

RETRO

20

APRIL 1961

SAPS 55



RETRO



((On Feb 12th, 1961, then, we finish the stencilling of this zine with PAGE 3))
RETRO #20 SAPS 55 April 1961 F. M. Busby 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Wash
Rounding out my first 5 years in SAPS without having missed a mailing as yet, which
might seem to call for a real live honestoPete

E d i t o r i a l !

An alarmist might well say that fandom is going to hell in a handbasket lately. Of course, an alarmist is apt to say something like that most any time, what with all the cyclic and divergent trends available for him to cite in support of his claim. But right now he might make a fair case of it: prozines in trouble, fanzines stealing EC's label of "New Trend" for a preoccupation with comicbooks, gumcards, etc-- a blight lieth upon the Fannish Gay, and even SAPS doesn't seem to be much fun.

Considering that tendencies which are rather diffuse in fandom-as-a-whole are apt to become highly concentrated in a small fast-changing group like SAPS, it was not too difficult to figure the cause. Having done so, it seems well to air my conclusions before the group. If you think Earl Kemp stirred up a fuss, just stick around, because the battlecry is

Down With Creeping Serconism!

This is not a demand that all must be funnyfunny-haha. Earnest sincerity, or seriousness, is not Sercon in itself. Serconism consists of undue and inappropriate solemnity, of taking oneself all too damn seriously, and of taking others at the most basic level of literal translation. And Serconism is not in itself a Bad Thing; at its worst it becomes fuggheadedness, but at its best it is actually constructive. On the average, though, it gets pretty boring in large doses. ("Beyond This Horizon" is out in paperback now; see the initial characterizations of Hamilton Felix, a sort of mildly-constructive fannish or insurgent type, and Monroe-Alpha Clifford, the perfect example of one who is Sercon to the core; I refer only to the characterizations, not to their respective roles and actions along the plotline. Clifford is a nice guy but he just doesn't quite dig.) But CREeping Serconism Must Go!

So, what do I mean by Creeping Serconism? I'm glad you asked that question, Charlie; it gave me time to catch my breath there.

Creeping Serconism is the process by which Sercon attitudes infect the behavior of people who had previously outgrown them. Yes, outgrown-- Serconism is a natural stage in the development of the fan (which is another reason why it would be foolish to call it a Bad Thing in itself). But a regression to Sercon attitudes is a sort of second childhood. Creeping Serconism is the infectious blight that causes good fans who would normally know better to miss the point of a quip and come back with a plonking rejoinder (a non-SAPS example is when Wrai wrote of asking someone to say something in Canadian and caught a blast from someone to the effect that miGhod don't you know enough to know that Canadians mostly speak English You Idiot!).

Creeping Serconism is not much of a problem in general fandom because of the diffuse setup there; it's a very diluted menace in FAPA because of the larger size and slower turnover of that group. But Creeping Serconism is what seems to be well on its way to making the SAPS mailings read like the writings of a selected group of Monroe-Alphas; good ol' Cliff would feel right at home, I'm sure.

Fight Creeping Serconism, it says here! How, you say? Just don't go along with it any more, that's how. Like, I'm getting tired of explaining the point when somebody trips over one and falls flat on his face. From now on I'll feel free to dismiss such misinterpretations with a quiet tidy "CS"-- it seems The Thing To Do, and the GI meaning of those initials will not be meant except where expressly specified.

And since certainly I can't be any more sure than anyone else of avoiding lapses into Creeping Serconism during this the height of the epidemic, naturally one and all should feel free to call my attention to such lapses on my part. But just to block the otherwise-inevitable counterploy from anyone from whom this piece may be drawing a little blood by now, and since as long as I'm inventing this game I get one free move-- to attempt to dismiss this page as CS shall be prima facie evidence of Creeping Serconism on the part of the counterattacker. Wiggle out of that one...

DOWN WITH CREEPING SERCONISM! PUT THE FUN BACK INTO SAPS! DO IT NOW! --Bus

It is getting to the point where I can no longer keep track of the various subterfuges that I've used to try to trick you all into reading the major part of this zine which is inevitably based on the contents of the previous mailing and which can come to be an awful lot of work on these larger mailings of late. So it is with tongue in rueful cheek that I entitle this portion of the zine

T h e M a i n D r a g

Spectator 54 (OEney): OK, so you're Ghod and all, but I still think you could have found a better way to cover up all those goofs on members needing activity credit than by scuttling the cornerstone of SAPS, to wit: "six pages required in any period of two consecutive mailings". This is the strategic phrasing that has made SAPS the apa in which you gotta hit at least every other mailing or you're dead, and I would hate very much to see it dropped. NEXT OE, whoever you are: restore the vigor of the lifeblood of SAPS by reinstating this crucial requirement! PLEASE!

This seems to be my day to bite OEs, because I'm bugged by this landslide-prone Lillar Poll ballot-- whereas the past few ballots have operated increasingly to get a better opinion-sample and spread the egoboo around, this ballot reverses that trend completely and can't help but give a distorted impression based on momentary current interest-fads. I don't think I'd vote this one at all, except I hate to spoil my record, like. And if this be considered sour-grapish-- glass houses, all? So, leaving the field strewn with the dismembered remains of epigrams that didn't quite come off... No personal disparagement intended, OEney; it's the actions that bug me, not the perpetrator per se. Like, you may be Ghod, but I Am A Jealous People!

Pause For a Short Break-- #1

Like we stopped this mad clatter of type-pallets, to have dinner, and the hour was improved by dipping into Sturgeon's new Ballantine pb "Some of Your Blood". I must warn you to keep in mind that this book is neither science-fiction or fantasy; otherwise its 1961-dateline is apt to put it on the 1962 Hugo Ballot, because here is Sturgeon in his More Than Human guise, so that it could easily be overlooked that no specific fantasy element has been included in this piece. Which you should read.

