

- RETRO 35 -

SAPS 70.

JAN
'65



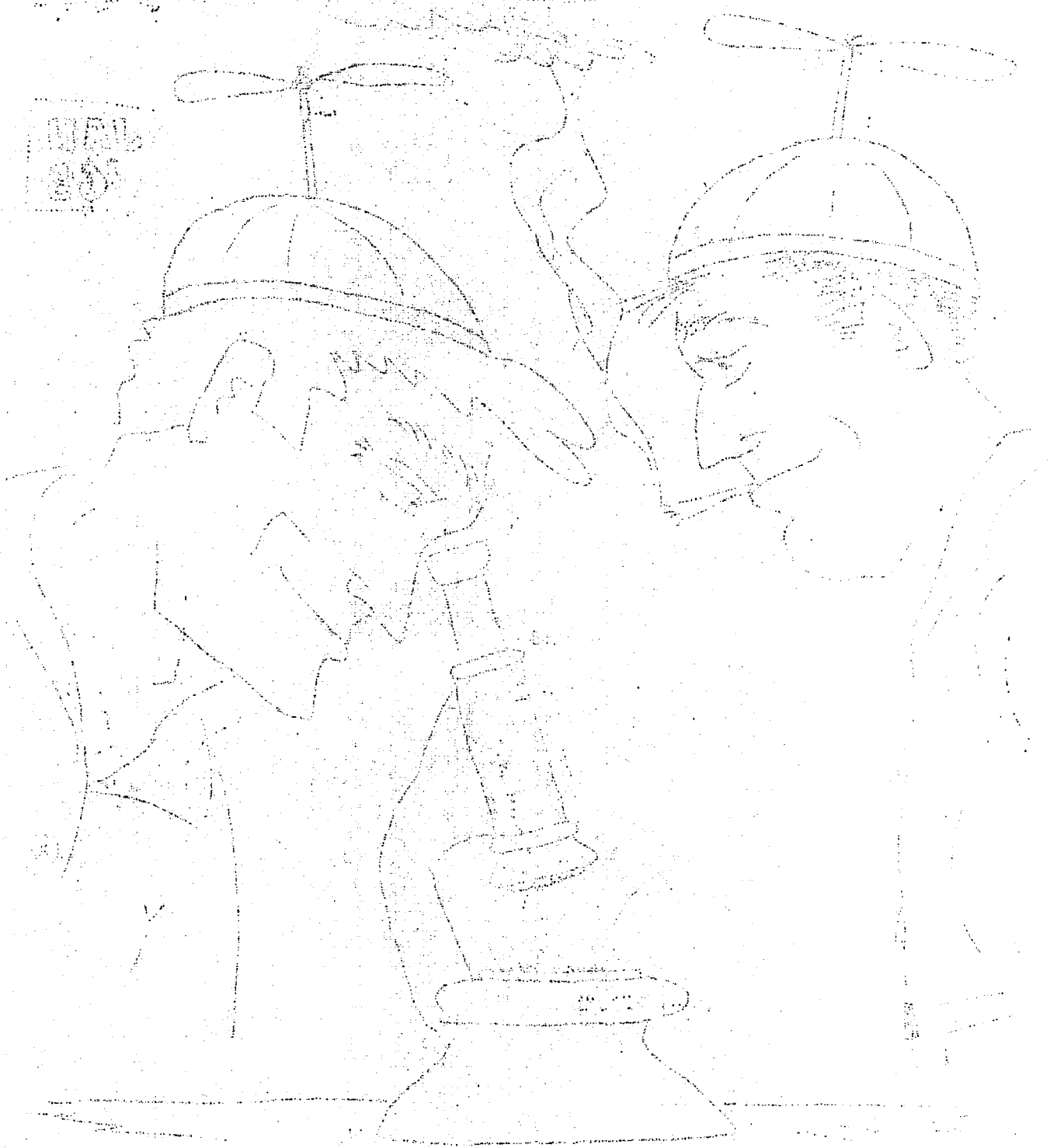
"... and NOW they're mounting a demonstration -
- against the OE -
- for Breaking Rules and Flouting Tradition!"

(-Buz-)

REPRO. 33, 0178

OF 3142

APR 80



...the ...
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...

S A P S # 7 0

R E T R O # 3 5

J A N ' 6 4

F M Busby, 2852 14th Ave West
Seattle, Washington 98119

Here it is only Oct 26th and I've read the mailing and am ready for
mailing

C O M M E N T S O N / 6 9

SPECTATOR69: I presume Hannifen resigned in protest over the penalty pages-- a clear case of bum sportsmanship. Since TAJ is hollering loudly about this with his head on backwards, I'd like to point out that the practice of assessing extra or "penalty" pagecount from one who has skimmed his activity requirements is an act of leniency, not harshness, on the OE's part. Bruce was quite justified in summarily dropping Hannifen, if he had so chosen, since OwenH violated the provision that "out of the 6 ... someone else's art may count up to 1 page". OH had between 2-1/2 and 3 pages of HarnessArt in his 6pp and was thus quite eligible to be ousted; Bruce kindly gave him the chance to stay in by meeting a "penalty" in the next mailing. Owen declined and TAJ is crying about it.

