

RETRO#9

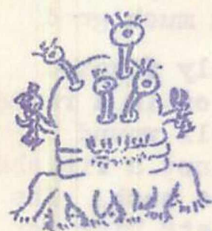
THE FANZINE OF DON'T FENCE ME IN-NESS

SAPS 44

JULY 58



$$e^{i\pi} + 1 = 0$$



("It's for ME!")



MM MM MM MM MM MM MM MM-!

Hoch!
Der vatch!



(Dedicated, this cover, to
"A Buzcribbling cover.")



TO FILL A PAGE . . .

Well, here it is June 21st, the day of the NullCon. It's a nice sunny day-- Toak, Otto, Wally & I are all sitting out in the back yard, between the house and the FenDen. Wally is typing up Minutes of the last Nameless meeting for CHY #117; Toak is rereading old Amazings for his "AS in Review" column for CHY; Otto is telling jokes(?); Eliner is puttering about in the house; I, in my dachshund-decorated shorts, am filling page 2 of Retro #9. Soon my thirst will overwhelm me and I shall break out the brew.

Having already run off the Mailing Comments, pages 3 thru 16, I have found that the readjustments on the Standard SW did not eliminate the vertical lines imposed on first-run sides during the running of second-sides, but they have been reduced a bit-- enough so that I can bear to run my own stuff on the thing without cringing too badly.

I don't know what comes after page 16 in here, yet-- maybe a Hall of Shame Story from Sinisterra, and likely more random gabble such as you see here.

Oh yeh, the NullCon: its status is a little indefinite just now-- that is, we're not sure whether anybody is going to show up. Well, we do have a couple of solid bites; Lars Bourne and Larry Stone have signified. More on the doubtful side are Stony Barnes, Guy Terwilliger, and (rumored) Ron Ellik. It was a shock when our card of invitation to Vernon McCain was answered by news of his death, of peritonitis, following surgery. We didn't know Vernon personally, but had enjoyed such of his writings as we'd seen.

Last year's NullCon (as reported in White Ghodyssey, Mlg 40) consisted of Fabulous Seattle Fandom plus John Champion, Lars Bourne, and Alan Nourse. The box score on NullCon II will doubtless appear later on, here.

I have finally discovered why Lisa is Death-&-Destruction on other dogs and, indeed, practically all the Animal Kingdom, except Nobby. It was obvious, once you look at it right. Disillusioned by the discrimination of Man against Dog, Lisa decided that People have the better lot, and is trying to "pass" herself and Nobby as members of the more privileged race. Naturally, as in all cases of this kind, she cannot afford to weaken her pretense by showing any sympathy toward the despised group whose kinship she denies. It just goes to show, the evils of segregation-- driving a little dog to such extremes.

A newspaper columnist comments that the Beat Generation of recent teenagers is Beat largely because of too much watching and attention focused on them in their former capacity. Could be. Certainly, the adolescent segment of society is an important group, but I doubt that the present quality of over-commercialized attention the kids are getting today, is doing them much good.

For one thing, it is a poor idea for people to become so firmly fixated on an age-group-worship deal, which they must inevitably grow out of in a rather short period of time (maybe the Beats are Beat because they were all wound up on being Teen-Age, and now they ain't, no more). Adolescents are not a finished product; they are Apprentice Adults, and worthy of consideration as such. The way it is now, a 20-year-old who has been on a "Teen-Age is the Most" kick for the past six years can hardly feel anything but Beat, now that he's booted out of the Lodge. Even if the Lodge is geared to the Lowest Common Denominator, in the mass-entertainment aspects. Oh, well-- anything to make a buck, it seems.

For awhile today, it looked as if we might become a two-car family; we went out to dicker on a '48 Fiat Topoline coupe. Turned out, though, that the would-be seller considers it a Collector's Item and prices it accordingly. So, we are still a one-car family, here at the bottom of page --(2)-- June 21st, 4 pm.....

July 1958

SAPS Mailing #44

2nd Annish from F. M. Busby, 2852 14th W, Seattle 99

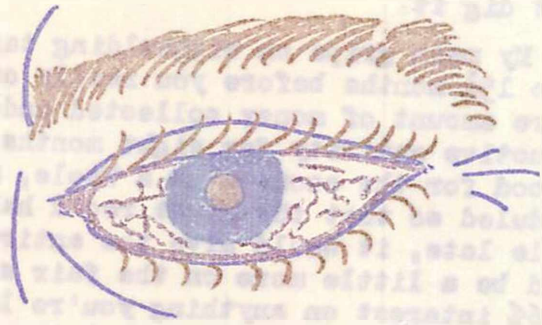
RETRO is Much Milder, Styled For the Jet Age, Chases Dirt, and Won't Leave Dingy Film On Your Teeth. Still tastes like ditto-pigment, though.

Let's leave the editorializing for odd moments as it happens to pop up, and take off directly into

MAILING COMMENTS

pausing only for a sigh or a glower, as circumstances may dictate, for those who did themselves out of this mailing's egoboo by missing the last one. To wit:

Phil Castora John Davis
Jack Harness Nan Garding
Ray C Higgs Robert Lee
George Youngfan

T S K I

"Big Brother"?

BURNETT R TOSKEY, M. A., is running to FLAB— 48 pages of it. It's a good thing that Tosk comes up first by virtue of my system of reviewing in order of page-count— it's a nerve-shattering thing to see the tortured expression on his face when forced to leaf through a zine in search of his egoboo, especially when he gets well toward the back and hope is dimming.

OK, kidding aside, Tosk: your New Type Mailing Comments are obviously no such thing, being in essence merely 24 pages of disguised faaan-fiction. MERELY? What am I saying? Trust you and Wally to come up with the original approaches! I think the Dikini, Wally, and Wrai items are the toppers. But, man, you made a bad booboo in mine— you have been taken in by the Bheer is Ghod heresy. Bheer is not Ghod; It is rather a Mode of Worship of other ghods. Kloote, Roscoe, and Bemmy are all partial to being worshipped via Bheer.

Anyhow, you had better take it easy on Kloote, or Otto and I really will bring out those "De-it-Yourself" Kits ("Every Man His Own Toskey"), and then where will you be? I was glad, though, that you gave small Bemmy his moment. And there's no getting around it— he is the only ghod who talks to you, actually and literally. But what that small ghod says.....

"Toskey is a pretty, nice bird" — Bemmy

And then, when you had your second wind, you took ^{off} with MCs of the more usual persuasion. I loathe those hhhheeeesaaazaddddddiiinnnnnggggssssss, no matter whether you lay them out in line, or juggle 'em. Better L Garcone, say I with a wry dry sigh. And so, on into the text we plunge.

Iffen I remember to do so, I'll insert a Rule on "Ejection" in Spec; it should cover the situation thoroughly and to your satisfaction. /// Geez, did I say I'd been "braced" (propositioned) by a dozen of the gay-boys? Hope not, as it's too high a figure; half a dozen is closer, and none in recent years— of course, I haven't been living it up in the bars in recent years, either, so don't go saying I'm losing my appeal, now. Also, I tend to feel that either Ron Parker was exaggerating a bit or that Tulsa is a crummy vicinity— at his age, I didn't even know what is a queer, except perhaps vaguely. /// On "handling a car under any conditions" (your hypothetical instance of approaching the intersection of four converging inbound one-way streets with no parking or U-turns and a cop watching) I'd back up— what else?? Let us end page -(3)- at this point.

(still with you, Toak)

Yeh, and besides the two Ravenna Park bridges here in Seattle, I seem to have forgotten the Schmitz Park (no relation to James M, that I know of) bridge on the Upper North or Admiral Way route into West Skedaddle.

Koshchei is the God of Things As They Are, courtesy of James Branch Cabell (whom I mourn, having elected a change of incarnations recently). Do you by chance remember what you had in mind, saying "Any relation to....?" I sure don't dig it.

