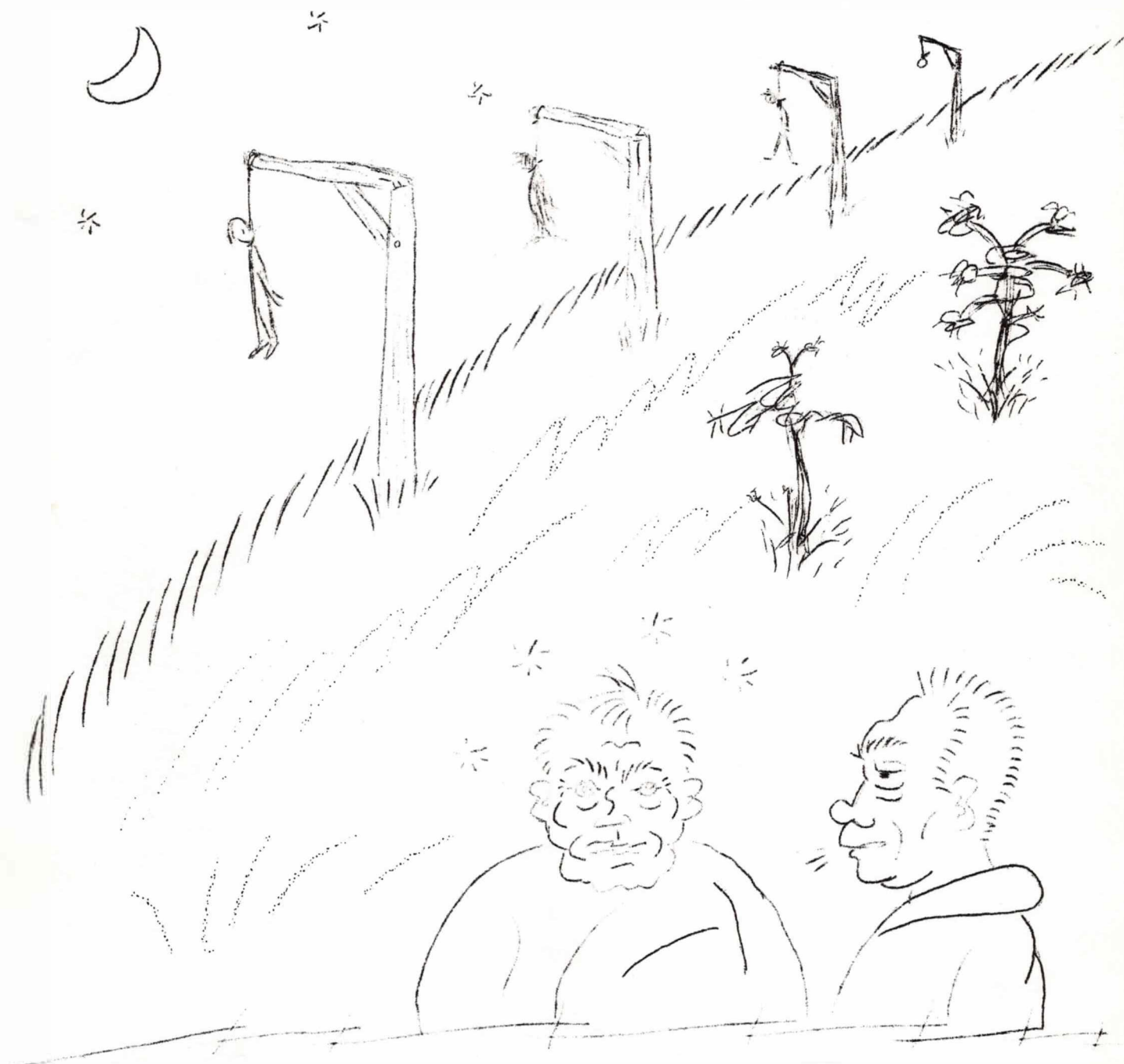


RETRO 16

SAPS 51

APR 60



"The first one missed the 50th Mailing — the other two tried to start a Page-Count Race... We're still chasing the one who blasphemed against Mailing Comments!"

~ Buzz ~

OK, it's R e t r o # 1 6 and page 3 at that, winding up 4 years of SAPSactivity
for

F. M. Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Washington. The first hundred years....

It is February 14th here, and Happy Valentine's Day to you all. Last week we were invaded from New York, Berkeley, and New York by way of Berkeley. Like, it was great. Of course, as is usual on such occasions, we all overstretched ourselves past

"Let's all get to bed early tonight." "Yeh, by two or three o'clock, even." human endurance a bit (recovered yet, Terry and Miri?), but it was well worth it. Anyhow, after I'd caught up on my sleep by going back to work, I finally got around to read through the F*I*F*T*I*E*T*H Mailing, finishing today. In fact, I just now finished filling out my Pillar Poll Ballot. It was quite a job...

It might be interesting to compare how various of us handle this Pillar Polling. I hope it's interesting, anyway, because I'm going to talk about it here in any case, since the problem is common to all right-thinking types who V*O*T*E.

There are 33 names on the Roster of Spec #50; 3 of these are doubles, making 36, but 2 of them are Elinor and I, leaving 34. While some have contributed more to my enjoyment of these past 4 mailings than have others, there is no one on the Roster who doesn't deserve at least one of the 120 points that are mine to bestow. Since this viewpoint spreads the egoboo pretty thin at best, I arbitrarily eliminated any votes for non-members, including both W*L*E*r*s and ex-members who were in one or more of the mailings (47-50), who otherwise deserve recognition. Unfair? Possibly it is, but I'd rather give a loose extra point to someone for having achieved and maintained membership than for contributing elsewhere (after all, it's Pillars of SAPS we're voting on, according to the Ballot). So: 120 points, 34 names.

I'm not satisfied with the results, on my Ballot; I don't think it's possible to come up with a Ballot that truly reflects the relative appreciation I have of and for each member over a period of 4 mailings (for one thing, the earlier mailings are less vivid in recall). But here's what I came up with:

One member came away with 12, or 10%, of my 120 points. 2nd place got 10. Two tied for 3rd, with 7 each; 3 for 5th with 6; and 3 for 8th, with 5. So my "Top Ten" carried off 69 of my 120 points, leaving a scant 51 points to be apportioned to the 24 remaining members (not that this is the way I did it-- I voted each category by itself, and only checked the totals at the end). So, 11th place has 4 points; 12 thru 18 have 3 each; 19 thru 28 each have 2; leaving one point each for 29 thru 34. In many cases these totals bear no relationship to any crude guessing I could do as to the relative importance to SAPS of the contributions of the people involved. But if all the voters spread their points out in somewhat-similar fashion, the average would probably be fairly valid-- averages usually are. Incidentally, I gave no one person more than 3 points in any one category-- I couldn't, and cover the field even reasonably well-- and there are only six "3"s on my Ballot; that'll give you an idea.

I have one suggestion: since self-voting is rightly outlawed, there is presently a relative premium on not voting; this is a ludicrous situation. Since any Ballot can give a maximum of 40 points to any one member, I suggest we strike an average and add 20 points to the total score of each person who votes. This is for next year, of course, and the suggestion is directed to Miri Carr, Dick Eney, Jack Harness, and Earl Kemp, in alphabetical order. How about it, hmmm??

And while we're fondly loading advice onto upcoming OEs: Elinor and I dropped the numbering of the membership, back in Mlg44, for a ploy; we hoped to hike the Roster back up to the 35-limit and then announce it; like to see the practice resumed. Tosk dropped the listing of page-credits (within a zine) to contributors other than the editor. He had his reasons, but I hope the new OE will reinstate the full listing.

For a change, this is the first page cut for this zine. Further editorializing is apt to show up justabout anywhere in here. So watch out. --Buz

if this isn't page 4, there won't be such a thing in here

The mind does not boggle, exactly; it merely tends to deny the very existence of such an unheard-of thing as an 8*1*7-page mailing.

"I have something to say, and you're not going to like it"

would be a good title for a contentious set of Mailing Comments, wouldn't it? Actually, though, I'd be quite disappointed if most of you didn't like most of what will appear on the foregoing stencils, because (oh Ghod! "forthcoming", I mean) they'll be concerned with discussion of the 50th mailing which I enjoyed hugely, and with yakking about items that come to mind while re-skimming that spectacular accumulation of writings. There has been another of these "opposites"-fixations growing up around the words "communication" and "entertainment" lately-- the terms are approximations for material that is primarily addressed to one member, or not, and the overall acceptance of them as literal opposites, in this 50th mailing, is a bit croggling. Communication and entertainment are mutually overlapping, or you don't have much of either. Very likely I have contributed to setting up this false pair of opposites, but it's time to blow the whistle on the whole lot of us, along with the artificial division of fans into "fanzine" or "convention" types. (Someone recently capped that one nicely: "Why is it so imperative to send a fanzine fan to a convention?" was the gist; wish I could recall the source, but very likely it's in the mailing, come to think of it.)

OK, then-- the next few(?) pages will be concerned with the 50th mailing and with what personal ramblings come to mind as the result of looking through the stack; I hope to be both communicative and entertaining, but will probably end up just being sort of furshlugginer, as usual. Concerning the inclusion of miscellaneous material under the Mailing Comments label, or setting it aside under a separate heading, I'm neutral. Those who like to segregate these things, title them, and call them by the name of Articles, Stories (Atrocious, Seemingly Pointless, Grandfather, or Silly), Fillers, Editorials, Blurbs, Plugs, Announcements, or Departments-- they're welcome to do so with my specific blessings. But me, it breaks up my train of thought and pagination, and requires that I bring too many items out even at page-bottoms. So, herein will be found a great hash of trivia-- all, all, under the heading of

Mailing Comments and the Like, Man...

But first there is the little matter of the Toilet Roll. You remember the Toilet Roll, don't you? Not the Honor Roll. No, not at all. Quite the opposite. The Toilet Roll is the list of those who by failing to appear in the previous mailing have forfeited their rights to egoboo in this one, and was not lightly named.

For the first time in SAPShistory, we have a Toilet Roll consisting of one name, only, by virtue of one member's having mailed a single-sheet zine on the 13th of Jan, 3rd-class Special Delivery. Because this incomprehensible bit of ratiocination has resulted in the 50th mailing falling just one short of 100% participation, the Toilet Roll is suspended, this time, for reasons of inadequacy to the occasion. Instead, the editor of Retro is somewhat less than pleased to name

R a y S c h a f f e r

as the first (and, I hope, the last) recipient of

T h e " C o b " A w a r d

with the hope that he will accept and utilize it in the spirit in which it is given.

OK, I said it and I'm glad; now I'm not mad any more.

Too far down the page to start on a zine; who else can we plague? Well, there's this business of dual-membership segments needing to maintain separately the Minimum Activity requirements, in order to be eligible for separate votes. Now JaneJacobs didn't take up her instant-SAPSship until Mlg 50, so she's in the clear, but Toskey should have reminded Lee that he needs two pages next time to keep his vote good for next year, and that Miri needs 6pp for the same purpose. I'm sure they'll both make it OK, but it's really the OE's business to notify, in future, I think. Carry on...

oh, it's page 5, more or less..

Earth Women's Burden: Too bad this post-SolaCon oneshot missed the 49th mailing, Karen. Also too bad that Djinn appears to be gaffiating in all directions. The middle of your 4th sheet would seem to be alarmingly prophetic, since I hear you got yourself a crew-cut clear up to the shoulders and maybe a little more. T*S*K!

What's the title, if any, of the "I remember gaudy days.." song (for which, thanks)? I can sing it (as well as I can sing anything), because you've sung it to us twice, once in person and once on tape-- I like it, even though I think long thoughts of Eney and the Library of Congress, now and then, when -- oh, well...

Capstype 10: If this one hadn't been mailed late, the editor'd be reading this.