Outsiders 42 (W Webster Ballard): That's pretty sadistic of you to keep encouraging the waitlists to try to get you to miss a mailing, when you know full well that you would never break our hearts by ever doing such a thing.

Nandu (gee, it's nice to be able to put that title to a comment again!): I love that wild river bit, long sentences or no long sentences; it lives.

But you do not dig Shirley Jackson too well, Nan. Or at least you are judging her on her early experimental "mood" stuff: "The Lottery" is at least ten years old; "Miss" Jackson has written several books since then, of varied content. "The Wall" is largely downbeat in slant, like unto "The Lottery" but not without its upbeat passages. But I think you would enjoy, highly, her "Life Among the Savages" and its sequel, which are autobiographical in nature, mixed sweet and bitter as it comes up.

OK, Wrai: I've heard the .25 Auto spoken of as "the Divorce Automatic", but in one case (reported to me by an eyewitness) "The woman emptied the gun, putting five of the seven slugs into her husband. He let her have her tantrum out and then he got mad and took the thing away from her." The husband and some friends were just outside a small-town dance-hall in northern Idaho. They were engaged in hanging some fella who had walked in cold and danced with the wife in the case. After the fireworks was over, they went ahead and hung him; you might say he went out cold, too. And I might say that I have been to that town and believe that story...

Now that Elinor owns a Deringer all her very own, do you have to give her ideas?

That abbreviated Code of Honor sounds about right. I think it boils down to clobbering your opponent as needed and saying "Pardon me" if and when you have time. I have got to admit that it is pretty drastic to clobber somebody and then just say "Noted"; that's like dropping the Bomb offshore and depending on the fallout...

So you finally blew the gaff on how the '58 OElection was "fixed"; boy, that should teach these innocent neos who still believe in justice and fair play and let old ladies cross the street first to clear off the predatory taxicabs, and all.

BUT... that "fandom vs married love" bit was in my first Retro, near 5 years ago!

Ragnarok (Terry and Miri Carr): If "Egoboo For Algernon" isn't the best story Carl Brandon has ever done, it's an awfully close contender. This is perfectly done, Terry, and the aptness of the punchline is awesome.

We didn't exactly recite Sidney's piece to him at Boise; we were more giving quotes from it and working them into the conversation with variations. That lad has a real genius for humor, though...

Miri: That business of hospitals letting you stand around and hurt while they unconcernedly carry on their routine is one of the most bugging things there is. In case of lacerations it is always possible to fight back by bleeding all over the desk (and then there was the Army medic who didn't believe me when I told him I gagged easily and that the tongue-depressor really wasn't a very good idea-- it was just like somebody had caught him with a firehose, only mostly GI soup).

Boiled coffee: nothing to it except getting the amount of coffee right for the amount of water, and turn the heat down as soon as it comes to a boil; it'll have been getting more and more noisy, and when it suddenly quiets down, that's it. We have added one further refinement: after taking it off the heat, letting it settle for a moment, and maybe running a little dash of cold water in the spout to help it settle, we pour it off the grounds into another pot and set that on the burner at "Warm" or "Simmer" or whatever your stove says.

But once again, DYDCOMZ, either of you.

Perversion Layer (Harness, Pelz): Neither my files nor my recalls are good enough to state whether this is 100% FTL, but I don't positively recognize any item as definitely being from anyone else. Hope you quote the sources and dates this time as a follow-up. Most of the first page is remarkably timeless, but on the second page are several clues as to the general period. This variation of PencilPointing gives some interesting comparisons, doesn't it?

Pause For a Short Break-- ///2

This is a crazy town. Way up here in the Northwest, and this Feb 5th a grey overcast day with hints of rain. So we'd been driving around this afternoon and were near Golden Gardens beach, and figured we might as well have a look. "There won't be anyone there on a day like this", said Elinor; "We can let the dogs run loose without a leash." Famous Last Words; the place was loaded with cars and people and dogs, strolling, fishing, skindiving, Scuba-diving, and boating. Most of them were still there when the rain got a little too much for us and we left. It was pretty warm, yes-- at least in the high 50s. But in February, in the rain..

Beach Scene, Seattle: this is a crazy town; I like it.

Two Heads.. & 1st SAPSzine for '61 (Durward/Lichtman): Ah yes, but the two heads of the 2-headed OgrE were on the same membership. You're blazing a new trail here with this joint campaign, and I'm not sure how the membership will take to the idea of divided responsibility as an officially-recognized thing. Perhaps it's only a formality, but it might have been a better vote-drawing card for just one of you to run for OE, giving the same explanation as to how you'd share the work but with the other as Emergency Officer. These thoughts, by the way, indicate nothing whatsoever about my own still-virgin ballot. I ain't talkin', see! /// The Handi-Graf looks to have good possibilities; Ditto, remember, is perishable when exposed to light. /// Time is the traitor; in "1st SAPSzine" you're plugging for Bruce; less than a week later you're producing campaign literature on your own account. Sic transit..

Halberd (Hal Shapiro): Boy, you are really determined that no one is accidentally going to have undeserved friendly feelings toward you if you have anything to say about it. Not that you are uniformly derogatory to everyone-- far from it. But I can't help wondering why you find it necessary to specify a negative attitude toward someone when indifference or neutrality would continue if you hadn't spoken your piece? Let's take Arv Underman, for instance; since I haven't met Arv and am only just now getting much of a picture of him as an individual, I can hardly be accused of buddyism for asking you howcome your gratuitous slam at him. OK, so you are bugged at Ted White. Aside from the fact that Arv and Ted aren't likely to

have met at all and that Arv does not even mention Ted in Spianato so that you're probably directing that slam to the wrong party entirely, from carelessness-- aside from that, then, are you actually saying that you don't want to know any of the many people in fandom who "associate" with Ted White? I think maybe you're letting yourself get carried away there, more than just a little bit.