My main gripe on withholding tax is that the buggers hold your money for up to 15½ months before you really owe it to 'em, so that on the average, the entire amount of money collected under this scheme is unnecessarily removed from productive activity for eight months in a given year. Don't tell me that this is good for the economy as a Whole, much less yours and mine. If it were to be scheduled so that the gov't rec'd half of it ahead of time and half of it a little late, it would give the entire country a six-months shot in the arm, and would be a little more on the fair side, besides. Good old BurIntRev charges you 6% interest on anything you're late with, EVEN IF IT'S DUE TO THEIR OWN MISTAKE, but do they ever pay interest on anything they sit on for months before refunding?? Dumbesillah. This is the Original One Way Deal.

While not sharing your strictly-materialist slant, I tend to agree with your view of "mind" as a word describing or labeling the activities of a functioning brain. Other definitions of "mind" could better be called "spirit" and thus be more clearly viewed by others and clearly denied by yourself. As to whether or not you're correct, I feel that it's like the free-will-vs-determinism argument: my own view is that a man has so much free will that he can choose to live as in a predestined universe if he wants to. Doesn't pay, though.

You and Wally had better get on the stick and produce, if you're going to have the Lake Footsack Annual in this mailing. /// We should agitate for Phil and Nan and all the rest of the Gerdings to move out here and to Concrete, Wn. They could start their own newspaper, the "Concrete ABSTRACT". /// Oh, come on now—the caterpiggie-into-butterfly analogy is a perfectly-OK-type deal for humans metamorphosing via reincarnation or even going-to-heaven. No analogy is perfect; neither, says Count Alfred, is the Map the Territory. Que sera, sera.

And we do have a pic of a pretty girl kissing Wally—besides the one of him being kissed by Lisa (doggy-type girls don't really count). /// I AGREE—"sugared" cereals are loathesome—they don't taste like the unsugared article with sugar manually added, or like much of anything that's fit to eat.

Glad you showed off the Sinisterra-#8 cover to SAPS. /// Doggone, Toak, I dunno why I don't have more to say here; possibly it's just Bad Luck at being the first in line when MCs get started on Memorial Day.

KENT MOOMAW gets a big "WELCOME HOME" from this direction, what with ABERRATION and DISENGAGEMENT on the firing line for Mlg #43. Sorry you're folding ABBY, Kent; #3 is the first issue I've seen, but gotta admit you gleaned your materail (let's make that "material") from the "Best" stack. The membership is hardly a legitimate captive-audience for a detailed letter-of-comment on a defunct genzine, so let's just leave it that I found AB3 highly enjoyable.

DISENGAGEMENT: You really came up alive-and-participating in this one, with a few changes in viewpoint that I like very much—you probably like 'em even better, because life's more fun when you enjoy it, and all like that.

Am flattered to hit your Braintrust and Top Five (though I consider it foolhardy to do any zine-rating outside the Pillar Poll)—told you a couple of years ago in CRY that your critical opinions struck me as well-considered (regardless of whether I agreed with them or not) and it still goes; that's why I'm flatter'd. Oops, we're getting too far down page -(4)-; let's move on.

(one moment, Kent, whilst I set up the right-hand margin for an illo)

I've seen "Gunsmoke" once or twice, and while the stories themselves were not so much, the Dillon characterization is good, and the action is handled in fine realistic fashion, without the usual imbecile heroics. But as to Geo O'Brien-- well, as Wrai says: even his muscles have muscles. And of course, he was of the pre-guitar era.



Certainly there is little point in your going directly from High School to college with no specific goal in mind; it might indeed be well to take a year off for a little travel, a job or two, and to look around and see just what you want to do for a living. However, I wouldn't write college off altogether; that Piece of Paper is becoming more and more important to the paycheck in most lines of work. You may not be ready as yet to determine the Salt Mine of Your Choice, but when you decide, be sure to pick a Salt Mine With a View.

Yep, as long as faasans are a group with traditions and jargon and the running gags, it's practically impossible for a neofan to get into the swim without dropping a few bricks in the process. And the more enthusiastic the neo, the more he'll have his feet in his mouth. (This, re your comments to Jack.) There sure have been some promising talents showing up this year.

A friend and I played around with that "echo-talk" deal when I was in High School. It started to get away from us (that is, we found ourselves echo-talking without realizing it) so we dropped it, but fast. Discovered later, in reading, that compulsive echo-talk is a fairly common aberration.

I dug the category/initials lineups OK, with only a peek or two at the roster (odd, how difficult it can be to list 30 familiar names-- it's as bad as trying to name the 48 states-- the obstacle is that we usually don't have these things mentally-filed in any specific order). It'll be interesting to see whether you'll stimulate others to give their own evaluations. Skoal.

BILL MEYERS, AGHAST 4 one reason or another, has taken to mimeo, which is cheaper than gin in the long run, and doesn't give as bad a hangover. You may not have the Beast 100% under control, Bill, but I've seen a lot worse from people with lots more experience, and the really excellent results in spots show what can be expected as you assert the superiority of Meyers over Mimeo. (This is Busby, who produced 47 crudsheets on his first run with the FenDen's Gestetner, speaking.)

Illo's, huh? Comments, that is. Well. Elinor a WRotslergirl-- hooah! Liked the beat little Bourne gal. Es & Al are mainly doodling, which is OK but doesn't give much to comment on. Tak, me with a toupee, monocle, cigaret holder, bow-tie, and no caption (I think you told me what the caption was-- oops, there it is: "Blasphemous Busby"-- but how can you say such a thing of a loyal Klootean? Kloote is so good to me that page 14 was turned right-side-up in our copy; top that, you Ghuists!)-- Al is confused.

I imagine that the folks in a western (coastal) Canadian nudist camp would not be full-fledged nudes for long, because the moss grows so fast on the north side of anything that stands still very long.

We don't get any of those fantastic good deals around here, either-- ditto masters at 10¢ (100 for \$7.50) and etc, is our speed.//End of page - (5)-

(still mit Bill)

We do get paper for \$1.45 a ream in ten-ream lots when we hit Kaplan Paper Co on one of their good days, but the Standard SW cost us \$70 secondhand, and it took a three-way partnership to swing the Gestetner.

Notice Randall Garrett's switch on your Commode Cosmology (July aSF)?

I like Boucher's reviews more for the way he says things than because I necessarily agree with him more than about half the time. He is utterly fair, at least by his own lights (that is, unless one of his two or three Pet Peeves encroach, which is seldom) and doesn't mind giving the competition a good word. Miller is good, and of course knight is a critic rather than a reviewer as such.

5'8", 125 pounds, 38-23-38?? Maybe with a leg off, but not otherwise. Your 38-23-38 would have to be about 20 pounds heavier or 4 inches shorter.

Don't ever say that I'm not the Dedicated Type. Our copy of the "Incompleat Burbee" came today, and I just now managed to put it down after reading only the first 30 pages, to get back to doing these MGS. Now there's loyalty for you.

Wasn't the exposure of the Only True Dodd, itself exposed as a Jenrette hoax?? Or rather a ploy, to flush people-shy Dodd out of hiding for the '57 Con, and then it backfired? Anyhow, Seattle isn't running any hoaxes, really—just a few harmless pseudonyms leftover from the early days of the CHX, and only in the CHX are they kept deadpan.

Well, when integration hits 'nooga, surely you wouldn't have everybody crowding into the "white" schools and leaving the others empty, would you? I mean, the one set wouldn't be adequate for space. Wouldn't it be simpler to declare all the schools "integrated" whether they were or not, and let the mixing process occur gradually by diffusion—students changing to schools nearer their homes, and etc? If your town is segregated by districts to any extent, there wouldn't be too much integration except in schools along the dividing line, probably. Certainly, the Negroes' resentment is at being excluded; anybody's would be. But Gem's opinion of "separate-but-equal" schools is probably based, like my own, on what has been written on the subject. And that is, mostly, that per-capita expenditures for Negro kids are a helluva lot less than for white kids in Southern states. Info to the contrary is heartening, to be sure—a substandard education will turn out a substandard citizen, in any color. Yeh, agitators on both sides have worsened the problem.