Ilho+Djee #3: That acid deal sounds bad; glad no ill-effects were apparent at the time you wrote of it, and hope all is well now.

You have some soupy spots at tops of pages: oversaturation with fluid?// It is, has been, and will I hope continue to be, Don Durwood (Almost Always Also Heard From).

Toskey's contribution of \$5, ostensibly to cover costs of mailing Thrilling Green SF: (1)It's not a precedent; GMCarr put in \$2 or so along with a 35-page poetry anthology. (2)Dick Bergeron put in \$2 with his zine in Mlg 50. (3)There's absolutely no obligation, especially (but not only) for straight SAPSazines; there seems to be a leaning toward contributions with non-SAPS "Vanity Press" deals like GMC's or Tosk's, but there's no tradition or pressure toward this pitch, and that's fine with me. (4) As with the matter we recently discussed in correspondence, it strikes me that you're all out in left field with this business of trying to tell people how not to spend their own money for their own purposes and enjoyment. Reelax, Art.

Fanmark Greeting Cards: Love 'em! Too much to ever send one away to anyone...

Pot Pourri 10: I got all sort of clobbered and confused by the names in "Short Circuit" but the ploy itself is the kind trufans like.

"Amelican swine!": not only did I laugh, but I've retold the story and have got laughs from one and all, to date.

And by now you know that Tosk can be too straight-faced with Penalty gags...

Bronc #15: "films.. wiped clean.. to see the new print.."? You mean you leave the ribbon engaged in cutting stencils (oh, no, you couldn't get such sharp letters), or that you don't clean the typefaces before switching from paper to stencils? Hmmm?

"Special Funds": the Berry Fund (let's be specific) helped TAFF, and Bob Hadle (who ought to know) has said so. For one thing, the BF didn't go after the 50¢s but plugged for \$2 or more by setting up a return-guarantee for that amount or over, and so broke up this four-bit thinking that had dominated TAFF for all too long. Also, because of the rumbles (such as your here-now belated one), many fans kicked in much more heavily to TAFF than they would've otherwise, just to quiet all the creebing. TAFF went over the top much ahead of expectations, this time, and that's a natural-born fact which is not open to any dispute whatsoever. Sorry if I sound bugged, but I am, a little. You're dissatisfied (as am I) with TAFF, yet you creeb at the Berry Fund for interfering with TAFF (which it didn't). Let's get our facts straight and be buddies some more, shall we, huh?

Howcome it's mostly the stalwarts of an organization we've agreed not to argue about who are mainly hung up on the term "BNF" and in a derogatory sense at that, whilst hardly anyone else makes much use of the label in the last couple of years?

Hoyle: "Ossian's Ride" is more polished than "Black Cloud", but is less stf and more of a straight mystery piece. Am looking forward to Fred's next; aren't you?

Yep, Nobby and Lisa love raw carrots-- had some this evening, in fact. We have to close off the kitchen so's they can't mismanage them on the living-room rug.

Maturity = Responsibility for Self and Own Actions-- I'll buy that.

I get the impression that vanVogt's "War Against the Rull" has been composited from his 3 original Rull stories ("Cooperate Or Else", "Second Solution", "The Rull") and the 2 Yevd stories ("The Sound" and the one about guy named Malenson who was having a lot of trouble with the union); I'd like to read this composite, though I expect I'll be disappointed at the loss from the possibilities of the original stories.

up comes page 6 -- it would!

Saturday Evening Ghost 8: You're becoming easier to get along with, all the time, Bob. Eventually you won't feel the need to insult anybody just to prove you're not overwhelmed or impressed, at all. And elsewhere, it goes pretty great through here: lots of good ideas and info, like. Hmm-- somewhere along in here I tried checkmarks for a while-- les'see-- yeh, "Jesus.. did not object to adultery or...": Jesus didn't only not object to anything in a person's past, if that person Joined Up-- he got mighty bugged with those who did object. On the other hand, he had no patience with quite a number of attitudes in Present Tense. Point was, he was willing to let the past bury its dead, if everyone else was. It's a pretty solid stand to take, for anybody...

I like your bit on the back page, about people's beliefs constantly changing, so that any given statement is not subject to challenge after a suitable lapse of time; more or less, you said it like that, anyhow. I buy it, and warmly appreciate your realization and spreading of this fine idea. "Some People Get So Upset.."--great.

Bronclette 2: I'm going to try to remember to comment on this entire series of Rapp stories under S'warp (damn your hide, Toskey! I tole you an' I tole you, you should list separate page credit-- that's what I tole you!).

Marty: Don Fulano de Tal is not the lovable Elinor, by at least 60 pounds. That is, the lovable Elinor is at least that much lighter and (I hope) more carefree...

The Zed 792: I like the li'l critters, Karen. Rupprecht strikes me as a sort of a housebroken Conan; I think I like this deal, but for CRYsake print any sequels in one complete package-- quarterly serialization would kill Tolkien, in the lengths you used. The sheer inconvenience of digging out the last two mailings, finding places to lay them out and dig the Zeds out of them, etc, precludes most of us from reading "Odile" all at once, as would be best for appreciation. Don't serialize any more, huh???

Speleobem 6⁵: Rhogod but Terry looks piratical with whiskers...//Yeh, some of Blanding's verse is terrific: you should hear him recite it in person (yeh, he's dead now, but there are records here and there; maybe tapes, even). Blanding was one of these Larger Than Lifesize people, in person, and very pleasant about it, too.

(your page 6) "I deny that I am responsible for Pencil Point". OK, maybe you're not responsible, but you wrote it up. Although I've been dropping hints in every comment to date on PP, I wouldn't have pointed the pencil at you this way if you had not made this denial-thing. But you went too far, Don Fulano, in trying to invalidate my remarks instead of ignoring them (they were lost in the welter of contradictory claims, anyhow). Your accomplice has confessed, but I wouldn't be lowering the boom on this pleasant ploy of yours if you hadn't mistakenly made the above-quoted statement without clueing me in to go along with the act. Sor-ree.

You & someone else later in the mailing are wondering about a story based on the song "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago". It's P Schuyler Miller's "Old Man Mulligan" in the Dec '40 Astounding. Not Kuttner at all, you there later in the mlg.

Jeez, you sound madder at Tosk in print than I was in person, when I was mad at Tosk in person. I think maybe this issue can wait till I get to Flab, or later yet.. no, you do seem to set your sights on Tosk's worst goof-- his recent insistence on the Bill of Rights for Ignorance, so as to protect it from Subversive Ol' Info-- but that all appears to have been largely the outgrowth of personal beefs, so what you say we say the hell with it? Anyhow, Tosk's "megalomaniac" appearance is largely an old ploy on the (joking) "I am Ghod" pitch, which became binding when it got mixed with the Ol'ship, because the OE is Ghod. And-don't-anybody-forget-it! The hell of it is that Tosk doesn't mean to be anywhere near as annoying as some of his mannerisms would indicate. As you know, he is a Good Man, basically.

Dirty limericks: I'm utterly soured on these since last summer's WesterCon, when an eminent figure cut loose in front of unacquainted mixed company with a series of items which did not send me at all. Let's see; there should be a printable standard of comparison. Well, once I lived in the same barracks with a guy whose favorite remark could be translated as "Let's get drunk and defecate in each other's hair." And that remark scintillates just about the same, to me, as the limericks I mention. Ingestive preferences vary, but the suggested menu is not my dish. Nor yours, likely..

((fade to Feb 15 and page 7))

And, that's enough about clods and deceptively-similar-appearing objects, except to point up that I don't consider it prudish to be disgusted with plain crude smut lacking any grace of wit or ingenuity. Tsk, and all that rowrbazzle from your simple innocent suggestion of running rhyming lines of dirty limericks, to see who'd dig 'em.

So, to make it up to you, Today's Punchline: "All the windows fell out."

When the bubbles stop for a couple of days, the FSS brew is ready to bottle??!
Mighod, one brand of malt we occasionally use makes brew that is ready to go in about 18 hours after being mixed in the crock. Most of it takes 2 to 3 days, but at any rate, when it stops bubbling except for very minor blurps, that is the Time.

OK, how about: "Charley Wilson! Now there's a man with both feet on the ground!"
or: "Josephine, someday we'll run away to an island hideaway, just you and I."
or: "Thank you, mayor Cermak. Franklin always likes to sit in the middle."
or: "Lizzie, I'm not going to speak to you again. Take that axe and chop some kindling, or you'll catch it."

The hell with it. Help Stamp Out Feghootisms, Historighastlies, and Folk Music. Which reminds me of Alexander King, and that his "Line Enemy Grows Older" is now out in pb for 35¢, and that it's a LI*U*S*T.

Actually, they were making women just about the way they used to, the last I heard. If there's been a Significant Breakthrough, though, Wrai shouldn't be so secretive about it; agreed? I mean, faans are progressive-minded types, and all...

OK: Talkin' Elephant Blues

Now, sit more quiet while your ol' friend tells
The saad ol' story of a cat named Pelz:
He split outa Tampa for Detroit, they say,
And his feet kept movin' till he hit L.A.
So there he is.
Much too far South.
Smogbound.

Now, it takes much bread to Keep a SAPSweep Green
And Pelz had always dug that bookshelf scene,
So when U S C gave out with Money Noise,
It jarred his roots, but didn't shake his poise.
Aveirdupois, that is.
He said it first;
I didn't.

Now pay some heed to this distressing tale
For all this happened to a normal male;
He gets his lucre, as he well deserves,
But now he's suffering from Freeway Nerves.
A common complaint.
Seldom fatal.
Everybody has 'em.

Oh, GHOD; I suppose you realize you've tripped Toskey off to reprint (yet once again some more) his "Franklin stood at the gates of Hell.." bit, which is incestuously related to the "Brutus, Arnold, and Franklin D" job you excerpted.

Think I'll save up and comment on all these "Ultimate Weapons" ^{along} with S'Warp.

Hmm-- I had a fiendish idea of trying to kill off Feghootisms by listing as many Feghoot punchlines as possible, but now it comes to me (sadly) that the essence of the genre is that the "story" is necessary to clue in the punchline. Oh well, just for the helluvit: Navy looker give torus Innismouth. A burr dinna handies were stewartin' tarboosh. Lahore Savannah there, Keller. Cthulhu Doverall ⁱⁿ miss Osmer fits howdah. (Mighod, do you realize this is what Weber's been doing in the CRYlettercol?!)
.

I wot nieder of "Zuleika" nor of the point to SPStory #6, but keep 'em flying. Why, heck, that's Sweet Unspoiled Miss Mashare behind that chivalry of yours in your lettercol, Bruce; who else? Pylka natters a good tale, as does Geodoreen. Oops--

Porque! #4: you get your own section, after all! "Oh, go dig a geode!" would be a good trenchant substitute for Get Lost or whatever, at that.

Yeh, I like the submarine illoes; keep 'em up. But x (dammit, there's a typo I can't salvage; there is no word beginning with x that will continue that sentence, so) ...But come up for air once in a while, I was gonna say back there.

Parakeets "less than nothing.. as a pet"? Well, if left strictly alone except for necessary care, they don't do much for you. But you'd be surprised how they can repay a bit of attention by developing furshlugginer li'l personalities all their very own. And of course if you get over the hump in teaching one to talk, it's the most. Imagine having one who insisted that your dog was a bird ("Nobby is a bird!", spoken in very dogmatic tone) or that he was "just a Prisoner of Butterfly" (it was supposed to be "...of love", but Bemmy was stubborn). Like, he ad-libbed. (Sigh. I wonder if Bongo and/or Brandy will ever get past the stage of making talk-like noises and actually dig the indigenous tongue?)

Names with good beats (re "Edna St Vincent Millay): the dah-didit-dah, di-dah beat has a lot of whammy; for instance, I couldn't tell you at this late date just what team Harry (the cat) Brecheen pitched for, but I'll never forget that name...

