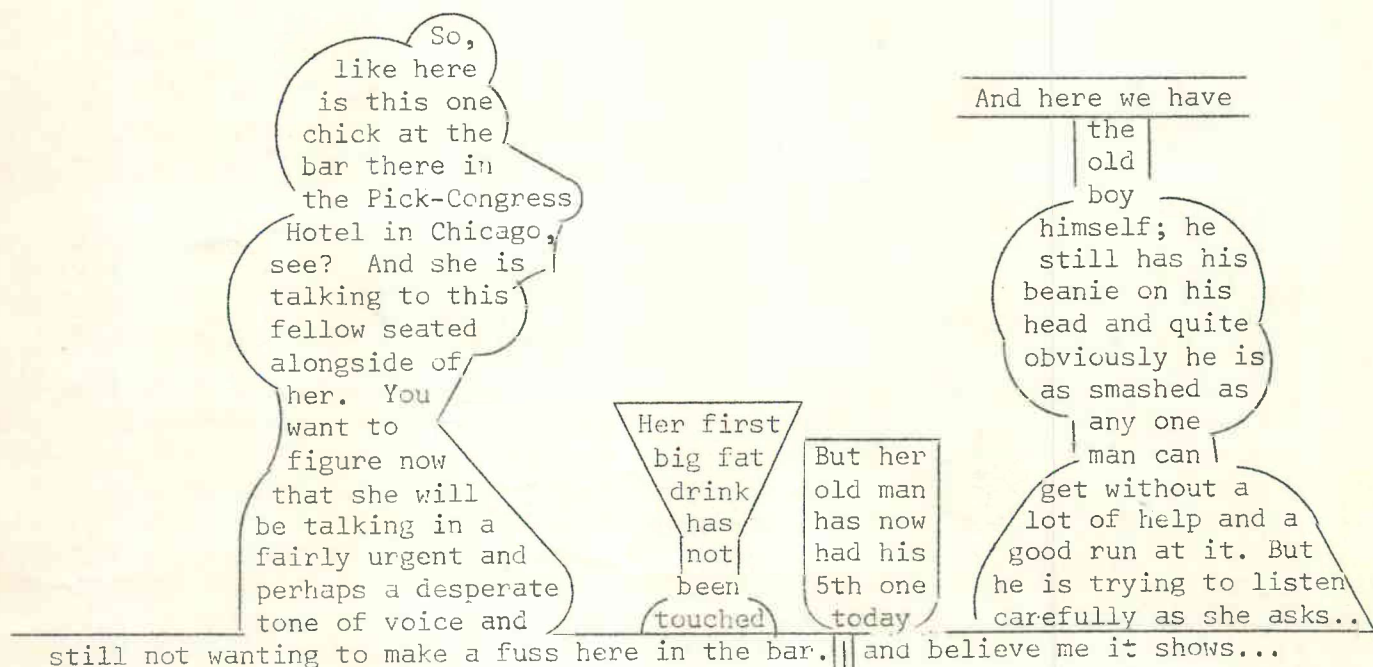


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..... THE RETURN OF ARTLESS ARTWORK .....



"Look, honey; the Chicon was six weeks ago. Can't we go home now???"

= = = = =

One of the main troubles with Artless Artwork is that it really does not fill up a page very well. I trust that I can rely on your tact and good taste not to bring up all the other troubles with Artless Artwork; really, that's not too much to ask, is it?

The rest of this zine, or at least through page 12 (because who knows what fannish fire may stir me to do up another couple pages maybe?), was stencilled back before the Chicon. This page, however, is in the typer on Sunday, September 30th, a day which is not only Elinor's birthday but also probably the last hot sunny weekend day we can hope for, this year. I mean, along about October they begin to get very rare indeed. So I have spent the most of this day out in the back yard with no shirt and a book and a can of beer: imagine going to work on a Monday in October with a fresh sunburn...

I could not figure what to get Elinor for her birthday this year. Last night we took off down to the Fair to celebrate. We saw the fabulous "A Night in Paradise" show at Gracie Hanson's Paradise International, and if you do not think that quite a bit of lovely barebosomed deminudity can be incorporated with impeccable taste into a fabulous imaginative [& beautiful]production, this is one show that would change your mind; I had seen it once before and I still like it very much indeed. We also toured a Hofbrau, the night view from atop the Space Needle, the Monorail roundtrip, a Mexican restaurant, and some just plain strolling to see the night-lighting effects at the Fair; quite an evening but it seems that what I mainly bought Elinor for her birthday was a \$32 hangover!

OK, so I'm kidding. Three Martinis and two beers over a five-hour period are not going to give anyone a hangover as such. It was probably the spiced potatoes with the Deutscher corned-beef sandwich, combined later with the daredevil try at beef enchiladas so late at night that they could hardly do other than lie heavily on the stomach until further notice. So much for Elinor's hangover birthday; she's feeling much better now, thanks. In fact she wants this typer, to address CRYs with. So turn the page & read on.

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This intends to be RETRO #26, for the 61st mailing of SAPS in October 1962, from F. M. Busby of 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 99, Wash. I hope it makes the grade.