Or maybe you just don't like peace-&-quiet. Welcome to SAPS anyhow, Hal.

Psilo 3 (Jane Jacobs): Jane, I think it's your fault that OEney goofed up the rules. You missed two mailings in a row but still he didn't want to do you out of your vote, so he re-did the rules. I wouldn't've, by golly; I'd've maintained the evil blackheartedness of the OEsip against all blandishments, partly because it's the Thing To Do, and partly because I like your material (MC-gripes aside) too well to want to see you missing the mailings. ((AN ASIDE: has anyone else noticed that rules 1 & 2, as they appear in Spec 54, say nothing whatsoever about separate activity requirements of dual memberships, and thus would legally grant votes to the spouses of members Anderson, Berry, Coslet, Devore, Kemp, and Pfeifer at the very least; did I miss anyone, there? What a ploy this could have been for a vile wicked unprincipled OE-candidate!)) Shame on you, a little bit, Jane!

The Animal Nuts Corner sounds like fun; keep us informed on this, hmm? ~~##~~ You and Miri have a good thing going, giving us the word on health-foods. Yes, it bugs me no end to have to pay for double-processing of food in which one process knocks the vitamin-content out and the second puts it back only sideways most likely. So for the ultimate irony, food that ^{has} been put through neither process costs extra!

Uhh-- look, huh? You don't really mean "SAPS is an amateur journalism society and not a penpal league"; you mean "I want SAPS to be...", etc, don't you? Else why the grotching about some of the elements that make SAPS what it currently is? And once again I must reiterate that no one in SAPS has ever seriously advocated that "we exclude everything else" except MCs. No kidding, Jane, that's a straw man.

With one exception, I couldn't agree more with your remarks on Red China. No, two exceptions. I agree that the Red Chinese are a terrifying menace, but I don't agree that refusal to give formal diplomatic recognition to Peiping implies that the problem is being ignored. But the exception I started to make is this: "vetoing notions to recognize Red China"-- the US has not ever once used the Veto in the UN! That, in fact, is the problem-- it seems that our policy of never using the veto is so important that while most of our wheels are dead-set against admitting Red China to the UN, the use of the veto is not even being considered as a means of stopping such admittance. Don't ask me why; I'm just an observer, not an analyst.

In spite of the prevalence of dissents in the above, I like Psilo.

Mraoc 3 (~~psilo/psilo~~)(Lee Jacobs): Thanks for the statistics, and I'm sure that one member would have thrown out a zine rather than take the chance of being substituted into the following sentence: Kemp did 178 for SAPS in the 1st 3 mailings.

Ah, there, where were we? "The genzine was distributed in SAPS but the bride wasn't" is a fine line. ~~##~~ Man, you are welcome to any and all of our pinball machines; far as I'm concerned, they're just a source of extraneous noise in the beaneries and a source of headlines from the recurrent bombings that seem to beset the "industry" in these parts.

Yes, many of us were quite taken with Chris Moskowitz' fine satire on the newcome-sercon's approach to fanzines; she has it all there, every word.

Oh-oh! So you're the one who planned that ballot! APOLOGIES TO OENEY! I'm afraid I like the deal even less with this proviso that all points in a category can be awarded to just one person. There's already quite a bit of agitation to drop the Pillar Poll, and my strong hunch is that this landslide-encouraging ballot may bring the question to a head for next year, regardless of individual "standings". And this is sort of too bad, because the Pillar Poll was kind of fun when it was spread-out, more. Oh well... Anyhow, Thank You, Lee Jacobs, for zines that are long on entertainment even if a bit short at times on communication. There's room for both.

..we just call it Amateur Journalism.. you know, like amateur tennis.. only different

Not Much of Anything, Let Alone Poetry, Corner:

I'm tired of Roscoe, tired of Ghu,
Fed up with Phthalo, also with Foo,
Bored with Raloki, even with Kloote,
Ignatz hath charms, but who gives a hoot?

If fannish ghods fill a fannish need,
Wherefore, then, can I place reliance?
Shall fannish minds then pay fannish heed
To a fannish version of Christian Science?

I guess maybe Kloote wasn't so bad at that.

Host 5 (Ted Johnstone): "What else rhymes with Shaggy?" Baggy, craggy, draggy, gagey, haggy, jaggy, laggy, Maggie, naggy-- haven't you ever used the alphabetical approach to recalcitrant areas of crossword puzzles?

The Model 4 Deringer is single-shot, single-action like all such pieces, fires the .22-short from a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch barrel with surprising accuracy (you'd expect maybe to be able to hit a cow at ten feet, but not much more than that, whereas I found the Model 4 to wobble not more than 6 inches from the center of the target at 75 feet, mostly, and the wobble was practically all mine, not the gun's); recoil unnoticeable as with all .22 rimfires.

Your "Fandom" game sounds like the Monopoly-variation that was discussed at the '59 WesterCon by Jack Speer, Ron Ellick, and others of us. Particularly I recall the line "Ride with Al Lewis. Go directly to hospital. Do not pass "Go". Do not collect \$200". ## OK, what year do I get to see that poem? ## And how is SAPS ever going to reap the advantages from your research into-- 42 positions, you say?

The Watchbird bit on the Mailing-Misser is most apt.

A good zine, and interesting, but I've gotta enter one grotch, and it's a major one: Ted, it is not necessary to Tell Everything You Know, just to make sure that everyone knows you know it. I spot four instances of this particular goof in Host 5, and believe me these do nothing for the overall effect. Nothing good, that is. Sorry, Ted, but there it is; it'd be no favor to you, to just let it pass, would it?

VTS SAPS (Kemp/O'Meara): Earl, you convince me that maybe it's just as well I was unable to make it to a reunion of my old High School class a couple of years ago; it all sounds pretty deadly. The woodsy bit sounds great, though. BDYDCOMZ!