Why, sure, come on up, gal, with your new Valiant, and your appetite, and all.. Try to peg it so's you can hit the BoiCon either coming or going, too.

Well, Elinor always wants to cast me as Ol' Grizzle Bear in any SAPSish rendition of Pogo, but "thick-haired" is sort of wishful thinking, unless I get me a crewcut scalp-mat for my birthday or something. It's a thought, but not a popular one.

Neither of our birds are especially difficult to herd back into their cages, any more; Bongo plays it coy once in a while, but ordinarily he hypers back to his little home every now and then, of his own free will.

Howcome persecution of Jews? Well, starting way back in the Old Testament, we see this gang banging heads with various empires (Egyptian, Babylonian, Roman) as an ebullient tight-knit minority group with mucho esprit de corps-- probably bugged the hell out of their contemporaries, what with all that solidarity, even without the "chosen people" pitch. Let's say they non-conformed too successfully, hmm?? No attempt here at evaluation of rights&wrongs of it all; I see a tough little tribe with a chip on its shoulder, so that both good and bad times could be expected. It's for sure that the Jewish people as a closely-knit group have a fascinating and awe-inspiring history, and the world will be the poorer if they ever goof off and become "assimilated" or whatever. Like the gypsies, only much more so; dammit, we need some ^{solid groups of} people who are uncompromisingly different from the bland insipid mass, and if this happens to be on a religious basis, that's OK too. By me, at any rate.

No verse for you, you say?

(Well, after all, you	On the Waiting List is Dee-One,
sort of asked for it, you	Always said she'd never be one;
know, and after all I never	Now bereft of pubber Bruce,
did claim to be sporting or humane or civilized or schmardt-like-Jack-Harness.)	Dee-One waves the towel of truce.

Ach, Brüder, I'm not about to try to do justice to a 46-page Outsiders this late at night & this low on the page. Like, today young Elinor had an unborn wisdom-tooth chopped out of her haidbone. Right after, she called me up all chipper & told how it took only ten minutes and she felt all hoo-hah. Couple hours later, though, the novocaine wore off before the shock did, and she had it rough for a couple hours. "Elinor spent the evening in bed with a pint of bourbon" would have made a good headline here; actually, I forced the hooch onto her as a rinse-and-swallow to supplement or possibly replace those undependable pills you get from the AMA. Anyhow, she feels much better by now, and the bourbon is nearly as good as new, by visual estimate.

Tomorrow should be better, all the way around. Stand clear for firing.

Outsiders #38: The cover girl looks as though she's thinking "Big deal! All that buildup, and this cat's idea of a good time is to blow them square pipes!"

So LeeJ is King of the Cats, huh? This was fun; you should write more SAPSfiction, Wrai-- but while you're warming up, we could use some more from Way Back, like this. But I think Section 5 of the Code of Honor must now be revised, since it does not preclude hitting the opponent with the nosecone of an ICBM (as a blunt instrument) and we do want to keep our duels neat and sanitary.

"As I See It", though, is every bit as applicable as when it first appeared six years ago; the rules and usages seem to have changed very little, which would indicate that your favorable evaluation of them was pretty doggone accurate.

"Tiny Acorn": well, at least, six members from Mlg #13 are still with us, of the 13 cited in 1954: EdCo, LeeJ, and Rich are retreads, but you, Coswal, and Rapp have been faithful all the way. The "Acorn" goes fine; why'n'cha revive this, after all? Especially enjoyed the sidelights on Austin and Drummond, but I imagine there'll be li'l goodies for everybody in just about any installment, besides the overall picture.

"Songs and Snatches": my, how times have changed. Whereas you write of members sneakily creeping about with averted faces in order to avoid having the OEShip (and all that work) dumped on them by the incumbent, now we have 4 (count 'em, 4) candidates more or less actively (like, where's that Campaign Literature?) seeking the post. And so, OK, now I'm confused and unsure of just what our SAPSish traditions are any more, thence go and write us a tradition-binding SAPStory for next time, hmmm??

Poetry-Haters' Corner: but I don't hate poetry! I even sorta liked it...

Never thought I'd see the day that "...Backscratching" started on page 19. Wow. (This is a slow stencil. Both Wallys, Tosk, and Jerry Frahm are or have been here since I started it. And we bottled a batch of brew, Wally Gonser helping to make a fine assembly-line of the capping-process. Ah, well-- onward..)

Maybe the Official Slogan should be changed to "SAPS is for people who like to communicate", because cynical types could have a field day with that word "want".. I could give examples, but wouldn't wish to tempt the less responsible types.

Well, I guess we won't have the SAPS #1-50 Index just yet, since Dude Jawm is stuck wherever it is and apparently can't get your OOs back to you at this time.

Oh, now, that's just too much, saying that all women are Honorary Blondes; I never heard of such a silly thing; why-- wait a minute-- "honorary"? Oh, OK; for a minute there I thought you said "honorable".

Investigating new female members of SAPS: well, I think this field has been sadly neglected, but finally we're going to get some action-- Dee has bought a new car and promises to be up here this summer. I will endeavor to give a fair and full report to the membership, of her qualifications. Although to prevent hampering of these investigations, we'll probably have to lock Toskey in his basement with Stupid Cat, because it's downright distracting to an investigator to have have someone running about on the walls and ceiling, and drooling green.

Let's watch them fig-pluckin' tongue-twisters, shall we, now?

Your remarks on "shells" (pp33-4) are most apt; none of the rest of us thought to mention that whatever else a "shell" is, it's largely composed of scar-tissue.

Migosh, Wrai, now even you have been brainwashed and let on that Tosk nearly tore off the covers of S #1-- it was me, dammit and regretfully: meHEHE. See?

Waiting-List Entry Fee: it's a thought, if it didn't make for too much red-tape and if it were set up workably. Hypothetical setup: \$1 to be Listed, forfeitable by failure to respond to the OO on time, but counting toward first-year's dues if and when the Wler does make the grade. This would penalize the goofoffs but not the live ones. I'm undecided on the idea, but that would be one way to tackle it.

SAPS had a big membership slump about Mlgs 13-14, and again around #36? That's a fairly longterm cycle-- much longer than the pagecount cycles, at least. No, come to think of it, Elinor and I only inherited 24 members, going into Mailing 44 as the now 2-headed OgrE. But when we joined, with Mlg #36, things must've been rough, because only 21 members were left over from the previous mailing. What all went on to bring that membership-slump about, by the way? Anything in particular, or just trends?

hope it goes faster here on Feb 17 and page 10..

Wrai, you really put ESP to work for you: dreaming which tube is bad in the TV; that's the best way. Hmm, how would a psionist classify that experience? It's not telepathy, or even precognition exactly-- maybe a sort of modified clairvoyance? But more than that, since you not only saw the tube but that it was the Fault Piece. I guess maybe it's omniscience, maybe? Just a holdover from the OEShip days, probably.

Yes, I think you're right, that the faanfiction level is the best place for the SAPS-FAPA rivalry kick, and that because it does make such a good spoof-conflict, we better not let things get too Sweetness&Light along that line-- what a letdown, if we couldn't use the Evil Old OE of FAPA for a SAPSfiction villain, for instance... at any rate, your historical summary seems to figure pretty well. With only one major apa going at the time, upstart little SAPS was certain to bug FAPA, especially after the VAPA ruckus a couple of years previously. Could be that there was an attitude of "fandom only has room for one apa" (TAFF comes to mind). Once the trail was broken, however, was there anything like the turmoil or hassle with the establishment of OMPA or the Cult, etc? Certainly nobody's worried about N'APA, except for those characters who want to belong to all the apas and are afraid they'll be all stretched out of shape; matter of fact, I'd sort of like to join it, myself. Elinor says I can do it, too, if I'd promise to hold myself down to 4 pages per mailing. We'll see...

John did only 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages (on paper, plus 6 stencils) while here, because of all sorts of distractions like people and dogs and boat rides and art museums and eating and sleeping (we wouldn't let him take the typer to bed with him). All clear now?

I see that I will have to give the full story on "retromingent". It is, of all things, an archeological term, mostly. It seems that Cro-Magnon Man or one of his cousins was allatime painting pictures of animals on the walls of caves. Now Old Cro was pretty great in the Impressionist School of painting, but once in a while he would paint himself into a corner, so to speak-- that is, he would leave out some essential feature and then notice and add it just any old way. He was always doing this with bulls and stags and stallions, it seems-- getting all done and then finding that he hadn't made the gender clear. So then he would make a hasty addition to the picture, and since he wasn't so hot on Perspective, either, the results are described by the full (originally) title of this zine. Now you can't hardly get much more Cultural than that, can you? And still get through the mails?

I have seen (actually and literally) Wally Weber (no, don't stop there) run off good copies on a flat-bed ditto. He even makes it look easy. Maybe SAPS should send NGC a flat-bed ditto as a Welcome Back present...

I better quit before I get all carried away with these Great Ideas.

Capling 3: Hope you have Mundane kicked into better shape by now, Guy.

I've been trying to figure out this go-round you're having with Bruce and rich. Main source of difference seems to be that you and they have widely different ideas on the value of seniority/experience, etc. This is a neutral comment, be it known. Also, I venture you'd get less static (and give less, in this instance) if you were in another occupation; Bruce and rich (the uncapitalization is to distinguish rb from RE) still have quite recent memories of teachers who bugged them, so you catch a bit of blasting by association, possibly. (Right, you dissident ex-students??)

I was "right on what was wrong with the Azo"? Hmm, then it must be quite a ibt (or bit) like the Standard SW, at that. But why does the monster goof up some times and not others (under as near similar conditions as you can get)? Well, I too used to feel that the machine would simply take a dislike to certain zines and act up on purpose. But the feed-arm smudge definitely varies with the amount of paper in the feed-chute, in some weird fashion or other, and for some inexplicable reason it is always bad on the first few sheets and absent (or nearly) toward the end of the run. I think that temperature and humidity have an effect on the vertical-lines-- also the amount of moisture the paper might have absorbed before using. But this is Late-type Guessing based on analogy with Gestetner troubles.

Yeh, teachers as a group catch hell for the failings of individuals, and still are more under the public glare than would seem reasonable. Ever read Eggleston's "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"? Set in the last century, but still applicable.

unfairly short shrift, Guy, but new page (11), and new zine

SpoBem 6: Yeh, I like this sort of thing, even if it is expensive to produce (and don't tell me the cost of a Tampa-Detroit-LA-Tampa trip wasn't a bit more than you usually pay for paper and incidentals). Hell, you could have turned out an Atrocious Story on "the lies in disguise are ours"; thanks, though. Which reminds me that yet another Feghootism can be killed off here: "Aisle hallways lure views"-- and that perhaps it might help our humility to realize that Walt Kelly has been tossing off Feghootisms enough to last F&SF for a decade, just about every time Churchy sings a song, and without padding out a full-page buildup, either.

You better drop that Elephant kick, Bruce-- first place, nobody believes in Florida Republicans, and secondly, remember Otto and his Black Cloud? It started as a gag, but the bad luck really piled up, after awhile (you do want to become a lithe sand-kicker at beaches, don't you? So you can say "I was a 300-pound weakling; girls wouldn't look at me; but now I can kick sand in people's faces and get away fast!")

Don't be too hard on Riva Smiley. First time I ever saw her, I was a passenger of George Young's. Geo wheeled the White Whatsit into the North Plaza Motel at full differential-dragging speed, headed straight for the rear of a pedestrian flock, and at a distance of roughly five feet, jammed on the brakes while he lifted the people out of his way by the power of his air-horns. Riva was one of them, and believe me, if she had wings, she'd have used them, about then. I rather doubt that the poor woman is rightly responsible for her behavior since that traumatic moment, if at all.