Despite a number of goodly items, the aftertaste of the 60th mailing leaves something to be desired. What's wrong, you say? Well, for one thing, the fairly-widespread preoccupation with "What's Wrong With SAPS?" makes for pretty dull and dreary reading, in itself. Group hypochondria on behalf of and in an apa is apt to be a chain reaction of a particularly unenjoyable sort. Contagious, too-- before anyone picks up any bricks to throw at R Bergeron or T Carr, etc, for triggering this round of self-criticism on SAPS' part, we might take a look around first. FAPA is fretting about what's wrong with FAPA: overlong waitlist while deadwood flourishes, problems with rules and official decisions, dissatisfaction with the quality of the material in the mailings, and of course the \$75,000 lawsuit. OMPA, N'APA, & IPSO are all having the same troubles that SAPS is having, only worse; I'm not sure whether or not OMPA is worrying out loud so much, since I haven't read the latest mailing, but the group surely has reason to do so and was hard at it the last time I looked.

And of course the country [U.S.] as a whole has become a nation of apologists and self-flagellators in the realm of domestic as well as world affairs; perhaps it is no wonder that the tic is reflected into the microcosm.

But I think it is fair to say that one of the worst things wrong with SAPS just now is over-concern with What's Wrong With SAPS. So let me help louse it up more:

SAPS, OMPA, N'APA and IPSO are all suffering [in increasing order as listed] from the current phenomenon of the hatching of new apas with less forethought than used to be applied to the initiation of a new fanzine. There are too many apas at the moment, for the available talent. This works ill in several fashions: for one, the supply of good new blood is divided into a number of small driblets. If you want to see what happened to the longer waitlists SAPS & OMPA had a couple of years ago, scan the understrength rosters of N'APA, IPSO and the newer groups; they're there, all present and accounted for, while OMPA as of June had 3 WLers left after inviting 4 and SAPS as of July had 10 left after inviting 3. A more obvious ill-effect is the dilution of individual talent and activity when a Pelz, Harness, Metcalf, Johnstone or Lichtman spreads himself across 4 or 5 or 6 apa groups [of these 5, TAJ is presently the most successful at participating rather than giving the appearance of hit-and-run activity; I think Bruce's individual-apa work has suffered the most from being spread out so thin]. Of course a few run the same material through more than one apa, but this is a Heinous Practice and will not be discussed further so near dinnertime.

Certainly I do not condemn multiapanism as such; if a fan can keep up with X number of apas, more power to him so long as he is not scrimping apa-A because of his membership in apa-B or vice versa. But I've come to believe from personal experience that it is only fair to get the hell out of any apa that is getting the short end of the activity stick because it is One Too Many; I dropped out of IPSO for this reason, and the stencilled-but-unrun N'APAZine in the stack behind me will cover my requirements in that group until my dues run out at the end of the year, I've decided. [I like N'APA OK but I'm not doing it justice and it is in some measure detracting from my activity in SAPS and FAPA which have first calls on my fannish or funnish loyalties.] I'm cutting down to what I can handle to my own satisfaction and I recommend it.

I've noticed that people who get involved in more than one apa before putting in much time in the first one never seem to be at home in either or any of them. I don't pretend to know the Deep Significance of this observation; I'm just throwing it out for free because you are all such a bunch of Good Kids and maybe can use it somehow. But I had been trying to figure out why our growing number of N'APA-SAPS biapans does not seem to - what is the word? - groove, I guess - with either group enough that any particular difference shows up between the N'APA and SAPS incarnations. [Why should it, you say, being as it's the same people? Well, a writer (as well as a speaker) does well to have a flair or feeling for his specific audience or readership; that's about as far as I can pin it down just now, but we can mull on it awhile, perhaps.]

This has not, after all, been an essay on What's Wrong With SAPS; aren't you glad?

The best way for anyone to influence the content of an apa toward his heart's desire is himself to write the kind of stuff he likes to read. If this is also the same type of stuff he likes to write, so much the better. What I like to write is

# M a i l i n g   C o m m e n t s

and essay-rambles, for the most part, with an occasional story or article when some idea comes up demanding to be written in such a form. But in the apas, MCs mostly.

A couple of years ago when people were saying Bad Things about Mailing Comments, it was the custom among a few of us to bait the MC-haters by calling our MCs by some other label entirely and insisting more or less seriously that these were not Mailing Comments at all but instead [for instance] Personal Words to each of the members who had had zines in the previous mailing, or even [in one case] Great Golden Truths. I am not kidding; in the 53rd mailing I had a zine [RETRO 18, to be exact] filled from cover to cover with Great Golden Truths and not a Mailing Comment in the lot. But now the shadows press and Fimbulwinter draws nigh and I can't think of a good hook just at the moment, so Mailing Comments is what we will have in this issue, friends. Ready?

Spectator 60: OK, so covers were fun for awhile, but they detract from the functional utility of the OO. I see that several are grotching about this in FAPA also, for what that's worth. How about it there, Mr OgrE, Ghod, suh?? A boon, maybe?

Die Wis 6: At least we are agreed that Henry Miller really isn't all that much.

Niflheim: And I agree with Dave Hulan's stands toward defense, etc. Too bad he and Walter had to get bugged at each other about it, though. Walter and I had hammered these points out between the two of us without throwing assegaits, but then it is easier to bug people in print, usually.

Dinky Bird 3: There are people who have achieved self-discipline and also know how to accept direction when it is necessary; these folks have little trouble in the military and don't need the disciplinary-type training either. Then there are people who are undisciplined both from the self-directed and other-directed standpoints; some of these learn the lesson the hard way in the armed forces and come out better able to handle themselves and their lives: these are the basis for the "make a man outa ya" school of thought. Others cannot adjust and quite possibly come out worse-off than when they went in; with or without the military, the majority of this type manage to make great recurrent messes out of their personal affairs, largely because they believe that "I want what I want when I want it" is a way of life. There are also the flaming individualists who can accept only their own personal self-direction and no other, and who cope very well indeed so long as this is allowed by the society, but who get from the military all the benefits of being hit on the head with a mallet. These people have it tough in this day and age.