Jim: E Layne Hull had a 2-part serial, "The Winged Men", in aSF around (I think) May-June 1944. Could this be the s-f story you broke in on as a tad? Submarine is somehow put into the future, there is no natural solid land anymore, humanity has split into two branches, winged and aquatic. Ring any bells with you?

The ZED 795 and the other zine, too (Karen Anderson): Thanks for the "Alice..." script, Karen. A lot of good lines I'd either forgotten or didn't quite catch at the time. This is appreciated, like.

Good living trip-writeup, and yes I believe the True Incident final cartoon.

Tales From Unforgotten Squink: OK, so hide behind that odd-sized paper, if'n you got such a case of the uglies as all that. I enjoyed seeing Bjo's Chicon II report again, find a tinge of familiarity (but not of exact recognition) for several other items, and could cheerfully shoot you for giving that "lettercol" (the choicest part of the zine, in some ways) that "continued.." treatment. Anyhow, if you continue to have trouble identifying yourself, try dogtags, the new miracle indentifiers.

Pause For a Short Break-- #3

I wonder how evident it was to most of you, the unusual nonpartisan quality of the outgoing and incoming speeches of Eisenhower and Kennedy respectively? Ike took off into sociological extrapolation like unto a milder JWCjr, and Jack crammed an unbelievable amount of organized material on foreign policy into a not-overlong talk, a talk that was unexpectedly heavy on the inspirational side, I'd say. I was most pleasantly amazed by these two presentations. ((And that is all for today, fellas..))

Speleobem 10 (Bruce Pelz): Well, I don't see that it's "rationalizing" to say that our 174-inch Lark is not an Insolent Chariot (like Tosk's 225-inch Buick), regardless of what the Big Three may in future try to sell under the "compact" label. Hmmm?

The remainder of your comments to Elinor lead me to wonder. You talk about "tone of typer" without considering that perhaps it is easier for you to misread the tone of Elinor's typer than it was for her to misread Lee's tone of voice on the tape (no, nobody up here is permanently bugged at Lee-- read on, like)-- and then I note a couple more instances of ^{your} taking things 100% deadpan-literal, also. And what I am wondering about is this: howcome all this nit-picking lately on strictly literal-minded interpretations? It's not just you, Bruce (and I'm sure that it's not just on Elinor's and my material; I just notice it more there because I know what the original meanings were intended to be, better), but on Elinor's zine alone (PenDen 18, Mlg 53, 2Opp+cover) I note you and Bergeron and LeeJ and even Miri in one place (though be it noted that Miri was writing in an awful hurry last time) trying to pin down whimsical asides to their word-for-word literal content. (I don't mean to be picking on specific individuals here; it's just that I'm not about to stop here to do a page-by-page analysis&index). Like wothell has gone haywire in this hitherto lighthearted group, that we seem to have forgotten how to shift our mental gears to accommodate the terrain? I've gotta admit it's discouraging to get off a good one and see it treated as though the readers never heard of idiom, etc.

Probably this should be another Pause For a Short Break, but since you bring the Con-finances bit up in SAPS, Bruce, I might's well clarify it for the same readership; OK? FITT rec'd \$200 from Detroit, ended up with \$500 "profit" of which \$300 came to SeaCon and \$200 went to TAFF: net profit \$300; right? PittCon income included nearly \$1500 from raffles and auctions, mostly the latter. Limiting factors on intake from auctions include number of attendees, amount they bring with them to spend on auctions, and availability of auction materials; right? Anyone who thinks SeaCon will come anywhere near PittCon for auction take has rocks in his head (damn right!)-- Southgate made \$350 and Detroit about \$600 or \$650, auctionwise.

Due to variations in other costs, it is fair to say that we are starting out roughly equal to PittCon's early financial picture. There are two major differences: Pitt more than doubled the highest previous auction-take, which we can't expect to come close to, and we have one great big extra dollar from each attending member (and a few Good Souls who just paid the three bucks for the hell of it).

Roughly, I'd say this leaves us with about \$800 in necessary economies that we must effect to break even, compared to the PittCon expenditures-vs-income balance. Since we have already worked out about half the necessary, I think we'll make it just fine, judging from a point-by-point comparison I've made of the finances of the past four Cons. But meanwhile I am understandably impatient with all this grotching from people who not only have made no such analysis but who have managed to overlook the elementary fact that Pitt needed that \$1500 auction.

I expect that by 1964 the fee will be a flat \$3, at least, and that if you (Bruce) are on the Committee at that time, you'll be damn glad to get it!

Let's see, the 34 memberships total 37 people (8 unmet). Then there are the 2 invitees and 30 persons on a 28-line WL (16 unmet). So of 69 (oh, wouldn't you know it!) individuals listed in Spec 54, I've met all but 24, figuring Muir unmet.

Retaliation: oh, foop! You know, I think we're all talking ludicrous extremes on this bit, because I do note quite an increase of straw men lately. Sturgeon's answer in "Thunder and Roses" was correct for the specific situation he set up for the story. But as long as there is a chance to survive without being enslaved, you damn well fight back to keep that chance alive, don't you? That is, I hope so. As I said, I think all of us on all sides of this Bomb argument tend to overstate our cases and pick extreme examples in the interests of forcefulness and of trying to pound an idea into the apparently thick heads of the opposition-- this is a Vichy circle which does not seem to lead to mutual understanding in any case.

Your points to rich re the PF and the BHH-TEW-SAPS thing are well-taken, and bilkoote that's all the space you get this time, you ol' Brucer you! Cheers...