Your bit on Harlan's pet photographer, along with similar antics by TV cameras at London, point up the fact that these commercial deals never do fandom any good, in regard to Cons or anything else. So I don't think Wally will need a trapdoor for Harlan, here in Seattle in '61. Last I heard, Concommittees are still in charge, so it seems feasible to crack down on these commercial jokers and let them get in line along with everyone else, or split out. Leastwise, we don't have to pamper 'em any; we never get a Good Press anyway, so what the hell. Right?

Well, I'm glad you triggered young Henstell in picking off a Good Buy at the auction (I just wish it had included a spelling book; he sent an "artical" to CRY last month and I'm still wondering how to return it so's to bolster his enthusiasm and still get across that we don't translate foreign-language material for CRY).

I wish I'd heard Garrett on "Respect"-- I gather that he's on the fabulous side and may well be deserving of Respect in his own right, but I still don't see why he figures that you (for instance) owe him any more respect for earning a living as a writer than he owes you for earning your living as a librarian. The whole thing strikes me as slightly ridiculous; certainly it would be in poor taste for fans to make a point of razzing a pro at an s-f Con, but I consider it to be in equally poor taste for a pro to upstage any intelligent well-meaning fan (aside from the normal urge of pro writers to seize the chance to clique up and talk shop for a while-- that is perfectly understandable, like). I dunno-- the really fine people don't seem to need a pedestal; the ones who do need it may be best left to enjoy it by themselves. On the neofan bit, I suppose it's all a matter of speaking the language. If the new-fan pays attention, he learns it; otherwise, he may waste his substance in talking while he should be listening, and be left wondering where everybody went. We all have our better and worse moments along this line, but it's more noticeable at Cons.

I love photosheets. But I'd never've recognized Steve Canyon-- what with the shadow under the chin, I took him for a WPA-style Abe Lincoln.

Well, here's a sample verse for the "Damn Her Eyes" bit:

G. M. Carr has lots of fun, lots of fun,

G. H. Carr has lots of fun

But when all is said and done

She is still a Group-of-One, Damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

She is still a group of one, damn her eyes.

Which probably doesn't have the whammy you had in mind, I suppose. But then you have a different "Sam Hall" format than mine, and Elinor doesn't like the "damn her.." idea in any form. Sometimes a good-hearted vendettist can't get off the ground.

Wish you could've got to Seattle, somewhere in there, Bruce. Next time..?

Spyctatoray of SAPS: How about that? I don't know about the early days, but for the past 15 mailings I don't recall seeing even one fakeSpec, and now 3 of 'em in the 50th! ESP? What gives? Anyhowdy, Rich.

The earwig is a slick shiny brown flexible insect that Infests Things and isn't too particular as to What: hecsh can be found in ears of corn, fruit, etc, or in the domestic situation a la cockroaches. Outstanding characteristics are two posterior protrusions that give the appearance of pincers but probably aren't, and a marked lack of fragility when you go to squish one. Bighod, our Idiot Encyclopedia states that those are, too, "forceps" and that the genus is Dermaptera. And that metamorphosis is incomplete. The earwig is at his least lovable at the bottom of a glass of milk.

I see you unearthed the origin of Don Fulano de Tal. I've read, and recall now, that item, but would never have brought it to conscious light without your mention.

"Lady Chatterley.." movie blurbs showed the principals in bed with their clothes on? Funny-- my recollection of that book isn't much for beds, at all.

Correct hydrometer reading for bottling The Brew? Well, the trouble is that the graduations probably aren't anywhere near the same. Ours has 3 scales on it (reading from top-to-bottom in each case, in this description). (1) Zero-to-28, with the red bottling-line at about 2. (2) A percentage-of-alcohol scale, to be read at the time the ingredients are first put in the crock: "W" (flat beer), "B" (like, bottle it), and then a scale going from $\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 13%, linear from 2% on down but clueless from there up. (3) A scale of zero-to-26 with the red line at zero. All the bottom numbers are at the same level, and the 0-26 doubles the score of the percentage scale all the way. But I have no idea whatsoever as to the significance of the 0-28 scale...

Adak, huh? A barren piece of ash, isn't it? And volcanic at that. My home rock was Amchitka (about 150 miles west and a bit south of Adak), which lacks even Adak's mountains. Oh well, let's don't get onto that old string of reminiscence, just yet..

So, OK, so Lisa has big soft brown eyes just like Eney's. Better??

"With Deadly Signs": well, what can I say, except "(chortle..)"?

I wonder if anyone has clued the Northern Pacific into the inner meaning of all this Yang/Yin jazz? Ghod knows what this might do to Company Policy, and all...

Hematode 5: Moving from Denver, the 7,000-foot altitude at Rawlins probably didn't bother you too much, Bob, but I remember the odd feeling of the thin air of Logan Pass (in Glacier Park) at a mere 6,600 feet. Watch it, boy-- you're mutating.

Loverly poem, although Jaguars are hardly even kleine, let alone kliene. It could be Peugeot's maybe, or (better) Lancias, but Jags are on the hairy side.

While holding Larry Farsaci in reserve for possible future need, I grant you that Morris Cottrell has cards, spades, and aces over even OrMcCormick for sheerly lousy verse-- though Lilith Lorraine leaves him in the dust for pretentiousness. He should be haunted by Lester P Schroeder, and Fred Sprague could well make a note, too.

Hell, I stick Elinor with all the painting around here, and suffer only under the pangs of do-it-myself carpentry. Wait, boy, just wait until you go to panel a room that doesn't have even one right-angle in its layout. (Write it up, tho, huh??)

Last I heard, Ellis Mills had goofed his Specresponse; hope he makes it somehow.

Here There Be SAPS: Bob, I enjoyed all this zine, even the hard-to-read parts, but dammit I'm going to sweat through the underinked pages again, digging for comment, so comments will be strictly on the good pages.

Yeh, but how often does Bjo come up to your shirt-pocket, and why?

The OE doesn't print up the rules for the whole year (if he has any sense) on account of the loopholes that show up in any given version, from mailing to mailing. You do remember Teddybear, don't you? Anyhow, it's always nice to have the leeway to plug loopholes that show up under the ingenious attacks that sometimes develop.

Er-- what year did Buick make a 5-holer? You sure it wasn't a Custom Job (I've seen 6-holers by the custom route, but never more than 4 off the floor)?

Toskey goofed on the wall-to-wall-carpet in his refrigerator. He took it to be some exotic dish left by the seller as a token of esteem, and after trying it with syrup, soy sauce, ketchup, whipped-cream, and yogurt, he gave up and fed the rest of it to Stupid Cat, along with the singed remains from the electric range.

page 13, same day, but not for long

Bob Lichtman, still-- dunno what you mean by "back-invective" re your not having obtained a driver's license, but it would seem to be a desirable item for you to have. You don't have to have insurance to hold the license, and it might come in handy.

Sorry, the SAPS 1-50 Activity Index got clobbered because Jawn Davis got away into the armed forces with Wrai's Specs unreturned. I dripped him a pocsarcd with no luck at all, too. My idea on this deal was to cover a certain number of mailings per ordinary page-- members carried over from the previous page would be in alphabetical order, and new ones would be added at the bottom of the list in order of joining. I think you have a more comprehensive presentation in mind than Wrai and I had considered but that's just the breaks. Anyhow, the sourcebooks aren't available at present.

TV has nothing to do with my bugging out from under a regularly-scheduled Plow-column; I've watched the teevey about twice since the Alex King and Henry Morgan rerun-series ran out a month or two ago. We've had TV since last July; of course, I'd seen lots of it around 1950-51-52; it's no novelty, here. Twilight Zone sounds good..

I liked the "In the Beginning There Was.." early-mailing reviews, and hope to see you continue them, being a fanhistory buff at heart, myself.

Good zine, Bob, overall, and I hope you whip the underinking, this time.

Feb 21, a slight touch of flu, and what a time to run across (in my bare feet) Flabbergasting #13: Well, Tosk, you held yourself down to 52pp of LMCs on 704pp of Hlg or slightly under a 1:14 ratio. Wonder how you'll cope with the 817? (And for that matter, I wonder how I'll cope; I'm on, roughly, a 1:37 ratio to date, but...)

"Ford is an older man, and so certainly SHOULD be financially self-sufficient" (re TAFF): he has a wife and kids to support, too, I believe; a family man doesn't lift transoceanic-trip money out of the family sock Just Like That (like, if you ever want to attend a UK Con, you'd better do it while you're still single).

Well, while I seemed to detect quite an aura of ill-nature here and there throughout your comments to Elinor and me, you say (in person) that this was not intended, so let's leave it at that, surely. And since we've kicked some of these disagreements around for over two years with no progress toward better mutual understanding, and since I said just about all I had to say, long since, any further discussion of Truth or Relativity or the Subconscious in this mailing is going to be sort of one-sided, as between thee and me.

I trust you're joking (lower p.8) in saying that since you've never read anything by Lawrence or Woodford you are "eminently qualified" to pass judgment on them, because otherwise you have your neck out a mile on the next page in telling Elinor, re Lytton (whom she has read): "Ye Can Not Conclude.." and "again, do not say that...". Your neck is out anyway, because you're clearly contradicting your "everybody's opinion is as good as everyone else's", but then it was time to drop that deal, anyhow, so I will not gloat thereof.

Ghad! You mean that when I have a beard on, you feel I'm "sneering" at you and all? But, look-- I've had the beard off and grown it out again twice in the past 8 months or so, and sometimes it slips my mind whether I'm bearded or not, during the quick-change periods. And even when I don't have a beard, I generally don't shave once between a Thursday night and the upcoming Sunday night. So my question, Tosk, is this: at what length of stubble do I cease to be my lovable self and begin sneering at you and daring you to make remarks about my beard?? (And if you counterploy by saying that I'm an exception, who sneers all the time, our engagement is off!)

By you, "a good 1/2 of the city without racial restrictions" means that negroes are not "actually restricted"? Personally, I think the situation is considerably less restrictive than your estimate, but that's still more restriction than otherwise.

I think that perhaps you and we got too edgy with each other for awhile there, because I get the impression we've been pouncing on items meant in jest. Like, the Trojan Asteroids business referred to one time here at the house back in 1956 or so: You did steadfastly refuse to believe in their existence, and attributed them to some stf series or other, and I had one helluva time proving it, if I ever did at that time. And the "Toskey allows us our little irrationalities" re Relativity was strictly a for-fun spoof mit der hyperbole and all. Like, we should relax more, and not be so shook

up by mere words in print on paper (OK, not "shook up", then; we shouldn't get wound up in the literal meaning of attempted funnies. You and me both.

And before you and anybody get into it re your statement (bottom p.17) that a ConRep by Bruce wouldn't be counted as part of the mailing, leave us all take heed that this pronouncement dealt with Bruce's proposal to postmail the Report...

I think your brannigan with Bruce merely manifests a couple of difficulties that some of us have been having with you, Tosk. Like (1), you've always had a lot of fun with this ploy of "Toskey is the Master; Toskey is Ghod; Toskey is Always Right", and that's perfectly OK, but when used by the OE (who is Ghod) and carried over into some supposedly serious discussions, it becomes difficult to determine where you're kidding and where you're contradicting your own "everyone has the right to his own opinion" ploy, which was carried a bit to extremes (it seemed to me) for awhile there. So the reader is sometimes left with the feeling that it is only Toskey who has a right to his opinions in the face of dissension. And so, (2), sometimes the reader derives the implication (particularly from the repetition of "this does not interest me", etc) that that which does not interest Toskey is being spurned as of no interest to anyone with any sense. Wait a minute, now, ol' buddy, because before you waste a stencil or so explaining that you don't mean it that way, look again! I have not said, nor do I think, that you mean it like that; I'm talking purely of the effect on the reader who has trouble figuring out where you're kidding and where you're not, since there's not much difference in the way you say it, mostly. I realize (hell, notice) that you've had similar troubles with some of my own clowning, though not for exactly the same reasons. Being on the inside of my own writing-situation, I don't know exactly how to square up so's everyone can tell when I mean it and when I'm exaggerating for fun; in your own case, I'd suggest that you reserve the "Ghod" pitch for fun or for serious discussion, but not for both until you can perfect two discernible branches of it.