There are also a great many Type-2s who think they are Type-3, sad to say.

Outsiders 48: I am all in favor of Blanchard in '66. The idea of a Con with a bar but no restaurant does not scare me. Much. You may think you were just joking, but as 1966 approaches the fans will remember that Blanchard spoke up first.

Gafiations? I suspect that Coswal, for one, has probably gafiated all the way; he was in 3 apas and suddenly ceased publishing. This put him out of SAPS and N'APA in short order but because of the way FAPA conserves its brilliant deadwood it will be November before we find out whether Cos burned all his bridges. Incidentally, the case of Bob Leman has been cited so often in the QuoVadis-type pitch that it might pay to look at just what did happen in his case. Bob joined SAPS in the Oct '58 mailing(44) and was a member for 2 years ending with the July '60 mailing(52). During his first year he hit every mailing for a total of 64pp. Then he was moved by his company from Denver to Rawlins, Wyoming, getting a promotion which he said [in letter] "gives lots of prestige and the privilege of working 20 hours a day for no extra money". Bob missed the next mailing, hit #50 & #51 with 14 & 22pp respectively, missed #52 and ran out of dues in July '60. All right so far? OK, Bob has now been a member of FAPA for 2 years, joining in Nov '60, mlg#93; he has hit 2 mailings: 16pp in May '61(#95) and 8pp in the current Aug '62 100th. Meanwhile, between those two mailings, he has been moved to New Jersey or some such place and is allowed to work 22 hours a day possibly. I think this



quantitative and chronological history of events tends to indicate that Bob dropped SAPS for FAPA largely because of time and workload considerations, and that these have gotten worse instead of better from the spare-time viewpoint-- how else explain a total production of 8 pages in five mailings, the most recent five, of his FAPA stay? That final 22-page SAPSzine, 2nd-largest of his career, hardly indicates disillusion or disinterest, I'd say. The hard facts appear to be that in July '60 the man had made the 3-year climb up the WL of FAPA, which over the next two years required only two 8-page zines to maintain membership. [While he gave double-value the first year, neither of these zines appeared one mailing before they were needed to save membership.] FAPA didn't need its first zine until the next May, while SAPSac was due in October and at six-month intervals thereafter at the very least. So we see, as we have known all along, that SAPS is not set up to support brilliant deadwood. Not that dead, anyway.

Pardon me for being so sneaky, Wrai, but all that was just to lead up to some theorizing about the relationship between the size of an apa group and its optimum requirements for activity. First let me say that I think it would be a real drag to belong to more than one apa for which more than 40 or 50 copies were needed; I don't mind running off SAPSzines or N'APAZines or Elinor's OMPAZines, but FAPA runs are not my favorite activity at the crank. A personal idiosyncrasy, perhaps, but there it is.

Now pay close attention here, folks, because this is real high-grade complex mathematical esoteric rule-of-thumb stuff and I would not want to lose anyone.

A viable apa, once past its growing-pains, must consistently produce mailings large enough [both in pagecount and number of participants] to carry interest along a varied range of subjects, yet small enough that the member can comment on the entire bundle if he so wishes without being overworked too often. Granted that 200-page packets look good to the multiapan; I'm now talking about the monapan or biapan group, that is the majority among the totality of all apans. For myself, in the 1 or 2-apa position, optimum mailing size runs between 350 and 450 pages, with 300 and 600 as the outside limits. SAPS found out the hard way that above that lies Diminishing Returns.

OK then, membership size? FAPA aside [and a case could be made for the proposition that FAPA consists functionally if not nominally of perhaps 30 to 40 real live Members and the remainder as sort of Associate Members, and that an apa of 65 ACTIVE Members would be just too damn much work and would likely bust wide open]-- FAPA aside, as I was saying, apa sizes seem to run mostly between 30 and 45 members; 35 to 40 seems like a nice workable number, and SAPS did Jes' Fine for a couple of years there with a 30-member limit and the Roster never quite full at that. So grant me, if you will, the idea that one large apa is plenty for the field just now; it is for me, anyway.

At any rate, the existence of FAPA gives us a baseline from which to guess at the relationships between membership, activity requirements, and mailing sizes, for a good live outfit without too much burden on the individual member. Minac-requirements do not of course determine mailing sizes directly, but they do have an influence. The SAPS [& N'APA] every-other mailing rule tends to even-out the mailing sizes a little better than the stark yearly requirement of FAPA or OMPA, although the latter average out pretty well also, usually. OMPA apparently ran into the problem that by setting minac at 16pp per year it also set the minds of too many of its members to doing very little if any more than the minimum [Before Donaho, at any rate]; the 16pp have been cut to 12, and how is that experiment working out, Bob Lichtman?

The point, of course, is that our smaller groups need moderate but frequent minac requirements to insure consistent production of fair-sized mailings. A number of folk including a less-experienced version of myself have toyed with the idea of a "hit each mailing" requirement. This did not work out too well for IPSO, even with a leeway for one miss a year, but IPSO had so many other unique restrictions that this single factor can hardly be evaluated for its effect on the group's problems.

So we can deduce a few things. That [per page 3 of this journal] there are too many apas right now for the available talent, sure, so that the expansion of any existing small apa is going to run it into the unfilled-roster league in short order or else fill it with conscripted buddies of some of the members; neither prospect entices. That FAPA would choke on SAPS' page-requirements and SAPS would starve on FAPA's. That I've omitted CULT because it does not fit the quarterly-mailing pattern of the other groups. And that I sneaked an article in here where no one expected it, including me.

