

— RETRO-15 — —JAN-60—
—SAPS-50—



"That's the one who requires homework in 40 identical copies..." —Buz

As long as you made it this far through the 50th SAPS mailing (for January 1960), you might just as well go ahead and read

R e t r o 1 5

from F. M. Busby, who still holds forth from 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Washington. Like, why not?

So considering that tonight is that of Jan 9th, it's probably just as well that this is the 33rd and last stencil to be cut for this issue of Retro.

Seems I didn't do too well on keeping the size down this mailing-- 33 pages, just like last time.

However, this issue we have here a two-page story from (and by) Art Rapp, so you see I really did cut down a li'l bit, when you consider the size of Mailing 49, & all.

Obviously, when you consider the size of Mailing 49, the main thing you will realize is that something's got to give. Wonder if it'll be the treasury...

Looking at the situation as a whole, it certainly is. It comes to me that something must be done. And it comes to me what that something might be.

Each of us, I fear, must tighten hiser belt (or girdle) and take up the slack by rationing-out our own word-count, as long as some are so profligate with theirs.

Burnett R Toskey and Bruce Pelz are, of course, the word-wastrels I have in mind. As long as these two page-profligates continue their Evil Ways, it is up to the rest of us to fight inflation by every means (except gafia, of course).

Unless this runaway spiral of inflation is checked, all of us will suffer. But worst of all will be the plight of those poor folk who are caught in the middle, on a fixed page-habit that restricts their quota of the good things of life: Egoboo.

Zap this creeping menace to our SAPSish way of life, my friends, before it is too late, if indeed it is not already too late. Maybe it is, at that.

However, let us not give up too soon, if at all. Let us start now, by making our decisions for a sound economy based on a reasonable page-count.

Every one of us must put his ear to the grindstone, his nose to the wheel, his shoulder to the ground. Only thus can we face this challenge. If at all.

Karen will help, and Howard, and Ray, and Coswal. They're dependable.

Not that many of the rest of you aren't, also. But by stopping short of the full listing of dependable types in this regard, invidious comparisons are avoided.

Only time will tell whether these words of warning come in time to stop the inflationary threat that could put SAPS mailings into four figures.

We can but wait and hope, my friends, greeting each mailing with fortitude, and stilling our dread with the certain knowledge that, Kloote helping us, Tomorrow will be Better. All comfy now, there?

So be brave, friends. If we all give of our best, with stint-- if we all keep our enthusiasm strictly within limits-- if we all vow to let nothing keep us from our resolve to produce, each mailing, a decently modest-sized zine-- SAPS will break 500 pages yet! Going the other way, that is.

....and of course I'm only kidding, mostly. These last two mailings have been great. It does seem to me that this pagecount race is getting as ridiculous as the horsepower and size races in the automotive industry, but except for such individual foibles, I'd rather see the dues raised than cut down on this fine spurt of activity we're in these days. Even without the page-racing, SAPS appears to be in the best sustained boom in years-- only thing I'm worried about is a possible slump from the 'sheer awesomeness' of these big mailings when they wait quietly but accusingly for comment. And speaking of that ubiquitous subject, you might as well turn the page and see what happened to comments in this issue of Retro. G'bye now....

This is page ==4== where by hallowed usage we usually begin the

M a i l i n g C o m m e n t s

However, in this previous mailing there is a great hue and cry against what has been called an overemphasis on

MAILING COMMENTS

Some of you have gone so far as to say that there is stuff you like better than Mailing Comments

Ed Cox in particular would like to see more of other things rather than mailing comments

Who am I to stand like King Canute telling the tide to come back later when the beach isn't so busy, the tide of public opinion that is? Who am I to foist

MCS

on a group that CRYs for other-type material? OK, in this issue there will be no mcs

Instead, in order to satisfy my SAPSish urge to communicate, there will be a few

P e r s o n a l W o r d s

to each and every member of this worthy organization, whether represented in the last mailing or not, and in alphabetical order. The Mailing Comment is dead! Long live the Personal Word! OK, Ed? OK, everybody? Here comes the Word, circa Dec 13, 1959:

Personal Word to ES ADAMS: Hope you make this mailing and save your membership, Es; otherwise you will miss this story I promised to tell you once you were safely es-conced at Yale. It concerns a fellow-alumnus of mine from Washington State U...

A Yale man, a Harvard man, and a WSU man attended a football game. Between halves they repaired themselves to the Gentlemen's Lounge. The Harvard man relieved himself, washed his hands, and combed his hair.

The Yale man relieved himself, washed his hands, and combed his hair.

The WSU man relieved himself and combed his hair.

"At Hahvahd," said the Harvard man, "they taught me nevah to comb my hair after relieving myself, without washing my hands."

"At Yale," said the Yale man, "they taught me nevah to comb my hair after relieving myself, without washing my hands."

"At Washington State," said the WSU man, "they taught me not to relieve myself on my hands."

So much for higher education.

Personal Word to Karen Anderson: Djinn explained (when she and Gordon delivered the ~~stack~~ of Earthwoman's Burden) that it was All Her Fault that it and you missed Mlg49; I hope you didn't damage the poor girl permanently in implanting in her the necessary healthy respect for deadlines-and-requirements, which she'll be needing, for SAPS.

Personal Word to Wrai Ballard: hmm, I should have done that T*H*I*S way for a guy who has been a member for ten years and hasn't missed a mailing in the last 8 (consider it done, OK?). I would like to see that article you didn't write, particularly with regard to "fighting Custer with the Indians", and the mortar that fired beer-cans--heck, TCarr could save a lot of climbing if the cans could be fired to the top of the Tower to the Moon. (I once had a mortar that shot peanut-cans, but it's not the same, I know.) And this go-kart deal is also something I'd like to see followed up...

You right: canines rate about two-three notches above felines for intelligence, according to several sets of ratings that I've seen. The general rule is that the intelligence varies inversely with the degree of specialization, from one animal to the next. Dogs are relatively unspecialized, except for being mostly (not entirely) carnivorous. Retractable claws and slit-pupil night vision are two specializations of cats, besides being carnivores. Pigs may be unspecialized with respect to other hoofed animals, but the hoof itself is a Blind Alley, so I'm dubious on pigs. And besides, I mistrust the intellect of any animal that has to ^{be} beaten back from the trough so's its food doesn't go all over its back instead of where it can get at it.

OK, Wrai ((yep, this is page ==5==)): maybe Otto should be Squink Blog, but he isn't. On the other hand, nobody should be Squink Blog; really and truly.

Memories of mistakes are only valuable if they serve to prevent repetitions of the mistakes. Too many people carry around their errors solely in order to replay the record while blaming everything and everyone else for the goof, and looking for agreement in this blaming (no, not you, and not Tosk, to whom you were writing on this score-- but, all too many people). And you should have taken the blame for the first 3 lines of that "I'm Burnett Toskey, P-h D" poem (leave it "poem"), since you did in fact write those lines. Anyhow, I quit upon realizing that you had in mind to parody a G&S item completely unfamiliar to me, so that my lines doubtless depart entirely from the original.

Boy, what a Chief of Secret Police you are! Oh, I admit that you've done a pretty fine job of terrorizing recalcitrant members, but I get the distinct impression that you have neglected to appoint yourself any Secret Policemen to be Chiefing over. Now you may say that when we appointed you, we didn't tell you to do any such thing-- and you are right. We couldn't say so; it's supposed to be Secret.

But you shouldn't have your Secret Termites drill so many spy-holes in Toskey's Cat House that it falls over, or the secret will be out.

I stop now, full of unexpressed enjoyment and bheer.

Personal Word to John Berry: well, we (Wally Gonser, Jim Webbert, and I) just ran off 27pp of "The Goon Goes West" (most⁹the Detention chapter) today, and assembled it, in a prepublication session for the CRY's 10th Annish-- we're learning.

The Slieve Donard Caper bears an amazing resemblance to the experiences of folks (such as ourselves) who succumb to the temptation of taking a "short mountain hike" with Toskey (Lisa couldn't walk for two days afterward); I can only suppose that these Hearty Hikers with the Vertical Orientation are not confined to any one hemisphere. ((Fade to Dec 14th)) But (in "Night Shift") what was the winner at Epsom??? Or am I missing the punchline in some ingenious fashion of my very own?

... Doggone: I really think you and Tosk are taking Terry and Miri's title a bit too seriously, John. And I feel badly about this, because I think it's partly my fault, thusly: in their first issue, the combination of title and cover-caption and what appeared to be an upstaging tendency hit me wrong-- I discussed it with upcoming-OL Toskey, and he went completely overboard on my milder gripe. Anyhow, the way to handle it is to fill in the blanks to suit ourselves, if Terry won't tell us what they mean. OK?? (They'll have to fill it out in self-defense...)

It is a great pleasure to have this Collector's Item, a Berryzine that is also a FenDen Publication, composed on stencil at this table on this very typer-- almost exactly 3 months ago-- it's a shame that all the clocks run only one way: onwards.

Hmm-- either we weren't having so much trouble with offset, then, or we must have weakened and slipsheeted PR#9-- well, a Good Cause, and all that...

Personal Word to Rich Brown: I hope the good ol' AF allows you time and energy to keep up activity and membership, Rich. After all, any SIC Op who can overcome both Soames and circumstances and ferret out the true identity of Squink Blog... but I think it was redundant to take a page-and-a-half spelling out the reasoning that led you to the answer-- all the clues were there, for the thinking reader-- you should have chopped it off almost immediately after the disclosure. However, none of us are perfect, and I thoroughly enjoyed the way you led up to the Only Perfect Answer (not to overlook the fact that You Got It Right, Boy).

Personal Word to Elinor Busby: Hey, babe, let's go steady, huh? You're cute, and so is Bjo's depiction of Lisa, on your cover. And this Fendenizen #14 you had in this recentest mailing is the most swingin' to date, I believe. The biggest, certainly, but more than that, you do get going well, therein. And it should be mentioned that it is the first zine you have run off all by yourself on the dread Gestetner.

Personal Word to F M Busby: You see? Stick with this SAPS routine long enough, and you end up talking to yourself. Hmm, that's my biggest Retro to date, also-- does this prove that Big Black Floating Biapanism is Good For You? Peace, brethren.

Personal Word to Terry'n'Miri Carr: That lumped-MCs deal of yours makes it almost impossible to address separate Personal Words to you two; makes it unlikely that you will each get your deserved share of individual egoboo, too, I fear.

Chalk up a good mood-story and a finely-pointed vembietroon-- yes, we sent in the SAPS Poll (so you cunningly tried to trip us up with a cross-check in FAPA, but we fooled you, hey? Huh? Who?)-- flattery will get you nowhere, Miri, since you make it clear that I could never become a Big Name Fan anyway; all I could ever hope to become some day is a Big Initial Fan. Love them Talkin' Blues of all kinds...

T: one point of interest that an apa mailing has over a random stack of genzines is continuity, cohesiveness, cross-reference between different viewpoints on similar subjects, etc. Of course, you were talking about a selected stack of genzines, which is something else-- a file of one specific zine, read in order, can be fascinating. Or a cross-section of various zines from a particular period-- yeh, fun. But I can sustain interest thru an apa mailing where I could not do so through an equivalent pagecount of miscellaneous contemporary zines in the general field, non-stop.

But the original remark re SAPS being in a better position than FAPA to cope with GW was valid at the time it was first made. Consider: several of FAPA's leading lights (quite a number, in fact) were resolved to drop out if It Happened; the new amendment was only a gleam in the eyes of a few members, and was at that time not too optimistically viewed, for passage-chances. Contrariwise, I was OE of SAPS; I have a nice big wastebasket; it is not necessary to answer all the mail (Toskey is every bit as well off, too). The point was: sure, in SAPS the OE would have to take his own chances, but the FAPA officers were in the same boat (only worse, because they had acknowledged the application in print). At the moment, FAPA is in a better "legal" position on the question, and has also managed to spread the responsibility around. I'm in favor of this, for FAPA; it's the best formal method. But I still think that there's more danger from the Problem Child's being aroused by a formal rebuff than by his simply being unable to get response from an individual.

Chauvinism doesn't enter in it (into my own viewpoint, that is). And O-O-P-S ! Gotta correct you-- I hold no brief for GMCarr, but she did not object to that FAPA amendment; in fact, she has pushed for it; best thing she ever did, probably.

Well, I can think of at least one other time your Berkeley partisanship showed, Terry. Carl Brandon was going to do fanzine reviews for CRY. Dave Rike did just one column, and collapsed; I was highly disappointed in the column-- for one thing, it took me about an hour to unravel the tangled threads of meaning in several spots, and recast them into coherent English syntax. Yet you went full-ape over that column in your next review of CRY, while castigating poor Gerber (who at least can write a series of complete sentences) as "infantile". I don't blame you for being gung-ho for your buddies, but I agree with Elinor that you do tend to be just that. We all do it; what the hell; it's just another obstacle to good objective viewing.

M: Hospitals, pfui; they're just now discovering that penicillin et al is no substitute for asepsis: sic transit Vernon McCain, who died of peritonitis which was only discovered by the autopsy.

You so right: Peter Gunn is the archetype of the Idiot Plot; even the music is not sufficient to make it worth seeing (especially when records are available).

Yeh biGhod it does take a "firm hand" to keep this gang out of trouble with the Post Office. Tosk may be sounding off a bit too fiercely, but there are always a few of the clan who are tempted to tease around with the Postals. So it doesn't hurt to raise hell about one or two obvious examples while quietly overlooking a lot of the horseplay that is 99% apt to go through OK. Tosk hasn't deleted anything, so far; he is probably waving the Big Stick to ensure that he won't have to do so.

And (oops, this is really more Personal Word to Terry, again), if I haven't yet mentioned it, I was the Dirty Mind who spotted the gimmick in your S-1 covercaption; Tosk is wholly innocent, except that he listened to my evial speculations and got all carried away on the subject. // So, Miri once again: that first remark at the top of the page here was really answering your last remark, which I remembered but couldn't locate: yeh, we gave separate page-credit once, but it's too much work to estimate all those partial-pages; I wouldn't've been able to keep it up.

Personal Word to Coswal: I just had a flash hunch re Wrai Ballard, EOTOS. It's not in technicolor, mind you, and the middle word comes out dimly, but I'll bet that it goes like "Evil Old T--- - -? Of SAPS". Tyrant? Toro (from BULLOCCS)? What???

That is quite an idea, having all the veeps designated by title (re your Vice-President in charge of Acrimony). Would this be done by the OE, or should there be a space on the Pillar Poll ballot for veeps to list their nominations, and the OE to pick out the best ones? Too late for this year, anyhow...

"First Lensman" was an afterthought filler-inner, and as such did not do much for me, at all. I deploer that grafting of the later developments onto the earlier works, and FL was strictly a continuity-piece.