That probably isn't too red-hot an idea; I'd like to see other comments, here. But you should be able to see how the Infallibility Ploy rubs the wrong way when used in answer to anyone who is sincerely trying to communicate a differing viewpoint--after all, look how you carry on when folks don't take your opinions seriously. Right?

And incidentally, Tosk, certainly it's only in spots that this confusion comes up that I'm creebing about here. Not allatime. Just sometimes. OK??

Doggone, I am going to have to say something more about the "subconscious" bit after all, because you come up (on page 30) with a very interesting item: this deal of believing that it's the conscious mind that solves problems in sleep because you "have recalled the actual period of consciousness" often enough to be convinced. This being firsthand personal data and supported by some logical reasoning (re the lack of physical-sense data helping one to forget the process while retaining the result), it deserves (and gets) my serious consideration. Whereas previous statements re the subconscious have largely consisted of your pleading the rights of ignorance or (as above on the same page) making up your own definitions rather than using the accepted ones (oops, I'm not referring to "the same page" either; I mean p.40): "I don't agree that the subconsciousness exists as an actual thinking entity"-- this is strictly your own definition that you set up and refuse to believe in; I don't believe you have a little independent Dero hiding in your skull, either. You see? This is why we've gotten no place in discussing this "subconscious" deal: some sort of commonly-accepted definitions are required before meaningful discussion can occur. Maybe it would be best to define "the subconscious" operationally, as: the workings of the mind can be considered as being roughly divided into conscious and subconscious; the subconscious workings run the gamut between the fact that is "right on the tip of your tongue" all the way down to the "hot-stove reflex" and various glandular reflexes; the dividing line is not a fixed and inalterable thing, but plenty goes on in the mind, which is not monitored by consciousness or awareness of the individual-- this includes processes which were once figured out consciously step-by-step but which are now handled by short-cuts or habit on the conscious level, with the step-by-step routine relegated to the subconscious area where it operates rapidly and without bother. Conscious and subconscious workings of the mind make any better platform for consideration??

And I guess that does it for this time, Tosk; better luck next time...

Spacewarp (incl "Fugitive"), and six "Ultimate Weapons: well, Art, I have compared the plotlines and punchlines of these seven stories, trying to figure out what Vile Plot they add up to, but aside from a conspiracy to blanket the mailing with good SAPS fiction and walk off with the "Fiction" category, I can't detect any overall Vile Plot at all. Toskey figures in 4 of the punchlines: he's sort of the winner in SpeBem and in SWarp, and the patsy in Ignatz and Retro. Wrai is saved from a raging covey of femmeSAPS in Creep and jilts Bjo in Bronclette. The Martians-hot-for-Wrotsler-girl in Psilo doesn't get too much into personalities. Hmmm... well, I enjoyed all these, and if I had to give preferences, I think the ones you sent to Bruce and to me tend to get me a bit the most.

Liked the gover-takeoff on Dee's Hints.// As of SAPS-mlg #50 and FAPA#89 (for Jan and Feb respectively), SAPS/FAPA biapan memberships were as follows: Karen, Wrai, Dusbys, Carrs, Coslet, Eney, Harness, Hickman, Schaffer, for a total of nine (about ten has been the average in the past couple of years, I think). The WLs overlap a lot more, with Otto, Bob Leman, Jacobs', Nanshare, the friendly Al Lewis, Tosk, Bjo, Bruce, EdCo, Norris, Lichtman, Durward, Berry and Kemp making 14 SAPS on the FAPA WL, and Trimble, Wansborough, Higgs, and Rike: 4 FAPAns on the SAPS WL. There must be at least a couple who are on both WLs, but let's don't get ridiculous about this, huh? At any rate, I find much less difference between SAPS and FAPA than popular opinion would have it. And you can warm your fiendish little heart with the thought that SAPS is infiltrating FAPA more than 3 times as fast as vice-versa.

This business of trying to write too many characters into SAPSfiction is at least partially my fault, since I deliberately tried to see how much (if any) continuity I could get, while running all the way down the roster, in doing "SAPton Place". Don't recall whether I kept it in alphabetical order at all, but full-coverage was the gimmick that time. It's the breaks...

Yeh, I can see where writing from Korea you'd be bugged by the FAPish reaction to your squib in the OO. But also, isn't that quite awhile ago, by now? There's been quite a turnover in all apas as well as in fandom as a whole, since then.

A good "command bellow" is produced by opening the throat and throwing the words from the diaphragm, more or less, nicht wahr? // Hadn't realized that "By Love Possessed" was supposed to be a "dirty book"; I agree that it's terrific. Have you read any others of Cozzens' books?

Art, you have this G----W----- thing all bassackwards: it's not so much what he says, although that's bad enough-- it's that he is just as apt to send his accusations to the postal authorities or the FBI or etc. Could you stay in the same apa with a guy who was apt to quote you out of context to the CIC to show that you were a Communist? Sure, you could probably beat the charges, if given a chance to do so, but would you care to take the chance? It isn't so bad right now, but unsupported secret accusations lifted a lot of security clearances a few years ago, as you may have seen in the newsprints. This GW is no joke, Art. However, there's no chance of his getting away with counterfeiting a letter or zine over someone else's name, not if you've ever seen any of his own stuff: he is violently obsessed with Communists, "Harlem Ellison" (his invariable usage), and Dave Foley (or maybe it's Mason) having said or written something obscene to a Mrs Noah McLeod, some years back-- these items get into every thing he writes, under whatever name. It's not just personal offensiveness, you see.. the guy is wound up to the point where he's not safe to be in communication with. If you didn't feel safe getting RUR, GW should send you scuttling up the walls.

Hmm, I've heard that mnemonic aid for the resistor color-code, Art, but dammit I can remember it.. "Big Black.." something-or-other comes to mind, but I'm not sure.

Yeh, the Transfusion Analogy is a good one, on Federal Aid: it's like the blood-drinkers of Maze in vanVogt's "The Chroniclers" only with the house getting a cut out of each and every transaction.

Without going into the math at all, I'd say that it should be possible to make an ICBM take off and strike at the Antipodes-- perhaps not on the quickest trajectory, but certainly an elliptical orbit can be achieved about the earth's center, that will intersect the surface at the desired point (if only by firing straight up and allowing six hours rise and six hours fall-- OK, that's cheating & prob'ly wouldn't work).

Yeh, I goofed in thinking I could get past that rotating-cube problem without a diagram or two; the math was simple enough, but getting it into view was the hard part.

This Lucky Lager that seems to think that one hole in the can is plenty-- have you tried making just an iddy-biddy airhole for the second one? Like, trick it.

RRH in the Proz: Touche' and all like that; I like these deals.

Phoo-- I was just getting to like Fred Hoyle's nice snuggly Steady-State ~~cosmology~~ Cosmology, and now &young is knifing it in the negative curvature. And his solution, while ending up in recognizably correct form, has a bad case of parameters.

A kind word of enjoyment toward the poetry/notpoetry/amsopoetry or whatever, in thru this issue, before looking at the serious material...

OK, this "Communist Indoctrination" report of Major Mayer's. It does seem awfully weird that the behavior pattern of captured American soldiers could change so radically in just 5 years, especially since a great many of our troops in Korea were retreads!

I suggest that the Major overlooked two important factors:

(1) I have never met anyone who was ever enthusiastic or "gung ho" about "Acheson's War"; it was generally resented, and treated in the fashion of "If a thing is not worth doing at all, it's not worth doing -- well." With this attitude stateside, it must have been pretty hard for the guys under the gun to get much steam up. The "police action" label didn't help any, nor did the "38th Parallel" restrictions. Like, why go get your butt shot off for a Limited Victory for Political Reasons? No, the prisoners who had no valid reasons for being in Korea were merely reflecting the sentiment of the US as a whole. In May 1950 Dean Acheson made a speech outlining our East Asian perimeter and specifically excluding Korea. In June, the Communists attacked, and were badly shocked when we "treacherously" went to defend S.Korea, dragging the UN in by the shirt-tails. OK, that's one point-- it was a Very Poor Deal, from the standpoint of a WWII vet, or a kid, dragged in to man this "police action".

(2) the very fact that the troops were given to expect torture and other inhuman treatment at the hands of the Communists made it almost impossible for them to organize any effective resistance. It's all well and good to point up how ingeniously the Chinese played on the existing situation-- Orwellian as all hell, isn't it?-- but the fact remains that a guy who has been led to expect unspeakable cruelty is going to be a bit dubious about trying to upset what appears (by contrast) to be a very fortunate setup. The error would appear to lie in the prior indoctrination, surely-- but without the benefit of hindsight, just how would we indoctrinate the troops to resist capture and try to escape, under the circumstances? At this point, we were reaping the backlash of the WWII prison-camp-atrocity stories, obviously.

The above dissents (or sidelights) notwithstanding, I found this report deeply interesting, if alarming. Alarming, because I doubt very much if that "I Am An American Fighting Man" code is going to work out the way its proponents hope it will. There are other things in the report that are more promising, of course, but I imagine that the average recruit is pretty cynical about that Code (of course, I'm judging by the reaction of local GI's while Korea while still sputtering-- they'd read that "your government is behind you", or whatever it was, and say, "yeh, sure-- way behind!").

As a matter of interest, do you know whether there was any significant difference between Korean prison-camp survival-rates for WWII retreads and new draftees? And how about differences in incidence of Gallegher-types? I have a hunch that a guy who may have been real gung-ho on the Stalag circuit might turn "monster" under the Korean pitch. Like, it turns him upside-down due to points (1) and (2) above, so finally he goes onto a Lone Wolf Survival Kick.

Well, I dunno. The report is quite correct in saying that the Armed Forces can't be expected to take an undisciplined child and make him into a warrior in 13 weeks. And I can see where the rather brutal Marine training is the most effective of that of any of the services, as of now (the only trouble is, I've seen some of these career Marines on their home grounds, and they're frighteningly dehumanized; of course, you pays your money and you takes your choice). Well, at any rate, you present a mostly complete picture of a very real problem-- one which is not apt to go away just because we wish it would. I wonder just how the comments will read, this mailing...

Fine zine, Art, along with the extracurricular items out and about...

let's try to get page 17 out tonight, hey?

Bible Collector #3: You probably don't read in the papers about all our local problems but right now there is some considerable controversy as to whether a Floating Bridge (to span Hood Canal, a part of Puget Sound) is going to hold together long enough to be insured, or whether the goof will come out of the taxpayer's pocket as usual. So I suggest that they quit horsing around and adopt that Red Sea pitch of yours. So why don't you hurry up with the One and Only True Translation, huh? Much cheaper than a floating bridge that comes apart before it's put together.

Well, if you & Wallys & Tosk extinguished John Berry at Helena, that was a fine job of golem-construction that you sent on to Seattle. Like, we hardly noticed at all.

I gather that Frisco Bert is for real. More from him, I hope.

Still say that it's a Bad Thing to call the PO's attention to the bare possibility of postal violations in SAPS, so long as the situation can be handled within the organization. Why get unnecessarily tangled up in Red Tape, Cos? It could really foul up the promptness of mailings, if they had to be gone-through by postals before being cleared for transport. If an OE really felt the need for a postal decision on a specific item, I would recommend that he dissect a zine, chopping off all reference to SAPS, and submit the bare-minimum of paper containing the offensive material, for decision. Otherwise, he gets SAPS a bad name and possible delay at the PO. Savvy?

Yes, some dreams have exquisite happiness in them, with sense of loss at waking.

Wally Weber is well over six feet: 6-4 maybe; same as "Carr, roughly."