Addendum: from observation it would appear that the tendencies of apa groups to become immersed in or preoccupied with esoterica [or as some would have it, and not without a degree of justice, trivia] is inversely proportional to the size of the group. Or perhaps that should read the effective size of the group as determined by active participation of the membership-- in this respect, FAPA's deadwood, while having little influence on mailing sizes, does serve as a substrate to minimize faddish variation in the mix that composed the mailing contents. Or so it seems. Whereas Cult veers wildly whenever two or three individuals charge off after any given wild goose-- and the SAPS-sized apas operate somewhere in between the extremes.

Well, I just thought it might help to have a look at a few of these factors...

Sorry about all that digression, Wrai; it just happened to come to mind right then, so I rattled it off before it could get cold and all lumpy.

Tosk won't be at Chicon, so if you want the girls to leave you alone you will have to fight them off all by yourself. I hope this does not frighten you too much.

I now seem to have clear title to the 3rd-longest live string of consecutive appearances in SAPS, but somehow I was happier when I was tied for 6th; I would just as soon still have Wally Weber, Coswal, Art Rapp and Elinor all still in the race. Come to think of it, there are only 5 people who have been members continuously since we joined [Karen, you, Howard, Jack, and Art], though there are at least 5 retreads with us now who had previously been members ahead of my time. Hold the fort, men!

I assume you meant that the HV .22-shorts were cracking barrels on your Deringer and that "LR" was a slip. Golly, I haven't done any shooting this summer as yet.

I'm not sure whether Bruce should go for OE a 3rd time or not; there might be an old rule that you get the job 3 times in a row you get to keep it, and power like that could cloud a man's mind and corrupt him absolutely. Of course, this may already have happened to Bruce, just on his unprecedented 2nd term-- with a good hardnose efficient OE of SAPS, how could we tell the difference?

Well, if snogging is necking with a gal in her husband's presence, I guess that the degree to which "friendship must be pursued before it becomes necking" would be that it becomes necking when you begin to feel nervous about the husband's presence.

Spy Ray: Well, just so the 100th FAPA mailing didn't burn you out permanently...

Pot Pourri 23: My Handbook of Chem & Physics indicates about 175 pounds as a good average weight for a cubic foot of building stone. Making some very loose assumptions as to where the 750-foot diameter is measured with respect to the 70-foot width of the rampart forming the Giants' Ring, and as to the shape of the rampart, I'll estimate about 700 square feet of cross-section and 2350 feet of equivalent length for roughly 1,650,000 cubic feet of stone: 288,750,000 pounds, 144,375 tons, that would be. A 2-foot cube would weigh 1,400 pounds, by the way; this is not exactly a "size for easy carriage". Of course, it is all too easy to overestimate the actual volume of a somewhat-irregulate piece, since the mind tends to square the shape out to the greatest dimension and may overestimate that a bit. [An 18-inch cube, say, would run to about 590 pounds, and then rounding off edges here and there...]

The wedding MC piece was a gas, and the Army memoirs fascinating as per usual.

Resin 8: [Yeh, I guess it does at that, a little] You puzzle me, Norm. I won't ask why you keep sniping at MCs in SAPS while writing only MCs for SAPS; most likely you've already explained this and I'm too lazy to look it up. But what I want to know is why, disdaining MCs, you are/were one of the few who insisted on putting MCs into IPSO where they were emphatically being discouraged by the management. Hmmm??

Number 1: Welcome to SAPS, Mike. You have the right idea about the way the rules work.

Flabbergasting 23: Ah there, Tosk; congratulations on having the 4th-longest live string of hitting the mailings. You are right on my heels and I guess maybe I'd better quit crowding the deadlines so closely, in future.

"..the other five only moderately ravishingly beautiful.." "Sometimes I just don't know what to do." Raise your standards, man; raise your standards!

That was sort of fun while you were on the hate pills, but I guess it would have gotten to be a bit much if they had held out for the whole zine, at that.

It is much too nice a day [Sunday, August 19th] to argue about the Electoral

College; I'll just ask: why should people get the benefits of having voted when in fact they consistently do not bother to do so?? It's a featherbedding scene, Tosk.

Mark Walsted: intelligence, social grace or judgment, and the ability to get along with people do not always come in the same packet. I think it takes intelligence for Mark to grasp the physical concepts and the math necessary to manipulate them as evinced by his getting through the undergraduate curriculum at the UofW. The fact that he alienated the wheels in his Dep't is another matter, surely.

There is one point, Tosk, where you and I are so thoroughly in agreement that if necessary we would take up sword and shield to stand back-to-back against the whole world. I refer to the proper method of preparing steak and mushrooms. MMMMM!

Watling Street 13: I hate to disillusion you, Bob, but I doubt very much that you will find FAPA to be all that much different from SAPS, once you've been in FAPA long enough for the "new" to wear off a little bit. I know that I had tended to consider FAPA as rather an alien land while on the WL, and was pleased and surprised to find upon entering the group that I felt right at home almost immediately.

Of course, this is not what you meant, but I think it's indicative, anyway.

...Ningable: You sound pleased to be from Colstrip, so I'm pleased right along with you, particularly since you make Dayton, Wyoming, sound considerably more attractive [excepting in the winter... BRRRR!] I've made a notation in my copy of the 00 so that your bookbinding info does not sink into the stack sans reference.