Cos, you have several extremely cogent evaluative remarks in you Bible Collector #2 in the recent mailing, which I'll pass for now so's not to repeat myself later.

Personal Word to Ed Cox: Three ~~girls~~ Zines in the ~~Foot~~ Mailing.... well, look, now: girl blondes is all the blondes they is-- the boy-type is blonds. So feel no stress or confusion in signing up with the Boy Blonde-Watcher's Society (take his money quick, Wrai, before he changes his mind again). One thing, though-- the blondes presently under scrutiny by the society have just about all the watching they can manage. You new members dig up your own blondes, and 10% of these go to the upkeep of the Society (which benefits you when you get to be an Old Member. RHIP).

And I see that Ellis Mills is trying to Take Over SAPS (sucker!!)...

Being a Genuine Certified Musiacal Ignoramus (also musical), on to Maine-iac 19, just as though I were doing MCs which you loathe instead of Personal Words which you damn well better love, since you instigated 'em, as much as anyone did.

"I expect to be sending out those prints any day now!". W*B*L*L*???

You didn't like "The Utmost Island"? Ever try the author's "O King Live Forever"? And how's for C S Lewis' "Till We Have Faces"?

Since I'm having to skip a few personal words here, so's they won't come up too redundant as part of connected arguments later, may I leave you wondering whether you know the Punchline where the lady says to the doctor: "Oh, that's all right-- we don't eat in that restaurant any more." (It's not a feeelthy joke, Tosk.)

Personal Word to Don Fulano de Tal: hmmm, well, that might be a bit too personal, and besides, de Tal is not a member anyhow. And lives in a damn damp old cave.

Personal Word to Big-Hearted Howard, the OE's OE: I think that if we looked around this bat's-nest (featuring only the Best Guano) a bit, I could find a mouldy old SPECTATOR specifying 30 members and "Fourty -COPIES- Fourty"; Tosk only asks forty copies for 35 members-- he's a subtle sort of tyrant, don't you think?

OK, I'll quit kidding. That's the most honest inside conreport I've ever read. It inspires me to all sorts of fannish aspirations, like putting a bolt on the front door and buying a shotgun. It is damn nice of you to point this routine at Chicago and Seattle, because it's a cinch we have all the same problems. In fact, I will proudly state that we have more George Youngs and Walt Daughertys per square than any known fangroup. Right after our local elections, when it's time to get a Con-committee appointed, I intend to stencil your last two pages of "Advice to..." and distribute copies at the club-- repeatedly if necessary. Permission granted??

Personal Word to Don Durward: like, welcome to the clan. Phooey, you and Bob stole Elinor's kteic-letter title out from under her and Rotsler and TCarr, save possibly for misplaced apostrophes. Tsk. There is no honor among Thieve-Stars.

There was a Bump, and-- interesting story of your tour was marred by the many typos and misspellings. Work on this problem, huh, Don? It will pay off, not only in SAPS, but also in mundane life. I really like the flavor of your stuff, Don, but you should make a good hefty effort at tidying it up, for best effect. Like, try.

I was most unhappy that an uninvited group of five should muscle in on your only evening at our place, and take over, in my absence, 'so that you did not have much of a chance to get acquainted with the CRYgang and etc. It won't happen again, if I'm at home when you call.

Personal Word to Rich Eney: Sorry, Rich, but you aren't Scuppering any Scientologists if and when you refute lovable ol' me; I am not and never has been a Scientologist. In fact (and you should have been able to remember this, even though I did goof on the resolve to send you Retros while you were goofiated), I haven't even been what you'd call a dianeticist (though I've used the term, for easier reference) since late 1951 or early '52. Recapitulating: it was Hubbard's deal that first got me going on this routine of shoveling the crud up out of the subconscious-basement. Later, I got off onto brain-picking so many side and parallel developments that the only way you could classify my work would be Sloppy Informal Independent Research.

Illustrative anecdote: one time around 1956 or so, Royal Drummond asked Elinor and me to sit in on a meeting of a "dianetic group" of his acquaintance. These folks were hung up following a local joker who had peeled off from Hubbard in 1951 on the pitch known as "Good grief! Get grief!", and Royal thought that maybe I could give them a pep-talk, since (he said) they were tired of being hung up that way, and at least I had been the rounds in the ensuing five years since their mentor went into stasis. OK, it sounded like an interesting evening, so we went along. It turned out that this meeting was also attended by an Orthodox Psychologist (at the Master's level). I glumly anticipated a session with the M.S. being Authority on Wheels and no mutual understanding whatsoever. So I was quite surprised to find that in the hassle between the quick-frozen 1951-vintage dianeticists and the Psych-M.S., I was much more in accord with the M.S. than with the group. The psychologist-type was rather surprised, himself, he told me afterward-- since I had led off the Hubbardian cheering-section so long as the discussion remained general. End of anecdote.

As it happens, my main bias pro-Hubbard and anti-OrthoPsych is a matter of the orientation of a major faction of the latter group-- the Conformist Clique, the Adjustment Attitude, and mainly that Hubbard started out to have people do something about things the orthodox schools were accepting as inevitable.

Well, naturally Dianetics (and all the other ideas I rang into the picture) did not change me, any more than Bar Bells built Charles Atlas. As you say, we all do it ourselves, but it takes a usable method. You ain't gonna do it by sheer Will-Power; I'll clue you. I wish it could ^{ALL} be done by A Method; I'm by no means satisfied.

Sure, "miracle cures" have been produced by various methods; Hubbard made quite a point of this in his article in the May '50 aSF. He claimed that he had gefound the Common Principle, so that now it would work every time. This did not pan out in my own experience-- BUT, in working with Hubbard's gimmicks I was able to produce results (somewhat unpredictably, to be sure) unavailable by more orthodox methods. So-- I did not become a Faithful Follower, but I damn well did become an independent investigator, and I learned some things. Since I was serving as the experimental situation as well as the observer, and since a lot of the results don't communicate very well, verbally (look, Rich, you've been in on the Psi experiments, haven't you?), I do not have a Body of Wisdom to pass around-- not any more than you can tell your year-old nephew how to walk, or your non-athletic buddy how to play tennis. Too much of my experience with the human nervous system deals with how it works from the inside. OK, Rich, you tell me just exactly how you cure yourself of the hiccups, if you ever get 'em (I hold my breath from the diaphragm, but I've never found anyone who could work it from that description).((By itself.))

But I disagree that we can solve our various problems by "simply doing anything that represents a sharp, active, and sustained change from our previous habits..." Don't intend to argue this, but will leave it up to all who have tried this gimmick and found it wanting, if anyone will admit it, excepting only me.

Incidentally, I'm disappointed that you failed to note that I couldn't very well be a full-fledged dianeticist or Scientologist, since practically all my pitch is made in plain ol' everyday English rather than in Scientologese, or etc. Now, I wish nothing but the best to Jack and the Sen pitch, but I must regard you as being most insensitive, Rich, in that you did not notice (apparently) that I speak more the old tongue known to all. I'm afraid you're too eager to fight with Jack, so that you didn't notice that I wasn't bearing quite the same standard.

Well, hell-- ask Raeburn about socialism. He's the one who escaped from it.

Personal Word for Eva Firestone: Loubel does very well on that cover, Eva.

Some of those Circle Letter Quotes are worthy of MAD or Don Whatsisname we've had around here lately. If Ralph Bailey died, I'm truly sorry. Aside from the sense of loss at any death, I feel the less for losing future Tothlike tizzies that Ralph used to do when he was in shape for it.

No further hooks for Personal Words, but Best Wishes.

Personal Word to Nan Gerding: You're nice, and I like you. But damn if I would have credited you with 4 pages of Activity Credit for this otherwise-enjoyable set of write-ups by Toskey, Weber, Rapp, and Shapiro. Well, Tosk was simply setting a schedule that wouldn't scare you, I guess-- so, OK.

But there should be more Nangee in Nandu, anyhow...

Personal Word to Jack Harness: Oh, hurkle! Muchly appreciated and enjoyed, was your GoonEpic, and I am glad to see that you support the conclusions of the SIC, such as they are. Many good punchlines, and how about some ~~WPs~~ PWs next time, huh?

Personal Word for Art Hayes: I dig your cover the most, in the recent mailing.

Art, if you can ramble in N'APA, you can ramble in SAPS; the environment does not govern. But let's wipe our feet in stepping from one outfit to another, hey?

TAFF: fast nominations, fast voting, and a nice long fund-drive for the winner, would seem to be the winning-combo, hmmm?? (yah, we've kicked this one around..)

I'd like to see a li'l bit more background on that chromosome pitch of yours, Art. Like, all these years it's been the Perfect 48 for humanity, and just about the time some trail-blazer explodes this balloon, up comes the Good Doctor Asimov with an article based on that same Solid 48. References, please?

OK, we will hold the Seattle Con ('61) in the City Jail. It will be cheaper all around, and there won't be any effective griping.

Dammit, Art, I have a gripe. It's like this: I have carried the same zine-title for 13 mailings before your entry. There's no secret about it, to anyone who owns a dictionary, or who has access. Quite a few members have come (and some have also gone) since our entry in July '56, and I doubt not that several of these have dug the Inner Significance of the title of this here publication.

You have the distinction of being the first to plonk it out in print.

Be not disenchanted, Art; we all make mistakes. I'm an expert. (WELCOME TO SAPS!)

Personal Word to Lynn Hickman: Hope you don't drop, as you said you would.... here you've just the last few mailings hit your stride, more. Stick around, hmmm??

Personal Word (or should that be a Personal Obscene Gurgle?) to Lee&Jane Jacobs((and now it's Dec 16; I've been running just about 2 pages a day, so far this week)):

Yeh, but a lot of pages titled as MCs actually run to quite a bit of personal "editorializing" or just plain chatting... SAPShistory always interesting, but surely Squink Blog had shown its evial face(?) in SAPS by mailing 34; maybe you've mercifully blotted the Horror of It All from your fine mind. It's the only way...

Art's Not-Poem is a lot of fun and a good commentary on the state of SAPS-FAPA relations' way back in-- hmmm-- 1954, it would be.

And I like Con writeups, even too-brief ones like yours, Lee. Fine flavor.

Where were you this time, Jane? How you gonna rate your own vote if you don't make Activity Requirements right along with Lee??

And I hope you folks get your other contributors back, like last time, along with a sufficiency of your own writings.

My hazy memory won't say whether we met at Portland or not, Lee. I recall meeting Coswal, Sneary, Tucker (among publishing fans, which I was not at the time), and find the names of Alger and Harook in my Program Book, though I don't recall the meetings, actually. See you at Boise?

And are ~~and~~roids adenoidal and androgynous in anterior Andalusia, Andrew?

Personal Word to Earl Kemp: yeh, that teevy with the rechargeable battery and the optical magnifier is quite a gimmick. On a lesser scale, have you noticed the rechargeable flashlights and (same deal on) battery-packs for ordinary flashlights? Quite expensive, but worth it to a guy who needs a dependable flashlight with which to save tycoons' daughters from alligators before getting a cool shave with Whatsits razor blades (well, those two ad-series are a lot alike).

Adolescent misinformation on sex, etc: an incident comes to mind, of when I was about twelve years old and a contemporary was filling us in on some lurid experiences with a cousin of his-- by him, he was a real hotshot. It wasn't until quite a number of years later that I happened to think of that narrative, and broke all up laughing with the realization that quite a bit of it was physically impossible (to humans). So this kid had most of the male seventh-graders at our school spellbound with wholly fictitious anecdotes (and best of all, I recall several others piping up "Yes, I've done that, too", to maintain their reputations). Unfortunately, I'm not sure that the details could be so phrased as to pass postal inspection, even under a more lenient regime in SAPS. But it's funny as hell, in perspective.

While you and I have discussed the "SEATTLE IN '61" situation, Earl, this is a good place to clarify it for others. The bid will be made by a purely-local incorporated body known as the Seattle Science-Fiction Club (I wasn't around when that catchy name was adopted), which is merely a financially-responsible incarnation of the Nameless Ones. Elinor and I are 2 of the (at last count) 14 members; Wallys Weber and Gonser are two of the 5 Directors, and will doubtless be reelected at the yearly elections in a couple-three weeks. Tosk has not joined and says he won't, but he'll help out unofficially, no doubt. Otto says he's going to join but has not yet done so. GMCarr has not joined or made any declaration on the subject.

The last few meetings have been taken up with the dull but necessary business of clarifying the furshluggin' by-laws so we'll know what we're doing. After directors are elected for 1960 will come the push to get a Con Committee appointed, turned loose and working. The Nameless paid for an ad (written by me and illustrated by Wally Weber) to go in Pittcon PR/1 (like, get your registration in now, huh? Everybody?), and the SSFC will doubtless continue this practice in the future. Questions? ? ?

Seattlein61 Chicagoin62 DCin63 Mordor(only change that slogan)in 64

What in the worlds were you doing with a City of Spokane Warrant, Earl? And when?

You "dislike MCs because of laziness"? You mean you dislike doing MCs because they hit you on the lazy, or is it that you dislike lazily-composed MCs?

And since I seem to have passed up the chance to discuss the subject with the other three ~~pp/1/1/1~~ candidates for the OEship, this is the place to state that I am totally undecided between the four of you-- Miriam Carr, Rich Eney, Jack Harness, and you yourself Earl Kemp (listed alphabetically). Let's see more and funnier campaign literature all around, hey? You're off to a good start, Earl.

Personal Word for Robert Lee: after the unprecedented feat of your hitting three (at least; I've lost track) mailings in a row with material that meets with increasing approval from the membership, this is a helluva time to goof off and miss. Come back!

Personal Word to Bob Leman: Man, I hope you haven't goofed off and missed this here mailing, either. I know you've been snowed, but First Things First, Bob!

Personal Word to Bob Lichtman: sorry, but between the time the Multigraphing was done for Spectators 44-47 and the deadline of Mailing 44, we had forgotten the ulterior meaning of "Wrai Ballard, E.I.E.I.O." except as relating to the elderly MacDonald. But I know it was related to Wrai's having counted the Pillar Poll ballots for the previous couple of elections, so what with his other (Chief of SAPS' Secret Police) hat, the title was probably like "Evil Intelligence Election Investigative Officer". There might have been some uncapitalized conjunctions and prepositions in there to make it read better, but that's the major-key pitch, Bob.

Your zine in this last mailing suffers from ink-shortage in the early pages, but picks up better as you go along. Dupers are Monsters, each & every one of them.

It's getting crowded down here; let's move on to a fresh page, huh?

Though it may be perilously near the edge of Mailing Comments, which I am of course avoiding like the plague this time around, I'd like to compliment your cover both for the virtuosity of TCarr and for the tidiness of its wraparound aspects.