Gondwanaland is the name given to a continental configuration which is believed to have existed several million years ago, lying in an east-west direction in the southern hemisphere and extending from the vicinity of south Africa, past India and quite a way into the south Pacific. Australia and near-by islands are supposed to be remnants. Van Vogt had this configuration recur in the far future under the name of Gonwouland, in "Book of Ptath".

Reading speeds can definitely be increased by various training methods, but I doubt that sheer "practice" will do much (except for young children whose reading skills are only partly-formed). However, if you're interested in speeding up a little, why not check the Public Library for books on the subject? Quite likely the information is presented in usable form and could be applied well enough without supervision or instruction. Worth a try?

Yes, Lowndes and Shaw are both working toward good lettercols—RAWL especially, since he feeds the fires with his editorial material. I would certainly like to see what that guy could do with an adequate budget. Since you say (in recent letter) that Shaw has sent Kluga back to the kennel of Pekinese dogs that formed his early impressions of the human face, I'm sure the Shawzine art standards will improve. (And here, on page -(6)-, adios, Wm).

MY OWN SKINNY RETRO won't require much comment here, luckily, except to correct some booboo's in the satellite calculations on the back page. Kepler's Second Law states that the radius vector from the primary to an orbiting object "sweeps" out equal areas in equal times. So fine, except I didn't plug it in right. That law applies to different parts of any given orbit, and I tried to make it apply to different orbits. It won't, as I found when I tried hypothesizing some elongated orbits "equivalent" to circular jobs, and found that under my erroneous system of thought, an object could get further out via an orbit than on a straight-up shot, for the same energy-per-pound. At the risk of losing all the audience, the plot continues:

Yah, here is page - (7) -

$$r v = 2 \frac{dA}{dt} = \text{const.}$$

$$A_{0 \rightarrow \theta} = \frac{1}{2} \int_0^\theta r v dt, \quad r = \frac{b^2}{a - e \cos \theta}$$

$$v = \frac{ds}{dt} = r \frac{d\theta}{dt}$$

$$A_{0 \rightarrow \theta} = \int_0^\theta r^2 d\theta = \int_0^\theta \frac{b^4}{(a - e \cos \theta)^2} d\theta$$

TOSKEY! HELP!!

It turned out that the proper way to plug-in ol' Kep's Second Guess was via the proposition that for any given orbit, the product of the velocity at any point and the distance from the center of the primary, is a constant.

Briefly, the results were that for a given energy-per-pound-of-satellite, the major axis of the orbit, and the time for that orbit, are constant. So if you shoot hard enough for a circular orbit of 12,000 miles diameter and misfire a bit, you can get anything from your objective to a straight-shot reaching 12,000 miles above the center of the earth. Feel any better now?

WRAI BALLARD CLAIMS THAT OUTSIDER #31 is the Bemused Outsiders, but then he—aw, what's with this 3rd-person stuff?? Hi, Wrai. Yes, you had better gaffiate back into those larger zines, if being energetic keeps you too busy to pile up the ol' pagecount. And yes—D*E*T*R*O*I*T I*N '5*9! Just imagine— if Detroit has a hotel with a swimming-pool— a whole pool full of Blog!

I have some pretty fiendish ideas on how to deal with people who miss mailings and don't vote, but so far I haven't managed to slip any of them past Elinor's veto. It's pretty hard to institute a Reign of Terror when your other head doesn't really want to terrorize anyone very badly.

Man, that's good covering-up there, letting on about what a dull election it was, and not even mentioning all the excitement of stuffing the ballot-box and disqualifying the opposition votes, and all the protests and lawsuits.

I am sure that Nan will be an excellent president (though she will no doubt be surprised to find that she will have duties (which we will think up as soon as we have time)). /// You spell out that handicap system a little more, huh? Maybe we can use it next time, tho its use (if I understand it correctly) would have made no place changes in this Poll, by happenstance.

Yeh, man, we will (or do) have a new rule that Minimum Activities have gotta be mainly the work of the member. Well, that's a boom that has long needed lowering. And being as you've encouraged us not to stand timidly upon petty legalities.... well.

Poocy (spellingwise) upon otherwise good ol' Dude Jawn Davis— it is to be spelled "Incidentally" according to the Merriam-Webster Unabridged of 1957.

Tosk wasn't in the least secretive about his taking over the Nameless treasury and applying it to the operating expenses of the CRY, as the treasury only covered about 10% of what the club would have owed Wally for publishing the CRY on his own for several years, if anyone could have persuaded him to present a bill. Matter of fact, I don't see how anyone ever successfully puts out a genzine without a Weber to pay the bills and a Toskey to do the work.

Well, Wrai, Detroit must have "taken care" of its own, all right, because out of all that list of Detroiters on the WL a couple-three mailings back, only Fred and Rog survived to be invited to membership in this mailing. With a blunt instrument, they must've taken care of 'em.

No, I guess we were all wrong. Ghuists do not run with rabbits. They tried it, but the rabbits were too fast on their li'l feet. Last I heard, Ghuists were running turtles. Purple turkles, of course, but happy beasts.

Yeh, I wish ol' Ted would come on into SAPS, too. Maybe we oughta try to build up his Crusader's Instandts, to come on in and reform the organization. It can't be done, of course, but it might be good bait.

You know, you have given me a way to describe the Nameless Ones (as of now): a localized N3F without typers or paper. Do you know (all you folks who aren't subjected to the CRY) that the Nameless have tired of being known as a tea-party outfit and have thrown down the ~~feckless~~ gauntlet by deciding to bid for the WorldCon in '61?? Well, now, this is really great. We don't hit the meetings any more and so are not bothered by all the guff about committees and fund-raising activities and all that organizational foofaraw, as we were in the fall of 1954 when the club got the idea of going after the 1957 WesterCon. But I'd like to clarify one cloudy point: this putative buildup for a Con-bid does not come from Fabulous Seattle Fandom, the rank growth that infests SAPS— rather, FSF will do the Nameless a service by being the first insurgent group ever to announce an upcoming convention bid before the enthusiasts can find another publicity outlet. But I'm not about to be on a potential Con-committee.

Well, Wrai, here I am at the bacover, and bi gholly it looks every bit as good as the front cover. Which is pretty good, as a matter of fact. Cheers.

KAREN ANDERSON has Blue Sputniks atop THE ZED; oops, no, they're Vitons, you say? Vive le shady-plate.///One way to stop Arthur Murray surrogates is to say you're shy a leg or two, but if you happen to speak a foreign language, just stick to that, dropping in an occasional English "hello" to cover up your initial use of the word.

Certainly, I can see how you hated to throw the lovely bouyant account of your meeting with Henry Kuttner into the mailing, after his death, and also how you would have hated not to print it at all. I think you made the right choice, but that you underestimated the perceptiveness of the gang here. As an aside, I'd like to say that your weaving of Kuttner story-titles into the "In Memoriam" for F & S F was one of the most effective things I've seen; you evoked more images with fewer words than could have been done in any other way.

No, it would have been a mistake to throw away the stencils for the first four pages of Zed. Don't you feel, now, that they were quite appropriate after all? There's no point in stamping out good memories because of later tragedy.

Bhoys— some of the troops got a real good load at the one-shot party, no? Burb was compounding typo's, and all. Must've been F*U*N— I like these feckless occasions, myself. Nothing like a good fannish brawl.

You can't kid me— that story on the end was by Squink Blog's twin sibling.