Collector 30: That sounds like early morning at the Midwestcon, all right. Or at a number of other Cons, for that matter. Did Fred ever say why he would have wanted to drink ten double-scotches in an hour and a half??

Alger gave the tally in FAPA as 8-1/2 Packards for him and 1-1/2 for you. Are the two of you going to corner the market and bring the national economy crashing down?

Slug 3: Wally, this is the best all-round [with square corners, I grant you] zine you've had in SAPS since the days of the regular 16-page CREEPs, and come to think of it I believe you're topping even those sterling issues. For one thing you have a lot more change-of-pace these days, which is a pretty sneaky trick at that.

I honestly don't recall originating the palace-bathroom/nomads line but damn if I will refuse any credit I can get in these lean days.

The way I heard it, a person can function pretty well with only one nucleosis except that he gets tired all the time. I suppose it is the monotony that does it.

¢Porque? 14: Well, I tried. ## I dig the "driest spot on the farm" cover, no end.

As soon as Wally and I found out at the Westercon that there were not only one but two bids for next year, we gleefully dropped the last shreds of any idea that Seattle should put in a bid. Ain'tcha glad, really?

I hope you get Herman whipped/coaxed back into shape soon; he used to be such a good kid. I suppose his delinquency comes from Bad Influences like maybe Weber.

The Zed 800: At hand is a letter to CRY from a guy who says his name is Nieson Himmel; he is correcting Elinor's childlike belief in Laney's usage of "Niesson" and I expect he will do the same by you for "Niessen"; which read perfectly OK to me from what I could recall. I suppose Nieson keeps in touch better, though, & would know. Anyhow, I do agree with you that that was damn fine rum the man had there in that jug; I did not get around to sample it until about 4:30 that morning, but somehow every five or ten minutes in the next hour or so I seemed to need to try it again to see if it did taste as good as I remembered from the last previous checkup. Yes, indeed.

I dug the labrys lino from recent rereading of the Renault "Theseus" books...

Stumping: Jim, while you did not begin with the usual 6pp in the first mailing as required for new members, I think that a reasonable ruling on Instant SAPS-dom would be that once the "6pp in any two consecutive mailings" has been achieved, the dual-membership should be valid for voting purposes so long as the activity requirement is kept up OK. If I were Bruce I'd rule that your first 5-pager did not make you an Instant SAP but the second one, immediately following, did. Reasonable? Anyway I am glad to see you getting into the act; stay with it. ## There must be a lower limit for the Marksman rating, isn't there? Hmm, maybe not; I see the average-vs-topscore bit, now.



Afrogiwood [ahwuengau?]: Yer right, John Foyster sir. The 60th SAPS mailing does not commemorate the group's 15th anniversary; the 61st will, more or less-- the mailing dates have been juggled back and forth a few times [most recently, BigHearted Howard switched from a Mar-June-Sept-Dec schedule to the present one, just prior to mailing 36], but for real there was one mailing in 1947 and there have been 4 in each and every year since that time. Or so say the Elders of the Lodge.

I beg your pardon; I see that I misspelled "uwoingho". It was inadvertent, which is a misspelling of damnlazy.

Whee; I bet Bob Smith would like to have you in his squad/platoon/unit for a bit; do you think the experience would make a man outa ya? [Actually I know full well and from experience that nothing is worse than for a noncom to end up with an ol' buddy under his command; no matter how impersonally he tries to do the job, he is either pampering or persecuting his ol' buddy, in the eyes of some critic or other.]

Avenger: No, Ed, I had not heard that you were/are a vampire. But Elinor has stocked up on garlic for your visit next weekend. Just in case...

Whatever it was that was utterly unbelievable and was "DNQ for another month" as of the middle of June must still be DNQ, I guess; I've heard nothing unbelievable of late. Of course, maybe I am just more credulous than you are.

I wish I did have a good juicy rumor about you, Ed; if so, I would say right here how I have this rumor, but that I am going to put it into FAPA instead. Then maybe you would get off this pitch of telling one apa about what you are going to put into some other one. No kidding, that gets to be as big a drag as the other business of going on about how various pages herein have appeared or will appear elsewhere. When you are writing for one apa, consider that your readers are interested in what you have to say to them, not in capsule descriptions of what you have said or will say to some other audience. Do you read me loud and clear, there?

That's a very pleasant and interesting writeup of your first few days in the Bay Area, Ed. The account of your tour with Karen was especially delightful; we are there.

Mest 10: Doc Holliday's gallon of whiskey a day is pretty impressive to us decadent latterday fellas with only one pair of kidneys, but be comforted: it is not quite as rugged as it might look in terms of today's 90- and 100-proof Old Hammer-- prior to World War I, and particularly in the latter half of the 19th century and in the frontier areas, whiskey seldom if ever was sold above 60-proof, and the wilder the country, the more dilution; 40-proof was standard for bar whiskey in some areas, which corresponds roughly to port or vermouth. It's still hefty in gallon lots, but not at all what it sounds like in terms of today's hooch.

By the way, what is the local opinion on the case [mentioned in the papers the other day, with late-comments] of the "conservative" student leader at Sandy State who either hung himself last March or had uninvited help at that project? Any clues?