If you get this kind of response from giving the guy a break, Bruce, what would TAJ have said if you had justifiably stuck to the letter of the law?

I'm not sure who it was that originated the practice of [at the OE's very own discretion and none other, mind you] allowing doubtful cases the option of making up a deficiency by producing extra next time. I used it several times [notably on Teddybear, who thus hit 3 mailings in a row one time]. Tosk used it quite a bit and Bruce has used it before. There's no excuse for an oldtimer like TAJ pretending outrage concerning such a long-established custom.

The roster-reduction program and outlawing of franking have my full support.

WILD COLONIAL BOY 9: See above for "Bruce's humanitarian attitude toward illness" which is not at all new; I gave Racy Higgs the exact same treatment in 1958 that Bruce has given Armistead and Baker.

Another fanhistorical correction. There has never been a rule that married couples had to share a membership. Originally it was probably one-person=one-member, this being relaxed to allow joint-memberships. In Nancy (then)Share's regime this was modified to give each spouse a separate vote if both fulfilled activity requirements. [But with no FAPAn hankypanky about editor and publisher each being able to claim credit for the very same pages.] In this case Dian had her own membership by her own efforts long before she and Bruce were married. Why, pray tell, should any member be forced to give up, say, the right to continue a personal collection of SAPSmailings, solely because of marital status? That, I think, would be rank discrimination. At present the only discrimination that exists is that 2 people by marriage are enabled both to act as members at the cost of only one set of dues and only needing to find space in the house for one set of mailings. And in 8+ years I've seen no one object to that. No one at all. ["...two people by marriage..." Boy, did I ever misconstrue that sentence...]

I'm not Putting You Down, John-- just filling in a little of the background.

AMERICAN FICTION: And still more history: in the OEficial Days of Devore, Share and FM&E Busby, Treasury Reports carried a little rider titled Art Rapp Airmail Fund. This was loot that Art himself had sent in order that his bundles could be airmailed to him, and its status was reported in SPEC just to let Art know when it would be coming due again. Seems like a workable idea...

ImissTeddybearImissDudeJawnDavisImissAggieAlligatorImissRaySchaefferImiss
GeoYoungfanImissSnarlyGerStewardImissLarryStoneImissCoswalHellIevenmissRacyHiggs

SPELEOBEM 25: I suppose your point (toBlichtman) is that many SAPSmembers don't have enough common interests to conduct extended conversations; obviously most of us could make do for a half-hour or so unless one party froze up. Personally I have happily engaged in quite lengthy conversations with at least 20 of my 34 colleagues on the October Roster (and have met all but Chalker, Foyster and Katz). The shortness of some of the conversations has been due to circumstance such as is apt to close in at Cons one way or another; in a few cases it has been as you cite: simply nothing much to talk about.

Naturally we've been waiting impatiently for the Seattle Installment of "The DisTAWF Side". As anticipated, Madeleine has brought that visit back to buoyant life; I find it not only easy but mandatory to forgive her few slips of recall after all this time. [F'rinstance, the "Teapot Doom Scandal" was Walt's pun, not mine (naturally I envied him it). And the failing handle had been "fixed" with epoxy glue, so that after Madeleine had been stung-- by a narsty yellowjacket wasp of the same ornery species that got you, John Berry, your last day here-- Walt was saying how he generally took his lumps on Trips, ^{but} this time Madeleine was serving as his eproxy! And-- honest, gang! It wasn't "Elinor and Buz" who had such a rough time getting up the mountain. Just Elinor-- she had a cold left over from ChiconIII and was souped up on antihistamines, poor girl.] ..these are minor quibbles indeed to a narrative I'm enjoying so very much.

YEZIDEE 9: OK, I'm quite willing to "agree to disagree" about coats&ties. And at the most recent Banquet I was happy in sports coat & open collar, and as mentioned last time our whole table shucked the coats when the heat got outa hand; I don't recall taking a headcount on how it went elsewhere in the hall...

You wimmen allatime cutting yer hair. Glad you waited until after the Con; Thuvia at shoulderlength wouldn't have been half so convincing...

LOST IN THE LABYRINTH 2: You people who move all the time must be sheer masochists. My parents & I moved about 15 times [including 5 moves to and from this state from and to Indiana] before my 11th birthday. Between then and about ten years ago I had moved something like 25 more times if we include moving to school in the fall and home at the end of the college year, sometimes by courtesy of Uncle (8, in fact) as this nephew enjoyed the benefits of Uncle's Army. Suffice it that when I bought this place 10 years ago I intended to STAY for a spell.