OTTO PFEIFER says the Hell with that stupid Black Cloud he was playing along with, the last few mailings. It's OK to be a Fannish Tradition, says Otto, but only up to a point. So to the New Otto, an upright workmanlike type with a good job and great expectations, I say, "Howdy, boy."

Blotto Otto's Grotto, this zine started out as; are you dropping to BOG as an official title? /// Here we have the first zine ever put out on the FenDen's Gestetner; too bad we were still stuck with the yellow paper at the time.

I shall say no more to you here on page -(8)- ; no, you must turn the page.

OTTO, I hope you will have a Soames epic for this mailing, but I'm afraid you'll be too busy for a while. Just be sure that Soames makes it to Southgate in time.

Happy Annish to Bog (last mlg), indeed. Jeez, and it seems as if we just now came into SAPS. Time slithers on.

Hmm, both you and Wrai thought that Tomgee's story should have been on a tesby (no, TEEVY) program called "Meet McGraw". I wonder if it would be wise to meet the McGraw hardly at all.

GOOD
OL'
W.S.



Well, wha'd'ya know? Garcone did a purported portrait of you that dates back to its Human Period, although it is hardly a representation of Pfeifer as seen by human eyes.

Look, friend-- the static that occasionally drowns out the singing (?) commercials, sounds better than the Hit Parade. So does a stomped cat.

Well, look now-- even ~~if~~ (IF) I knew the Sacred Date of the Ineffable Hatching of the Small Ghod Benny-- do you think I'd be spreading it out amongst the hoi polloi?? Hoy? Ping Pong? Of course not. Any of them.

Poo.

Well, you escaped from the stoop-shouldered cockroaches all right, but only at the cost of moving into Swamp House. Man, sometimes your adventures would read like a Flash Gordon serial. Oh well-- you are indeed Walking the Line these days, aren't you? And I don't blame you a bit.

Onward and every day more upward, say I. And DAMN the teredoes.

NANCY SHARE has a Guest Commentator, JOAN CLEVELAND, in parts of IGNATZ, but with usual foolhardy courage or lack of brains, I shall comment on or at the both of you. But first we have the SPECTATOR, for which you refused to use the paper your sis gave you for Christmas. Good girl; we have to keep these family types in line or they'll brainwash us in the mundane fashion.

Iggy runs runs runs the long lengthy length of the paper, and I hope you never make a typo demanding such evasions as I just went through.

Hmmm-- beards don't seem particularly sexy to me, for some reason. The girls I know who wear beards don't seem the least bit sexier than the ones who don't. But maybe I'm blocked on the subject, or something.

Well, Howard didn't send us any \$32.00, but maybe the membership will be content with the IOU you forwarded to us along with the rest of the Treasury, "signed in Tired Blood, --Big-Hearted Howard".

By the way, have you noticed that while they have all this goop to take care of Tired Blood, they don't have a single thing to take care of Tired People who are plagued by Energetic Blood ramping around at all hours of the night and keeping them awake?

Well, you surely showed Tosk, aboutmakingthosetupidheadings. Only trouble is, you showed him so thoroughly that I get all squinch-eyed trying to make out what you say. And so I shall go on to Joan's section. (Welcome, J the Cleveland)

And you, too, will have to turn the page, as this is all for page = (9) -

And so, Jonnie, here it is the next day, a bright sunny June 1st, and here I am in the backyard, clad only in shorts, with a view toward doing on-master MCs and getting a suntan at the same time. Just like way back on Mig 36, except that then I was transcribing from a first draft. You can see what experience does for you.

Yeh, and the Negroes undoubtedly draw all sorts of discriminatory lines among themselves, for that matter, people being the divisive types we are. Race prejudice is only one large aspect of the general cussedness of folks.

Gem will probably greet your remarks on religion with glad little cries, but I'm afraid that most of us feel that the whole subject has been run into the ground in SAPS over a long period time. No, I don't expect you to hold still for anyone throwing rocks at anything you believe strongly— just wanted to express a pious hope that the whole hassle doesn't get out of hand again. Anyways, SAPS-variety religious arguments about faaannish ghods are more fun and spill less blood. If the Fair Share has not yet converted you to Ignatz, you might well consider Kloote as your choice.

You really weren't on that ol' WL so long at that, were you? Hello.

Back to Nancy the Fair Share: quite a list of books, and I don't blame you for balking at the job of making a complete listing. Faans do read a little of just about everything, don't they?

"I have a Dirty Cosmic Mind, so what do I do now?" Well, of course if a person had to ask, it would only prove that he didn't really have a Dirty Cosmic Mind after all, wouldn't it? (What started this, I wonder?)

Hope you've had time to recover from all the hecitivity and can turn out this next Iggy in leisurely enjoyment and all.

G. M. CARR, with GEEZEE up to 10 pages: yes, the humans' only chance (in "Judgment Night") was to give up the struggle for power over each other, and get along, and the destruction of Cyrille did symbolize the crash of empire, et al.

"...what is there about the tempo of the drum I listen to, that irks other people so much?" Nothing wrong with the tempo, Gem, but truth to tell, there really isn't as much demand for drum solo's as you seem to think there is. You keep beating this drum without regard for the possibility that maybe the crowd would just as soon hear the piccolo for a while instead. Or go out for a beer. Perfectly fine drum, and you do beat it very well, but you badly overestimate the instrument's popular appeal over a period of time.

Or, to use a different analogy, people are fed up with the "Hard Sell" in all its manifestations, and if they have decided not to buy something, further pressure does indeed irk them. What would you expect?

Surely you must have realized that the only tie-in between you and the Detroit Solacon ad was a facetious tie-up with your stand on censorship. No?

The whole "IQ-raising" deal is similar to the "barge children" setup, if we consider that people seldom live up to their potentialities, and that the removal or easing of subconscious blocks can allow people to use more of their potential abilities. Some students, for instance, can do well on daily work but freeze up with "stage fright" at examinations, so do poorly on IQ as well as academic tests. Guess we could say that IQ potential is fixed under the conditions you gave, but that scoring ability is not, up to that potential.

Yeh, these punks bug me, too— the ones who scream if the gov't wants 'em to promise not to blow things up, before putting 'em on the payroll. Granted that there have been abuses in the security setup and that these are to be screamed about, you'd think the Constitution guaranteed everybody the right
(this is page -(10)-)

to a government job ipso facto, to hear some of these jokers carry on. The latest on this front is a sheet in which one Sterling Character explains his "principles" as follows: he is against signing Loyalty Oaths "on principle", although, he says, his loyalty is not the issue. However, he found himself in need of a job and was offered one with Oath attached. Now you might expect this high-principled young man to be starving in quiet dignity, but not so. He signed the Oath all right, and devotes half a page to justifying why he signed it but does not consider himself bound by it. No, his loyalty is quite irrelevant to the case, since loyalty means nothing without integrity, and he has certainly left us in no doubt as to his utter lack of the latter. Well, that's two months in a row that this rare bird has made #1 on my Fugghhead List. Once more and he'd get permanent possession of the Trophy, if there were one.

All of which has little to do with GEEZEE proper, but I thought you'd like the thought.

Tom Reamy will hate you. For 2 issues of CRIFANAC now, he's been running the zine himself and trying to live down Orville Mosher and Richard Koogle. And here he puts out this ultra-fancy #6-- and you credit it to Orr. TSK.

iwillnotjointhen3fagainiwillnotjointhen3fagainiwillnotjointhen3fagainiwillnot

RAY SCHAFFER begins VONSET this time with a tale of winter-picnics, and it reads like a pleasant memory indeed, Ray.