Wha'd'ya mean, you "went through the usual stages of wanting to be a doctor, and a lawyer"--- is that usual in your area? I don't know of any of my childhood ~~friends~~ buddies who gave those professions much of a play in their earlier ambitions-- even the ones who now practice medicine or law. Personally, I wanted to be an inventor, or a "scientist" (actually, I had a distorted picture of an uppercrust engineer doing more original work than is actually possible), or a writer, or (in the mid-teens, when I was fascinated by airplanes and hadn't ridden any) a combination of pilot and aeronautical engineer. However, I feel that every young man should aspire to become a rich successful lecher. Failing that, there is the goal of being the Audition Man for an established white slave ring. Next stop, Buenos Aires, and all that.

No, Bob, I still dig Brucifer Pelz as the Pencil Pointer. He's an artful tad, farming the items out to various publishers to type up and pub, but ol' Bruce is the bwaah who's bought up all those back mailings and who is all hipped on SAPS history even more than I am, if possible, since he has the raw materials for it.

OMPA requires 16 pages a year, but (like FAPA) does not require that the activity be spread out to make for more consistent activity. You can judge what the various minact requirements mean with respect to actual performance, considering that the required pagecount (per quarter) times the number on the Roster gives the minimum possible consistent mailings for each group as follows: OMPA, $4 \times 45 = 180$. FAPA, $2 \times 65 = 130$. SAPS, $3 \times 35 = 105$. So, I suppose, a comparison on interest-and-activity between the groups could be based on the pagecount of actual mailings as compared to these theoretical minima. But let's don't take these last 2 SAPSmailings for a basis, since they're both weighted by the plunging of a very few members for record pagecount. I still think that a 350-450-page mailing is SAPS' "best weight", though it may run a little higher since the Roster has been expanded to a possible 35.

You probably confused Parkinson's Disease with Parkinson's Law, which, although mostly true, was written up for a spoof. The ailment is apparently virus-caused and clobbers a couple of brain-centers to produce involuntary motor-nerve impulses which bring about a sort of palsy and eventually a tense variety of paralysis. They have a treatment for it now, that does some real good, but it came out about 10 or 15 years too late for my dad, since it has a rugged shock-reaction on the entire nervous system. Well, dad outlived most of the people who came down with that deal at about the same time, by 20 to 25 years. I doubt that he'd gripe about it; he never did.

What are your plans for Boise, Bob? Will we be seeing you, I hope?

Personal Word to Alan J Lewis: Welcome, yes. I'm glad to see that Tosk's Detention impression (that you were out to skirt the Minimum as closely as possible) is not a true picture; you have eight pages this time, and will doubtless perk up further when you have the mailings to gnaw away on.

I like your go-round on FTLaney. He's one of my favorite fans, too, and I hit actifandom too late to have any contact with the man, same as you did. In my case, it's a little more frustrating-- according to the Laney memoirs, FTL was hitting the few booze-joints in Lewiston, Idaho, at about the same time I was making those same rounds, and for a couple of years. I may even have met the guy-- hell, I met Eisenhower in 1940 and didn't realize it until I read a magazine article that appeared in 1945, so that it clicked as to who that round-faced light-colonel was who asked all the sharp questions--at 15th-Infantry HQ--tent, on maneuvers out of Swamp Murray. So it could be that I've met Laney and don't know it. I am sketchily acquainted with a couple of WSU profs he knew, but haven't seen any of 'em in years. I still could blithely myself for making no attempt to get in touch with Laney after reading the memoirs, and then being hit with news of his death about a year later.

You have a good first-SAPSzine here, Alan (Al? Lew? A.J.? What's your preference ?)((Man, that's lousy format, but I got to the end of the line before I noticed)), especially since you didn't have a mailing to take up the slack. See you in here, huh? This time?

Personal Word to (oh well-- it had to happen sooner or later) Bruce Pelz: R*E*L*A*E !

Dee should sue you; that's no angle for taking a pic, especially chopping the feet off. OK, maybe you didn't take it, but you printed it.

The surprising thing about this zine is that it held interest all the way through in spite of its (shudder) size. Thoughtful of you, though, to provide bookmarks for those who couldn't digest it at a sitting.

200th Fandom goes Latin, amigo? ((And it's Dec 18; I skipped a day, SAPSwise))

Dr Lochinkopf ist ein Gut Ploy, jawohl, mein Herr. Hmm-- it's the tread, not the wheelbase of a vehicle that is measured sideways. Did you and your buddy let about half the air-pressure out of the tires to help the buggy stay on the rails?

Well, yes, Toskey was assuredly referring to 2-way communication in his stand for MCs. And sure we battle occasionally in letters to and from our friends, even more so than I usually do in MCs. In fact, I prefer to settle most of my major and minor beefs in correspondence rather than in print: less side-issues that way.

My, but you do have a few bones to pick with Brother Burnett, don't you? Well, that suggestion that everything that doesn't interest him is beneath his interest is a bit bugging, but I don't think he usually means it to sound quite that way. You are quite within your rights, nevertheless, in pointing out that the gimmick does not wear too well from the business end of it, and would not be missed, if dropped.

The whole point on the Willis-Carr deal was that Walt simply does not have the temperament necessary to fight GMCarr effectively. He tried to be reasonable with her, and she did her usual trick of twisting the meanings of casually-worded phrases, out of context, and always digging at his vulnerable spots. She does this very effectively, once she finds a handle on someone. (On me, she goofed, though.)

While I, too, think Tosk went a little overboard in his statements about censoring the mailings (note, he hasn't done any of this), it is only fair to admit that Tosk paid no attention at all to the first cover of T&MCarr until I, like a dope, pointed it out to him. Tosk does not have a dirty mind, middle-class or otherwise. And I must point out the difference: the editor risks only having his own zine get in trouble with the PO, and that's up to him. The OE has to look out for the entire organization and can be forgiven for being a little chintzy now and then. A little.. Because what the P.O. does, when you bug them, is to require that you submit copies of your material for their looking-over. Wouldn't that have been just James-dandy to have had this last mailing, for instance, held up while some lethargic Postal passed judgment on each and every page of the 704?

On the other hand, you peg Tosk pretty well on his pitch that uninformed opinion has the right to be heard and taken seriously (let's all tell Andy Young that we think the World Is Flat, shall we?)...

Cut to Dec 19th-- Elinor and I and Jim Webbert and Wally Gonser took a tour of the modern-jazz hangouts that are springing up down in the Skidroad. Starting at Old Reliable "Pete's Poopdeck", we went on to "No Place" and later to something like "Jazz'n'Jack's", which is actually more on the square side. Currently, the Sounds are best at No Place, but I think the gang at Pete's last spring topped the list. And I am sorry to have to report another victory for Intuitionial Pessimism: somewhere recently I mentioned that I had not to my knowledge heard the record entitled "Mach the Knife" "unless it turns out to be that illegible thing with the one tiresomely-repeated phrase driven into the ground". So last night one of the jazz groups did a do based on that monotonous repetition, so I asked "what is the name of that thing?" One guess. They'll do it every time; if I loathe something at first hearing, it's a cinch for the Hit Parade and fifteen weeks of program-saturation. Seldom fails.

OK, Bruce, where were we? You were talking to Tosk, and... well, I agree with you that it's difficult for anyone to (as you say) correctly assess his own ability to bear up under strain... in advance. But from my own experience, I'd like to add that the assessment is just as apt to goof in either direction. I've surpassed my own expectations in this respect every now and then, as well as fallen short occasionally. I think both sides of the deal can be summed up under "You don't know what you can do until you have to." You do more than you expect just as often as less, I'd say.

Non-MC material, and comment (or lack of same) thereon: generally I try to give comment on most of the separate items in a given zine; it isn't always feasible to do so without sounding overboard. As to the specific items you mention: I don't comment on letters in an apazine unless the letter itself hands me a hook for comment; I see no point in it, otherwise. Regarding "straight" fiction (like, not obviously fan-slanted) in SAPS, I don't dig it too much. This is purely my own personal reaction; it extends even to genzines-- I feel that fanzines are for fanstuff, these days, and if a guy wants to write a vampire story, he should sell it or print it himself if he really has to, but he shouldn't load it onto me or expect comment from me on it. I admit that doing 4 solid years of prozine reviews has perhaps soured me on fan-written fantasy and s-f-- hell, it was curdling the pro product for me; that's one reason I had to drop the CRYcolumn, before I got to where I didn't like anything in the field, like damon knight. "Dogs of War", like Karen's "Odile", suffers further from being a serial with quarterly installments-- an unbearable handicap, except for personality-slanted items like "77 SAPset Strip". I've deliberately avoided comment on the so-(truly)-called "Atrocious Stories" for the same reason we got rid of the pseudo-Feghoot stuff in the CRY: even Briarton has been slipping on this pitch (fellow name of Spooner skimmed the cream, you'll recall). And I've left the Seemingly Pointless Stories alone unless I had some clue as to the unseeming point; this time, biKloote, you hit me on a knowledgeable point, and I'll dutifully deliver when it comes up.

Far as I know, Bruce, I invented Switchblade John Davis extemporaneously in the writing of "SAPton Place". Previously he was known as Dude Jawm Davis, from some bit of SAPSfiction before our time (you probably have it in the back mailings you have acquired). First I heard about NanShare's motorcycle and leather jacket was in some campaign literature for the Jan'57 OElection-- a BigHearted Deal, if I recall.

Toskey, a Cat Man, has named his cat "Stoopid Cat", and just "Cat" for short. Hmm, while we're on pets, I have a timely anecdote. As you know, we have two beloved and spoiled-rotten dachshunds. We knew that they tend to become attached to their little routines, but we had no idea... on weekends, we sleep in. Finally, Elinor or I will arise, put on the coffee, let the dogs out for a good healthy ~~trip~~ run, and like that. Then, the gimmick is that the one who is up will let the dogs get the other one up-- there is much business of rousing the dogs' enthusiasm so that they rush into the bedroom speaking in tongues and jumping up. Lately, Elinor has taken to dumping Nobby up on the bunk with me. In self-defense, I fold the covers back over him and go back to sleep, while Nobby really works at snuggling-- eventually, Elinor has to roust out the both of us, usually. So this morning it went differently. I got up to find both dogs gone off with Elinor to buy coffee, which was All Gone in this house. Everybody came home OK, coffee was set up, and suddenly here was Nobby fussing at the bedroom door. He knew damn well that we were both up and around, but by ~~that~~ Kloote he had to be let to bounce into the room, be put up onto the bed, and (we humor them) snuggled for a couple minutes, before he felt that he had done his bit. That Small Dog knows his duties and obligations, and will not be put off his course.

I think you carry the sarcasm a little too far in your comments to Guy the Twig; you made a couple of good points, but these are lost because you got carried away, & raised hell about stuff re which (I think) you could really hardly care less, except that (wow) you are more bugged by school than I was. It does get to be a drag...

Asian flu: I was feeling sort of lously (and even lousy) about the time that stuff was going around, but somehow neither Elinor nor I ever caught it.

Office-cards: currently, I have 3 on the wall behind my desk. "Foul it up BIG". "Do you want a truthful answer or one that will satisfy you?". "Think-- maybe we can dodge this work". Used to have one like "Guided Message Division-- Inertial Section" since I work for a communications outfit that can't communicate internally. There is a helluva good long one in the Drafting Section which I'll quote if I ever remember to copy it off before the deadline.

Let's don't start anything this far down the page. Rather, let's turn the page and start off with a clean ~~slate~~ stencil.

==14== still with Bruce Pelz am i getting in a rut here ?

With respect to your comments on Tosk's FlabberCon #1, and the Seattle WesterCon in all its glory (well, nearly everybody had a good time except GMCarr) and all, and especially with regard to "Seattle in '61": things are in pretty good shape, Bruce. Elinor and I and Wally Weber are members of the Con-bidding group. Otto says he'll join, but hasn't yet. Tosk says he won't join because he has more sense than the rest of us about getting mixed up in putting on a Con. GMCarr talks only to FAPA and a selected group of Gemzine-recipients; this is about as good a deal as can be expected, considering the raw material. I am not ignoring GMCarr; she's hopeless for talking-to, but her junk can be discussed to the rest of the audience, and this I do.

Wally Weber has illustrated an ad I wrote for the first Pitt Progress Report; the Nameless Ones paid for the ad, since the Con-bidding local-corp's meeting had been adjourned before the idea was introduced to the group.

We have our problems, Bruce, but we're getting there, slow but.(I hope) sure.

Only ten on this last roster that I haven't met, and Elinor met one of those (Don Durward). I look forward to a time when I've met the entire gang; don't we all?

Historighastlies: "Look, Mohammed, will you quit playing coy and go to the damn mountain?"

"You're doing great, Genghiz-- but after all, when you've seen one pile of skulls, you've seen them all."

"Send Hannibal an elephant."

"On the way in, Benjamin, walk around the other side and make sure the horses are OK".

"Daniel, I never thought I'd see you hanging around with that sort of cats."

Sorry, Bruce, but immodest though it may be, I like those jobs of mine that you quoted. Most of 'em, ^{stomping} ~~anyhow~~, and especially the one about Attila you mangy little bum, why don't you quit ~~around~~ the yurt and go out and make something of yourself? Some of those sing and some don't; it's the breaks. I was looking to you to do the picking, but apparently you somehow got snowed under, hey?

OK, so the point of "Seemingly Pointless Story #5" is Sandy Cutrell's song: "So It's Sister Jenny's Turn To Throw the Bomb". "So the mother's aim is bad", "und don't forget to blow up Tempelhof": these are the major clues. But though I don't have the Cutrell tape to hand, I think it was cousin Tom rather than Tom-the-papa, and wha'hoppon to Uncle Ivanovitch, who succeeded sister Jenny in the song? But it is nice to be able to dig one of these, for once. Highly appreciated.

Elinor and I settled onto vodka gimlets (they bore from within) in the winter of 1956-7, I think. Boyd Raeburn got Elinor onto the Daiquiri Heresy; by sneakily getting her to try one, here in town just prior to SouthGate. The Daiquiri must be a good drink, since Elinor dug it after a mere taste. Or else she's susceptible, and I'd never get away with pushing that idea very far.

No, there was nothing so wrong with the contents of your 72 pages of MCs. The length made them hard to cope with, and that's all.

((Dec 20)) An appropriate page on which to start Part 3 of the "..Strip". And the story itself picks up better again-- though the first installment had more of the ol' whammy somehow, than either succeeding part-- I think it's simply that serial-ization is a tough row to hoe, since it's difficult to pick up the mood and inspiration after the first part has cooled off on you. So all in all, this one came out quite well, and on-schedule as promised (a too-rare occurrence with fanserials).

Oh brother! You were asking for OE-trouble, weren't you, on the bacover? Well, apparently you proved that Toskey has a Cleeeeean Mind, after all.