Short Pause For a Short Short Break --#3 $\frac{1}{2}$: Bruce's campaign flyer arrived today. It'd be a mighty potent document except that OEney isn't running this time. Nice try, Bruce, but it doesn't quite have the good old gotohell OElection flavor... (Remember "Vote Now! Don't Give the Opposition a Chance to Corrupt Your Pure Mind"?)

Collector (ol' Big Hearted): Jeez, you better get your interest perked up again pretty quick, Howard; SAPS needs some good hardboiled types who take no guff offa anybody. I think it's just getting too easy for you these days without George and Roger hanging on your neck like the Old Man of the Sea; can't the Misfits furnish you with some amiable deadwood to sweat and cuss over and keep you happy and feeling like you're accomplishing something even if it isn't worthwhile? Or fight with Hal, maybe? That should be good for a lot of ~~h/ll~~ laughs.

It's not that that (SeaCon) monkey on my back is all that heavy; it's more that he keeps fidgeting around and won't settle down for the long haul. But gradually I am growing the proper callouses and developing the appropriate reflexes: one day some joker is going to make one too many tries at upsetting the applecart and wind up with a nose stuffed full of applecore; it's about due, particularly with one local kook.

We're easing off on CRY on a planned basis for this year: skipping the July and September issues on a pre-announced basis and being sort of chicken on pagecount for a while. Only way this would clobber CRY in the long run would be if the cutback made for a big drop in reader interest; in that case, CRY would probably fizzle out.

Damn right we'll be at ChiCon, and with lots more spare time than at Pitt, too!

Porque 8 (Doreen): But foopon trying to strain a good redblooded 100%-American type with all that furrin'-chickentracks fore&aft. Why, indeed?

Foop again: laughs abound in your zine, girl, but hooks? No. Cops, there's the bit about visualizing me writing the article on MCs for SaFari (mumble, mumble)... hmmm-- as I recall it, that was written on a Saturday, and the first page or so actually went fairly rapidly; then it bogged down, and we went out for lunch as is usually our wont on Saturdays. Returning-- well, that's when it came to the slow-down and lots of cigarettes (too early for homebrew, it was, at that point). Then it went like wildfire through the numbered types of MCs, bogged down again (then's when the brew finally came into play) and finally loosened up again for the windup. But I've gotta admit that you had the pitch about right, if not the sequence, quite.

Only \$15 or \$20 for car-license in Florida? Boy, are you gonna flip when you get up here and have to pay for Washington tags for the Valiant (\$45.80 this year for our Lark)! ~~h/ll~~ Yesterday out by Green Lake we saw a fine robust bushy-tailed grey squirrel. But no matter how much we shouted "Fanac!" and "Rhoot Bheer!" he just kept right on skitterin' up that ol' tree out-of-reach of Lisa, who barks.

The only troubles with Branch Libraries are (1)the administration &(2)patrons.

Spacewarp 69 (Art Rapp): Just reading your correlations between bathing caps and nudist colonies and the BoiCon, and it got my evil little mind entranced with the idea of a regional Con (at least) held at a sunbathing sequesterium. Like, the thing might be ill-attended and scratchy and embarrassing-- but miGhod look at the CONREPORTS we'd get out of it! The absentee-written ones would probably be the best.

Wife-beating: a husband should never beat his wife when he's not smiling.

Ted White's postage-table for fanzines was worked out with either a lighter grade of "20-pound" paper than we can get, or a more lenient set of PO scales. Ted says 26 sheets go for 6¢; CRY can generally get by with 23 and has once or twice slipped past with 24 but not always. Theoretically, 20# paper would run 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ sheets of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 paper to the ounce; ours seems to be heavier than that, and Ted's lighter. Not counting staples, address labels, the weight of the ink, etc, Ted is close. Or maybe a slow oven could bake a pound or two of moisture out of a 25-pound stack of assembled, ready-to-mail CRYs.

Fuses: WECO (the Western Electric Company) "grasshopper" fuses are color-coded, matter of fact. Only one I remember offhand is that yellow is .180 amp; there is no logical progression of any sort, as I recall. But to offset that advantage, the standard WECO fuseboard crowds these grasshopper fuses together so tightly that replacing one is a real pain in the grass.

Squelch-gimmicks don't seem to change much. Art, you mention the routine of answering a question with "I'll play your silly game..." and repeating the question right back with shifted emphasis. Seems like a direct-descendant from the practice of giving the questioner several seconds of deadpan silence, followed by "That was fun; now what'll we play?"

Art, I think you and I (and Gregg Calkins, and Heinlein) are essentially in agreement on some attitudes that are in violent opposition to the roll-over-and-play-dead school of thought but which are being misinterpreted by quite a lot of people who likely aren't as eager to put on slave-collars as you would think from some of their arguments. I think some of our friends here are missing the distinction between (1) a desirable action, (2) an action that you may have to be prepared to carry out whether you like it or not, and (3) an action that whether you would ever carry it out or not, you have to convince the opposition that you would carry it out if need be. Anybody who does not dig this difference is welcome to play poker with me, any time, and this specifically includes tell-all-he-knows Adlai, whose idealism is admirable but whose lack of practicality in dealing with the cutthroat enemy is most frightening. Dammit, Art, do you sometimes get the impression that a lot of fans think that all Krushchev needs to straighten him out is a little egoboo, like?

EdCo's Korea bit is a Good Thing; I hope there's more of that this time.

Your remarks on US vs USSR space achievements is quite timely just now: we've just fired a monkey (chimp) downrange and recovered him, floated a spy-eye, and set off the first true push-button ICBM (that is, the Minuteman solid-fuel ICBM, which does not require hours of count-down as do all the liquid-fuel jobs). So Russia orbits the heaviest satellite ever-- but it does not seem to communicate back as do ours, and the Russians suddenly clam up about it at that point. Rumor hath it that the USSR has already fried several would-be astronauts at the re-entry point; could be that this was to be the Big One. It would figure that Big Brother would not let the Fellas Upstairs talk to a waiting world while re-entry was still a problem.