Best of luck on your new career. Man, you sure do jump in with both feet, don't you though? And we will be looking forward to Labyrinth DuQuesne.

##%&+!? number 3: I certainly hope things come up better for you now, Ed Baker.

MEST 17: The Rolling Stones are really Pretty Damn Revolting, whereas the Beatles are Sort Of Fun and generate a cumulative pleasant enthusiasm, here.

"What is fuzzy and knows what's best for fandom?" The fuzziest one I know is W Breen but I never heard that he limited his wisdom to fandom. Now if you'd asked "What's fuzzyMINDed and does a whole lot better without inconvenient facts?" I would have had no trouble at all in answering the riddle.

I did not "seriously" URGE that SAPS split up the middle, but I offered this as a suggested solution (among, no doubt, many possibilities) in all seriousness. It is often helpful to delimit a situation by pegging the ultimate extreme of it.

With your ideas about the "powers" of ConCommittees, I can only say that you were indeed lucky to be aced out of the '64 bid. Of course I realize that circumstances do alter cases, and it is likely that once in the saddle you would not put up with the kind of backseat driving that you yourself have been doing lately. A Committee has to be able to make its own decisions, right or wrong; try to run it any other way and you will damn soon run fresh out of bidding groups.

(TAJ, cont'd) OK, I see that (to BHH) you revise your thoughts; good on you.

"This ((the Breen bit)) is one of those crimes where the accused is automatically guilty until proven innocent..." Horse, if speaking for myself alone I may say so, Puckie. I hate to have to keep harping on this, if only because Choate just might possibly be right for once in his life when he claims that our Walter Has Changed, but be reminded that I am personally pegging the man's "guilt" on nothing more nor less than his own written word. So quit kidding the troops.

I've already covered the Hannifen Bit (adequately, I do think) so leave us knock off on the agreeable note that Herter's catalogues are indeed a "thorough delight" and that if you do not have the "Bull Cook Book" by all means get it.

SAUVIGNON BLANC: Yes indeed; the damage to flavors, that comes from planning for distribution&marketing rather than for quality as such, has hurt the enjoyment of many and perhaps most grown food products in this country. The business of paying extra for processing that ruins the flavor is the thing that really scratches me, as with milk and flour (Glop Bread), etc. We had raw milk up at the inlaws' farm the other day and damn but it was great!

OK, let's see your article on the Beatles; I'll show it to Elinor and you be sure to send a copy to Ol' Man Raeburn, too, hey?

Condolences on getting bashed by the drunk at the 4-way stop, and I hope you do get ^asizeable settlement toward a new VW. Idiots do abound; when Elinor got hit last year it was by a cold-sober driver who stopped at the stop-sign, looked both ways and blithely drove right out and got her while she was passing a "through" intersection supposedly protected by the stopsigns. No explanation whatsoever; the guy just failed to keep his eyesight hooked up to his muscles, I guess.

SPACEWARP 79: Yeh, I wonder how it would work if instead of yakking about how bighearted [oops! nothing personal, Howard!] the US is, we laid it [oh, well...] on the line like "Look, if you jokers want our money you are just damn well going to have to do some little thing now and then to influence us to want to give you our money. I mean, what you think we are: some kind of nut?"

And I can hardly disagree with the good sense of uniform traffic regulations and blanket reciprocal honoring of license plates and driver's licenses for those folks who are now unfortunate enough to be gouged by two states when forced to move for one reason or another. Parkinglights-only on lighted streets sounds like a good deal, also. Dammit Art Rapp, can't you say anything controversial?

CHARLOTTAN 3: This guy looks to be good material, the way he's going so far.

FLABBERGHASTLY 32 at least: Gad, but that 1950 vintage Toskey is evocative. I cannot for sure sort out your ABCD's there, but [C] is for sure Phil Barker. At least part of the time; I wouldn't put it past you, Wally Weber, to mix the initials up beyond all recognition just to baffle those few of us who might be trying to puzzle out the bit, because in other spots [C] sounds inordinately like GMCarr, as does [B] in yet other places. Anyway, I bet that [A], [B] & [C] are mostly Phil Barker, Bill Austin and GM Carr. Good show...

SLUG 9: Walter Breen went thataway; you can head him off at the pass or vice-versa. No, read it again...

Actually, Jim will get the house address to read "13 Left Bridge FOUNTAIN St". I wish there were some way (besides voting in the Pillar Poll) that did not involve quoting each of your Great Lines separately and splitting over them such as chewing holes in the stencil like Dick Schultz must do, to convey how we break up over Weberzines and particularly this latest SLUG. Well, we'll fake it, is all.

Did anyone ever find out who bought Courtney's shoat?

STUMPING 10: Those covers would sure make rough Deringer [or other Short-Barrel] targets. Good heavy bullseye for aiming, though.