Personal Words to DEEs (OK, so they're not members, but they're talking to us): OK, Hi Dee Ho, #1. Yes, I think Bruce does go to extremes in inserting comments into your MCs; technically, he's probably violating apan ethics by commenting-in-the-same-mailing. But since copying onto stencil is very tiring for me and may be so for Bruce, let's forgive him with a warning to hold it down a bit, huh?

Was your Alaskan joke the one that ends "OK, now where's that squaw I'm supposed to shoot?" Certainly that is a mild one compared to Bruce's own ploy, later.

You say we're confusing you, Dee, re Seattle winter temperatures? Well, today (still Dec 20) about 1pm now, it's about 48° outside. Cloudy, with the sun trying to get through but not quite making it. Was raining awhile this morning, but not now. ((Several hours later: Sandy Cutrell showed up on vacation from Reed College. We had just barely got past the "Well, how are you?" stage when Elinor's redheaded sister came by with her husband & 2 redheaded young sons-- a nice gang. They couldn't stay long, but Jim Webbert dropped in on his way home from "playing soldier" (as he puts it) with the Army Reserves. After dinner, Jim left to change clothes, and Sandy to look up a girl who speaks Russian, before we all converge in about an hour on a joint SSFC(Inc)/Nameless meeting. It's a full life, Charlie.)) OK, where were we?

Howcome you keep running yourself down all the time, Dee? I realize that this is a standard ploy, and that it can get to be a habit-- but don't, huh? It can backfire on you. Also I note a gambit that Elinor used to use when I first knew her-- "Poor everybody!" You use this on Tosk, Wally, Bruce, and an anonymous girl in a fishbowl space helmet. How come this big flow of pity around the tongue-in-cheek?

OK, we know your for-real name now, but unlike some folks, I'll wait until you choose to reveal it to SAPS-at-large, yourself. Bigamy, isn't it? Very bigamy.

Yeh, "The Chestnut Beads" and its sequel (Jane Rice) were powerful stories.

You can do wonders with paper airplanes by notching them for rubber-band firing, for greater range and speed, spitwad-style. Watch it on balsa gliders, though: they can do a vicious tight loop and bust yore punkin haid.

I like that remark about people needing personal turmoil in order to grow up.

But I didn't know any historighastlies; I hatch them myself; how else?

I see Elinor has checked your deal on teaching dogs to sit up, so I'll leave that one to her. Big deal, her pre-empting return comments on my own zine.

Glad to hear you're now on the WL, Dee. Stick with it, now.

And a quick Personal Word to Dee₂, before we head out, late, for that meeting: you're off to a good start, here. Hope Bruce's running out on you girls doesn't hamper you in joining the fun and all that.

Sure, Morey Amsterdam is a genius, or used to be, anyhow-- haven't heard of him in years, but used to hear him on-- what was it?-- oh, yes. Radio.

Sorry, but I have no idea of what was on the 2Dees&Bruce tape, by now. You kids were all clowning it up like mad, is all I remember of it at this late date.

And biKloote that winds up that telephone directory!

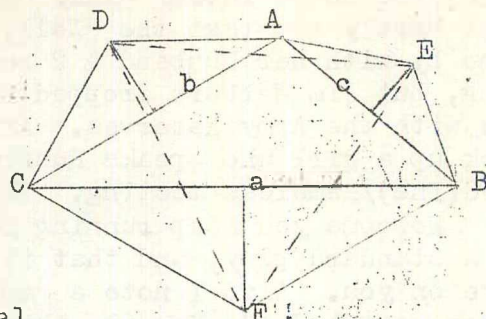
((Dec 21: we all got to the meeting. It seems to do the club a lot of good to have a guest now and then; the local-corporation (SSFC) meeting plus the Nameless meeting all wound up in about an hour so we could adjourn early for refreshments, and the old-time horseplay was back-- in fact, Sandy said that the meeting actually resembled Wally's Minutes in CRY. And now it's the following evening, and What Next?))

Personal Word to Otto Pfeifer: And here is a good place to thank good ol' Blotto Otto for his rum-running. Yes, Otto, by running all that Captain Morgan's Black Label Rum down to us from Canada, you have enriched our lives and bloodstreams immensely. Folks (comma) stick around: there is stark T*R*A*G*E*D*Y in this story, too. Remember, Otto, the time you drove 200-250 miles up to Vancouver, and an equal distance back, and Captain Morgan went all to pieces about 60 feet from our front door?

There, there, bhoy, that was a long time ago; brace up. Think of the cheerful side: all the fine occasions upon which ol' Cap blew his cork and we took our leisure over a couple of rounds. Feel better now?

You had a short but enjoyable zine in this last mailing, Otto; it's just that I came upon BOG 11 right at the start of limbering up the typer this evening, and am not warmed up to where I can dig up good Personal Words for you out of the concise bits of communication you have in there. Boy, it's a good thing I'm not doing any Mailing Comments in this issue, or I'd sure be falling down on the job. Welllll, OK, one item: "After all there are male fen and femme fen and also there is Toskey"-- I trust you are implying that Toskey has too High Type a Mind to Even Notice-- that's what I hope and trust you're implying, if at all, for the sake of your health; yes.

Personal Word to Art Rapp: first-off before I forget it or lose the piece of paper once again, let's fix up poor Ted Johnstone and his triangles. I thought sure that you and/or Tosk would straighten Ted out on this deal, but no go. So, seeing that it got so messy the last time when I tried to short-cut a demonstration, let's try the full-dress approach. To our immediate right is depicted a generalized triangle whose angles are A,B,C and whose sides are a,b,c. Upon those sides we erect 120° isosceles triangles (30-120-30) and label the outstanding vertices D,E,F. Ted wants us to prove that DEF is an equilateral triangle; will do. Note that ABC is about as general as we can get. It is neither equilateral, isosceles, right, or in any other way special. (The 30-120-30 triangles ABE, BCF, & CAD, were added with the aid of a 30-60 plastic triangle and alignment-by-eye.)



Our proof will utilize the following standard formulae for solution of triangles:
 (1) $\frac{\sin A}{a} = \frac{\sin B}{b} = \frac{\sin C}{c}$ (2) $a^2 = b^2 + c^2 - 2bc \cos A$ (3) $a = b \cos C + c \cos B$

Also we will use: $\cos(x+y) = \cos x \cos y - \sin x \sin y$, & I'll abbreviate $\sin 60^\circ$ to .866 when it comes up. OK, let's pick a side of this triangle (DEF) and see whether or not it's whatever Ted Johnstone said it was. Equations for lengths of sides:

$$\underline{DF} = \frac{a}{3} + \frac{b}{3} - \frac{2ab}{3} \cos(C + 60^\circ) \quad \text{or} \quad \underline{DE} = \frac{b}{3} + \frac{c}{3} - \frac{2bc}{3} \cos(A + 60^\circ)$$

For $\underline{DF} = \underline{DE}$ (or \underline{FD} for that matter, since we chose our sides at random), we multiply through by 3 and drop the b^2 terms and come up with (applying the $\cos(x+y)$ deal):

$$a^2 - ab \cos C + .866 ab \sin C = c^2 - bc \cos A + .866 bc \sin A$$

Applying (1), above, $a \sin C = c \sin A$ and the sin terms with the .866s drop out, leaving: $a(a - b \cos C) = c(c - b \cos A)$

Now let's look back at formula (3) up there. Keeping in mind that this defines any side in terms of the other two sides and their opposite angles, we note first that:

$a - b \cos C = c \cos B$ Then, noting that (3) could be stated: $c = a \cos B + b \cos A$ we see that: $c - b \cos A = a \cos B$ So that last equation about 4 lines back, just before we looked back to formula (3), now reads: $a(c \cos B) = c(a \cos B)$

So it looks as if side (way back up there) DE equals side DF. And since we picked these two sides at random, side FD would either measure up or be drummed out of the Corps. Ted Johnstone, you are vindicated. And shame on you, Art Rapp and Burnett R Toskey, Ph. D., for filling the boy's head with lies, lies, lies.

(And having once stencilled one of these deals, I can see why Tosk either does 'em by stylus-scribbling, or scoffs 'em off entirely with generalities.) (In the first place it takes up too much space and in the second place it's a real beast to type.)

Well, Art, by now you already know why I don't think GMCarr was good SAPS material (except perhaps when cut on the bias). I feel no particular need to try to appear unprejudiced toward anyone who's trying to cut my throat, so no one need consider me unbearably objective: I happen to loathe her fannish aspect, that woman's. Rather than mount big discussions of why she dropped out of SAPS, I'd rather just be simply thankful that she did. Especially if (as she states in FAPA) I had some part in influencing her decision to drop out; this would make me quietly proud, yes. An apa-- any apa-- is just as well off without an individual who deliberately sets out now and then, just for kicks, to be infuriating (and this description is almost a word-for-word quote from GMC in Yandro-- #82, I think-- as well as an adequate paraphrase of her own statement in FAPA as to her motivation in the Willis incident). If you want to be in an apa with GMC, Art, why not add N'APA to your fanactivity?

and here's page ==17== and Dec 22nd and the days are getting longer again, now

Oops, Art-- back up on that last page, I see I forgot to add the punchline on the Johnstown/11/66/Triangle bit: howcome does the 30-120-30 batch of triangles go onto the original triangle to give the equilateral? Why won't some other triangles go on there and do the same thing? Or will they, maybe?

No, they won't: $\cos 60^\circ = \frac{1}{2}$ -- any other triangle than the 30-120-30 would put a nasty indigestible constant into our $a(a - b \cos C) = c(c - b \cos A)$ stage so that formula (3) up above would not apply. However, since the cosine of a positive angle is equal to that of a negative angle of the same magnitude, we can deduce (and prove) that our 30-120-30 triangles could be flipped over so the 120° vertices pointed in (though maybe falling outside the original triangle on the other side of it) and they would still form an equilateral triangle. Too bad Ted did not present the problem in that form, since the formulation would be much more difficult to "see" & develop.

You're beating a busted drum in arguing psi to Tosk; he won't believe (or give a hearing to) anything he doesn't want to believe-- just like the rest of us, only maybe just a little bit more so in a few respects. (And before Tosk jumps me on the poor choice of words in "won't give a hearing to", I'd better rephrase it to "will only give a hearing for the purpose of mounting a counterattack, rather than with any idea of allowing new data to influence his opinions"-- this too is pretty much like most of us, when emotions are involved.)

No, a dactyl is a teenage haircut, and anapests are cold tablets. Also, iambic pentameter is a device to measure the background radiation at the Pentagon, as compared to that in the iambisphere. I hope we can keep these things straight now.

Nope, I don't ascribe "Pencil Point" to Ray Schaffer; the quotes pre-date Mlg #36 in spots, and that's when both Ray and we joined, and I haven't heard of Ray's buying up back-bundles. I wouldn't count on typography or duper-identification on this deal, either; obviously, there's some collusion involved, with Don's Palz.

I don't really think that humanity-in-the-mass is quite so bad as you let on, Art, re "the consumers of bread&circuses, TV, and Confidential", because all that crud is not "humanity's efforts... diverted into placating them" but rather the damn insistent profit-seeking effort of a few to pander to their weaknesses and exploit these for profit. Sure this shows the seamy side of the so-called masses, and the pandering bugs me, too. But it doesn't prove that People Are Cruddy-- just that entropy applies to mental as well as physical processes-- downhill is easier.

What gives you the idea that SAPS is going anti-bat? Just because we are exhorting them to buckle down and grunt for the good of gardens everywhere? Why, bats are our friends, mostly. Especially young ones who don't publish.

Oops-- I must beg 10³ pardons for forgetting your quoting of the "shoot the squaw" joke, when I quoted just the punchline to Eva, a few pages back. T*S*K.

Gov't economizing: well, I voted against our state bonus when it came up on the ballot, but I'll admit collecting the \$350 once the nitwits had voted it in. But my beef against fuggheaded "economy" moves/that too many of them actually spend dollars to save nickels, or else "economize" on paper by throwing materiel away so's it will not look as if too much is invested in stockpiling-- when the stuff is paid for.

The Chi-square deal was informative; thanks. Now if I can just remember which mailing it's in, a couple of years from now when I want to use it again...

While it's not always legitimate to take an infinitesimal all the way to zero as you do in treating Ted's triangle problem, it would have worked out in this case except for one minor (you gonna hate yourself) booboo: the altitude of an equilateral triangle of side = 2, is the square root of 3, not of 5.

OK, here's one: we have a square whose size is unknown (side = s). To avoid drawing a diagram, we'll put it on a map and ignore the earth's curvature. There is a point in this square that is 2 miles from the SW corner, 3 miles from the NW corner, and 4 miles from the SE corner. What is the length of the side of the square? This one can be worked by at least three distinctly separate methods, although the arithmetic tends to get bulky on some of these. I don't remember any of the solutions in detail, so will have to work it right along with you, to check on any answers.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends-- it's not your fault you're steatopygous

Personal Word to Ray Schaffer: Good dissertation on "important events in one's life", but with the emphasis on "important"-- in context, the emphasis was on "in one's life". And in this context, an "important event" is evaluated purely in terms of the effect it has on your later attitudes, behavior, decisions, etc. I like the pitch you gave, but it is off at right angles to the argument that was going on. That's OK, though; the argument wasn't getting anywhere anyhow, & maybe your version will.

Man, you are really churned up re the sadists. Understandable: the overt manifestation of sadism is difficult to accept as existing in the same world as our better aspirations. But that raw red urge lies hidden in the back of every human brain-- it's just that most of us have it beaten-down better, so's we don't have to admit out loud that we still carry the carnivorous taint. We do, though-- sadism comes through in all sorts of sublimated forms: teasing (playfully or otherwise), the practical joke (subtle or not), sarcasm and needling, each and every resort to The Book of Rules where leniency could be well-utilized, practically all forms of One-Upmanship (and these are many). Let's face it: a lot of our righteous horror at the more outrageous forms of overt sadism is aimed at keeping down our own individual heritage of claw-and-fang while at the same time calming our delicate tummies, by Utterly Rejecting these intolerable (and they are) affronts to our dubious serenity.

So OK, be Adjusted-- but also consider that with any luck at all you are putting just as much effort into adjusting the environment to you, as vice versa; I hope.

Best suggestion I've seen, for giving basketball partially back to the Normals, is to have two divisions, by height: divide at 6' or 6'2" or wherever, with anyone eligible for the upper-bracket, but the height-limit effective on the lower one.