It's a cinch that Swept-wing Louie and TailFin Charlie, by sheer monolithic lack of imagination, set us back badly in the "space race". But I do think we have been lucking out pretty well since Sputnik I put the heat on.

And I'm on your side: that "abcd" is a product rather than a four-digit number.

((Break to Feb 7 here))

Warhoon 10 (Bergeron): I have finally realized who Stevenson's apparent attitudes on world affairs remind me of-- Humphrey Pennyworth. Except that Adlai does not have the muscle and that this situation is not a comic strip, resemblances notwithstanding. Oh well, so much for politics (that was fun; now what'll we play-- hi, Art).

Wrai and I were discussing Rotsler's start at listing survival types, in recent letters, and noted that his 3 top candidates (Wrai, DAG, and Gregg) are all gun-bugs as is Bill himself. Gregg and Ron Ellik are "Marine-trained killers", and John Berry was a paratrooper, which is prima facie evidence because he made it. Offhand I can't guess Bill's criteria for the rest of us he lists (Tucker, Burb, Boyd, me, and Bill Danner)-- except that none of us are the meek type, exactly. Too bad Bill doesn't know more of the SPSmembership-- Howard, Art Rapp, and Tosk come to mind immediately, and I imagine there are at least 6 more who would stand out that way, if the question were given thorough consideration.

Leman has you on points, re McCarthyism, with the Fiedler quote alone. The facts may be one way and they may be the other, but on this exchange, he has you.

HURRAY! Something we can agree on, Rich! Like, layout. I see it this way-- if my publishing activities were confined to the production of say one quarterly genzine, I'd probably be inclined to try to make some sort of showcase out of it. Probably would fall flat on my face in the attempt, but I'd feel like trying it. But in quantity publication (like, CRY and 3 apas) the White Space becomes too costly in time, effort, and cash-- a good job of layout means that the same material is spread over more pages. More pages means more stencils, paper, crank-turning, and postage. Like, it adds up. Heck, I like good layout-- not the super-artistic sort of thing where you can't read the title-or-author without a puzzle key, but the free-and-easy jobs such as those by, say, Terry and Miri. But I can't afford it.

Pot Pourri 16 (John Berry): It should be interesting to see the various listings of priorities among fannish interests. But I suspect that most of us should make two lists: (1) The order of priority that we think our fannish interests should have, and (2) the order in which we actually get around to taking care of them.

Further, we deadline-ridden types will find that priorities have a habit of shifting strongly, according to just which deadline is breathing the most raggedly and urgently down our respective necks. But the perversity of the human mind is such that I can find myself ignoring deadlines, urgent items of Con-business, or anything else, in order to answer a just-arrived letter from someone I never heard of before, that just happens to seem to need an immediate answer. Or else that same letter can be set aside while I crash a deadline; in that case, once the urgency is off, most likely it will never get answered at all.

But these are momentary foibles. Over the long haul, I suppose my priorities-list would work out something like this:

1. Con-business, this year. Nothing urgent, re SeaCon, waits for very long.
2. Deadline-type stuff: it's desirable to get a zine done for one apa before the next apa's bundle arrives, because the newer one is apt to catch the interest and make it a real chore to comment on the earlier-received item. It's been many months since I wrote anything for CRY except during the frantic few days just prior to any given CRYday, but it's seldom that any other activity (except for an occasional letter) gets much if any attention in that last few days each month.
3. Personal letters. These have an effective priority any time one of the above items is not nagging at me loudly enough to override my natural inclinations. More often than I like to admit, I've had to knock myself out on deadline-stuff because of having luxuriated too long at expansive correspondence. Of course, the Con has put quite a crimp in that routine...

4. Writing: once in a while I get carried away and write something for other than the previously-mentioned outlets, but until just recently this was a Rare Thing. Like, John, you ran two Goontales of mine. And I had a couple or three book-review columns in Bill Meyers' Spectre. But since then I'd contributed nothing in this fashion until last summer sometime. And then I went hogwild (for me) and have done about 8 items for other zines, 4 of which have seen print so far. "Writing", for me, has a very high priority when I come up with something I really want to put onto paper that does not fit into CRY or the apa scenes-- but it's seldom that I'm driven to go outside this rather wide range of "markets"-- so Writing is my #4 priority.

((John, howcome I was crogged on the Duck Bit was that here I'd had a ball at writing pages on something I had reason to think you'd dig the most, and dammit you even so much as acknowledged it! I think I see how it went, since I've done the same thing myself in essence: if you had said Word One about it, you'd've gone on for pages yourself, and you just did not have the time to spare. Moderately correct?))

I didn't know of the Fokker seaplanes, and was assigning Fokker to WWI and the Focke-Wulf to WWII strictly on the basis of the better-known fighter jobs. Thanks.

FRA 9 & 11 (rich brown): well, just #11, actually; I talked myself out on WKSF a long ways back... you and Norm do have some good points in #9 but that's Finis.

#11-- well, Rich, you may feel that you have a right to your egoboo in Mlg 55 which you say you plan to miss, but where does that leave the rest of us for return-egoboo when you pack yours into your suitcase and walk away with it, hmm? You've said your last say, you say, in Mlg 54. Of course, I can't tell for sure, because I can't read the most of it. Goddamit, if you're going to insist on gafiating, the least you could do is to gafiate legibly.

See you in FAPA then, you Angry Young Fan, you!

Retro 19 (me): oh well, I've done worse before and probably will again, with luck.

FenDen 19 (Elinor): I've never seen you goof off this badly before. At least you could've stapled the photosheet to the fragment. OK, I won't beat you; you're nice.

-- Send that Third Track Shoe to Nikita, so's he doesn't catch cold! --
 ((Sorry, NORM METCALF! At bottom page 14, 1 zine to go & no hooks, I got chicker quit!))