Your informant re your draft classification was putting you on. The classes are eligible for call in order by number; the letter-suffixes are subclassifications. In "1-C" you are deferred behind 1-A and 1-B and ahead of all classifications from 2-A on down the line. Not that this really means very much, since a change in requirements can boost the entire 2-class into the 1-class in short order indeed if things get all tough in a hurry. The confusion may have come from the bit that the Army General Classification Test results [or whatever those tests have been retitled by now] do peg you into four Roman-numeraled sections based on intelligence-plus-knowledge-- it's not an IQ test as such but the correlation is close. However, these tests are generally not administered prior to actual induction. And I believe that physical-exam results are rated on an A-B-C-D-E scale. The booboo is that these ratings apply to post-induction tests only and have no relationship whatsoever to your pre-induction draft classification. So it looks as if you got the right answers for the wrong situation.

The original Artless Artwork depends on typing the narrative in blobs so that rough outlines can be drawn around the various components-- oh hell, I'll try to do a real one somewhere in or on this issue; OK?

I said that Karen's piece showed SAPSfiction rising triumphant because it read more like pre-Coventry SAPSfiction of the (say) 1955-56 era, than like other Coventry material. Karen just out-shemogged you jg swashbucklers, is all.



You must not be reading Warhoon, or you'd have noticed that I did pick up RB's invitation to appear therein [within reason, of course] as of the mailing on which you're commenting-- as well as in the 60th. I still say it's not feasible for more than one or two WRHN-dissenters, and therefore not an adequate solution. However, that is beside the point, which is that your gripe was one quarter behind the times.

Heck, put Coventry anywhere you please; you will, anyway, no doubt, except for following a suggestion or two that I expect will pop up recurrently.

Elinor says I shouldn't bother to go into detail about how she used the misspelling of her name in Warhoon as the hook on which to hang an incident she wished to relate, rather than having, as you would have it, "yipped most gratifyingly". I will say that this is the kind of thing you do periodically that keeps shifting you to the wrong side of my list; the comicbooks and fine-mind bit fits there also, except that here you do sound like a Spam-addict sneering at sirloin steak. I guess it takes all kinds.

I expect I will like you fine when you finally get housebroken.

Incomplete SAPSite: I have naught to say on your onesheet but here is a good place to hang a few general remarks plus the answer to your question re the Hardwick Coloring Book with the bookcover query on page seven. Well, it went like this: Ol' Hardwick used to run this soap opera in his own style entitled "The Romance of Helen Trump: the program that asks the question 'CAN a woman, after 35?'" Well, he had a few alternate questions that that program was supposed to answer, but this was the snappiest.

The soap opera was a real gas. One of its heroes was a rich and powerful Edsel dealer, and then there was the sequence where the fella said "Darling, remember that bridge party? We were so happy-- so gay-- so carefree-- and then the police looked under the bridge!" I wish I could keep in touch with what Hardwick is doing lately; the guy really does have the touch.

And someone was wondering whether Jerry Pournelle is for real. He is. I cannot say that I approved of his reality to begin with; we met under poor auspices and that is the kindest thing that can be said for the average Nameless meeting if you aren't in the mood for it which I was not. But later last fall Jerry seemed like a nicer guy and about a week ago he came over and wanted to borrow the Ring Trilogy; he brought for ransom a quart of his very best homemade sparkling apple wine, and he returned the 3 books in just about as many days, escaping with "Silverlock" on the 2nd round except that now we know his credit is good. The wine was good also; damn good.

Glass Pig: That poem to San Francisco sure does read a lot like the fellow Bob Leman used to quote-- Mervil Culvercast or whoever it was. If I have this wrong, I sure do apologize to Mervil Culvercast. Because, after all.

I've seen a lot of people draw parallels between fandom and hamdom, but you are the first to come up with such sparks of genius as calling the ARRL "sort of an electric N3F". I think you deserve two free turns for that one. Even though I don't care what you do with your lousy shirt, either. Except make it shape up or ship out, possibly.

I do think, though, (now cut that OUT; let me finish a sentence first) that fandom might profit a lot by the adoption of abbreviations such as the hamish Q-signals and all that. Ham-insults are sanctified by usage and carry far more vitriol than surface indications would lead one to believe: the unofficial "QLF", for instance, merely means "You are sending with your left foot"; "QBN" is an official sign meaning "you are flying between two layers of cloud" and is quite insulting when addressed to grounded folk.

This is of course not all ham jargon but also includes commercial and military communications usages, particularly when the trouble-shooters get the operators off the circuit and begin getting down to cases. There is a tremendous amount of oneupmanship involved in the operating and maintenance ends of the communications services, but that would be a major article in itself and likely a major drag, to boot.

That's a nice ConReport but you still didn't say why you are called "Fibb".

Resin 10: "The Hugo Ballot ruled out Canticle by its wording". I've already told you several times that we quite naturally decided not to let my hurried and distracted phraseology stand in the way of fairness. And I am getting pretty goddamn sick and tired of hearing you pick nits on this point, buddy. When you goof up and get stuck with putting on a Con, you do it your way. Like the rest of the working troops.

((Elinor read that last stencil and said a Bad Word about you, Norman, Metcalf, which I shall not reproduce here. Then she shrugged and said: "Norman Metcalf picked a peck of pickled nits" and we both laughed a little bit and decided to ignore you in future if you insist further on trying to market your meager bag of picked nits.))

O well-- a man who hates the Electoral College can't be all bad.

Warhoon 16: Re no FanacPoll "previous winners expressing their feelings rather than just their thanks" -- my pitch refers neither to you nor to Warhoon, but to the full-color scrooup of the Poll itself, to wit. Since Fanac won its own Poll the first two rounds and Donaho doubtless expected that the spring-1961 results would be published someday, you there Dick Bergeron are the first winner to have reason to say anything about the win before seeing it in print in FANAC; obviously you realize that it does not pay to wait to thank the next fannish generation for this fannish generation's opinions, and I feel for you. As a matter of fact I will never again vote in a FANAC Poll until I have received the printed results of the previous year's Poll. But congratulations for topping the 4th Fannish, if and when it ever appears.

