case) has become the distorted monstrosity now facing us over the gaming table for the highest stakes in history.

The next step, I believe, is to examine our social, political, economic, and religious theories in light of this picture of the Instinct Package, and see how if at all a Society could be developed that would work with and not against our instincts. The duality of amity toward the ingroup and enmity toward the outgroup is equally basic and ancient. Current events indicate that we had best get hot on the trail of some method of convincing the human race that it had damn well better begin to think of itself as just one great big ingroup. How? You got me, pal. Alien invaders...

The "Bull Cook and Authentic Historical Recipes and Practices" by George L and Berthe E Herter, is worth reading even if you don't like to eat. This 270-page hard-bound book is available from Herter's, Inc, Waseca, Minnesota, for \$1.45 plus two-bit postage. And it is more than just slightly fabulous. A brief quote or two:

"You be sure to try this recipe as it does something for beef that nothing else even comes close to." The Recipe for "Spinach Mother of Christ" begins: "The Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ was very fond of spinach. This is as well a known fact in Nazareth today as it was 19 centuries ago." I intend to quote more extensively from this fine book from time to time; it has some damn fine eating ideas, for sure. [[end]]