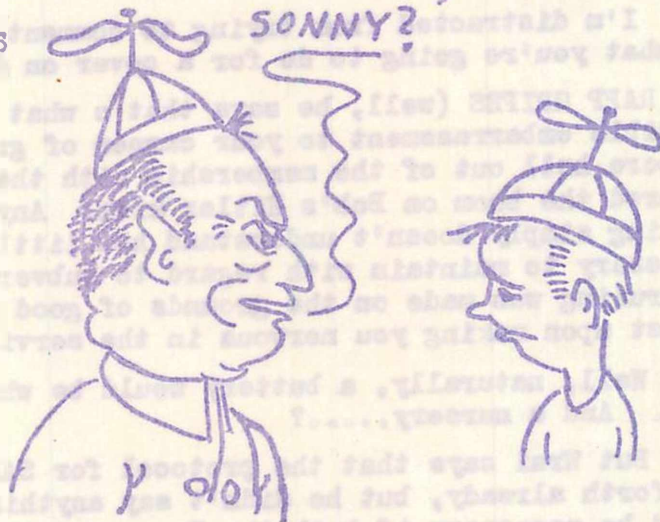
BY THE WAY, EVERYBODY, I'M JUST LEAVING THESE SPACES ON THE MASTERS AS I GO ALONG. THE ILLOES WILL NOT NECESSARILY HAVE ANY CONNECTION TO THE NEARBY TEXT, IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

So OK: the news stories out here on those Lumbee Indians depicted one weird situation indeed-- four, count 'em, 4 distinct "racial" groups, all with separate school systems. The "Indians" mostly Nordic types, and a casual mention that they are likely the descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony. Then, besides the Lumbees, whites, and Negroes, we have a 4th group of "darkskinned people called Smilings"(is that last correct?) who claim not to be Negroes and will not mingle with same. I was thoroughly frustrated when this fascinating setup was left mostly unexplained, and only the KKK hassle got any coverage. Yup, I did glee at the pasting taken by the Klan, the Klansmen's whining for legal redress, and being set down properly. It's things like this that can brighten up a dim season.

But does the N3F Welcommittee actually help bring neos into fandom, or do they just stay in the N3F? OK, I'm kidding; anyhow, what I started to say is that as a CRY subscriber, you've probably noticed that the CRY has been serving as a sort of Entrance to Fandom in its own right. This function was not planned; it just happened, but we enjoy it-- and it's one of the things for which the CRY is regularly raked over the coals by a few of the TruFen, come to think of it. Not all, mind you. At any rate, quite a respectable list of up-and-coming ex-neo's took a number of their early lumps in CRY.

I think the correct name for your principle would be The Inverse Ratio of Rank to Indispensability, and I am in whole-hearted agreement. (Page --(11)--).

BUT WHY WON'T YOU
JOIN THE N3F,
SONNY?



Well, of course faaans are indispensable— but mostly just to other faaans, and to friends, relatives, and creditors.

Hmmm, this Edward Whiteside could easily make the Top Ten on my Fugg-head list if he worked at it. Sod, indeed.

Yep, overprotection of the young (from overexertion of the cerebrum, among other things) is in its own way as bad as the opposite extreme of the Spartan Approach. In the one case you get armored clods, and in the other, soggy lumps enchanted by a teevy commercial. Too bad that Society is too busy protecting the tads from everything else to think about protecting 'em a li'l bit from Society. Like giving 'em a chance to learn a few things.

Why bother to write a book about Small Town L*I*F*E (as you say, the field is overcultivated already) when you could do such a doozer on The Perversity of the Inanimate, such as tools, and your car, and etc?

Good ramblings in this Vonset, Ray; even though most of your "MCs" take off at a tangent to the commentee's material, they're thoughty tangents.

ELINOR'S FENDENIZEN is fresh out of mermaids, but dig those crazy fish! And I must admit that there is a rabbit deserving to be run by Eney himself.

Speaking of Eney (in low mournful tones), he made a good point in a recent letter, which we shouldn't have overlooked— suuurre the Bible is full of Race Prejudice: was there ever more vigorous tribal chauvinism than that of the ancient Hebrews? Granted, though, that the major message of the New Testament was to knock off that stuff, that brotherhood was now to be the Word.

I'm distracted from trying to comment on FenDen #8, by my curiosity as to what you're going to do for a cover on #9. Or me either, for that matter.

ART RAPP GRIPES (well, he says that's what he's doing) for 7 pages. Considering possible embarrassment to your career of greater priority than Rob't Lee's right to bore hell out of the membership with the symbols of a dead dictator, we have lowered the boom on Bob's Hitler kick. Anyone who thinks this is arbitrary nit-picking simply doesn't understand how little sense of humor the gov't feels it necessary to maintain with regard to subversiveness. If anyone wants to argue, the ruling was made on the grounds of good taste— it's not in good taste to insist upon making you nervous in the service, Art.

Well, naturally, a buttery would be where you made— err, smoked cigars, like. And a nursery.....?

But Wrai says that the protocol for SAPSish duels with wimmen has all been set forth already, but he didn't say anything about tag-team matches, such as would be necessary if both the Eyepo Kids got into the act.

Well, either the two giant fleas on each mountain beaver are of assorted sexes, or else those fleas have developed a New Principle. Do you suppose that faaans are not the Race After Man, at that?

But so why should the Klan go under ground? Isn't there enough room any more, under that flat rock? The Klan is certainly well up on my list of People I'd Feel At Home With Under a Flat Rock. OK, don't say it...

You know, that's the real reason we ran for the OEship— so that we could see Norman's Sole for ourselves. I wonder if John Berry will contribute something along the same lines, or whether we will merely receive a couple of mundane dollars via some previously-established channel of exchange? Wally Weber rounded up a flock of TAFF votes for John at a recent Nameless meeting; then he converted the contributions into English money and sent the total, in quid & bob brought back from London, to Bob Madle. Here on page -(12)- I say Weber's a fiend.

(You know, Art, quite a few of the mail that is sitting unanswered while I dig into these MCs, is from SAPS. And one of the letters is yours.)

I don't know about this theory of the Birchbark Scrolls having been all gnawed to bits by a M*O*U*S*E. Unless Ignatz is really an avatar of Oscar. I assure you that Kloote would never stoop to tamper with the Scrolls, as Roscoe is one of few of the minor ghods favored by the mighty Kloote. And the awkward shape of that sentence merely shows to what lengths I will go to avoid correcting a typo. /// Nope, Tosk will be the first to admit that the prediction of the size of SAPS mailings is forever beyond the scope of mathematics. Don't let that stop you, though, as the predictions are a fine tradition and not to be downgraded by mundane factualities.



Well, I would say that since both lawyers are trying to have it both ways, taking the verdict of the court or the terms of the prior agreement, whichever pays off for each, that the agreement has become unworkable by the entry of the old lawyer into the young lawyer's first case, as an opponent, and the court decision should govern. It would, anyway, since the winner could sue to make it stick— I gather that the earlier agreement was verbal, and would be thrown out of court in the initial trial of the suit, most likely.

I'm not so sure that the Air Farce will get very far studying the brains of beavers. After all, for years they were studying the brains of second lieutenants under the premise that they too performed complex actions which hinted at intelligence. Now that they have given up that fallacy and progressed on to beavers, it remains to be seen whether or not they're still kidding themselves. So watch out, Art— sooner or later they'll work up to SFC's.

Speaking of electronic slang, is the ACS the only outfit backward enough to get desperate and use the "smoke test" when a gadget is recalcitrant about blowing fuses? (You pour the juice to it after strapping out the fuses, and watch to see what smokes first.) At one time I was an expert at this, when we had a lot of haywire junk dumped on us with inadequate drawings. The Western Electric installers we had on a few Northern jobs used the slogan "B to G, all the way", meaning that if you started from "Battery" and followed the circuit long enough, you should wind up at "Ground", in central office telephone switch-gear. "Aaagh, yer running open" refers to the way teletype machines speed up noisily but say nothing, when line current fails. /// I am waiting for the Double Filter-Tip cigarette, with a second filter to filter out the taste of the first filter. Meanwhile I stick to old-fashioned short-handle Camels.