Whimper #1 (Les Gerber): Good trip writeup; I like. ~~##~~ A tip: when you do get into the writing of MCs, don't bother trying to catch up on the back-issue jobs, because mostly they're wasted. I've been on both ends of this bit; if someone comments on your zine of two mailings ago, it's too much work to dig it out and see what the hell they're talking about; if you do back-issue-MCs, the return isn't worth it. OK?

Yes, there is a damn good reason why OEney is insisting on required activity, and dues, getting in to him two weeks early-- and I only wish I'd thought to do the same during our own 2-headed term here: this method allows OEney to give a few days leeway if he wants to, and still be able to stencil the roster and all such things at leisure instead of having to bang them out on deadline-day after the last mail-delivery. Other rules-grotches aside, I salute OEney for thinking ahead and dumping the burden-of-proof directly onto the last-minute borderline-cases!

Hope you'll be fully in gear with more in the next mailing, Les.

Flabbergasting 17 (Tosk): Quite often, you and I can find no common grounds for the evaluation of various works of fiction. So it's pleasant to find for once that in the matter of the Mervyn Peake trilogy, we are more in agreement than otherwise. I too found "Titus Groan" fascinating and its sequel ("Gormenghast") somewhat of a letdown once the initial unfolding of the fabulous scene had been accomplished in the first of the books. It's only on the relative merit of the last two books that we differ: you enjoyed the final book "Titus Alone" more than you enjoyed the 2nd volume of the trilogy. I certainly expected to enjoy "Titus Alone" more than I was actually able to do; I think it was the lack of coherency (or continuity?) that fouled that one up for me. Whereas with "Gormenghast", I think possibly I tended to consider that one as part of one and the same story as that in "Titus Groan"-- you know, if those two books were read as a unit, they'd make a unit. But I think that my main objection to "Titus Alone" could be summed up by saying that while both the first two books aroused enthusiasm for a possible sequel, "Titus Alone" does not.

Yes, Tosk, you have been "plonking about poetry", in the sense that instead of simply ignoring something you didn't dig, you've often stopped to make a great point of How Toskey Doesn't Like Poetry. Not so much lately, though, and good for you!

Fantoccini #26 (#26? Oh, you must be a hoax, Les Norris!): Jesus H Kerouac, how can you write six pages of material and not give me one goddamn hook for comments? Six reasonably entertaining pages, I might add. Maybe that counts as a hook, huh?...

BOG 16: Otto, buddy-- don't you think that maybe you should, or off the pot get?

Spy Ray (Eney's Fout): I still say it's a blackhearted apa-X type move to undercut the "six pages in any period of two consecutive mailings" rule, that has guided us wisely and well for the past 4 years to my personal knowledge, for this milk&water ruling that allows people to miss two mailings in a row. You and Pearl Harbor like!

That's a very imaginative and ingenious pitch to bridge the gap between WWII and Middle Earth; I like it much.

Well, blackhearted buddy-boy, you sure as hell had it right that several would figure Gregg's bit as wanting to exterminate all life, etc, etc. And it is a living cinch that the idea dies hard, that pure-heartedness is more better as combat training is (oh, down, Pogo!), when it comes to an actual brawl. I am becoming more and more convinced that many of the clientele around here have never had the highly-educational experience of marching into the fray all armored with righteousness and like that, and getting knocked on their can anyhow. All I can say about anyone who still insists that "violence never settled anything" is that he went to a lot milder grade-school than I did, and hasn't changed his mind since then, either.

On the larger scale it's simple enough, too. Our Bombs aren't going to settle anything-- but a lack of same on our part would settle things faster than might be expected by the "Ban the Bomb" types. Arrggghhhh!

Maybe I'm just atavistic or something, but I always figure that the best way to get an aggressor off your back is to make his position untenable; it's for sure that you're not going to get very far with Sweet Reason, though that is always worth the trying, just in case. But we can only count on that which we can make stick!

Koy For SAPS (Klaus Lylmann): It is possible that the contents of this (55th) SAPS mailing could give you the idea that it was all a horrible mistake for you to join SAPS. But don't surrender to this idea, Klaus; it's not all that bad. In fact I'm sure you'll learn to love us if only you can learn to stand us first. (I mean to say, remain on the roster at least until the idiom clarifies itself.)

Colloidion 3 (R Lee M): I don't think it is very public-spirited of you to crech at reincarnating as John Campbell Jr-- look what a public service it would be to end that "queen's own FBI" series. You just don't have the proper public-spirited attitude, is all. You could always reincarnate as Ray Palmer, you know!

The Hilsch Tube: Campbell was touting this as a modern-day Maxwell Demon in a mid-'52 aSF; that's all I know about it for quoting at this late date.

((Feb 8 now: over the hump in "get your SAPS MCs done" week.))

Scorp 1 (Coswal): So you're hooked for at least another 2 years, huh? G*O*O*D*! And now it's to be a new (no, "renewed") Coswal doing the 2nd 70 SAPSzines. Hmm...

Nope, you haven't killed Fanac yet; maybe your baleful influence just managed to unhinge their Circulation Dep't a bit. As for CRY: I realize that it's the height of foolhardiness to predict what will or won't have to give at the seams before this WorldCon bit is done with. But I think that by getting real hardnosed about holding the pagecount down for the next few months, and by (as announced already) skipping the July and September issues this year for the BayCon and SeaCon respectively-- I think we'll skin by OK on CRY. Ideally, the CRY should then settle down to a size of between 24 and 36 pages, appearing (as is its wont) on rigorous schedule but skipping predesignated months as desired: last year September, this year July and September, etc-- eventually we could have it down to bimonthly! And of course for January 1963 we will have to skip the 13th Annish!

Sorry, Cos, maybe you put the clues in your story-opening, but they elude me.