Re your congratulating me on my remarks re the subconscious portion of the mind: maybe I'd better clarify my points and give you the opportunity to retract those congratulations, if so minded. Like so:

I define "mind" as the total activity of the nervous system plus any items that we can't tag otherwise. We record everything available to our senses at all times (this has been tested by use of hypnosis and etc in a number of psychology labs here and there), yet we don't have conscious access to all these "memories", voluntarily, at all times. I define the "subconscious" so that it consists of the sensory recordings to which we do not have conscious voluntary access, and the nervous-system activity that results when this data influences our behavior and etc. Nearly everyone agrees that this sort of thing goes on; Toskey is still a Holdout, like the Japanese soldiers still hiding out from World War II. OK, this "subconscious" routine covers a lot of ground-- from the handy "reflex" deals (to which you refer, while letting on that they are something else again) to the more sophisticated mechanisms such as being convinced by early toilet training that Sex is Dirty. But the entire subconscious area of reaction is on a reflex basis. Some of it (a great deal) is highly useful; some of it is sort of neutral in effect; but there's a bit of the area that covers all the irrationality in the world (from people, that is): it is all too possible to walk around with conditioned reflexes of unremembered origin, that require one to do all sorts of ridiculous things in a non-survival sort of way. The ages are full of examples of martyrs to causes that couldn't matter less, in the long haul. I suggest that it takes a good solid conditioned-reflex to create these.

But here's as good a place as any to discuss the mechanics of pro-survival reflexes, such as the "time-slows-down-in-emergencies" phenomenon. I've had this one many times. Usually it comes up when driving a car, since that is the most usual emergency situation in our culture. This afternoon, for instance: Elinor picked me up and I was driving us home. There's a spot where an overhead viaduct-branch comes down to merge with the traffic on the street I'm using, from the left. Sometimes these guys are coming like a bat, so I have two choices: look rear-left and try to synchronize, or go dead-slow and wait for a Big Hole. I guess you know which way I work at this situation, day-in and day-out; I go, look, and hope. Today something went wrong up ahead. I was gunning to hit the slot in an unusually-fast stream of traffic from the viaduct, when Elinor gave out with "Watch it!" and it turned out that the joker in front of me had stopped dead as the result of some idiot maneuver or other in front of him. (Related to the illegal parker in the curb lane, no doubt).

Now here's what I mean about that emergency reaction. Elinor says that when she spoke, I smoothly and instantaneously swerved to the left around the stopped car and went on by with no sweat. This is not the way it would seem to me: Elinor spoke, and I looked to the front. It seemed to take me quite a while to absorb the fact that the car I'd last seen booting happily along a good distance ahead was now stopped too near for effective braking. In fact, it seemed to take so long that I was impelled to take another look to the left, to make sure that the guy who had been well-behind the last time I looked, hadn't pulled up alongside me on that side. He hadn't, so I looked up ahead again, and only then made what seemed to me to be a rather jerky swerve to miss this immobile parade-float in the immediate foreground. The swerve wasn't jerky (to me) from being hurried, but simply from nervous tension after all that checking-out and being worried about the setup. Didn't dig it at the time, but I'm pretty sure that I immediately ruled out jamming-on the brakes because I was already too close to the stopped car. I think the reflex (or subconscious) computation was that we were already too close to the stopped car, so that it was necessary either to hit the slot in merging traffic ahead of or behind the car that had been barrelling up on me in the merging lane, the last time I'd looked before Elinor spoke up.

There are a number of objections that could be raised with respect to my conduct in today's situation, but let's restrict the discussion to What Did Happen, since this is only one occasion of a reasonably-common phenomenon-- Time Stretches Out, and you have what seems to be all the time in the world, to cope with a specific emergency.

Now-- who else has experienced this time-stretching-in-emergencies, hey? Let's not have nitpicking on the specific incident, since it's only one of several and only chosen for immediacy. What I want to know is: How does it work?

Personal Word to Nancy Share: well, heck, gal, I'd rather see "a measly" 8 pages of yours this time, than none; it's the breaks, and I hope you are feeling better and more energetic as of this reading. Is so??

I'm sort of in the middle between believing that Jesus was divine in the super-human sense and believing that he was merely such a superb person as to verge on the divine. I'm certainly not about to make an issue about this, since I'm not convinced either way myself and don't see how anyone else is, on the available evidence, aside from Childhood Conditioning which answers all things Irrefutably.

Ignoring hearsay evidence, I have considerable subjective evidence in favor of esp, along with a consistent lack of confirmation from premeditated experiments. It seems that my own esp faculties shy away from testing and only show up in emergencies now and then, or on wholly unpremeditated occasions, at least. But I think you spin a good line of argument.

However, this business of hearing one's name spoken is a fairly common non-esp phenomenon-- generally happens on the verge of sleep when thoroughly pooped-out, but can happen in other circumstances, and I don't have the correlative factors worked out at this time.

Always like your writings, Nance; more next time, huh?

Personal Word to Larry Stone: Very sorry to see you among the missing in Mailing 49, Lar'. Hoping to see your WesterCon Report and all sorts of stuff... hurry back.

Wally and Otto should be looking you up around New Year's ((Dec 23, now)), but in case they miss connections, this is as good a place as any to post Elinor's and my Deepest Apologies for forgetting to ring the bell for you when John was due in here after Detention. Sure wish we'd been on the ball, there. No real excuse for us-- we just got too excited to keep track, I guess. Better luck on any future occasions where we have prior notice.

Suppose you'll be able to make Boise? There should be several cars going from here, so if you can make it this far, and get the time free, the share-the-ride pitch would be relatively inexpensive, between here and Boise. Try to make it, huh?

This space is dedicated to the first Sumerian who put cuneiform script on clay tablets in 40 identical copies-- Our Founder.... Or do I mean Babylonian?

Personal Word to Guy Terwilleger (who told us that the BoiCon hotel has been chosen, but not the name of it): And I hope you're adhering strictly to Howard's Helpful Hints for Happy ~~Applicants~~ ConCommittees.

No, I agree with whoever it was who deplored your running chunks of a disconnected article under zines for which you had No Comment-- not only because it's hard to follow the thread of the "article", but because it really doesn't make the loss of egoboo (or even null-egoboo) more palatable to the loser. In fact, it sort of points it up to him, to have totally-disconnected material appearing where first glance tells him he has Comments. Novel and original idea, though, and it never hurts to try that kind out and see how it'll fall.

Mormons, yes: they built a church quite near the home of a late great-aunt of mine, who was impressed that they had dances for the high-school set, right in the church (as opposed to small-town Methodists in places where I've lived, who ban dancing, cards, and makeup-for-girls, and so set up some real hell-raising when the kids shake off the reins, eventually). I gather that the Mormons are no more tolerant than any other in-group when they are in the majority (as at Salt Lake), but that otherwise they are Good Folks.

That's some dream-- first the girl inhibits you in the outhouse (by watching) & then she bats you with a lath when all you want to do is watch some innocent pigs. I'll back off from the symbolism of this one. How does it read to you, though?

No, Tosk is not lovesick in the sense of being sick from love, but rather the reverse. It's quite usual in single fellas who have difficulty in meeting eligible femmes (like, I suffered that way for years), but since you've brought it up in the public prints, I agree that Tosk could show a li'l more restraint, to advantage; it makes no difference in the long run, though, I suppose.

But what makes you think that there's any great weight-differential between a pair of average-sized breasts and a larger (JaneRussellsized) pair? The overall density of the human body is very near that of water, including the skeletal structure. So a rough guesstimate of the weight-differential between average and large breasts would indicate nothing greater than 4 or 5 pounds. Perhaps you and Kris Neville should get together-- we have a tape of Elmer Perdue's which includes a Kris Neville "sermon" that is partially concerned with this problem ("How, can, you, weigh them?" shouts Kris, in a fine simulated frenzy).

I notice a nasal twang of sorts in eastern Washington and in some parts of Idaho but don't find it prevalent west of the mountains here.

"Studs Lonigan" is strictly down to earth, but I still don't think it's "dirt for the sake of dirt". I first read it at age-19 and found it the most realistic book I'd ever read, with respect to how a person can foul up 100% with the very best of intentions and insufficient drive-and-discipline. Since then I've read Nelson Algren, whose characters in their better moments approximate Farrell's characters at low points.

Spiders: for years I had a very Bad THING about them. Re your "even the thought of the beasts gives me bumps", I've come up with goose-pimples and then looked around and discovered that a large spider was present. ESP, anyone? And one time I was on a job where there were hordes of large striped (probably quite harmless) outdoor-type spiders. I had to kill them as I came to them, to stay around at all, and finally I threw up from sheer tension. But I ran a lot of that off when I was "in" dianetics and that sort of stuff, and the problem is no longer anywhere near so acute anymore. I still wouldn't care for Black Widows, from their admittedly poisonous qualities.

Guy, you're speaking from lack-of-info in calling FAPA childish for getting worried about the "undesirable" (the first initial of his last name is George Wetzel, and I just hope the FAPAn Informer doesn't see this, or there'll be a hassle-- which I would confidently expect to win in the long run, by the way, but I'd sooner not have to mess with it). This joker gets mad at people and writes letters to the FBI and etc, calling his targets Communists and the like. Would you like to have the Boise school board receive such a letter about you? Several FAPAns are in "sensitive positions"-- like, a security clearance is required. There is one major flaw in the

security setup. If some irresponsible paranoid chooses to smear you, you wouldn't even know about it unless and until your clearance bounded, and even then you could not find out who threw whatever it was that hit the fan. If you did happen to guess it, there's no established procedure for rebuttal. Personally, if I started to have trouble along these lines, I'd quick-like search the files and copy-off this joker's letters for immediate handing-in to whatever agency is handling this stuff lately, and I think I could beat the trouble by sheer weight of facts, even though there's no official provision for a guy making his own defense. But the odds are only about 3-to-2, so I'd rather not have to try it, unless pressed to pull out all the stops. The whack in question does have a file-number under the P.O.'s facilities for putting poison-penners behind bars; this is a potential Big Help (and although GMCarr and I are hardly buddies, let's give her credit for nailing this joker down a bit).

Heck, you can give a li'l plug for N'APA now and then, in here; personally I find it the best thing I've seen out of N3F in the past ten years; it has my 100% best wishes for success. You have a number of things to thrash out yet (judging from my skimming of Wally's first mailing, full-reading of his second, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{1}{2}$ on the recent 3rd mailing), such as the inability of some members to realize that an apa must have at least a mailing-to-mailing membership limit, and the refusal of the Directorate to allow you (the members) to change that pompous and fuggheaded-sounding Preamble, but offhand you seem to have the deal in nice healthy shape. Get Art to quote you the mailing-totals for the first ten SAPSmailings (he had 'em in Mlg 40, I think, and that one is under a lot of stuff, here)-- I think you're running well ahead.

Well, I sure understand why today's draftable types don't go for the idea. I sure didn't; why should they? Matter of fact, I wouldn't care to go through my service life, or variations thereof, again. I agree with you that service-life was a valuable experience, but this is an after-the-fact recognition of the value of trial-by-ordeal. I'd venture to say that the main value of military service in our culture today is that it substitutes (in delayed fashion) for the puberty rites of more primitive(?) groups. And I wouldn't be too surprised if the magnitude of our current "teen-age" problem were due to this delay. We have great numbers of ambiguous people who are biologically adult yet legally children, running around raising all kinds of hell because they have no cultural niche that fits worth a damn. The Jewish people have their bar-mitzvah and a low JD-rate for those who follow the pattern. As the highschool and college "hazing" traditions are shattered, we get more JDs-- a JD is a kid who does not have the "I have been through the mill" sense of accomplishment, along with all the other maladjustments we hear about-- why else must he "prove himself" by crime and etc? - I may be overemphasizing this point, but I betcha it's a valid one. What this country needs is a good five-cent Puberty Rite for the 12-14 age-group.

See you on your own home grounds in not too many more months, Guy.

Personal Word to OE Burnett R "Torquemada" Toskey, Ph D: Hi, Tosk.

OK, kidding aside: you and Bruce are breaking records like mad. His 82 pages tops your 81 (of last time) for total of member's own writing in one zine, and his 102 pages-overall is a new zine record for SAPS. And at the same time, you now set a new record for most pages of one's own writing in the mailing-- 126, in 4 zines. You fellows about ready to relax and let those records stand for a while now?

Well, I read all of Thrilling Green, every word-- even though in some cases it was a third or fourth rereading. The cover is, of course, terrific-- the litho got the colors quite close to those of the original. Well, Garcone drawings are somewhat of an acquired taste, but I've always liked Garcone paintings.

Must clarify one point: the semi-prozine plans for Thrilling Green were purely your and Wally's-- remember, at that time Elinor were only reluctantly getting our feet wet at helping you guys with CRY, and found those 20-page issues an appalling amount of work, even though we weren't doing much of that work. We definitely did not have the ambition for a project like TGSF.

Your revision of "Back From the Stars" would just about have set it up to sell to the action-minded editors of 3-4 years ago, if you had only overcome your distaste for putting a punchline at the end of a story. (No, I'm not being sarcastic here,

folks--- I've argued this with Tosk, on this story and on others-- the quick letdown following the big buildup when the guy rushes home to save his planet is in the story because that's how Tosk wants the story to go.) Aside from that, "...Stars" might well have made it with Palmer, Hamling, etc. You can handle the language and do a good job of description of scenes and events. Now if you could just find the handle on motivation and behavior of your characters, you'd have it made.

The shorter pieces mostly bear out the same diagnosis, with a couple of breakthroughs. "The Collaboration", for instance, is a nice tongue-in-cheek bit that does have both a punchline and motivation. You set up the motivation as one of your given facts at the beginning, and point it squarely at the punchline, with fun along the way, much like in the WKraus tales. Both "Tea for Two" and "Pigs in the Pantry", however, give the impression that you were just writing for the hell of it, with no very clear idea of where you wanted to wind them up, or how. Motivation doesn't enter these, since they're purely situational, and (as in "Collaboration") you "solve" the problems by killing the characters off. "The Guardian" is fun to read, but is short on plot (as distinguished from events): 3 men land on a planet; a super-intelligence kills one of them and locks the other two up for life with a couple beautiful girls it manufactures for The Purpose-- the men are passive, throughout. "Black Eyes Drifting" is indeed your best story to date, Tosk; this one hangs together, both in mood and continuity. The problem of motivation does not get out of hand because the nature of the protagonists is their motivation. The hero may be a little too passive in this one, but probably not, since that's part of his problem-- and after all, he is the guy who makes the crucial decision. I don't know how thoroughly you covered the market with this one (if at all), but would definitely suggest you try two new markets that weren't open in 1957: Cele Goldsmith's rapidly-improving Fantastic, and the British Science-Fantasy.

Looks to me as if you do best with short items, that the tongue-in-cheek jobs by-pass some of your difficulties, that you would do well to think of an ending first and write toward it, and that fantasy gives you better scope than science-fiction, without running you into problems with motivation, which are otherwise your Nemesis.