[If anyone thinks I am needling TCarr and WBreen, anyone is quite correct.]

At any rate, Dick, I'm fully agreed that recognition as a by-product is a Good Thing but that recognition as a Goal is a pretty sterile and lackluster thing indeed.

"The Anatomy of Fanac" sounds like a goodly pitch; sign me up for a copy.

I'm certainly glad that Walt Willis explained to us all why a pro editor can't get the letterhacks' comments distributed to his authors; I'd been wondering about that.

Blish writes the nicest nasty-tempered letter I've seen in years; bravo.

Walter Breen quotes me correctly as saying that every pro reviewer of Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land" seemed preoccupied by the need to prove himself safely square before venturing to discuss the contents of the book. The same seems to go for most fans discussing the deal, and I feel that this is altogether too bad; I'd like to see the premises of this book discussed in terms of real people in today's world, and as Walter says, "I have not seen it". It seems sad that fans cannot discuss something without feeling the need to overcondemn it just to prove they don't want to live it. Personally I think it is pretty silly to tamper with a good working example of monogamy but this does not deter me from considering what Heinlein's Nest deal might be like if someone threw it at me out of a clear blue sky. I think it might tear me two ways at least and I find it interesting to consider just how the hell I might react; it would not be an easy deal to cope with, surely, pro or con, but I'm disappointed that the microcosm wouldn't take a long-enough look to admit that it was a shaking-up situation, because it really is if you open up and take a good look. So much for broad mental etc. I frankly do not know what I would do in such a setup, but biGhod I would not just cringe back without considering the matter enough to try to see it from outside my previous viewpoint a little bit. I've done a great many stupid silly things at one time and another, but I've not made an exclusive career of being allatime chicken. I like monogamy because for me it works, not because the culture intimidated me; I had the chaser bit in my single days and it got to be a real drag after a while, even when it paid off. But I am still willing to discuss variant mores and it does distress me that so few if any critics can seem to do other than cry status quo forever.

You cert'ny do have a nice live lettercol and I did enjoy the most of it.

I still think that some of the over-reaction you got from the "QuoVadisSAPS?" piece was due to [unjustified as it turned out] fear that your Poll-preeminence might carry over into endorsement of the QV views. We've dropped it; why don't you?

In case you haven't been reading my recent zines I'll repeat that I'm as tired of the Nixon bit as you could possibly be. Nonetheless your summary to Foxes (page 36) indicates that you might well "reread the entire body of the discussion" yourself to good effect, for better accuracy. I've slipped a few cogs myself in this beef, I'm not counting such a one-way righteous diatribe as you might think. I feel that since neither of us will ever convince the other, why keep on trying to whipsaw the audience? You haven't shown me a thing and I'm sure the same is true in the opposite direction. We can either sign off the easy way or the hard way, and I'm not sure which is which.

((Oh, G\*H\*O\*D; I just noticed that the backing sheet was left out while cutting this stencil; this page will surely be overinked. It is just the breaks, I guess.))

I'll bet the following is the promptest apology you ever got, Dick Bergeron: it is too much work to corflu the error on the previous page, so it's simpler to explain & retract right here. My objection was to your saying that the Nixon bit began with Elinor's question-- I'd forgotten that she had some remarks in the same mailing where I first took off on the same subject but at greater length, so my gripe collapses.

The Influence... : Fun, but I'd actually rather see more of LeeJ his own writings.

Hieroglyphic: Welcome to SAPS, Lenny. In case no one else tells you why Eney did not write to ask Ted what he meant in labeling Eney's report to be a "cataract of lies" or whatever [it isn't, by the way], it is for the same reason that the Hatfields and McCoys never asked each other if the shootings were accidental.

Mistily Meandering 1: Welcome, Fred. John Myers Myers [re "Dead Warrior"] can put humor into his treatment of the most serious subjects you can think of. Not sick humor, either. Have you read his "The Alamo"? And along these lines I'd like to recommend [to you all] Richard Condon's "A Talent for Loving", now on the stands at about the four-bit level. Starts around the 1850s and happens in Texas and northern Mexico. Come to think of it, the hero is a Major PATTEN, so the comment is rather appropriate right here, at that. This one is a lot of fun, but runs to more slapstick than the same author's "The Manchurian Candidate".

SpeleoBem 16: Your-and-Bob's feudfiction is the best thing to come out of Coventry, for my taste. "The Fellowship.." in such short batches suffers from difficulty in trying to recall the derivation of the allusions: Ring of Ditur has eluded me again, though I once or twice did know the bit.

I don't necessarily insist that Pillar Poll votes should go only to current members; that's the way I vote, but I grant you possible exceptions. I do like the bit of parenthesizing nonmember totals and leaving them out of the sequence of ratings.

Our Hugo ballot arrived a bare few days before the deadline; Boyd Raeburn had to mail his the same day he received it. I hope Earl allowed some leeway on that deadline, since it presumed that the ballots were to be distributed a month or six weeks earlier than turned out to be the case.