Maybe I didn't have it straight, but my impression was that your 90-100mph sprint from Pendleton to Portland was over roads that were new to you, and at night. Yes, under these conditions, among other possible ones, I'm impressed-- if only that you got away with overdriving your visibility to that extent. Agreed, that speed right up to the point of a slim margin-of-control is exhilarating and helps to keep one alert and attentive-- but usually the traffic and law-enforcement combine against it around here and keep us down in the more boring ranges.

Sure, I'd charge dropping-members \$1 to get on the WL just like anyone else-- with the proviso that "unused" dues could count against this charge. Fair?

Treska 1 (Mike Deckinger): Happy birthday, somewhere along about now. ~~##~~ Nice twist on the executioner bit; I saw it coming about halfway through, not because it was especially obvious but by virtue of the sneaky skeptical Pemberton reflexes.

I think you'd've liked the Lindquist and (related) Durna Rangué stories by Neil R Jones better than the Zorome series, which shot its wad with the initial and then-new concept of resurrection after 40 million years.

"...the faculty violently despised (PE classes), and I think I led the group." You must be more of a prodigy than I thought, Mike.

Brother Frank Jares, and now John Galt. Damn if I'll play your silly game...

Bump, & Wanted.. (Don Durward): "Bonehead" English or whatever you/they want to call it, it seems to be doing your spelling a lot of good, Don, and I'm all for that.

Nice to see the LNF Agency in ~~full~~ full bloom again. Not wishing to slight anyone, but I must make special mention of Tosk's story; I wish Tosk would do more of this sort of thing-- this as well as his previous tale of the same type point up that he's good at 'em. Uh-- by the way, you forgot to give the cover girl's name...

Waftage 2 (Vic Ryan): Let's see; first you're saying "Hell with conformity or non-conformity or trends; be yourself"? If so, good; I couldn't agree more.

I don't think Stevenson is so much "weak-willed.. sissy" as that he himself is so eminently reasonable that he can't understand the sort of unreasoned determined enmity that can't be reached at all by reason. A nice guy, but too damn naive.

Vic mentions Sturgeon's pb "Venus Plus X", and it just happens that I've reread that book this week, as a follow-up to the first reading of the same author's (non-fantasy, but you'll scarcely realize this) "Some of Your Blood". I had thought, with Vic, that "Venus Plus X" was a top contender for 1960, but now I'm not so sure-- it did not stand up too well on rereading. One thing, the recurrent intrusion of the parallel and climaxless series of episodes from our near-future is much more of an irritation when the reader already knows it's only counterpoint with no eventual tie-in or windup of its own. Secondly, the protagonist's violent reaction to the discovery that the bisexual nature of the "Ledom" is artificially-produced rather than the result of a natural mutation-- his reaction may illustrate Sturgeon's point well enough, but it makes an unthinking oaf of Charlie Johns, and not too believably. Consider: this 20th-century male speedily deduces that he has been taken to the future. He finds that "homo sap" is long gone and that the current population, the Ledom, are each one both male and female. But when he finds that the "mutation" is actually the result of surgery on all infants, he flips. He loathes these people whose virtues he's been learning about all through the book; all of a sudden they are "queers" and "perverts" to him. I don't buy it, that reaction of his, except as a first reflex; there's a hole in it you could drive a truck through. Like, it's only natural that the Ledom will carry on with the process that produced them, to produce more of their own kind. But the very fact that they are an artificial creation argues that they were initially produced not by their own efforts but by the thought and effort and decision of "normal" human beings such as Charlie Johns himself. So if Charlie had had one ounce of the common-sense and curiosity he was showing throughout the rest of the book-- if he were reacting on his own instead of on cue to make the author's next point-- surely his next question would have been: "So why did people like me want to create people like these Ledom?" I imagine that this line of inquiry would have brought Charlie to the very ideas Sturgeon was out to push, if Sturgeon hadn't had word-limits and a crash-ending to cope with. The Word, by Sturgeon, is Love: obviously a race of bisexuals is in a situation where there is no distinction between the types of love that one individual may hold for another-- any other. Whereas we ordinary single-sexed persons ("homo sap") have our well-known tensions and urgencies relating to the opposite sex, and our equally well-known barriers and taboos relating to emotions toward an individual of the same sex. Sturgeon makes an intensely-interesting tie-in to the curbing of what would otherwise be a vital emotional outlet independent of sex-- the perversion of the religious experience as found in the "charitic religions", brought about when power-castes managed to insert themselves as intermediaries between the worshipper and the worshipped. ...hmmm, flaws aside, maybe this is a Top Book for 1960, at that.

Vic, I really intended that to be a Shorter Break than it turned out to be.

The Bill of Rights does not say "The Federal Government shall not..."; it says more like "The right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be abridged" -- which doesn't mean much these days except neither the Federal or the state governments have been paying much attention to the Constitution for quite some time now, dammit.

Watling Street and that bit about the covers (Bob Lichtman): Labor unions are in the part of the inevitable cycle where they have more power than they need rather than less. The only trouble is that this part of the cycle has been artificially lengthened so that the cycle has no chance to damp-out to an equitable even-keel setup. But I'm surprised to find you thinking that another round of wage-price hikes is "a boost to our economy". I thought Mark Twain disposed of the myth that money-raises have any intrinsic meaning in terms of "real" wages, in his "Connecticut Yankee".

Far as I know, Ackerman himself is the only one who used the "Weaver Wright" penname, though others may have done so for all I know.

Jerry Knight's "The American Way" is so typical of LAD that it's almost a satire on that zine-- the difference is that Jerry does more than single-track it.

Unfairly, unjustly, undeservedly, and all-- but here at the bottom of this page, Bob, I chop off the comment on your fine zine. Near rope's-end, and all.

--I read Decker's zine with a pinch of salt--