Nonono— a ukase is when a veterinarian is called in for the lambing./// Hmmm— "shake Michifandom to its well-fertilized roots", indeed— I near bust my staples over that one. But be patriotic— back DETROIT for '59, night??

BILL RICKHARDT also has 7 pages here in CONFIGURATION #4 (#4? My, how time does trot along, Bill.) Dammit, I can see the faint ghosts of the vertical lines left on second-sides by the Standard SW forwarding roller, and I still want to know how you get them down to faint ghosts. Well, I've made a few modifications on the beast, so maybe we'll have better luck now, but if you see vertical lines on this page or the next, LET ME KNOW HOW YOU BEAT THIS PROBLEM, or I'll likely switch allegiance for the '59 convention. No, not that— but I'll think of something, as sure as this is page - (13) - . Hmm, good zine, but I've run dry.

However, Bill, I don't feel half as badly about this as I would if I hadn't noticed that Elinor has checkmarks all over your zine, and so will probably make up for my negligence. Hot the rod and spoil the child, remember.

LYNN J D HICKMAN, you have gone and done MCs in ARGASSY; a Good Deal. Man, you sure do have the weather back there. All we get is climate, but somebody lit a match under it this year, as we had no winter as such, as all blooming things are ahead of schedule, including my suntan.

The li'l WRotslers are real choice, and I suppose you saved your Plato Jones file for your next litho'd zine, as the solid black is somewhat difficult on mimeo. /// Yeh, that was a losing battle, trying to get an intelligent discussion on ~~inte-segre-gation~~ going, in JD. Nearly everyone who would get up the steam to write would be doing so from emotional fervor rather than from any intent of opening up the field of contention and looking at differing viewpoints. And, of course, printing Annas and G----- W----- got the show onto the road at its Lowest Common Denominator; that was unfortunate and made it nearly impossible for subsequent comments to be dispassionate. Nice try, though.

I'll take your and Howard's word for it that Stu Hoffman as you know him is a Good Fan, but he was also the outstanding example of successful "vote buying" (actually, soliciting signatures and supplying the contribution out of his own pocket) at the MidWestCon last year. People got pretty well fashed about this, and applied the false-to-fact "vote-BUYING" label to the practice; truly, the practice is not exactly simon-pure on the ethical level, but there was no clear ruling against it. The hell of it is, what with all the hassle, there is still no ruling or expression of disfavor toward the practice, from TAFF HQ, so presumably it is still allowable. This year, of course, candidates won't be stalking the MidWestCon, and the cut-off date precludes supporters from working the same routine at Cincy. But a Word would help, next year....

Mostly, these short comments are hard to get a verbal hook into; good thing you had a couple of Issues in there, Lynn, to take off from. Good Con-ing.

MARTY FLEISCHMAN: SECURITY RISK is a very brick-dropping title to be using in this day of the Clearance, especailly (let the typo stand) with people like me who need that same li'l ol' Clearance in order to make a reasonably honest living in the engineering field. You don't have to like the Security Age any more than you have to like the H-bomb that makes it inevitable, but I doubt that anybody is going to unhatch either of these developments, so it would pay to make the minimum effort to Get Along. End of Sermon.

Eney's autopsy on W----- must of been just wishful thinking, dammit. /// Lessee— Algren's breakfast-raising chapters: "Man With the Golden Arm" had the sequence thoroughly describing the nauseous physical characteristics of the blind bum who took over the dope-pushing after Frankie Machine considerably busted Nifty Louie's gahdam neck. "Never Come Morning": well, I think the li'l moron who had been partially eaten by rats as a child (out on South Wells) would qualify, if nothing else comes to mind. I put down "A Walk On the Wild Side" when I saw the mutilation-by-the-legless-man scene from one of Algren's earlier short stories (from the "Asphalt ((or maybe Neon)) Jungle" coming inescapably up. Wylie's forest-fire stuff, followed by the protagonist's wife's fate in "Finnley Wrenn" and his atom-bomb-effects in "Tomorrow" are calculated for urpage. Enuf?

Things have changed, friend. If the membership limit goes up or down, it ain't gonna be by no vote, ol' buddy. Wrai Ballard has Shown us the Light; the only way to keep SAPS in shape is by a Reign of Terror, he sez. Scared yet?

Jean Harlow has been dead over twenty years, but many a maiden will never swing the fundament around banjo-style in a shiny dress as that gal did. Tears.

Here it is the bottom of page -(14)- and I'm still not finished with you...

Yeh, Marty, we would like to see that SF Advertiser for July 52 with the scoop on dianetics and the van Vogts. We have seen the articles in Hart's "Abarres" by Arthur J Burks on his deal of healing by "laying on of hands" and also his series of articles on badly-retarded children (these deserve a wider circulation).

(Oops, I forgot to leave scrawling-space over there, for awhile).

Cartoons? Usually I end up having to dream up something on, or rather for the vacant spot facing me with a mild psneer. Bheer Helps, the only Yuggoth (as I recall) actually Saves.

The right to buy women for free is wishful thinking. Pro quid pro, y'know. Or maybe the other way around. Enuff.

WALLY WEBER, you missed your chance, by not doing a fertile full set of MCs on these ASSORTED PAGES (the listing under which any such effort will be covered any time we're doing the listing). Just think, iffen you'd been really on the stick and had your stuff ready in time, you could have taken over the major part of the contents-page. No more, though-- we're wise to you now. Too bad, Wally.

"So I hereby retract my retraction of the untrue charge I never made"-- why, that's perfectly simple-- I thought George was accusing me of saying something or other, and the something-or-other was obviously false, so I took it back. But then I checked back and discovered that I hadn't said any such thing and that if I had said any such thing I would probably have been able to get away with it, because George wanted ~~but~~ the Multigraph's support for Detroit in '59. This, however, did not alter the fact that I had unlawfully retracted someone else's booboo. So I said to myself, said I, I said-- Saaaay, I said-- just because I never said that typer of George's was being sneakily double-spaced is no reason why I shouldn't retract the apology for not saying so. So I did, and I hope this clarifies the entire picture. If so, explain it to me, please?

Oh, hell-- Toskey's grapefruit trees are outweighed by the bugs on our lemon tree, in spite of all the spraying and blowing of tobacco smoke. So.

Mighty complimentary illo there on The RETRAL-- cute, too. Also the li'l centipedes and ol' headshrunk Enay and the li'l mice. Do some more, huh??

Well, Toskey would be the first person to figure out how to apell his nine forward and backward at the same time. Who else???

There is only one trouble with your interpretation of the Garcone cover for FLAB5-- where do you get off finding a normal human being in a Garcone illo?

Well, then there is a grain warehouse in eastern Washington named Busby; it failed to become a town because it didn't leak enough grain to maintain the hangers-on through the chilly eastern Washington winters. Then there is Busby Island up in Prince William Sound not too far from Cordova, Alaska-- I had a phone call earlier this year from an old sourdough who had just come "outside" for the first time in 40 or 50 years and was trying to locate a cutthroat pack of Busbys who used to own that island and trap fur-bearing animals there. And a John Busby was Shaxper's pubber, back in Elizabethan times. You can see the pitch-- Shaxper was a dime-a-dozen contributor, while good ol' John Busby was an actifan born 400 years too soon. It just goes to show. I hope.

NORMAN G WANSBOROUGH has a good solid gripe at his BigHearted publisher, who overinked on a couple of pages of my copy of WANS BURROWINGS. I guess the ol' tradition was just too strong for good ol' BH, don't you suppose? Anyhow, I think you made a good move here, Norm, and feel that most SAPS will agree.

I'm glad you broke loose from that self-censorship you mention, as that can (yup, this is page -(15)-)

WHO'S YOUR
FAT FRIEND?



hamper a faaan's self-expression worse than a misbehaving hekto, even.