Yes, Nancy was out of SAPS and then in again. Howard's Activity Index, which appeared in Mailing 42 and covered #1-40, shows Nancy first hitting mailings 22 thru 32 with the exception of #29; she then reappears in #37 and has maintained membership solidly since that time. The index does not show exactly when she dropped membership the first time, of course, but since the rules were roughly the same as those of today, it is a fair bet that she missed #33 as a member & dropped with #34, returning 3 mailings later. No tiresome ol' waiting-list in those days, y'know.

By now you'll have seen both in SAPS and in FAPA about covers on 00s; reconsider?

Westercon: When I saw Tyrannical Al during his second whirl at the Saturday night party he was neither singing nor passed out; he was sitting and conversing quietly and rationally, with a certain look of starry-eyed wonder on his face. He did not at that time remember his first party tour, nor did he the next day remember either incarnation, but only the transom bit. I do not know why several [not you] have made such a Big Thing out of it that Al should get a load on for once; I thought he acted like anyone who has not previously had immunizing shots in large doses and happens to get carried away [how you say? disclaimer!] inadvertently.

That Pippin from Sacramento was a real schmuck, I thought. Is it true that he lives on the ground- [or under-the-perches] floor of the chickenhouse of Carl Brandon's grandmother? At any rate, when our discussion group emerged to give Pippin the old heave-ho Sunday night, it was more of a last-straw thing. The guy had repeatedly tried to crash the discussion-room where Al and Bill and I were thrashing things out; he had no interest in the proceedings; he just knew he was bugging us so he kept at it-- I had flung him out of there twice, I believe, after two polite and a couple of not-so-polite verbal evictions didn't take. So when that nasal whine took off again at the top of its lungs out in the other room, something sort of snapped, like. Heck, we could care less who quietly disassembled TV sets; machts nichts.

The "T.C." comic strip is fun; wonder what the next mailing will bring in reply? ((HEY! How can TCarr need 6pp next time without being also listed as Immoral in SPEC?))



Share the Rapp: A fine project, very well done. Departing from the subject-matter and in the wrong apa at that, my fiendish subconscious pops up with the wry query: what would a fanzine devoted to the opposite process be like...?

When the Gods.. 5: I wonder. Do you really think it is an easier, lazier process to write attemptedly-meaningful comment on specific material as is necessary in order to produce intelligible mailing comments, than to sit back and do a generalized diatribe against a large and diverse body of writing without citing the specific examples that would prove your point? I think the second way, the way that you have taken this time, is by far the easiest. You bemoan your own attempts at MCs as "trivial" and then try to pin the purple gezoink on the nature of MCs themselves [or possibly on the triviality of the material awaiting your comments?]; I do not quite follow your reasoning. A fella named damon knight has done pretty well at dissecting material far below the standards of his own writing, so you really should not let the triviality of apa writings stop you from commenting. Oh, well-- so you have a tendency to be upstage and I have a tendency to be sarcastic. Live and learn?

Introibo ad SAPS: Hi, Don! Pleased to see you and your protege appearing in the mailing. Your views on reasons for joining the group are definitely down the right alley. However, I note that you appear to be spreading yourself out pretty thin among a lot of apa groups, and I hope you will restrain this tendency so as to be able to do something more than minac in SAPS. This group is one in which it really does pay to try to hit every mailing if at all possible; continuity plays a great part in the feeling of participation and all that. Well, keep it in mind...

I don't really beat Elinor when she tries to do housework instead of fanac; I just grotch at her: "Why the hell are you ironing shirts when you're supposed to be cutting stencils?", I say. "Do you know when the deadline is?", I say. Etc.

Sure we remember meeting you; you're the one with the mustache and the impressive suntan, who reversed the usual fan pattern and wouldn't talk enough. Yessir.

ANONYMOUS: Your ideas on the educational system and its problems make very good sense. Now, one step further: how? The local school boards can make some changes; then we come to the limits imposed by the state legislatures, so that lobbying is in order, perhaps. But no legislation will prevail against a teaching faculty that has been brainwashed by the Education Departments of its respective Alma Maters, so we run into the need for a little reorientation at the college level, also. Well, we all have to start from where we happen to be, no matter what we are trying to do.

I think "how fast do you read?" depends on "why do you read?" to a great extent. Recently I went through two S-F Book Club selections early one evening; since the time and quantity-of-material were easy to figure, and since I'd been thinking that my own reading-speed had been falling off in recent years, I made a rough calculation and came up with between 800 and 900 words per minute for those two books, which surprised me. I read much slower than that on fanzines, for instance. But on those stories, I was reading as a pastime and needed only to keep the characters straight and follow the action, so it went rapidly. I think this would be the case with all formula fiction. But [for me] it is not the case with most fan-writings, or at least not with the items that interest me and which pack a lot of meaning and reasoning into a short space. And I do not skim fiction in which the flavor of the wording is a major charm of the piece.

Don is right; you should get on the waitlist one of these fine days.

Saproller, Jr: The pad appears to be well and compactly laid-out. But how can any of us suggest a better place for "the wooden bookcase" when you do not specify which of the 3 [on the sketch] you have in mind? Alternatives are few, anyway.

There you go, twitting Al Lewis for packing a load. I bet you are just jealous because you could not climb that floor lamp. You and Bruce can argue that one, though. By the way, have I congratulated either or both of you guys in print on your new and presentable streamlined appearances. I know that takes moxie, to slim down that way.

\*\*\*\*\* I was going to mention to you, John Berry, that the only major blooper I could recall just now in an Ian Fleming story was the "45-centimeter" bore of the villain's pistol, but the ships chasing the rocket were pretty bad, too, I guess; OK, nitpicking.

And that does it for the MCs on the 60th mailing. Kloote be with you one and all.