Man, you did go through all modern handgun development in a big hurry, but such items of interest as the reason for shifting from rimfire to centerfire, and the attempts at automatic ejection and automatic feed for revolvers were quite new to me. My reaction to "this type of article" is that I enjoy it if (as in this case) I'm interested in the subject-matter. I have a little trouble following verbal descriptions of mechanical action without a diagram, but you did not go overboard on that stuff. Similar writeups will be welcome here, any time, Jim.

MRAOC 4: (Gurgled as an obscene pronouncement). Obviously Bob Lichtman feels that what is not worth doing at all is not worth doing well; 'shis nickel..

Yrast right back at ya, bud; whatever makes you think I'd bother to fight city hall re coat'n'tie without having first conducted extensive research over the years on sizes, styles, etc? Weight has little or nothing to do with it; I weigh the same or a little less right now than when I got out of the Army at age 24 and have been considerably skinnier at times including not too long ago, but I had the same goddam problem when all my ribs stuck out prominently. I guess it is simply a personal idiosyncrasy and I'm stuck with it, but a buttoned collar one full size too large to look even halfway decent still gives me the gallopin' miseries at the Adam's-apple and also at the sides of neck, where even a light pressure becomes acutely uncomfortable and somewhat nauseating after a while. I used to have a freak sportshirt with the top button set lower for some reason, but it wore out and I've never found another of the same sensible&comfortable design. "Why wear shoes?", you ask; well, why not? Comfortable shoes I can find, OK.

I guess my best move is to quit arguing and quit going to Banquets, both, in order to get you arsty types to quit saying yrast or even Mraoc at me...

On the other hand I probably oughta make allowances for a poor Exile. Yes.

NIFLHEIM 9: Dave, your grotch at the protracted lowering-menace in Tolkien's

Ring Trilogy merely points it up that the Basic Plot [i.e., Joe gets his fanny in a bear trap; no matter what he does it gets worse, until finally, and mostly by his own efforts, he busts out of it] gets a little grim if stretched out over too many pages. It was the hegira of Frodo and Sam in the last part of the 2nd book and into the third that got tough for me; I couldn't see how those two poor little bastards could possibly make it to Mordor, much less do anything effective when they got there (on the first reading, that is). The slow and melancholy decline of the overall state of things at the end of the book is hard to take, also, but the reader is forced to recognize its necessity, too; after all we are reading about the climactic days of the Third Age that is no more...

Boy, will you ever catch hell from the Brigade for your stated views re Breen! So, welcome to the club. "...so alien to my way of thinking..." is an aspect I hadn't specifically formulated in those exact words, but it fits, yes. I can stretch empathy to cover quite a lot of attitudes and/or actions that I'd personally want no part of, for my own self, but eventually the elastic limit is passed and revulsion sets in. Some of our colleagues here must be ALL-Elastic...

SAPrise 1: This Wler also shows talent. Once Topic B is past its halflife I think I'll like this guy. At the moment, like many another Wler past and present (and no doubt also future) he's prematurely authoritative on matters SAPSish. Like, in the unrealized world-of-If in which SAPS splits up the middle, van Arnam's point that "Walter is now definitely In" hardly negates the fact that a number of dissenters including the OE were In FIRST and might just have pushed it on that basis in the clutch. A mere hypothetical balk, I'm making here. Dig?

"L B J, All The Way!" -- D C Branch, Y M C A . . .

MISTILY MEANDERING 10: The middle volume between C Anderson's "Ten Years To Doomsday" and Poul A's "After Doomsday" is of course Sax Rohmer's "The Day the World Ended", now out in the PB edition...

Yeh, but how did this youngmother in the bookstore pronounce 'Ayesha'??

David Travis "U.V.M." went along fine but he goofed the punchline, which might have gone something like this:

The birthrate had jumped 250% in a year, and the government, alarmed, had to get to the bottom (discl..) of it. The FBI took the case.

It was J Edgar Hoover himself who solved it. Bypassing all usual investigative procedures, he himself dropped a coin into one of the vending machines. It clicked, and whirred, and--

There, plainly printed on the wrapper, were the words:

"We TOLD you these were sold For the Prevention of Disease Only!"

Right; slap Eney's wrist for concluding that Breen himself had anything to do with the Rumpcon Putsch; all we know for sure is that some of the most ardent Breenie BRIGADERS (particularly in Berkeley and New York) were pushing the bit; we cannot know whether Walter himself was behind this, opposing it, or indifferent. I could hardly care less. The major consequence of the Rumpcon Campaign was the series of really priceless suggested slogans and Program Items from sources that were somewhat less than sympathetic to the Rumpcon idea. In the interests of letting the fallout settle a little sooner, I deprive you of some good laughs... [Actually I'm just too lazy to dig the stuff out for quoting.]