"Howie Devore rolled back and forth across the ceiling"... well, we know that Howard is a buoyant type, but it's nice to have confirmation.

Six meals a day, by your schedule? When do you find time for fanac? COSWAL, your BLESSING to us is BACKWARD enough, goodness knows. Though never a Weird Tales fan, I might be interested in reading a sample story or two reprinted in full (has the copyright run out?), but a bare-bones synopsis of something I shall never see in full, a synopsis with all the mood and imagery deleted..... no.

Still, that is merely my own personal taste; others may go for this material. However, there is one other little point: you have ascribed this set of articles to a Mr. Miller, and I understand that you deny Mr. Miller as a pseudonym of yours. In case you missed it in the SPECTATOR, I'd best reiterate that EFFECTIVE FOR MAILING #45, the basic activity requirements for maintenance of membership must be substantially the work of the member.

If I have your minimum-activity course charted accurately, you are most apt to be represented in this mailing (#44) by a single sheet consisting mostly of M.J.Miller under a Coswal heading. If the new rule could have been made effective this mailing, such an entry would not suffice to maintain your membership. However, as it stands, this would leave you owing four pages for Mailing #45. Be advised that any Miller material will be acceptable only if submitted along with four pages of the purest Coswal.

So now you know what it will take to keep your record-string of mailings intact. Considering what some of the other members manage to put forth for SAPS, I don't think it will hurt you to start producing a little something in return. I am sure that you will scan the rules thoroughly for loopholes, and I assure you that I shall endeavor to plug them as fast as you find them.

This could be a lot of fun, at that. Happy nit-picking.

BIG-HEARTED HOWARD DEVORE comes up the caboose on this list, by way of having only a 2-page COLLECTOR— oh, well, you mentioned in a letter that you were thinking of expanding your activity in these precincts— we're for that.

Yes, you do have a pretty good string of consecutive-mailings yourself (but don't let it get so skinny); sorry I shook you all up by saying I wasn't going to put a correction in SPEC to prove officially that you hit the last mailing— I wasn't thinking about the "string" and didn't want to clutter the SPEC with the obvious (of course, it's only obvious right now— not in a year or two, if not entered on the record).

Well now, Howard, coming from you that is the equivalent (from anyone else) of an apology and offer to shake hands with Ted White (and not throw him over your shoulder, either). I still think you should both come to the South Gate fracas and take up my idea of the drinking-duel which I would referee fairly and squarely and with a tall glass.

Hope the economic situation has picked up in Detroit by now, and SO HELP ME, THAT'S ALL THE MAILING COMMENTS FOR THIS ISSUE!

I'LL ADMIT that some of you folks got short-changed this time, notably Tosk, Wrai, and Bill Rickhardt, I believe. Somehow or other I found myself getting tied up with the tight-collar and nothing to say, worse than in any mailing since our earliest ones. Sorry, fellers— c'est la vie. Anyhow, I put four solid evenings and a couple of afternoons in this set of MCs (and haven't dreamed up or executed any of the illo's yet), so it's hardly gafia.

It's more the bottom of the page, which is page - (16) - (I hope).

It's Been Quite A Day, I Guess You Know....

and here it is 8:30pm June 22nd, and now I know what goes onto page —(17)—. Afterthoughts on the NullGen, for one thing, continued from pages 6 and 7 of GuadalCoNull Diary, which in turn were continued from page 2 of this zine. Also, a guide to Hoodunit on that oneshot; all drawings by Lars Bourne, page 2 by Wally, Lars on 3rd, the first stencil Bob Warwick ever typed (page 4) and I guess he simply didn't hit hard enough as everything else was OK and I cranked it slow, Elinor on page 5, me on 6 & 7, Otto top of page 8.

Well, we had fried chicken and potato salad and all, outdoors, and Lars had to read aloud from the Incomplete Purbee because it was too frustrating having him laugh his head off and we not knowing where he was in the text.

Wally said he had to go pick up Mrs Jones and take her to the Nameless meeting, so Bob and Lars elected to wait here for him to pick them up on the return run. It's a helluva thing to get a guy up here from Eugene, Oregon, and then let him be packed off to a Nameless meeting, but anyone who has lived thru several National Guard summer encampments is apt to be pretty durable, so Lars will probably be OK except for minor tics and twitchings.

Elinor has corked out on the couch with a variable number of dogs and very little ambition remaining. What with all the cooking and dishwashing she's been doing the past couple of days, I don't blame her.

Yeh. Well, these deals are real great, but it's nice to settle back.....

But aside from that, Dave, how's it going with the WSFS, Inc.?

OK, "asides": But aside from that, Arthur, what kind of a guy is Lancelot? But aside from that, Anne, how would you rate King Henry as a husband? But aside from that, Kinnison, what's your impression of Jarneven? But aside from that, what's this Starkweather kid like? But aside from that, Werner, how was Charlie Wilson, to work for? But aside from that, Cheryl, do you think Stompanato would have been a good stepfather? But aside from that, Palmer, how are your relations with fandom? But aside from that, Rickhardt, how do you like the new Plymouths? But aside from that, Hannibal, how did you like Switzerland? But aside from that, Westbrook, what do you think of the Labor Situation? But aside from that, Buz, how are you making out with the duper?

This is the type of situation that calls for leaving space for a scrawl of some kind. Hmmm.... yehhh.

Maan, we've been having some warm weather around here, for here. Nice hot sunny days, which are great when I'm home and can loaf around in shorts or etc (mostly shorts), but a little soggy when I'm stuck downtown at the versachtunken office. Two more weeks, though, and if no hitch develops, I'll be on the loose until Sept 15th. Maan, I can hardly wait. Haven't had any vacation of this magnitude for about 11 years, and I've missed 'em.

*But aside from that, Ugg—
how do you like my new
weapon?*



Weary of watching all these previous and subsequent "generations" beat on their drums, toot on their horns, and mainly, hog all that egoboo, I'm working on a campaign to get a little splurge for my own age-group, but need a Catchy Slogan. How about the Called Generation, or the Spleen-Agers, hey??

For the past year, I've been kind, patient, and forbearing, but right here on page —(18)— the quality of mercy is strained to the breaking point.

The following is reprinted from SINISTERRA #3, Autumn, 1950 (shortly after the appearance of Piper's early "paratime" stories).

SINISTERRA'S Hall of Shame presents:

R*E*J*E*C*T*S O*F T*I*M*E by F M Busby

(A totally disconnected sequel to the famous classic "Rejects of Space")

((Some stories are forgotten almost as soon as they are printed. Others stand the Test of Time. We wish we could forget this one.

Because "Rejects of Time" has flunked this test flat, it has been nominated for SINISTERRA'S Hall of Shame, and is printed here.

Nominate your own favorite stinkers! Send a letter to us. All suggestions are more than ignored.))

Gherkin Gall, Blueheel Wheel of the Foofnik civilization of the Fifth Over-time Level, warped his hyperprowcar through a hundred million years of overtime into the landing dock of the Overtime Police Headquarters, Travel Control Section. Striding through the anteroom toward the office of his immediate superior, the Hyperwheel, he casually greeted the office help, then entered the presence of the Hyperwheel himself.

"Back again, chief," he boomed. The man behind the iridescent desk nodded faintly and resumed the tearing of a herring imported from Ivar's Fish Bar, 2nd Overtime Level. "Make your report, Operative Gall," he mumbled through a mouthful of herring.

Gall snapped to attention: "Gherkin Gall, special operative of the Travel Control Section, Blueheel Wheel and wearer of the Tufted Gezoink (Second Class)" — he took a deep breath — "reporting to Pornak Rafik, Hyperwheel, Travel Control Section, honorary Elder Foofnik of the Inner Planets" — another quick breath — "..upon completion of mission, as directed."