I see by the Spectator that you have managed to boil the Rules down to less than a page. Have not checked you for loopholes, since I got dizzy in the head trying to keep track of those when I was writing the Rules, but assume you've mostly covered everything OK. Hope we don't lose too many members this time. We've already heard the (sob!) sad news that we'll be missing Nangee. Too bad you didn't get the chance to tell John (as you told Howard) that the additional 6-page penalties on the two of them were more a joke, since you knew darn well they'd have that much in, anyhow. As a seriously-meant penalty for not providing the missing copies, it would be out of line, since they'd already been penalized for coming up short and could hardly be expected to have the stencils (or masters) to run off extras, after all that time. Looks as if we'll have quite a race for the OEShip this time. I'm uncommitted as yet, so let's see some of that good old Campaign Literature, you candidates!

A sidenote: you'll recall that in the last mailing I suggested circulating your FlabberCon #1 in FAPA as an antidote to GMCarr's version of the Seattle WesterCon. Oddly enough, in the latest FAPA mailing, she cites this same zine to back her up. We must do our reading in different universes or something. Only thing I see there that she'd go for is the spot where you get the chronology confused a bit: the Moore Hotel was located (by you and Wally) late in February and passed on by the club early in March; Elinor was not elected president of the Nameless until April, and probably hadn't attended more than a meeting or so when the Con-site was changed. Also, where you say that "we decided to take over the club", it all sounds pretty muscular. But actually the idea was that the club basically liked and trusted us pretty well, even though we'd been away from meetings and somewhat at odds for some time, and that if Elinor were nominated for president she had a good chance for the club's traditional "railroad vote"-- which proved to be correct, so she succeeded Wally at the gavel. Heck, she only went into that election with 2 votes cinched, yours and hers (oops, was Otto there for that one? That would make 3); Wally was perfectly capable of voting for Linda Wyman (then aged 2 $\frac{1}{2}$) if he happened to feel like it. Some "taking over"....!

I hope we see lots more FlabberCons without too much delay, Tosk (which ofcawss means that I hope you've been solidly hooked on the Convention-bug). This #2 with your Detention writeup is certainly good reading. It's too bad that the timing was such that you had to leave so early in order for the stopovers to come out right, and also that Bruce couldn't have come out with you, too, as he'd hoped.

Gee, Tosk, I'd like to be able to accept your adoring thanks for alerting all fandom to be on the lookout for you at Detroit, but I'm afraid you'll have to face the fact that you were already famous in your own right. You cite "Dave Kyle, John Magnus, Andy Young, and others.." I don't know about "others", but the only letter I ever wrote Dave Kyle was in mid-'58, requesting a copy of the zine with his side of the WSFSmess. I think I wrote Magnus once, about Nov '58, in comment on a Varioso. And my correspondence with AYoung has mostly concerned FAPish matters. I would say that most of these folks had seen or heard of CRY or various SAPSazines wherein your name, as Heinlein says, shines.

Boyd Raeburn, Art Hayes, and Ray Schaffer look nothing like each other, unless maybe you see by infra-red rather than by the more conventional spectrum.

It reads like a real great trip, just about the way you've told it in person.

I am puzzled by the cover of Flabbergasting #12: what is Carl Brandon doing, holding up your Ph D certificate? Like, I mean, what's the Significance?

((Sidelight: you continue to offend poor Coswal by failing to mention that Spec #49 was "Volume 16, Number 2". Get with it, boy.))

Mass of high-speed particles is calculated from the magnitude of their deflection by a given lateral force, generally electrostatic or electromagnetic. Same principle as that of the mass-spectrograph by which U-235 was originally isolated (in very small quantities) from U-238, or of needing more windage-allowance for light bullets in the same cross-wind. How could you weigh even stationary sub-atomic particles on "a scales", f'Pete'sake?

On Megan (this for Elinor, also): OK, I was out of line in chewing the girl out, the way it came out of the typer. Only reason I said anything at all/^{was} that (we SAPS being the kind-hearted slobs we are) I foresaw considerable kindly "come back, gal" type of grieving over her departure. Since, as you know, Megan had stated her lack of a reciprocal kindly interest in the rest of SAPS, being interested in the group only as an audience, I felt like forestalling any futile regrets at her departure on the part of the membership. It appears that I did a rather inept job of it. Apologies.

Like to pick you up on a point or two, though. Nowhere, for instance, do I say that Megan is/was "narrow-minded" (you do considerable refuting of this point which I did not make). My "widening her interests" phrase referred solely to her penchant for treating people as audiences rather than going in for 2-way communication, more.

Megan and I did not have a "personality conflict", as such. The first few times she was around here, we got along great. Then, for some reason all her own, she began treating Elinor as a captive audience (Elinor was willing, since Megan does tell a very interesting grade of story) and me as an incidental piece of furniture or perhaps as a sort of appendage of Elinor's-- and here we went again with the monologue routine. Now I'll grant you that very likely she behaved entirely differently with you than she did around here, after she got on that kick: for instance, one time she brought a boyfriend around, a fascinating sort of joker.. Megan took up considerably less than her share of talking-time, that evening, and appeared to be enjoying herself thoroughly. I think that probably the deal is that Elinor is a Very Good Audience, that Megan had Elinor thoroughly pinned in that role from the old days (1951) in Albuquerque, and so she automatically went into the I-need-an-audience routine, after awhile, every time she came to Elinor's house, where I also happen to live and carry on my own activities such as fanac, conversation, and playing with the dogs and birds, when possible. I realize full well that Megan could be good company, any time she didn't get on the kick that seemed to catch her most times she came over here. I agree with you that in order for Megan to be a good SAPSmember she would have to change rather drastically-- but it's just about the same order of change required for her to solve her own problems and come up happier (this is purely opinion, and I will not argue it).

Sometimes, Tosk, I don't know just how you operate. In Retro #13 I made a try at explaining some of the deals I ran into during my hitch in the nebulous and unnameable field of investigating the mind from the inside, sparked by Hubbard's "Dianetics" book and its successors by Hubbard and others. A real waste of time, on my part, it seems; all you wanted was something to pick holes in. But still, after five years' acquaintance, you feel qualified to tell me that I am a "dianetics fanatic", right after stating that while you don't know anything about it, still dianetics and scientology are all the same thing. Oh, go back and read my remarks to Rich Eney, about now. They cover most of my beef at your Comments to me, last time. Except that it strikes me that if I specifically asked about something, and someone bothered to try to spell out the gimmick for something like quicker healing of minor injuries, I'd feel more like getting more info and maybe even trying it, rather than scoffing it off in a superior-sounding fashion. Let's get one thing straight, shall we? I was writing about a phenomenon on which I have personal experience, while you do not.

And that, I think, is the major burden of disagreement between thee and me. You seem in this last mailing to be obsessed with the idea of "equality" and of "one man's opinion being every bit as good as the next man's". OK, what is this Equality jazz? oh sure, on an overall abstract (and "in the eyes of the law") basis, everyone should be equal to everyone else. Unfortunately for the purists, it ain't so.

Consider: am I, or Elinor, or Wally, your equal on a mountain trail? Hell no; you could walk the --err, fundament-- off any of us. Could I teach your math classes? Could you teach Mark Walsted's physics classes, or fill in for Wally at Boeing's? Or could you spell me for a few days at my job? Of course not; let's don't be any more ridiculous than we can help. This "equality" jazz is an abstract ideal that reads to the effect that one person has the same rights as any other person, in our society. It doesn't always work out, but I'm for it. But in specific instances of individual aptitudes and attainments, equality is for the birds. It is ridiculous (I hope I'm not overusing this word, though it is apt) to contend that all persons are equal in various abilities (athletic, artistic, political, gardening, critical, or evaluational, which is where the bind begins to cinch down). And the evaluational ability is most dependent on knowledgeability in the field under consideration: could I possibly have anything to say, worth hearing, to a conclave of advanced mathematicians? On their (and your) own subject, that is? And remember-- I'm not speaking from a complete ignorance of math, having had some 25 semester-hours of the stuff. But we both know that I could say nothing meaningful to a group studying at the Ph D level.

So let's look at this "everybody has a right to his own opinion" (or "my opinion is just as good as the next man's") pitch. Do you really believe this? I don't. OK; anyone has the right to believe anything he wants to believe. I guess he has the right to say so, too. I'm not sure whether or not he has the right to expect anyone else to listen to him. But I do not see where you or anyone else can speak from a vast calm store of ignorance and expect to be taken seriously, and at face value. & when it comes to investigating the human mind, ol' buddy, you speak from a platform that reads about like this: "I have refused to study psychology in any form, but yet I feel that you are obligated to pay attention to my theories, since I have a mind, just the same as you have". OK, on that basis: we both have a pineal gland, too; tell me all about how it works, won't you? Frankly, I don't know how mine works, if at all, since I haven't investigated and wouldn't know how to go about it. So, not having investigated, I can't forward any info on how the pineal gland works, or the spleen, or a number of other organs of which we both hold samples. So howcome you're so knowledgeable about this mind which you possess but which you refuse to investigate? It can't be ESP, since you don't believe in that, either. Where's your data, boy?

Look-- you scoff me off by saying that most of my info came from a deal that started from Hubbard instead of from "material by eminent psychiatrists". Yet your main pitch is against the existence of the so-called "subconscious mind". Now what say you do some reading and quote to me from any recognized authority that denies the concept of a "subconscious"? You'll find the concept in all branches of the field; even the Behaviorists have their Conditioned Reflexes that short-circuit the cortex. Like, the "authorities" you cite are actually more on my side, Tosk. Sorry, and all.

Tosk, let's look at facts: equality, superiority, and inferiority, are situational rather than absolute, and depend upon specific abilities and situations (you and I would look equally foolish on a basketball court or a boxing ring, I think). Ordinarily, we all pay very little attention to these situational inequalities (like, do you consider your students as EQUALS in the classroom situation?), yet we all come to see, in the natural course of events, that these situational inequalities are the norm, & not the exception. You live by them, the same as I do-- why this sturdy refusal to admit in print that information has certain privileges over the lack of same?

Certainly, you have the right to believe in the non-existence of a subconscious mind. You also have the right to believe that the world is flat, if you so choose. The odds on getting other people to give serious consideration to your ideas would be about the same in either case.

Now doggonit, there I go sounding intolerant again, which is not my aim, at all, in trying to put these points across; I am actually trying more to get this deal into perspective. Tell you what, Tosk-- you dig yourself up a psychologist or psych prof or student out at the UW, and try him for tolerance of your ideas on the mind, and let us know how you come out. Because, whereas the only reason I won't give serious consideration to this particular opinion is because it is flatly contrary to my own personal experience as well as to all recognized authority in the field, you'll find that the "professionals" generally tend to deny that a layman, well-read or not, can possibly have a valid opinion on their subject. This, of course, is in line with the monopoly-on-informed-opinion routine of the legal and medical professions.

There is one hell of a lot that I don't know about the mind, and in that area I am perfectly willing to learn from you or anybody else who may come up with info. But I refuse to go back over ground that has been thoroughly covered, the hard way, by myself and by many, many others.

It might be well here to point out that the whole bunch of us have been guilty of fraud, any time we pretend to be talking about "how the mind works". None of us know the first thing about how the mind works; what we're really discussing is how it behaves, similarly to our knowledge of gravity and other matters whose actual workings are as yet a mystery to us. The first thing we could learn about how the mind works would be the exact mechanism of storage of data from incoming sense-perceptions; this is not known at present, except in a general way (electrochemical changes in complex molecules). Here, so far as I know, is an area where one man's guess is still just about as good as the next man's, since there are as yet no established facts to tip the scales in favor of the guy who has heard about them. I have a nice wild guess of my own along this line, which by its nature is completely impossible of proof, and is therefore not suitable for fruitful discussion.

Now, on that quick-healing deal: it's a simple useful little "skill" that anyone (I think) can learn; like most skills, it improves with practice. It doesn't depend on believing in much of anything, and is not necessarily based on dianetics, although I happened to run onto the idea that way. Perhaps I failed to mention that when I said quick-healing I meant really quick: at the time I was really hep to the gimmick, I managed a couple of rather nasty minor burns so that all the pain was over with in about ten seconds, and they did not form blisters at all, but only a sort of stiff patch on the skin, which came off like a small callous in a couple of days (callus?).

Turning off that (full-bore, not early-stage) cold: well, actually I did and do have a fair idea of how that was done, even though I haven't been able to duplicate it fully. Rich hit it with his remark about "what kind of emotional change"; it was definitely the uprooting of an emotional pattern that did it, and emotional patterns are not exactly easy to break up, if they're soaked in fairly deep and already have a leg up on you. Couple of weeks ago the P-I (morning paper here, folks) carried a story of one of their Lucky Buck winners. He had a bad cold, didn't go to work, and started for the doctor's office. On the way, he made a small purchase. In change he received this Lucky Buck, looked it up in the paper, and found he had the \$1200 one. After he had cashed it in, he found his cold was gone, so cancelled the appointment and went to work that afternoon. It figures, and certainly it's more fun to lose a cold and collect \$1200-- but it isn't what you'd call a consistent technique, either.

At any rate, my own reported incident was completely unprecedented to me, had considerable carry-over in breaking up what had for years been an inevitable sequence of discomforts whenever I caught cold, enabled me to turn off colds in the early stages if I caught 'em in time (had never been able to do this before, but can do it most times since then), and has been duplicated with partial and varying success on a number of occasions but not with complete success once the thing has a headstart. And personally I think it's much more likely that the deal was connected with what I was doing in the line of processing at that time, rather than being a sheer coincidence, because my partially successful line of attack on subsequent occasions is derived from the same sort of routine. Ah, you say, but it isn't entirely successful, proving that you are on the wrong track! Well, maybe so, but I think I'm heading in the right general direction, with a fair chance of eventually getting on the exact right track if I work at it more.

Personality changes: well, I can see how you and Rich would jump to the conclusion that it was Desire for Change rather than any work with specific processes that did whatever was done. But you're missing one piece of vital data, both of you: I did not start out intending to make any of the changes that actually occurred. I did not see the need for them, and they would not have seemed desirable to me at that point, according to the attitudes I held at that time. You cannot tell me that anyone can consciously set out to change his basic attitudes, against his strong natural urge to defend and maintain them. And yet this is what I found happening to me, by slow degrees. Man, I had a set of hardshell defenses that had become automatic rather than voluntary, and believe me, I had no intention whatsoever of discarding or weakening them; rather, I wanted to be even more armored and invulnerable, if I had any ideas on the subject at all. Inside that shell I was pretty well scared and full of anxiety, but then I didn't look inside it any more often than I could help. I was rather uneasy at the thought of being pushed around by submerged subconscious forces, but (like yourself) was sustained by a conviction that my conscious mind was perfectly capable of coping with it all (well, it is and it isn't; it's all in how you go about it). By the time I came to any particular hurdle in the way of having to give up any particular illusion about myself, I had generally absorbed enough push to make it possible to go ahead and do it. The only important changes that can be made are in attitudes: behavior, abilities, and enjoyment are side-products, purely.