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 10: Glad you enjoyed the Con; certainly I enjoyed meeting you (as I hope you gathered from the previous issue of this zine). ((Also DAVE HULAN, as I meant to mention back there but forgot.))

((Also of course KATYA-- dammit, is there no end to omissions to be caught up?))

OK, where were we, you Friendly Fiend you...? Yeh, well, the business of "opening up" in apas on matters of deep personal importance, etc. I don't at all recommend it to the Sensitive Types. There are too many wiseacres hanging around with a hatchet out for any vulnerability they think they have spotted. However, it is quite safe to discuss deep personal feelings of any kind, just so long as they are not labeled or recognized as such. Anyone may discuss with impunity the inner workings of his secret heart just so long as he does not preface this by saying "...look fellas, I'm gonna discuss the inner workings of my secret heart". You can get away with anything in fandom so long as you smile when you say it.

Pleased to see that you are now within oneshotting distance of here.

SAPTERRANEAN 11: I think you'll admit that I've previously given you some very useful and workable advice (even if I do find it bugging that you're following it so well some 2-1/2 years later, leaving the lot of us including yourself in the present distrustful&ambiguous situation of wholesale sniping). Like, about 2 years ago I told you to shut up and let other people carry the ball. It settled the dust then but it's keeping it raised now, because none on any side can judge or guess your present attitudes toward the future.

It's this way. No one expects you to say aye-yes-or-no about the past, but if (scoffing that off) you'd like to stick your neck out foursquare to the effect that even such recalcitrants as myself (and others) cannot on our own terms fault you in present and future, this would give everyone a place to drop it right now.

This is no trick, though of a certainty it's "tricky" to word. Think it over; talk it over with your very best advisers. Kick it around. But I don't see how you can ever possibly raze the walls and rejoin the carefree group without going a little bit out on a limb with some sort of definite personal reassurance to that group. There are too many of us who will require some such effort on your part.

Why don't you come out from under the bed & help celebrate your Moral Victory??

PILLAR OF FIRE 10: Commented-upon in private letter, to which at this writing there's been no time or opportunity for answer. [For what it's worth, I did point out how and why I have not changed from the same ol' F M Busby that Rich Brown knew back in 1957-58 and on up; we have just run into some unprecedented and unexpected situations, is all.] [Later: his eventual letter put a ban on further correspondence, so I guess that takes care of that.]

THERE ARE ADVANTAGES: Ordinarily it is considered unethical to comment on that which appears in the same mailing. However, granted the nature of Rich's threats and the possibility of repercussions upon the group as a whole as well as individually, I approve your taking the membership off the hook so far as you could do unilaterally. And in the general case (individuals aside) the only reasonable answer to blackmail, short of a quick kill as cited in minny&minny a murder mystery, is "Publish and be damned to you!" [Errr-- I'm not advocating that Dian slaughter Rich. If she does more, physically, than kick him in the shins a li'l bitty, she will be a Bad Girl.] [But if Rich actually does fink to the PO to further a petty personal beef, I regretfully move his expulsion.]

STRATEGISTS HAVE... This was really funny as hell, no matter who you're for.

OUTSIDERS 57: Well, it is nice to know that your pagecount is short because of just being too busy in mundane/metropolitan daily life, so long as you absolutely have to short-count us at all.

Anyhow I did write a ConReport although it was only 6pp and double-distributed at that. I expect there'll have been some others in the Nov FAPA mailing, but I think we have our shinguards strapped on for those, don't we?

I'd comment on how we ancient-type SAPS don't dare indulge our natural idiocies lest the new crowd call us on it, but anything I'd say would only confirm that they were right all along. We might's well just be idiotic & the hell withit.. I bet we can outshoot the lot of 'em with the Deringers, anyway.

O well; watch for High Noon, Daylight-Saving Of Course, at your neighborhood..

PLEASURE UNITS 8: As it stands, your outline would expand into an honest-to-Metallious Best Seller novel. Of course it is a little bit short on rapes and seduction scenes but these can be added by the serious writer. The main trouble with your book is that it is entirely too heavy on credibility.

Sometimes you scare me, Gordon Eklund. For instance, here you say about fans-and-"love" how some fans talk all about love and "exist in parasitic form". The hell of it is that you may very well be R*I*G*H*T, because you are looking a lot deeper into our liddul microcosm than I have ever dared (or "bothered") to look. ...Naw, that can't be right, though-- or else why don't you and me and Joe Gibson get to Naming NAMES, man? Obviously you've been bribed...

The trouble with things like "Dear Son" and "Hate Stories" is that they are so complete in themselves that we filial-hate buffs can only cry like Bravo.

RETRO 34: Well, YES, by Ghod.

REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT or DIE WIS or whatever: Well, yes, Dick; you and your mimeo fight it out, and the winner is free to challenge. No kidding; you have gotta do something about this mess. [And in case it's a stencil-cutting problem, feel free to ask questions, man.]