No, my point was that inserting Eddorians/^{in "Triplanetary" and "First Lensman"}ruined the suspense for anyone who read the series thru in hard-covers as first-reading; middle-parts would drag, etc. Hmmm??

"Who's Curtis LeMay?" Coswal, meet Toskey, of "Who's Sherman Adams?" Curtis LeMay is the man who is left holding the SAC, last time I looked.

After preserving previously uncalled-for SAPS material all this while, it's yours, and the right of disposal at your own prices is hardly subject to argument.

I now have a copy of ur SAPS index but won't get anyone in trouble by telling how!

ICGYnatz #23: Hi, doll! Gad wotta Huge zine. The Walt Klein story would go perfectly well in a '41 SSS, and I enjoyed those when they came out. // Your Paeon In Praise of Ignatz is persuasive indeed; why, I had to concentrate firmly on jelly doughnuts to keep from losing the True Faith of K*L*O*O*T*E. Real cute writeup, Nance.

Nooo-- can't agree that Asimov sneers at the characters he creates. Examples of tales that give you that impression?? Ike seems quite sympathetic, to me.

I just dunno, Nance-- Art Rapp somehow seems to feel that whatever GMCarr says, it's all good clean fun and nobody should take it seriously, but when the recipients turn around and paste her a good one in return (as I damn well have, and will again if necessary), it is unsporting and we don't somehow have the right viewpoint. Like I said, Nance-- I dunno. (And please, Art: please don't bother to take this capsule-comment apart for word-for-word inaccuracy; I'll save you the trouble: nowhere do you ever say any such thing,^{exactly} this is just my personal choice of hyperbole to convey my interpretation of your overall attitudes as I see them on this deal. OK??)

Somewhere, I have a pic that beats Dee's with the towel-- it's of Elinor, and she is sitting with her knees up under her chin so that she's all arms, legs, and face-- with no bathing-suit showing at all! Outdoors, 1954, Anchorage, Alaska, with swimsuit.

I think Howard struck up the motorcycle bit in the '57 OElection, no?

Well, look, Nance, any "labor reform bill" has to be written in general terms; you can't write a law that says "crooked union leaders have to file this report, but the honest ones don't"; the assumption is that the honest man isn't going to be hurt by the provision that will bring the crook up short. Now I haven't studied the recently-passed law, so you tell me just how and where it works a hardship on the honest labor group, huh? Other than "assuming all unions are crooked" in the same fashion that the laws against theft assume that all people are crooked.

OK, a mental block is a defensive precaution; it's there for a reason. Sometimes the blocks outlive their needs, and sometimes people get fired up to tear down the ol' blocks without realizing howcome they're there-- This Way Lies Trouble. (Y'hear? It's the straight scoop, friends.)// Fine zine, Nance, and I like M-L's stories.

Ever think that maybe jelly doughnuts would go well with cheese, hey??

page 18, and Happy Birthday, George Washington, Happy Birthday to You!

BigHearted Spectator (and campaign sheet): That embossing business-- how does it work, anyhow? Real zooty.. Hmm, you came fairly close on page-predicting LeeJ and lovable ol' Lynn, but Art Hayes is the only one you nailed exactly (except for date rec'd, o'course); your page-total prediction fits right in with everyone else's, to convince me that predicting SAPStotals is a hopeless endeavor (endevore?)

A rabbit is just about all we need around here. Elinor has both birds out of their cages just now. Bongo keeps buzzing Lisa (Nobby has to be put out in the car when the birds are out, especially Brandy the cockatiel, who isn't as maneuverable as Bongo the parakeet-- Brandy just now whomped into the window and left the outline of a wing on the glass, in oil from his feathers). The birds bug each other for some reason, and they are both squawking their little heads off and chasing each other around, which does help a lot in meeting the production-quota for typos, dammit.

"..gathering grass and twigs for weeks now.." (chortle)

Wothell, Howard, who's crowding you to "get off the convention kick"? Long as various sidelights come to mind, go right ahead and discuss them in SAPS. Personally I find it all quite interesting, especially coming out of a thoroughly-successful Con.

Bump #2: Anniversary. Explanation. Whose (wish). Monstrous. How, passing "dred"; "pease-pipes", and "production" off as typos, and allowing for deliberate horseplay, Pogoisms, etc, you need a spelling book, Don. Now let's turn to the second page...

LMF Case #314 goes well; seems as though Soames should be fiddling about the outskirts of this plot, somehow. And for your future reference, it's: planned, decided, mentioned, writer, dread, hiding, chimney, distracted, obscene, charred, waddling; I'm not trying to "put you down", Don, but simply to point out that so much misspelling does detract a lot from enjoyment of your zine, in hopes you'll work on it, like... (half-heartedly, supposedly, undoubtedly, definitely... oog..) I imagine you'll be going on to college one of these days, Don; you'd be a lot better off to snap up the spelling routine beforehand, rather than have to take a quarter or two of Remedial Spelling (a non-credit course) on top of your regular schedule or delaying same. OK, now I'll get off your back...

Your deductions re the missing last page of PRA#4 speak highly for LMF training, but how does the inclusion of a torn-off page in this 50th mailing tie in to your theory? Would seem there's more here than meets the eye, what?

Too bad the machine washed out 3 of your masters; it did a fairly good job on the rest of the zine, though, which should be some comfort.

And-- better luck next time, and all like that, Don.

Warhoon #6: Welcome, Dick, to-- er-- to the Waiting List? With 21 pages? Yes, I guess that's right... ((Toskey! Be on your guard! It looks as if there may be a plot afoot, for the WL to take over SAPS! So watch it, see?))

Glad you saved up the bits and pieces, as you say, for I do like that cover.

Warhoon: on EBR's Barsoom, a smaller and somewhat degenerate variety of Thark. (Thark? The big green boys, anyway; it's been a long time, so I'm unsure whether the term refers to the race or merely to the tribe of which the incomparable Tars Tarkas rose to become jeddak.) The Warhoons used bones and etc for earrings, necklaces, and possibly nose-gaudies; I believe they ate people, also. They appeared, I believe, in the first book ("Princess.."), and possibly once or twice later in the series. But, Dick, we already have our copy of "Mental Marshmallow", thanks.

Now you've confused me. Is the "Gerry Schneider" buildup (top p.12) from Dr. Fu Manchu, or the quite-similar A. Merritt character whose name escapes me?

I assume the author of the 2 SAPS-FAPA-rivalry statements quoted in comment to Retro are currently on the roster, & that the quotes date back a way? Strictly by the phraseology, I'd nominate Eney, with Rapp a longshot alternate-choice.

I'm not qualified to judge the merits of "The Thing"; I saw it only once, and had expected to see "Who Goes There?", instead; otherwise I might have enjoyed it.

Glad to see your not-SAPSzine, Dick. I suppose if this practice spreads throughout the WL it could create a problem by effectively by-passing the membership limits (for which Wrai can give you good reasons-- maintaining the limits, I mean). However, so long as the deal doesn't get out of hand, it's a Good One. ((Today's Tip: don't be too surprised if you turn up as the next subject for attack from GMCarr; it figures.))

Bullfrog Bugle #8: ol' lovable ~~Teddy Bear~~ Lynn Hickman back once again, hey?

This 2-color stuff gives BB a nice sprightly air.// Howcome you begrudge poor ol' ~~Tosk~~ his full name, huh? Did he fright you as a tad? Anyhow, he must have goofed, since we got a BB with photoes (and I suppose you've already been snowed under with corrections to the effect that it's Dick Schultz with camera and Al ((the Tyrannical one, with the Harsh Eyes)) Lewis with Puppet-master, and that it's Sylvia White). At any rate, it's a good set of pix.// Of the illoes, I dig Plato's and Bjo's the mostest. (Mostest: that's what happens when "most" is used as the positive form, and we need to upgrade it to a superlative. Oh well; I've probably got the term wrong anyway.)

Aren't you proud of me for trying to hold my MCs down this way??

((Scenic side-note. Below and to the southeast of us is a flat "fill" spotted with large puddles or small ponds. The sun went down behind the hill to the west, at 5:30; by 6:00 we were having a fine bright pink-and-blue sunset. But here's why I'm telling you about it: the pond/puddles were reflecting both the blue-green sky and the red-pink clouds so faithfully that they gave the impression of being holes through which we could look and see more sky below Magnolia Bluff. A very effective sight, and one that was new to me, even here in a place of quite variegated sunsets, which we much enjoy.))

Fantoccini #24: So, ~~W*E*L*C*O*M*E~~, Les. How about clueing us in on the derivation of your title, perchance? And for those of us who weren't actifanning 7-8 years ago, a brief rundown on the nature (contents, size, circulation, general slant, etc) of the first 22 issues? Like, I'm a fanhistory buff, myself.

Considering how painful a mere mildly-wrenched shoulder can be, you have all my sympathies when it comes to actually breaking one of the things. OK now, I hope?

"..the remarkable Paul Stanbery..": your in-person evaluation is doubtless a very subdued version, judging from Paul's antics on a tape in which Rich and Ted were trying to talk to us while Stanbery did his considerable best to break up the continuity.

Very cogent comment re TAFF, pointing up nicely the inherent absurdity of this entire "fanzine-fan-VS-convention-fan" artificial-dichotomy jazz.

More humor but also more mean-type feuds in today's fandom? Could be; I dunno...

Good start-off, Les. See you again this next time?

SaFari #4: Frighteningly large zine, Earl; this mailing's full of 'em. OK, maybe you are right in saying that "there's something bigger than MCs", but I feel inclined to make some sort of acknowledgement for the zines entered in the mailing, and by the time I finish with the MCs on these big mailings, I'm all pooped out for SAPSac. One way to cope would be to omit comments on all zines that deplore overemphasis on MCs...

Phyllis weaves a choice bit from the vagaries of the postals; enjoyed.

I agree with Coleman's premises, but the "..little man" bit is offensive, somehow. Grant is more pyrotechnic, to be sure, and much much funnier, in his denunciation.

O h , H o r s e P u c k i e !

That page 9 deal Does It, Earl. As long as you're raising such a rumpus about Mailing Comments, while I'm trying my damndest to hold down the size of this zine, here's where I save myself a lot of time and stencil that would otherwise be used on SaFari's 54pp. I'll just mention that "Lady Loverly's Chatter" is terrific, and that a preview of The O'Meara was enjoyed and appreciated. Otherwise, though:

"He who bitcheth about Mailing Comments can damn well do without same."

The Spectator: Hi there, Friendly Al. I'm still chuckling over the line about Big-Hearted's "slimy evil influence..(like LGarcone only not quite so slimy)". I imagine that Howard is chuckling, too. But if you don't make the next mailing, Al, I'll have to assume that Howard didn't chuckle. It's been nice knowing you, though...

The Brooklyn (Quasi-)Biapan: I don't want to make like GMCarr stomping on Phil Castora, Les, but you gotta remember that there's many a slip between WL and SAPS (just ask ol' Friendly Al Lewis, iffen you don't believe me); you ain't hardly a biapan just yet. Oh, the zine is-- I stand corrected, sort of. Hmm, this near the bottom of the page, Les, I'll content me with appreciating your two "Scenes I'd Like to See" as the top spots of this issue, and asking, like, wha hoppon to the omitted SAPScomments?

page 20, still the holiday, and up to a 40:1 page-ratio, with Earl's help

Gin Tree #4: er-- you left out Jack Speer's Scandinavian pronunciation-- one syllable with the "j" pronounced as "y"-- B'yo!

Sounds like quite a deal, shepherd(ess)ing the Christmas-shopping flock. In fact the entire holiday scene reads essentially vital.