You don't change an attitude by will-power, but you are right in saying that it is not done by merely following a process, either. Also, you don't change it until you're ready for the change-- that is, you start from where you are, and you take hold of what comes up as it comes up in the natural course of investigation.

OK, a guy has a problem, and with luck he wants to do something about it. Very likely the problem is not what he thinks it is, at all, but with more luck he'll eventually find this out and stop wasting effort in the wrong direction. Here's what is needed to make any basic constructive change in a person: (1) the will to start on the job and stick with it even when things are tough, (2) a method, process, or technique that fits the behavior of the mind well enough to be workable (there are lots of these, and it helps to be versatile or eclectic about using them), and most important of all, (3) developing the attitude of wanting to find things about which you are wrong and/or kidding yourself, and leap upon these with little cries of joy, like-- this is something that only develops after personal experience of discovering that the painful process of realizing you've been goofing for years is the most rewarding deal you'll ever run onto. Without this active and urgent eagerness to turn up your own deficiencies, you can want to fix things until you sweat blood, and can run thru processes until you turn blue, and it will do you no good whatsoever. That's what does it, friends-- you have to be eager to see where you're wrong, before you can ever bring yourself to drop cherished and deep-rooted beliefs that may be fouling you.

For instance, it took me a long time to realize that a hardnosed set of defenses is a blind alley; there is only one way to make yourself invulnerable, and that is to be 100% wide-open at all times. Obviously I have never been able to follow through on this all the way, but then I've already admitted that the job done on me is not a completed project by any means.

I've been rereading that last page, Tosk, and I must apologize to you for, in a sense, Running Under False Colors. That is, this is supposed to be a Personal Word to you, and that page (the second half, at least) is no such thing. It reads like a sales-talk, in a way, but I'm not out to sell you anything. In fact, strictly speaking, that part isn't even aimed at the membership as a whole. I think that perhaps what I was doing there was simply to re-affirm, for myself, some truths which I have allowed to sit idly and gather too much dust, all too often in recent years. And I am not really in such a redhot condition that I can afford to goof off thataway, and get away with it indefinitely. I do reasonably OK by most standards, possibly, but it certainly wouldn't hurt to be a little more on the ball in many respects.

Anyhow, you are hereby absolved from any obligation to comment on anything from about the middle of page 25 to here, since it's all simply meant as explanation; OK? Jack Harness can tell you that there is no Scientology (or even dianetics) as such in this part; it's purely personal experience and couched in everyday terminology at that.

OK, back to the wars and like that.

Relativity: well, to a couple of your questions, all I can say is look at the word just above. The increase in mass of a high-speed object is detectable only by increased gravitational force between it and the object against which that speed is measured; only relative velocity counts, here. The business of light-"particles" from opposite sides of a light-source moving at more than the speed of light with respect to each other is an apparent anomaly and cannot be explained verbally very well, since Einstein's theories are essentially mathematical formulations. And I'm damned if I'll horse around reproducing from memory what is available in libraries, on this subject. Again, Tosk, you are assuming that lack of information is valid justification for an opinion "that's just as good as anyone's". Note well, though, that I do not claim that Einstein's theories are $R^*I^*G^*H^*T$ — they're merely self-consistent. And I speak only of the Special Theory (dealing with objects moving with constant velocity); the General Theory is over my head, mathwise. Your hypothetical massless point moving at multiples of light-speed is a near relative of the quantity of angels who can dance on the point of a needle; like, man, it don't Signify.

Glad to see you're done being bugged at T&MCarr and enjoying their stuff.

I don't check your volume-figgers for the rotated cube. The end-cone volumes are each $2/27$ of pi-times-the-square-root-of-three, and the volume in-between is $5/27$ of the same quantity, adding, all told, to $1/3$ of it for the overall volume.

Since Nan says she's dropping, and since it/ ^(the following-mentioned deal) was largely my own goof in the first place, I might as well explain to the doubtless-bewildered membership just what all the hollering was about in your comments to Nan last time. Nan sent me a copy of her "shell-Toskey" comments of mlg-before-last and asked if I thought it would be OK for her to print them. Seeing only the obvious helping-hand intent, and forgetting that nobody, but nobody, takes kindly to being analyzed in public, I told her sure, what the hell, you'd either get something out of it or you wouldn't. So it's my fault she ran that bit, and definitely an error in judgment on my part. Apologies.

I might's well also point out to any in the audience who didn't dig it, that it's me you're bugged at, there where you chew on Nan and then keep saying it's not really her you're sore at. Yeh, you asked me what I thought of Nan's writeup, and heaven help me, I told you I thought she'd done a remarkable job of perceptive analysis by remote control. If I'd had any sense, I'd have suggested that she put it in a letter rather than into SAPS, and the only reason I'm discussing it here is to put the whole thing back in the suitcase and make it official that I'm off your back, if you're willing to have it that way. May I clarify a couple of points first, though?

You completely misinterpret Nan's "shell"-analogy and my agreement with it. (See back a few pages where I discuss this deal in my own case.) Hmm, Nan and I both made a booboo by failing to mention that this "shell" deal is no monopoly of yours; since it's purely a self-defense phenomena, everybody has it, more or less, unless and until they forcibly shuck it off (some few persons are excepted; they are generally known as saints or messiahs or etc). There is no Sense of Superiority involved in pointing out a common deficiency such as inability to fly or see through walls, and this

Shell Game is much the same crate of codfish: everyone has one of these, to the same extent that heesh is hamstrung on wide-open two(or more)-way communication on all levels, including the emotional. I'm not exempt, either (as if you didn't know).

Now possibly you still figure that OK this is fine for everybody else but it doesn't apply to you personally. So with no intention whatsoever of being one-up on you or Putting You Down or like that, let me explain what the "shell" concept means to me with respect to you:

Burnett Toskey demonstrably possesses a damn good working brain; you didn't get that Ph D by rote-memory (sometimes a factor in high-standings at lesser academic levels). When it comes to impersonal things, you have a good perception of subtleties and fine-distinctions. You are also a very alert guy; things do not go by you without notice because of torpor or unobservance. Yet you yourself admit that you are by no means "tactful" and that you do not dig "subtle" stuff in interpersonal deals. Your sensory equipment is top-drawer. So howcome you don't dig the small but vital nuances with regard to people? Howcome somebody practically has to hit you on the head with a hammer before you realize he means it when he disagrees with you?

I think you did just about what everybody else does: set up a wall against painful emotional turmoil. Kids generally do this at a very early age, but some are more efficient at it than others, and some hang onto it more strongly-- it depends both on the circumstances and on individual temperament. In your case it is reinforced by an otherwise-admirable fierce independent spirit-- the same that makes you such a good dependable guy all full of integrity and like that(which I say in all sincerity). But it does give you a bad time in understanding people (per "motivation" in writing, too)

OK, having spelled it out as best I can, and realizing that this really isn't the place for this sort of thing, I'd just as soon knock it off with apologies for having goofed in abetting the entire presentation, and wind up with Best Wishes and no further attempts at analysis-in-public, which just plain doesn't work out.

Well, yeh, I thought I could probably keep Retro at or under 20 pages, but with the last couple of mailings it didn't work out that way (re your "he says himself that he's probably finished his most active period in SAPS"). Frankly, I expected that the 30 pages of Retro#10 would remain as my high-water mark. But the last issue went overboard, and it looks as if this one will, also. Better-guessing next time, Tosk.

How about defining "maturity" as the capability for thinking and behaving toward the long-term as well as short-term benefit to both self and symbiotes-- consistently? I'll admit that none of us quite measure up, but it's a worthy goal.

You had a helluva good issue here, Tosk. Sorry I got so longwinded on just a few points that I must needs ramble on away In Search Of a pagecount limit.

Well, anyhow, you can't say you didn't get your share of Personal Word.

Personal Word to Wally Weber: Don't Telegraph-- Write! Like, write some more material to go into this here apa. Like, quit goofing off this way. Like-- so OK I promised not to twist your arm any more-- it's your foot I'm twisting, now. Relieved?

What you do have in here is choice nattering and I dig it the most. But what I want to know is: where the hell do you think you are-- FAPA?

Oh, yes-- congratulations for escaping from Swamp House, after seven long years.

Personal Word to BJO: OK, you can tell Wrotsler that I already heard how he lost his beard in a crap game-- some BeardApprovalBoard Chairman, I'll say-- I only hope they had a grey flannel suit in his size. (Well, that should teach Bill to insult SAPS on a SAPSzine-cover.)

Time out for about an hour while we had us a ball-- the first time that Bongo the parakeet and Brandy the cockatiel ever shared a pair of shoulders (mine). Brandy seems to shake Nobby all up, so that Nobs has to be put out in the car lest he add Brandy to his all-time score of two mice, one sparrow, one robin, and one parakeet (name of Beatnik, could have been Worthy Successor to Bemmy, if he'd had the chance). So we had miniscule Bongo bugging Brandy the most-- Bongo is gregarious and likes to chew on other people's tail-feathers, it would appear. Brandy is more the introvert type and would prefer that Bongo keep his distance, let alone getting personal. And birds' brains are mostly pure thalamus (emotional center) anyhow. They have fun.

Your preface and Ernie's recital hew admirably close to the story-line you gave us in person on the origin of "Gim Tree". I love this sort of thing. In fact, I do it myself when I get the chance:

Billern, if need be, can tell you about teletype tape. The original version is all full of holes, but a later model merely cuts about 3/4 of the way around the holes, leaving a li'l flip-lid flapping-- this version is known as "chadless tape". Now out on the tag-end of the Aleutian Islands during WWII, we had a pompous and ignorant lieutenant, who bugged us the most. One day he asked about chadless tape, and to my utter surprise I found myself explaining that "chadless tape is of course named for the late A. E. Chadless, an inventor of note". I was rather delighted to hear Lieutenant John P Gruble force this bit of technical lore on all the visiting brass for several months, with no backlash. As it happens, the tiny circles of paper displaced by the original hole-punching process are known as "chads".

So I don't really blame you, when you have an irresistible fugghead at hand...

All I can say about your 26th birthday roundup is that I'm glad, glad, GLAD-- but I love the "Introduction to a Fantasy" and would fain see much more of this multi-level material that appeals to practically all ages. The "Intro.." is most especially blessed with the illoes you have for it. Show me a child who does not dig this the most, and I'll show you an inevitable upcoming fugghead.

Your "sermon" to LStone is appropriate to all of us; hit me right between the eyes, it did. Right; let us live, as if we may or may not have a tomorrow-- so that either way we have done our best and need have no regrets. Not that I live up to this view, but I'd like to.

Seeing your "Safe and Sane children's toy" reaction to one of Tosk's earlier descriptions of how you impressed him, I can't wait to see what you have to say about the part where he says he's a sucker for the "homeless kitten type", and then goes on to speak of Y*O*U. Now where did I put my hard-radiation goggles??

Snakes vary a lot. The bullsnake is attractively-patterned, smooth to the touch, and responds to handling (loves to rub hiser head against your hand). Various "garter snakes" (actually a dull-brown water snake, in eastern Washington, anyhow) are drab, very rough-scaled, bad-tempered but too small to do much about it, and they stink (from the crud that accumulates under the rough scale-edges). In this area I once found a tiny brown-and-pink baby(?) snake about 4 inches long or smaller than a good sturdy angleworm. This was out on a sunlit lawn, with four small children present. First I talked them out of being afraid of it, and then I had to talk them into letting it go instead of handling it to death. It is fun to see a kid get over a fear of something; they just glow.

I know you're indicating your choice for the Pencil Pointer, but I don't quite recall the quotes. Oh well, your target undoubtedly will, & that's what counts.

Yes, the "wee critturs" (love that phrase of John's) like Tammy can snuggle up and make a warm spot right next to your heart in no time at all. And their life-spans are all too short, even when not cut short by accident or illness.

"...a small green bird wading in my drink, saying 'dammit' at me".. I think that line got more recurrent laughs out of us than any line in the mailing. It's come up any number of times in conversation, and it's still funny, dammit.

Yes, Wally has a flat-bed ditto machine. It's about as tall as a stack of 10 boxes of stencils, maybe, and an inch or three longer and wider. And it W*O*R*K*S, although each pieceapaper must be manually inserted, processed, and removed.

And to your little ballet-girl I say: Happy landings, and the South will rise again! Or so let us hope, that the poor kid ain't gonna sit there indefinitely.

AND THAT'S ALL THE PEOPLE to whom I can say Personal Words in this 50th Mailing-- or is it? After all, Leslie Norris and Ted Johnstone are invited for this time. So, Les and Ted, the Personal Word I have for you, each, is W*E*L*C*O*M*E. And with Mangee's (sob!) departure, it may be that time has been sufficient so that welcome can also be extended to Djinn Dickson this time instead of next time.

You see? Mailing Comments are not necessary for 2-way communication in SAPS.

And the page-number is appropriate. While we're not yet to the end of this zine by any means (fair or foul), herewith is reprinted the 7th and final Hall of Shame story, from Sinisterra #8 (dated "winter 1956", but a number of copies were assembled in time for Wally to take them to the NYCon for peddling purposes).

As previously mentioned, the series appeared in Sinisterras #2 thru #8, over a 6-year period (#2 was being peddled at the Portland Norwescon, in 1950). The reprint appearances haven't strung out that long, at least; I started this kick in Mailing #40, and continued it in Mailings 44, 45, 46, 47, - 49, and now #50.

Having recently helped wrap up a 102-page CRY, I now marvel that I caviled at reprinting these things in the Toskey Fashion (as a "Hall of Shame Anthology"), and instead sneaked the buggers in one at a time this way...

Wouldn't be maundering on like this, except that the sliderule says I can't get the piece onto only two stencils, anyhow. OK, keeping in mind that the heading was part of a 2-page illo-spread (which you are mercifully spared), here we go:

Sinisterra's Hall of Shame presents:

G R A V Y P R E F E R R E D

-- by F M Busby

(Editor's Note: Some stories stand the Test of Time! This one didn't.)

I work for the Company, and the Company rules the world, which is as it should be. Lately, however, I have been beset by Doubts. When the world's greatest poet-philosopher was drawn-and-quartered for throwing a gum wrapper into the garbage bin instead of the trash bin, I was confused. When I saw the Company President's children wading in champagne while millions starved, I wondered. When the Company bailiffs repossessed my wife because I had made a payment only 3 days early instead of the customary full week, a question began to arise at the back of my mind.