"Be seated, Gall," said Rafik. "And stop kissing my feet; you know how that ruins a shoeshine."

"Pardon me, chief," blushed Gall, "I just get carried away sometimes — your distinguished record in the Service, your high ideals, your unswerving purpose, your recommendation which I need for my next promotion..." he broke off suddenly. "But, to business. I was sent, as you know, on a rush mission to an ailing and obscure civilization on the lower side of the 2nd Overtime Level — almost down to Time-and-a-Half, you might say. In this sector" (and if the reader doesn't know what this is going to be, he should tear off the top of his head and send it in to the editor; if postmarked on or before, you will receive absolutely free) "in this sector, as I was saying before the heavy-footed author butted in, the planet is dominated by two opposing governments. One of these upholds peace so strongly that it is forced to enslave its subjects in order to make war on the other and enslave its people also. The other claims liberty as its ideal and has free elections which are won by those candidates who promise less liberty and more "security", whatever that may be; it seems to involve letting the government keep part of your money for you until it has been rendered worthless by inflation, and paying for the privilege — it passeth all hyperunderstanding."

"You're misquoting my original report," Rafik cut in, "but you do seem to have the general idea. So what else is new?"

"I was sent" continued Gall "to this (hah!) civilization on the strength of a rumor that forbidden items were being smuggled crosstime to this Overtime Level, such things as low-order gamma-free fission motors, longevity serum, etc. You can see that if such things were distributed to such a (pfui!) civilization, the results would be catastostic - uh, casaphrostitic - er, casta-- there'd be Hell to pay!"

"No" mused Rafik, "it had never occurred to me." He leaned forward. "But of course I'm only the Hyperwheel around here, after all," he roared. "So get on with it!"

Gall crawled out from under the chart table. "Okay, chief. Well, it was like this: the 2nd Overtime Level is a rough place for hypersnooping - lousy with rules and regulations - an unprepared Foofnik would be locked up in a matter of hyperhours. Well, I warped into a deserted area on the minor land mass and then levitated into the nearest (yak!) city. Of course, I had to be very careful to simulate the characteristics of the natives, so that they wouldn't suspect -"

"Paragraph three, chapter two, of the Basic Manual!" grated the Hyperwheel. "Dammit, Gall, you are not arcing your ego for the stenographers at the moment - you are making an offidial report. A hyperofficial report, I should've said. Get-"

Gall clambered gingerly down from the overhead lights. "So I talked to the people on the streets. I rode their busses and trains. I didn't get a single lead, until finally I got an inspiration - I started going after information from the children. And did I get it? - Okay, chief, okay, OKAY - DON'T BLAST - I got it!" His expression became hypergrim. "We're licked, chief. It's out of our hands."

"What do you mean?" shouted Rafik, as if the meaning weren't apparent.

"There's no use trying to stop trade with those people; we'd better watch out that they don't stop it with us."

Rafik snorted. "Come now, Gall; are you trying to say that they're up to us in development? That's hyperimpossible."

"They don't have everything we have, no - some things haven't been smuggled across yet. But they have things we don't have!"

"You must be out of your hypermind," Rafik sneered. "How could they be ahead of us on anything, considering background?"

"I don't know, and right now I don't give a hyperdamn, but they are. Do we have a neutron disruptor that rips apart the fabric of space and engulfs suns? Do we have a magniray that will give a hotfoot to a whole planet? Do we have a disintegrator that disintegrates matter without heat or radiation? Portable? Do we have spaceships that go faster than light? Do we have bracelets that enable one to kill by mental force alone?" Rafik shook his head slowly. "Well, they have all those things, and have had them for years. What's more, they have time travel - not across time, but back and forth on their own time line. We not only don't have it - we've 'proved' it to be hyperimpossible!"

Rafik paled. "How do you know they have all these things?"

"The first child I talked to, spilled the hyperbeans. At first I didn't believe him, but others confirmed it all. Then they showed me proof, right in print and with pictures. The exploits of their popular heroes are printed for character-building circulation among the young, as with us - by the way, when are you going to get me a spread in HYPERPOLICE ADVENTURES? - oh, never mind. Anyway, I must say that some of their people would be a credit to us: their Mr Buck Rogers, for instance, ^{way} and Mr Flash Gordon, except for an unfortunate glandular deficiency - I mean, the ^{way} that girl..... well, anyway, the children even carry toy training models of these disintegrators and such. And you know what that means!" - (19) -

"Yes," Rafik admitted shakily, "we haven't much time. What shall we do?"

Gall's chest swelled. "Don't worry - we're safe. There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I had to stretch my hyperauthority a bit, but I did manage to persuade them not to attack us."

"I went straight to their government and laid my cards on the table. They stalled a bit, but finally admitted it was all true. Still, they were generous, mostly. They signed a treaty giving us the status of equals, although we must turn all armaments over to them and allow them to take over the policing of the other Overtime Levels. Their people will be along shortly to take over, here, until they move Headquarters to their own level."

"Well, chief, I've got to run. Want to pick up my paycheck, you know, before they start taking out their (ugh!) hyperwithholding tax."

((By popular demand, further adventures of Gherkin Gall will be returned unopened.))

Well, (snap! back up to 1958, now, folks) actually I did a little rewriting as I went along there, copying-- mostly to unrewrite whoever threw about twenty additional "hyper-"s into the script for the SINISTERRA version and replaced a corny remark of mine with one equally corny and four times as longwinded (so I left out the both of 'em). And quit feeling so sorry for yourselves; in SINISTERRA the thing was illustrated by L Garcone.

Anyhow, we're past the worst of 'em. The next Hall of Shame Story, when and if I get feeling sadistic again, is "Green Lensman", with a rather unusual presentation which could be recommended to several prozine authors and editors in this the day of the padded serial. But Toskey likes this one, so you're all stuck with it.

I don't care which way they're coming, Doc; get those lanterns outa that steeple!

It's Friday evening, June 27th, and there's a certain nostalgia creeping about the premises: at this very moment, some 2500 miles from here, the raw material of some beecootiful faannish blasts is milling around the SeaScape Room of the North Plaza Motel, just far enough outside the city limits of Cincinnati so that the cops won't come unless the management seconds the call. The Detroit Mob may or may not have the suite directly above the business office, but I betcha they have fireworks again, and the Offical MSFS Blog Bucket, and all. The Toronto Gang has vroom-vroom'd into the parking lot, and several insurance executives are blissfully unaware that their policy holders are on the same roads with George. And Tucker has found and/or organized one of the better parties, and right about now, with a devilish glint in his eyes, he's saying "It's the thing to daw!" with regard to some fine faannish atrocity he has in mind. Somebody no doubt just tried to top Asimov, and got re-topped in return, louder and funnier. Younger fen are rushing around snapping up fanzines from Buck Coulson and others, and Lou Tabakow is selling banquet tickets printed from a rubber stamp he had to buy, himself, if he wanted a banquet. Bob Bloch isn't anywhere as near so tired as he will be in about 24 hours, what with being too polite not to talk to all the people who want to talk to him; he'll be getting off some memorable lines, and 90% of them won't be saved for posterity (like, for instance, me) as they should be. Right now, at least one dedicated fan-party type will be watching the nucleus of a grreeeat party disappear into the depths while some nice sincere fugghead holds hiser arm and asks plaintively "But what are these, er, fanzines, all about?" However, the nucleus of an even better party will show up in a few minutes, so don't worry. Bob Madle will rightly extort a little more money for TAFF, one way and another, quietly. Doc Smith will be quite positive that his "Strom (oops, Storm) Cloud" hardcover will be out this year, and I certainly hope he's correct this year. And clear out here to hailangone in Far Seattle, I console myself with thoughts of South Gate.

Geez, I really have Midwestcon Fever, here at Retro's end, on page --(20)--