Stinging insects: they're rougher on small kids, I think. I got it on the forehead from a large "yellow-jacket" wasp about age 3, and on the hand by a honey-bee at age 4, and those were r-o-u-g-h. I think maybe I got it once more, later, from a bee, and several times from yellow-jackets (over a period of years) and the effects were lesser. Never tangled with a bumble-bee, and don't want to. But bees don't perturb me much-- especially honey-bees, which usually mind their own business pretty well if allowed to do so. Those damn yellow-jackets, though, are just plain ornery and for no apparent reason-- they're both nosy and irritable, whereas a honey-bee can be brushed gently away, usually, and will go away quietly. Sidelight-- a bumble-bee trapped indoors will not survive more than a couple-three hours; they use up energy at a tremendous rate and can't go for long without food. Since bumblebees only get aggressive when you mess around their burrow-nests, I generally try to trap indoor-caught specimens with a water-glass and a piece of paper, and turn them loose outdoors all same as with honeybees. Yellow-jackets, though, I swat.

...and when they've been ramping around out in the woods, Nobby and Lisa smell all pine-needle-dusty; very nice.// Your (grandmother's) recipe for children is lovely, indeed. It has the same sort of flavor as "Introduction to a Fantasy"...

"...unborn Kleenex?" OhGoodGriefCharliebrown!

That freewheeling dream-sequence: dunno about Freud, but have you read Ward Moore's "Transient" in a recent Amazing? Terrific piece of work, and chockfull of Dream Stuff throughout.

You and your mice. Reminds me of the horseplay we had at table on a trip I took to Alaska on the "Baranof". Business of finger pointing at menu: "Well, whadda you know? Ol' Monterey Jack!" "Haven't seen him in years!" "Aw, he's liable to turn up just about anywhere." "Yeh, but on a menu?" and like that, with variations. Oh well, it was fun at the time, what with John Mullally's imaginary dog and the C.I.C. Club. 'Twas a sad day when Alaska Steamship Co dropped passenger service.

Pencil Point #3: Tosk, Art Hayes, RapPoem, EdCo(?), Wrai, and then I get confused for awhile before the first part of a sentence of mine got lost in the corflu, just before John's remark about his ESPzine. And I note my correct accusation(?) along there with all those wild guesses, as to your identity. Incidentally, I did not have any inside info in pinning you for PPoints 1&2; it just (as the song has it) had to be you... I dunno, maybe I shouldn't have pulled the chain on you just yet, at that, Bruce. But that flat-denial wasn't quite according to the rules of the game, now was it?? Well, if it was (by you), continue it; after all, I haven't spilled the evidence yet, so for a small fee...

Rock.: Mimeo stencils, arrGGHHH! Like, I went to run off Retro last time and there was ink all over hell from oozing out around those ill-fitting stencils; wotta mess!

OK, Es, the True Life Saga Dept is all full of good boffs, all same poor bhudless scrotum-shrunk Sefton (I could concentrate better if the damn TV weren't on out in the laundry room-- ever notice how the noises on TV are designed to draw attention?)...

I dunno, Es-- I guess you just catch me at a dull and tired lull-- I dig Rock., but it doesn't seem to dig me back-- if that's what I mean, keeping Toskey in mind, as one must at all times.

Mighod. GMCarr is coming to the point where her stuff reads like a caricature of herself; you sure you didn't make that "letter" up yourself? Fiiine answer, anyhow.

You're pretty reticent on the subject of Yale, Es; is this because you don't care to disillusion us, because you just couldn't bear to spoil your vacation by thinking about school, or because they have you properly terrorized?

It is a crowding lonely thing to be a fanzine at the end of a stencil in review-type material. Shall we rise and sing, together, Number 770, brethren?

Vote for Otto-- he's been SIC

The Johnstown Rag: well, I assume you'll be welcoming title-suggestions. Matter of fact, though, Ted, as long as you're going by the initials so strongly, your best possible title would be (or would incorporate) "Mahal".

Oops, yeh-- ~~W*E*L*C*O*I*E~~ to SAPS; yes.

Stanbery fell in love with Elinor's voice? When mostly she was using it to chew him out for noising-up the tape so's we couldn't follow what you'n'Rich were talking about? What happens when someone speaks kindly to Paul, for CRYsakes?

Dunno why the Jurgen-vs-the-tumblebug passage would be in the preface to any given edition (as opposed to being in a blurb), since it occurs somewhat after the midpoint of the book. There is some great stuff in "Jurgen", though-- "Now, you may be right, and certainly I would not go so far as to say that you are wrong, but still at the same time--"; Cabell is a good rereadable author, any time.

Maybe we brilliant lazy bums need a Good Strong Union or something.

Er-- I suppose this will be mentioned elsewhere before this mailing comes out, but why don't you folks just sort of quietly drop this "Mordor" pitch in connection with an LA '64 WorldCon bid? Like, I dig Tolkien deeply, and by good old JRR, Mordor is a foul, desolate, blasted place where only evil exists, feeding upon itself-- and Tdlien's depiction of evil carries no connotation of lovable-rascality, whatsoever. I don't see how anyone who has read the trilogy even once can have any but repellent connotations on "Mordor". So, while "Mordor in '64" might be OK for a oneshot gagline, its use for even a standby bidding-slogan turns me strictly off.

"physiologically, the eye cannot focus on the two colors" ("brilliant red" & "brilliant blue") "at once"-- oh, come on, now-- let's either back that up or more likely modify it considerably, eh what? Sounds sort of JWCjrish to me, offhand.

What you mean, "the \$10,000 bill is the only one that doesn't have the picture of an ex-president on it"? Alexander Hamilton was never President in my alternate universe. (And that's Salmon P Chase on the 10-G note, but I assure you that I didn't look in my wallet to check up)(with my eidetic memory, and all..)

And by now I guess you know that your triangle theorem (or whatever) is true if you specify 30-120-30 triangles, and otherwise untrue.

Most OK-type initial appearance, Ted (forgot to mention, I like that cover).

PRA #6: Being as you and Norm Metcalf are both at Tyndall AFB now, Rich, I wonder if you'll have gotten together as yet? He's a CRYhack, you know...

Yeh, the 704-page mailing left me "a quivering mass of badly horrified human flesh", just as you guessed it would-- so the 817-page mailing finds me a doggedly-healing mass of scar-tissue, so Watch Out, See?

No, no-- don't be depressed by "CRY has a lot of adjustments to make..."-- hell, man, the zine is going around in big circles; it's bound to settle down somewhere near what you like, if you'll just hang on for awhile. Meanwhile, have you seen WRR lately if at all? Wally brought the latest one over here this evening (V2,Nr4), and it looks as if he and Otto are re-creating CRY from the 1952-54 period, all over again, only nationwide instead of local. Anyhow, you should know by now that nobody sets policies for CRY-- CRY sets its own policies, and the rest of us run to keep up, is all.

Well, what was the punchline you expected on "Sucker Question", f'Pete'sakes?

Jeez, you and Guy are never going to get along, unless you can each quit thinking of each other in stereotypes. (And this remark, as well as my remarks to Guy on this same subject, are equally addressed to the both of yez.) I dunno; I think you guys go out of your respective ways to bug each other, whereas you do no such thing in the usual routines talking to other people (and somehow I get the hunch that I'm repeating myself from a previous mailing-- foop!) Ah, well-- stay loose, and prosper.

Saproller #18: I hope you took great pains to avoid giving guilt-feelings to that li'l girl who clobbered your typer. Like, did you bottle her in vinegar or in alcohol? It is important to do these things correctly, so as not to injure the budding psyche as you prepare to swat its little keister.

Ach, foop-- I think I'll quit for tonight and take the cowardly way out (of continuing this MC on the next stencil). Just you-all stick around, now...

page 22, Feb 23, still with Jack...

I seem to be having more typer trouble than usual, myself, in the last few pages: a bit of skipping now and then, and some trouble with the feed, especially in lining up after correcting typos. D'ya suppose it's time for this machine to go into the shop for a checkup? I mean, we've only had it for 4-- no, less than 4-- years now.

Certainly seems easy to get varying impressions of people's sizes. While LynnII is by no means short or chunky, I don't recall his being as tall and slim as you let on he is. Er-- how would you compare Lynn to Wally Weber (or to Terry Carr-- they're very close in height, at least)?

What with the extremely varied effects and side-effects of various "wonder drugs" (especially when they're first introduced, before people "know" what the effects are "supposed" to be), your query re the faith-healing factor in standard medication does have pertinence, and I think that many doctors will privately be quite frank to admit it. The swing seems, finally, to be away from the authoritarian, mechanistic medical doctrines that reached their peak(?) in the late 40's and early 50's.

So you're pleased to have Toskey off your back and onto mine, hey? Ah, but you must notice, Jack-- in Illg #50 Tosk comes up with an argument based upon his own personal experience, rather than simply slamming something while refusing to learn anything about what he's slamming. Don't give up too soon on ol' Tosk...

Don't know how the OE race is going, at this date, except that Wally let slip that 14 ballots were in and that things were still wide-open.

Your campaign promises were going fine until #5, but I'll bet that "the LA Mob will outvote you anyway, and I never forget an injury" lost you some votes, because even in fun, that sort of thing gets people's backs up, somehow.

"The OEsip isn't a hard job"? Not if handled in a perfunctory fashion, perhaps, but if you stay "on top" of the job, keep the Roster up and the WL on the ball, it's plenty of work (well, I didn't know that, either, until we tried it).

I can see knocking 50¢ off the UK dues; because of our inflated economy, \$2 is more money there than it is here, and the postage fits, too. But stateside, you'd run into more discrepancies than you'd cure, in trying to equalize postal-zones, etc.

Jack, you've never filled us in on what led to your branching off into the auto insurance game. Received a flyer to the effect that Nibs was setting up his own shop somewhere near(?) LA, so wondered if HASI-LAbranch was disbanded, or what...

Congratulations on your election as Secretary of LASFS; will be looking forward to seeing how you handle the Minutes in Shaggy.

..the Back Page: Nice try, but you were misled by the fiendishly-clever false trails laid by the real Squink Blog. Of course, we Seattle fans all know who Squink Blog is, and have known it all along. Trouble is, though, this knowledge is so mind-searing that it imposes a big fat mental block upon us. We can talk all around the subject, and give false clues, but when it comes to revealing the True Identity of Squink Blog, we cn s m t syt and so we just don't bother any more. You'll see.

Retro #15: Well, if I'd read this over thoroughly before starting these comments, I might have saved us all a lot of reiteration, some more self-consistent than other parts. I'm pretty well satisfied with most of what I said on controversial items, in #15, so probably should have checked back and left well enough alone, this time.

Files in the Parlor: Hi, Lee! Yeh, there's generally a lot of material in the superficially "all-MC" zines that is actually editorial, article, humorous essay (or just plain jokes), personal reminiscence, verse, etc, all lumped lazily together under the MC label. I think this is due to the trend toward onstencil work that makes possible the higher pagecount. If MCs were actually restricted to the "inbred comments-on-comments-on-comments" sort of thing, they would get dull-- but you'll note that that sort of MC gives few or no hooks for further comment, right? So we're protected by good ol' negative feedback, and don't really have to worry about it too much.

Yeh, let's see a new series of Ballard Chronicles, Lee-- I faunch.

If you and Jane are successful in correcting the personal living habits of Cleo, how would you like to act as consultants on Lisa, who at the age of 4 years and 5 months (exactly, today, bighod) is still less than 100% trustworthy?

look! I caught up! Feb 23, page 23

Psilo: W*E*L*C*O*L*I*E (individually, now), Jane, you Instant SAPSmember! Must say you start off with good faanish attitudes-- re ghods, esp, etc, "I'm going to make up my own cotton-picking mind" is always a sound stand. (Daddy-o, Junior, and Spook-- haw!)