I've worked for the Company since I was 3 years old.. I'm not one of the Top Men, but I'm on the staff of a man near to the Top. This makes it plausible for the Author to give, through me, a panoramic view of our society from Top to Bottom. So, when after 25 years of faithful service my wife was repossessed, the question that arose in my mind, was:

"When is payday?"

It isn't quite that simple, of course; nothing is ever quite that simple. There are 500 years of deep and profound social development that evolved my Society from yours -- you Primitive, you. There are significant trends in your own Society that would indicate the eventual dominance of the Company, had you but the wit to see. There are subtle and complex reasons why the Company was bound to come out on Top. For one thing, it had all the Money.

It wasn't so much that the Company repossessed my wife. After all, she was kind of a slob, even though a Vice-President's daughter. Oh, she was beautiful enough; passionate, too. And intelligent. A perfect mother to our children, until they were repossessed for keeping a library book overdue, about 6 months before this story opens. She was rich, of course, and generous. But with all that, she was a slob. Don't ask a lot of stupid questions; just take my word for it.

No, it was more than that. Maybe it was the morning when the transport system broke down as I was on my way to the Office. I had to walk along the Commonways, and for the first time in all too many years, I saw-- really saw-- the Little People of the city. Oh, yes-- all my life I had known they were there in their millions, holding up the Foundations of Society, but now I saw them as they really were: Little. And I wondered. Why, I wondered, don't the Little People ever get to be Big People? Little People are all well and good, but-- two feet tall? As they scurried past me, their heads bumping against my knees, I wondered about this. Something, I felt, should be done. Such as keeping the transport system operative, perhaps, so that junior executives wouldn't be subjected to this sort of thing and get all shook up.

I finally reached the Office, that morning. After making the usual genuflections in the direction of the Home Office, I crawled bare-kneed down the freshly-cindered aisle to the desk of our local Manager, who, much as I dislike reaching for quotation marks, grimaced, "I have a mission for you.

"There are indications of unrest among the small stockholders along the delta of the lower Fiduciary," he grimaced. I understood him perfectly; he could say more with a grimace than anyone I ever knew. Never said a word; just grimaced. "Agitators have been seen turning down the volume controls of their 3V sets. In the old days, of course, some people used to turn the volume up for the program and down for the commercial. But now that it's all commercial and no programs, we can't afford that sort of thing. Why-- next they'll be bootlegging pituitrin to the Little People, and you know what that would do to the food supply. I think you know what to do." And with a final grimace, he handed me an advance copy of the second installment, so that there could be no question about it.

Debarking from the transjet liner as the setting sun reflected from the waters of the lower Fiduciary, I was met by the usual venal Local Representative, whose enthusiasm for the Company had waned as badly as mine is apt to do before this is over. I never did get his name right, as all my attention was focused upon the Girl who came over to join us just as he was introducing himself. Ah, Insol! Insol of the Underground! Insol Vent, her name was, before it was changed to something more sexy for the paperback edition.

Insol wasn't exactly beautiful, or particularly intelligent, but she was very, very passionate. Or else she had a terrific sense of humor-- one or the other-- because she was always telling dirty jokes. Such as what the blonde stockholder said when she received her little dividend. Oh, if only this weren't a family magazine--!

I hated her at first sight. Stupid of me; I knew what the Author had in mind, sending me way down there into the boondocks and throwing her at me like that-- but you don't pad out to 4 installments without throwing in a little extraneous conflict, so I hated her anyway. I hated the way her hair hung down over her eyes. I hated the way it hung down over her nose. I hated the way it hung down over her mouth, so that nobody could understand a word she said. I wished she would get the hell up off her hands and knees. Boy, isn't this Virile Prose for you?

So that's why I turned against the Company and joined Insol's subversive group in their attempts to overthrow the Company's control of the world. The Author wrote it like that; that's why.

After I got to the top of the inside of the Underground and had all the lowdown, I escaped out from under and took all this vital information to the Company's Home Office. It did me no good. The Company was willing to make me a Vice-President, rerepossess my wife back to me for the missed payments plus interest, and let us go on vacation for both of the remaining installments. But the Author wouldn't go for it, so instead I delivered an obscene harangue to the Board of Directors (which will appear in full, in the paperback edition), fought my way out with a ball-point side-arm, and entered the 3rd installment at the point of death from multiple stapler-wounds, staggering into Underground HQ for succour. Insol, in an ill-advised attempt to rescue me, had been captured by the Company's bailiffs. She hadn't been able to see where she was going, of course, and she still hated my guts as badly as I hated hers, but this Author is truly an obstinate type. Rescue he says, and rescue it is. Big Deal.

I had hardly digested the synopsis and begun to orient myself when the Company mounted an attack on U.G.H.Q., to rescue me-- I was beginning to feel like Mister Sitting Duck of 2455. The attack was led by my wife, whose contract had been paid off by the Company President for considerations that would turn the stomach of any sensitive civilized man-- She Taught Him To Play Canasta (a Webster Classic).

My wife stormed into my sickroom, jammed a thermometer into my mouth and a revised script into my hands, and grated, "Cheese." The photographers thanked us and left. Then, well into the 3rd installment, with the plotline relatively undeveloped and loose threads hanging out all over, and tangling things, the action picked up with a hectic, episodic smash.....

...."Hunch down, dammit," said the overseer. "How are you going to learn what it means to be one of the Little People, really one of them," his whip bit into my back-- "if you don't hunch down more?" I could not answer him; truly I could not....

...we crept along the tunnel; machine-gun bullets whistled overhead, one of them slightly off-key. "I'll always love you," I shouted against the noise of battle-- "what did you say your name was?" "You're not really sincere;" she said, "this is merely an incident in the rapidly-developing plot-line." I patted her reassuringly on the revolver.

..."You have betrayed the Company's Ideals," said the President reassuringly, patting himself on the revolver. "The Company rules the world, which is as it should be: haven't you read any of the story at all?" "I will never betray the Underground," I said, "not again, I won't." The girl with the mad eyes slashed me across the antrims with a copy of Panic. For this I had deserted a secure position with the Company? "I'll have to think it over a little more," I temporized. Where was Insol? Where was my rereposessed wife? Where was the nameless girl of the tunnel?

..."Here I am, darling," she whispered. "You're safe now; the Bomb was a dud" No more so than the plotline, surely. "We'll never be separated again," she breathed. The next instant, she was dashed to her death on the rocks a thousand feet below. What a lousy cynic that Author is; I didn't even know her name yet and he drops her.

With daredevil valor, overcoming impossible odds, I fought my way back to my old desk. "Fire the Tierra del Fuego agent, Miss Arglebargle," I barked. "Sell 3,000 widows and orphans, assorted, to the Southern Cartel," I added, just to keep in character. "Don't let anyone into this room: there is a plot afoot, and the plotters must at all costs be kept away from my bicycle here. Afoot is bad enough." As the final installment began, there was a brainshaking clamour outside; the Underground had come through. Into my shielded impregnable guarded invulnerable soundproof Office surged the Underground-- the hopeful idealists, the frustrated hopefuls, the embittered frustrates, the idealistic embittereds-- what a viscous circle this had turned out to be.

All factions beat at me with their arguments, their ideals, their short lengths of bicycle tire. From my own bicycle.

"Darling," cried my rererereposessed wife (you missed one turn, but it's all in the paperback version), we can be together through all amortization, until the end of depreciation. Think of what the Company can do for you. Think of your 25 years of service. Think of all that Money."

Insol stepped forth. For the first time, I saw her face; someone had given her the front half of a crewcut. Nice, apparently. "Come on," she urged, "be a Hero. What do you think we've been saving you for, through 3 1/2 installments. Besides," she blushed, "I'm a little bit what the French call, enceinte!"

"But that's impossible! Why, we haven't--" I was stunned...

"I know," she agreed. "I don't understand it myself, but it's probably in the paperback edition. So come on, boy, do something. What does it take, to get you off your leadlined duff?" Actually, that was just about all it took. I consigned Insol to the borscht mines, allowed my wife to be rererereposessed at a discount, accepted a Vice-Presidency by virtue of the Author's good will, telegraphed a wreath to the unmarked grave of my nameless lost love of the tunnel & cliff, and settled down to a quiet but rewarding life of sin with my secretary, Miss Arglebargle.

The Company rules the world, which is as it should be. - - - - -

((Well, anyhow, we kept from slopping over here onto page ==33==))

But on the other hand, fellow primitives, if I'd judged that better and hadn't yeffled along so far down page 30, I wouldn't have had to chop the final paragraph so much and jam it up against its predecessor that way. So, in order to avoid that sort of thing from here on, leave us proceed immediately to:

U L T I M A T E W E A P O N

** by Art Rapp **

"Stop it!" cried Wrai Ballard, blushing furiously.

"Stop what?" asked Nanshare innocently.

"Stop thinking such things about me!" said Wrai.

"Oh for goodness sakes, Wrai, you're the one who wanted to practice to improve our ESP ability," Nanshare told him.

"Sure," said Wrai, "but keep your mind on the card-symbols and off me, will you?"

"Can I help it if I admire men who are 6 feet tall and built like a gorilla?"

"Well, you don't have to be so darn specific-- it's embarrassing when you let your imagination run away with you the way you do."

"You mean your physique isn't really that much like a gorilla's?"

"That is none of your business!" cried Wrai, blushing again.

"O well, I can dream, can't I?" Nanshare murmured.

"Not," Wrai told her, "if you expect Toskey to let you stay in SAPS."

"Oh foof," said Nanshare. "I'll contact Tosk by telepathy and find out for myself if he's as strait-laced as you all try to make me think he is."

"Impossible!" cried Wrai. "He not only doesn't believe in telepathy; he doesn't even believe in the subconscious mind. How can you expect to establish telepathic contact with anyone as skeptical as that?"

"Never underestimate the power of a femmeSAP," muttered Nanshare, sending a thought-beam in the direction of Seattle...

"Heilegen Steinundbrotchenjammer! Neffer ((watch those plugs, Art!)) haff I sooch ein Konferenz für Psychoanalitik partizipated in," gargled Herr Doktor Lochinkopf, the eminent Seattle psychoanalyst, gazing in barely-concealed horror at the miscellaneous group occupying his stuffy office just off the university campus.

"But Doc," explained Buz, "since these strange symptoms began to affect us all simultaneously, there is obviously a common cause-- so why waste your valuable time on individual interviews when you can get the story from all of us together?"

"Vy does der taxi-driver prefer to carry vun passenger at a time rather than ein whole cabful?" muttered Doktor Lochinkopf bitterly into his beard, causing Pfeifer and Weber to become embroiled in a vehement argument over which of them would have the privilege of propounding this subtle philosophical riddle in the next SAPS mailing. Herr Doktor Lochinkopf, however, had supplemented his studies at Vienna, the Sorbonne, Mayo's, and Doc Brinkley's Glandular Therapy Center, with a cram course at the Scientology Foundation, and was therefore prepared to look unflinchingly upon reality--so he realized if he refused the fans' request for a joint consultation, he'd get no fee at all. Therefore, he said, "Brozeed mit der story."

"Well," said Buz, "as I say, the trouble hit all of us at the same time, tho its effects varied. Wally, for example, came to our attention when someone offered him a glass of milk: incredibly, Wally refused it, saying 'All us cats just love sweet wine!'"

Wally blushed at the recollection. "HMMMMMMMM, very interesting," said Doktor Lochinkopf, non-committally.

"Blotto Otto, on the other hand," Buz continued, "who could of course have made

such a remark without causing so much as a lifted eyebrow, revealed his eccentricity in quite a different manner. We found him, after a lengthy search, crouched in a corner of Swamp House stroking a dead mouse he had somehow obtained, crooning to it and calling it 'Ignatz'."

"Yuh," said Blotto Otto, "I got him right here in my pocket, Doc. Yuh wanna see Ignatz, Doc, huh Doc, huh?" He began fumbling in his jacket.

"Not now, Otto," said Elinor sharply; Otto meekly subsided, muttering to himself.

"HMMMMMM, very interesting," said Doktor Lochinkopf noncommittally.

"Elinor," continued Buz, "showed only a subtle manifestation of mental aberration. While discussing household needs, I realized she was telling me to buy her a butcher knife."

"Oh, Buz! Can't you see it's you who have a mental quirk about that word?" interrupted Elinor. "What else would you call that kind of big knife you use for carving roasts and cutting up hekto jelly, except a butcher knife? It's the same kind that Mr. Krause uses every day, down at Krause's Butcher Shop."

"HMMMMMM, very interesting, said Doktor Lochinkopf non-committally.

Presently the psychiatrist realized that Buz was not going to volunteer any more information, and asked, "Und you, Herr Busby, vot sort uff mental phenomena did you eggzberience?"

Blushing slightly, Buz explained that much as he loved his 8 wives, he had suddenly found himself haunted by visions of a femme who, so to speak, outRotslered Rotsler. After the term "Rotsler girl" had been explained to him with gestures, the Doktor tugged his beard meditatively and eyed Buz for a long time. "HMMMMM, very interesting," said Doktor Lochinkopf, non-committally.

"It's driving us crazy!" the fans chorused. "What is causing it, Doc?"

"Vell," he said profoundly, "all dis leads me to der conclusion dot sumvun iss mit your subconscious minds tampering. Aber, ve must noddt aggzept dis mitoudt further czhecking," here he whispered over the intercom to his receptionist; "..und zo I haff ein eminent colleague uff yours und mine inwited to diss converenze."

"Wait a minute!" said Buz angrily. "We refuse to compare minds with GMCarr!"

"Carr, schmarr! I zpeak noddt uff Frau Carr, but uff Herr Brovessor Tozkey."

"But he's not even affected by this! That's why we didn't bring him along."

"Ve shall zee." And the Doktor, by shrewd questioning, proceeded to discover that a Miss Nancy Share of Danville, Pa, possessed certain characteristics relating to the phenomena experienced by the group. At this point, still smudged with chalk-dust from the classroom, Toskey arrived. The Doktor explained the situation to him. "..und zo," he concluded, "ve haff reason to believe dot diss Nanshare fraulein iss mit der mental waves der Zeattle fans affecting. Budt you, Herr Brovessor, are alzo ein Zeattle fan, und zo should alzo be affected. Haff you noticed anything oudt uff der ordinary aboutt your mental processes lately, Herr Tosk?

"Who, me?? I hate to say it, Doc, but you're barking up the wrong tree when you try to pull this 'subconscious' jazz on old Tosk. There is no such thing, and I could prove it to you mathematically if I had the time to work out the equations.

"Why," continued Tosk contemptuously, as he fished a sack of Bull Durham out of the pocket of his black leather motorcycle jacket and began rolling a smoke with one hand, "the notion of one person's mind affecting another person's is almost as silly as the crackpot idea one of my students was arguing in class this evening-- that you could have a 'negative number' that was less than zero!"

((And that's all. Maan, was I scared that that one might run off this page!))