IBEX 4: I am flatly and strongly against any smarmy warping of the Rotation Plan as proved-workable from 1954 on up. I think that somewhere behind the scenes we have some BigDealers itching to Boss The Show, and I think the Rotation Plan is our best solid defense against that sort of sneaky crap. So, obviously I back you fully, Mr Chalker sir. Let's raise some hell and SINK these idiots.

That is, I'll back you when you realize what the problem really IS, Jack.

[]...so I took her out for a steak dinner; wot the hell, day after tomorrow is payday unless my calendar is fast. This outing was just a little surprise for a Good Kid, was all. The place was "The Black Angus", a nice modest steakery.[]

MAINE-IAC 26: I, too, picked up the 3 Doc Savage pbs and (like you) found them to be fun. Dated? Obviously. Thud&blunder? Why, sure. Fun? you bet.

(TV) "...in black and white"-- is that a portmanteau word for Black & Blech?

Did you hear about the girl hitch-hiker who kept insisting she was a witch? The driver just laughed at her, so finally she bit him on the ear and he turned into a motel.

Of course the Breenie Brigade won't grant you the right to make your own decision for your own motives; they've already decided that it's all H*A*T*E. ["Hate" being the latest catchphrase in some circles mundane as well as fantype, it's quick and easy to apply without the fuss and delay of old-fashioned Thought.]

Wines: we had Louis Martini Cabernet Sauvignon with the steaks tonight. Yum.

ARMAGEDDON 3: Another WLzine. Shows promise but the Wait will probably help...

COLLECTOR: I see we're strongly agreed about the NonCott types; some were cheap.

Now that you're working for the PO [assuming you're correct in assuming this] you should be able to work up some fantastic ploy to one-up Bruce and his Library Rates, and (Shudder! Groan!) kidnap the treasury back to Detroit.

Our regards to Fred and Roger and Dannie; it was fine seeing them last month.

NANDU 28: Welcome home, Nan; we've missed you. I hope and trust that you'll once again feature the seal or crest or shield of 200th Fandom, with the 3rd track-shoe and all that. De Garren Haa not had Det so Gut of late around here...

I'm afraid Cradle of Erotica struck me as a deliberately-sensationalized book filled with great gobs of goodies for wishful thinkers among the male leching types. Other sources give such a diametrically-opposed picture of the Middle-Eastern Arab scene that the whole bit is impossible to evaluate by remote control. I don't suppose fandom is ready to raise a TASF (TransAtlantic Sex Fund) so that a good dedicated researcher could check this all out firsthand, so I won't pack just yet.

Awhile back I read another book, equally sensationalized but in the opposite direction, which had it that Arab women have nothing but a Rotten Deal sexwise. The title was something like "Daughters of Shame" which was a pretty crummy title, and the message was that clitoridectomy is not so good for a growing girl.

I've just gotta read "The True Believer" one of these dear ol' days...

POT POURRI 35: Ah, a good long fullbodied Goontale once again! The plot does get like you say complicated, man-- which is half the fun, of course.

And the Goon himself is the same fine superb ace bumbler he's always been. Don't let these be so long in-between next time, John.

GOLLIARD 834: 834? OK, what's the new bit now? I mean, I may be slow on the up-take now and again, but the leap from The Zed 807 to Golliard 833 was bound to be noticed eventually. [Hmm, I missed a good party, huh...?]

Lovely job of giving the whole hassle from Polonius' viewpoint, at The OldShip.

EXCELSIOR 1: And Welcome to SAPS, Arnie. You seem to be coming on with a good touch for a starter. Eventually you will become hardened and mean and cynical and cruel and evil, and will blesh into SAPS perfectly.

As Howard said in the Detention Program Book "They can hold the next one in Hell for all I care!" Hell, yes; New York, no. Sorry, friend...

I didn't get half the ~~screeams~~ comment I'd hoped for, on the bit of SAPSsplitting.

Well, I'm summat revived from the ennui of the mailing of my 8th-Annish; OK?

IGNATZ 36: Bartholemew the Beaver? Heck, any rightminded Roscoeite infant would tear up a book with a heretical title like that one. Bartholomew?

I've seen rare superbred parakeets with Beatle-do's, but canaries? Not yet...

You wanna see youngunk crooks get their justies? I cite a gunshop-owner out near the Univ District. Every 5 years or so a couple of jerks try to rob him. It is always a new pair of jerks because he is a faster and better shot than they are. He leaves nothing much for the police to do, except the paperwork. No kidding.

Yer right, doll: "the good old days when the OE was absolute Ghod". That's my only complaint at Bruce, that he has upon occasion unnecessarily diluted his SAPSish divinity. [Well, haven't we all to some extent, each in our own time?] The real OE-gimmick is as tricky as it is fun-- to lead the parade in the direction it wants to go in any case, but with a flourish. [Right, Wrai?]