Darn, I thought Miriam's SAPSPoll had a question on pets, but that must have been in the FAPA version, because the results in S...4 don't mention 'em. Anyhow, it seems as if SAPS in general do tend toward a fondness for other forms of life as well as the human and faan types. Some prefer dogs; some prefer cats; some like both; some have more exotic preferences. Here on our own premises I prefer Nobby&Lisa-type dogs (both red smooth-coated dachshunds), but I can appreciate cats on their own premises; maybe Ulinor will tell about the time when she was convinced that I was going to let her bring a Siamese kitten home, just because I thoroughly enjoyed playing with the li'l bugger and having him climb all over me and etc. But I guess it boils down that dogs are the pets for me personally, but that I'm equally likely to enjoy the dog or cat of someone else, or not, depending on its behavior. Make sense?

How are you on birds, Jane? Like, we have a parakeet and a cockatiel, neither of which talk as yet, dammit...

Nope, very few SAPSzines run contents-pages, though a few of them should.

Glad to see another entry for the Poetry category. Must admit I like the flavor of the Christmas one better than the Rockland-type bit, tho it's effective.

Be seeing you regularly in the mailings, now, I hope?

Creep #22: Boy, when it gets to where you and Toskey between you can't keep track of your issue-numbering, that's pretty bad! But I checked back, and yes, this is #22.

I'd like to give the membership a comparative report on Slough Shack, but since the latest word is that you will probably be moving again before upcoming deadline (hey, you can run a quarterly column in Creep, at this rate, entitled "I Move Again") and since you scared us all off from even trying to find the place, the membership will just have to take your unvarnished word for the situation, I'm afraid.

"I have become so suspicious of Art Rapp that I sometimes think it's Rapp's fault that it's Eney's fault." Let's just sit quietly for a minute,,,

Yeh, that li'l space-filler on the back requires a double-take-- highly original.

And thanks for bringing those 42 ditto-masters of MCs over so's I could read them, Wally. Although it would have been more timely to run them in Mlg #50, I'm sure the membership will find them thoroughly interesting when you do get around to run them through the ol' flat-bed ditto and put 'em into a mailing. Real Soon Now?

Dog #12: Whether it's O.W.Pfeifer, Esq., or the Same Old Blotto, this panel gimmick is, I think, the best deal you've ever had in SAPS. K*U*D*O*E*S, friend; some real fine lines in here. Of course, it's impossible to comment much on this style of presentation, but I do like it. See, we knew all along that you weren't Squink Blog.

Maine-iac #20: Another good quover; that's 2(?) this mailing. Hmm-- both by Rapp, as it happens-- nothing like those long winter evenirgs in barracks, for research, eh?

I always knew that someday a fan would figure out how to make Blonde-Watching pay off-- after falling down the elevator shaft, your hospital insurance fixed it so you didn't need a job after all. (PS-- how were the nurses? Endowed, I hope?)

Collodion: Wowsie, Bob! Two zines in one mailing, quite the reverse of the old days. Good tagline on the cover, but I like the part on the next page about the round numbers-- it's a cinch that "frotieth" is little known in square circles.

More scoop on vV's "...Rull" book: yep, reads as if he took the Ezwals from the earlier series, dumped the original wormlike Rulls, and renamed the Yevd from the later pair of stories; wonder if the Monolith sequence lost out; too bad, if so.

Oh ghawd! A full two-page novel-length Feghootism! Reason topples.

"Sucker Question": JWCjr assigned 3 authors to write from the same beginning situation, and Asimov's "Sucker Bait" & Poul Anderson's "Question and Answer" came out in aSF (1954). The third story, for some reason, never turned up at all. You're right, that the Hall of Shame stories are not parodies in any event-by-event sense; they take off on the general theme and/or treatment, and the typical gimmicks. ((Bob Ieman! What's the correct term, here?)) Your comments are good, and commentable, but

here on page 24 I want to end my comments, & it'll take some squinching to do it.

FonDenizen #15: Hmm, I'd forgotten that you'd already lowered the boom on the "Mordor in 64" slogan; I trust everyone realized it was the connotations of the word itself and not any bias against LAFEN as such, that had you bugged.

MCs or not MCs (you, to EdCo): yeh, that's a point. One time, for nearly two years, Karen (don't mind me using you for an example, Karen) not only omitted MCs completely, but hardly ever even bothered to mention or indicate in any way that she was reading the mailings. Now if one is "commenting" as reviewer or critic, of course, lack of response is of no importance. But in the usual meaning of MCs, a continued lack of answer gives to think that you're writing into a vacuum. Now as it happens, Karen had been reading the mailings. To anyone who reads 'em but doesn't fool up to commenting for one reason or another, I recommend including a remark to the effect that the bundles aren't being wasted; it helps, wouldn't you say?

Well (having reread all the way), I mostly like this one a lot. You're a little rough in a couple-three spots, but after all (you keep telling me) is it better to be a bit rugged once in a while or to get ulcers or neuroses? Good for you, doll-- why got ulcers, when you can give 'em?

Spam #4: Well, I told you I'd start filling 'em in if you didn't, so figured I'd best get at it quickly before it's too late, now that you're changing titles. Since you've already pinned down #1 as Saps, I'll label the others: #2, Spuf, and #3, Soma-- no esoteric significances at all-- I just said I would, so I did.

105 pages in your first 4 mailings, hmm? Mighty fine; that beats Elinor's and my first year in SAPS by a dozen or so, anyhow.

Well, the average SAP is younger and taller than I am, weighs about the same, and attended 3/4 of a regional con over and above my 2. Since there are 41 credits listed for bringing 29 people into SAPS, I gather that some entered thru joint efforts and/or pressure; right? Some of these I can guess, as well as some of the apa-preferences, but many are a complete mystery, from here. Interesting report, and thanks.

Perfect HPL-takeoff, that "...Whately" piece, Terry-- perfectly transposed.

I sympathize with Miri's medical-gafia in this issue (it may be that the preceding pages here, starting with page 13, will indicate that I should have followed her example, what with the cold and flu I'm just now coming out of today).

Hmm, think I've mentioned this earlier, but Elinor had it wrong; the "...10,000 Years Ago" story was Miller's "Old Man Mulligan" in aSF Dec '40 (simpler to take a chance on repeating than to dig back thru all those stencils).

Yeh, I've had that too, in late grade and early high school-- the deal where some jerk could slaughter me in a straight fight, but I could get a preventive hold on him. The headlock was one of my "personal favorites", also-- either forward or reverse-- especially after I learned how to make it a real headlock and not a "choke-hold" that would be broken-up by the audience (there's always a drooling idiot audience, or half those deals wouldn't get teed-loose in the first place). I also took avidly to the bare instructions on leverage and how to put your weight on the other guy and let him do all the work and wear himself out while you just held on. Theoretically, I "knew" several really vicious tricks that we only tried out in slow-motion practice; never did use any of 'em in earnest, but they were great for confidence. Also a couple of super-complicated killer-dillers that require an accomplice, as in TV wrestling, although by golly I did run into one guy in a college wrestling class who was awkward enough to fall into one of those. But it turned out to be illegal, anyhow. Sigh.

Real fine stuff in here-- another case where I could ramble on for pages except for prior-made resolves to Hold This Thing Down to Size.

Sort of fabulous having you folks up here, a couple weeks ago (even if that 5-day weekend did leave the whole bunch of us a Real Pack of Zombies come departure morning-- golly, that was just two weeks ago, at that). Fine times, and all.

50th Spectator (the for-real one): well, Tosk, I think your first 3 mailings have run up a larger total (2,113 pages) than any previous consecutive 4, or possibly 5 mailings. Along with this, you've kept the Roster as full as possible under the circumstances (some will always drop unannounced or with poor timing), kept the Waiting List on the ball (which seems to result in its growth, for some strange reason), and also

(but against my wishes) you have sprawled over here onto page 25

OK, kidding aside, Tosk, you're doing a great job. I wish to hell you would give separate page-credits where one member publishes and others contribute, but it's too late now-- you'll just have to suffer the curses of indexers until the end of time.

Earlier in the mailing, you and/or others were discussing the impeccability of your Spectators, comparatively. Well, compared with ours, for instance, yours have the advantage of hav^{ing} been slipsheeted, each and all, whereas ours had plenty of off-set except maybe the last one. On the other hand, your typer has 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ or maybe 13 characters to the inch (this machine has 11 $\frac{1}{2}$) which gets more on a page but gives a more crowded effect. Also, you type faster than your machine will downshift, so that my name inevitably comes out Busby, for instance (well, not inevitably; just usually). For a long time, you were heavy on the strikeovers and light on the corflu-- this is not the case with Spec #50, and I commend & congratulate you for the improvement. But I think a major beef has been that you will knock yourself out on fine Multigraphy, slipsheeting, deluxe paper, etc-- and then will hand-scribble with a ~~styler~~ ballpoint and pull the chain on the entire overall effect. And since you've become au fait with the corflu, this latter item is the only thing with which anyone could legitimately find fault, any more. (This analysis has been in the interest of clarification, for the most part, since I think you've been catching some static because of the closer spacing on your typer, which isn't hardly fair at all.) Go thou and sin no more (??)

Everything on this page is Editorial Stuff, not Mailing Comments-- see?

On account I was going to hold the ICs on this 817-page mailing down to 20 pages : come hell or high water, and so far the water is staying where it belongs.

Eight. Hundred. Seventeen. Pages. It was great fun to read, but to be frank and honest and perhaps disillusioning, the enjoyment I usually find in commenting on a mailing was overshadowed badly this time by the sheer weight of material to be covered, and by the necessity to chop off what would otherwise have been enjoyable side-rambles in the interests of holding down the page-count. So why hold the count down, you ask, since I'm well below recent page-levels? Well, I'll tell you.

I prefer to make some sort of acknowledgment, preferably pertinent, to each and every zine in the mailing. I formed this habit over a period of 4 years, the first 3 of which ran mostly to mailings in the 300-400-page bracket-- yeh, mailing 41 broke 500 pages, and the shock was so bad that it was a solid year before 300 pages was attained again, with #45. I think (and hope) that the present constituency of SAPS is solid enough to avoid a repetition of that kind of slump, even if the current page-race gets all out of bounds. But personally, I'd rather ease off gently, and quickly. Because, I don't know about the rest of you, but I'll never again try full ICs on a mailing of this size. It's just too damn depressing, trying to give fair treatment to this much material without contributing to even-further inflation in the next mailing. I don't know about the rest of you, but that's how it is with me. Too much, yes.

So What To Do About It? Well, as one or two of you might have suspected, I do have a couple of suggestions. Like, now that we've just had the individual Page Race, is it generally accepted that there's no real reason for any one member to submit over 100 pages to a mailing? So that perhaps we need a "GentleSAPS' Agreement", or such, to mostly observe a Page Limit, say, in the 40's or 50's: is there any real reason for much larger offerings? Because personally, I couldn't care less, to see somebody gobust the treasury just to jam 150 pages between covers and beat Tosk's & Bruce's records; we've sort of had that deal, haven't we? Questions, anyone?

Then comes the business of padding out a zine with general-type material, and of course this ^{is} not a matter for Rules & Regulations. But why can't we all sort of keep an eye on the Activity Barometer and refrain from chucking large nonSAPS items into the mailings except in slack periods, so to speak? Dissension, anyone?

And finally, while I appreciate the spirit with which Waiting-Listers are putting zines into the mailings for our reading pleasure-- it's fine while there are only two or three of these, but if the practice becomes general-- well, Wrai, what price your objections to raising the Roster to 40? This one needs some thinking-on, certainly; SAPS can't handle 40 or 50 people at the current activity-level. Answers, anyone??

"Well-Balanced Wilbur"

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on my



This has been Retro #16, winding up the 4th year of SAPSpubbing for F M Busby, with a meager 104pp for Mlgs 48-51, and 3 of 'em other people's at that. This issue is about the size I'd like to keep to, though, if possible-- within 3-4 pages one way or the other, that is. Well, off to do the cover now (Feb 24); see ya.

-- Buz.