I wouldn't be surprised (just pleased) if you're right that SAPS is on its way to be More Fun again. We're overdue for a therapeutic slump followed by a great unaccountable drought of fuggheads, and I do hope we make it about now.

WILD COLONIAL BOY 10: I truly applaud your skepticism on the Breen matter. Now try it on the other side of the street as well, for size.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE 2: Another Wler who looks like a good prospect.

RESIN 18: Norm, you must be Coswal in a clever plastic disguise, to go to all that work to make up a listing that you know in advance will get little or no comment and most of that derogatory or at least unappreciative. HowCOME?

Well, yes, I know, or guess at least. (Stubborn as a d-----!)

Yeh, "The Lad and the Lion" was pretty corny at that. It read like sort of a rehash of 5 or 6 other ERBooks, the best of which would have been Son of Tarzan.

Ya gonna have to make up your own elephant jokes this time; I'm pooped tonight. [Nothing personal, however; I tried but nothing comes up just now. Disclaimer.]

DINKY BIRD 12: And wot's so dinky about a bird that's run 12 consecutive issues? [Modesty gets you no place in SAPS]. Less economy with the staples please, however; this custom imported from Wherever will never become popular.

It appears that you can write a swinging report of just about any event.

Por Que 23: Purists pencil-in the interrogation-points, please, fore and aft.

23? It hardly seems that long. Are you sure, doll? Yeh, I guess...

Your new place sounds great; hope it holds up until you can finally build.

That makes two of us: for years I dug the "A A Fair" books about Donald Lam and Bertha Cool but at the same time could not stomach Erle Stanley Gardner under his own name writing the Perry Mason guck. Gardner does better with his other head.

"Lookit Buz, an almost normal size zine", you say. Same here, huh? Whee...

Errr-- the famous Negro comic of many years ago was I think Bert Williams. If I'm wrong, many references misled me. He was the Big Character behind some twosome in Negro-comic work way back when. Big man, deep voice, and personal presence such that one could only laugh with him, not at him. Does this relate?

Damn, I wish I could recall the comic pair that Bert W backed-up...

AND SO END COMMENTS on Mailing #69, the laugh-a-minute mailing that did not come through as such or as expected. We all chickened out, I guess, and a good thing, too. After all, it had all been done in Cult long since. So much for squareness.

What has six legs and wiggles and grunts? A constipated ant. And all you who thought I was going to say a Candy Sandwich, go to the end of the line and Shame On You, veritably. Is nothing sacred? Or not? I certainly hope...

If you can read this you are too damn close to the top of the Waiting List.

...being a page or maybe even two,
of editorial and/or other miscellaneous type matter, assuming you're still with me.

Some of the more perceptive types Out There may have noticed a renewed flush of enthusiasm and interest for SAPS in these pages. Why, I even noticed it myself.

I'm not exactly sure just HowCome. Partly, of course, it's due to the return of NanGee, the oldtimey hooboy air of NanShareRapp's remarks, Wrai's getting past still another October mailing in good shape, the SAPSish promise shown by Arnie Katz and in a WLzine or two, a feckless optimistic hunch that maybe some of the worst fuggheads on the WL just may fail to acknowledge (with any luck at all), the sheer fun of Eney's political slam (as opposed to the sickness of some of the stuff aimed at the same candidate), Gordon's increasing prominence as one of the great humorists of SAPS, John's fine new GOONepic... heck, even Dian's clear and forthright refusal to submit to blackmail stirs the SAPSish pulse; it ain't fun but I do admire the spirit. And the departure of Hannifen (his latterday apparent in-print self) braces me to endure the imminent advent of McInerny if worst comes to worst and it usually does but not by any means always.

And I'm sure I've missed a number of interest-building aspects in Mlg #69.

Naturally there were deterrents also, Rich Brown's piece in particular, but nobody ever said that life or even SAPS is all play; the rough with the smooth...

Perhaps an important factor is that since practically everything that could be said has been said, concerning The Mess, I no longer feel obligated to try to make sense in the face of hysteria; it is simpler to let most of the blather go by with the reservation that it's still open season on the riper idiots.

[A quick statement of policy, you say? Simple enough. I still think that Walter should have been ousted last April, but since the OE was the one to take the action and instead abdicated the prerogative in favor of a referendum, there is little point in beating dead horses. The Brigade came within a gnat's-eyelash of getting rid of me in here last summer out of sheer disinterest and malaise, but that phase has passed: I feel that the longhaul stake in SAPS outweighs any silly mess of any one year, and after all We Were Here First. End of policy statement.]

And besides, the Old Faithfuls and the Old Retreads are a lot of comfort. Five of the former and six of the latter, counting from Mlg 36 on up to date.

In fact-- guess what? By appearing in this mailing I'll have been in SAPS for half its lifetime and will have appeared in half its mailings. Chee...

At any rate it is nice to be really interested in SAPS again now.

Oh yeh: Bruce's chopoff on franking and his decision to gradually cut the roster back to a limit of 30 both add to SAPS' attractiveness as a forum...

It would take a real idiot to write in October for reading next January any would-be authoritative comments on next week's presidential election, so I won't.

Ron Ellik in 'spinkle50 refers to (the PB) "Operators and Things" by Barbara O'Brien as a "nut-cult book" and puts it like down. This is one of our favorite squirrel's rare goofs. The book is introduced&prefaced (in the PB as well as in the 1958 HC version) by a couple of Big Names in university psychiatric circles, and more than that, it is a fascinating study of the mechanics of schizophrenia as viewed by the recovered victim. A fan of Ronel's stature and tenure should know better than to judge a book by the cover-blurbs of a PB-publisher, f'CRYsakes.

I see by yesterday's paper that Buck Bailey went through a stop sign in New Mexico and (along with his wife) got killed to death for it. This saddens me. Arthur "Buck" Bailey was a big granite-faced splash of color on the sports side of academic life at WashState my good ol' collitch, from years before I attended the school; the paper says that he had retired in 1961 after 35 years of coaching baseball teams and football backfields. I guess that's just about right, at that.

Except that actually I think Buck coached more lines than backfields, now that I stop to think about it (it's been a while, after all).

The guy was practically a local monument, like Mount Rushmore or Old Faithful. As a baseball coach he fielded good winning teams but was a greater crowd-attraction than any of them. The papers have played up how he used to tear up his hat at a Bad Call, so that when he got married in 1939 there was a "Send Buck a Hat" Drive and he and his bride returned from their honeymoon to find the Bailey residence in Pullman, Wash, covered with and surrounded by and floating in HATS of all descriptions. Estimates ranged from 50,000 to 100,000 hats on that block that month.

[This was not the same wife who bought it at the stopsign. So much for romance.]

I remember when the dugouts at the WashState baseball field used to be roofed against the weather more or less, by one-inch boards. Since my sophomore year at that school this has not been true; the dugouts went open-air right about then. I did not see the vital episode but I had it from eyewitnesses. "Buck had stomped back to the dugout and was just sitting down when (whatsisname) was called out at first base. I guess Buck forgot where he was. He started hollering at the umps and jumped up at the same time. He put his head right through the roof of the dugout. It didn't faze him a bit. He let out a yell when his head busted the boards, but he worked the yell right into what he was saying and didn't miss a cuss!"

Well, that was Buck for you. He never freed any slaves or invented any new taxes or anything, but he hammered out a lot of good ball teams and delighted more crowds than most people ever manage to do. His trick of Accidentally stomping his foot into the water bucket when he was about to lose the argument and was turning away in a huff-- W C Fields couldn't have done it better, and Buck never goofed by doing any one such stunt twice in the same year; he kept 'em in suspense.

This has been a halfass eulogy for a guy I didn't really know at all.

You know how easy it is to slip into a new accent (any, at all) when exposed to same? Day before yesterday on the phone I was really fighting this tendency or maybe trap. This New York representative of a (West) German manufacturer of several types of communications equipment-- well, his brogue was shall we say RICH. It took the utmost in self-restraint and conscious effort to keep from falling into it, and this did not make it easy to cover the business aspects of the call, either. Later it struck me that [assuming that I had become bored with the monotony of regular paychecks] just for the hell of it I should have improvised a heavy Yiddish-accent just to see what would pop, if anything. Les Nirenberg and Avram Davidson would've cheered, I'm sure. But I think I was talking to a rather young fella by WWII standards; probably instead of Blanching with Guilt he would just have thought I was Some Kind of Nut. You can't please everyone, surely; I hardly ever try, and generally this attitude works out the best of all, with most sensible folks.

Local Notes: I bought a couple of new tires the other day and now I think our 5-year-old New Car will get us through still another winter OK. We were out in freeway country this week and the car jitters me at 70 and on up, but I think this is merely my own lack of recent highway experience and no fault of the buggy as such; hell, I used to put much-worse buckets up to 90-95 or *top speed* back when I drove junkers and put my foot in the carburetor so to speak.

We are all just about the same as usual here with dogs and fungus and birds and sunflowers and high grass and sex and politics and a damn rat snooping around the FenDen only this time the trap won't set and I guess I need a new one. Elinor is a sort of redhead these days and looks good at it, which is one advantage that the ladies always have when the monotony of it all begins to drag; I'm not too inclined to compete by getting a Beatle Wig of my very very own. Poor me, hey?

Woops. Just in case Bruce isn't running again, Wrai and I file for OE right now, reserving the right to decide which of us [just in case] runs in earnest.