

GTR Union 680

Greg Shaw-2545 Lexington-San Bruno  
Calif.94066 Oatmeal Pub #33.

To refresh your memories from 2 weeks ago, I had decided to start a corporation so that I could be president of it, had organized it extensively on paper, and had performed one trial experiment, which was successful. Being then as I am still quite passive, I shelved all of my information and plans until favorable circumstances should present themselves to me, as I knew they must if these plans were to get anywhere. I had a feeling that something would happen, and I was right.

## PART TWO: THE FOUNDATIONS

The ABC network radio station in San Francisco is KGO. It is a very powerful station, and its directional transmitters reach from Mexico to Alaska. I have always been fond of this station for the occasional touches of imagination which it injects into its programming. During the day it features news and interviews and call-in-talk shows, which are moderately popular in the Bay Area. For about 2 years they had a 3-hour feature in the evenings called "The Coyle & Sharpe Show." Jim Coyle and Mal Sharpe are a book-length story in themselves. These guys have more imagination than any twenty fans you could name, and they are also experts at persuasion and the put-on. They would go out in the afternoon with a tape recorder and record 4 or 5 interviews with people on the street. Some of the things they cooked up to question people about were wilder than anything science fiction has ever come up with. And people always believed them. In the evening these interviews were played on KGO with music interspersed. A great interstate fandom grew up about these two men, a fandom that had a way of getting together among themselves via letters sent in and read during the show and starting small groups of their own. I had been a fan of Coyle & Sharpe for 2 or 4 months when I won a contest the prize for which was a day out on the streets with the masters themselves.

When I showed up in downtown San Francisco to meet them, I had no idea what they were going to do with me. They took me to lunch and there they somehow got me talking about Plots, Inc. and they said it was a good idea so why not use it. I was game so we tried it on the first likely looking person we accosted, on Market St.

Our victim was a fairly young man, nice looking but now the executive type; a guy who looked like he knew what he was doing. C&S used one of their most standard openers where they posed as live radio interviewers (and they had the papers to prove it) who wanted him to meet and react to their "interesting person of the day" or something like that. They introduced me as an official of a rather unusual organization, PLOTS, INC. and I answered a few questions about the aims, goals and methods of the organization. Then they went off on a bit with him where they got him to express his dislike for the idea of plotting, his fear of being plotted against, and various other opinions. Then as he started to get mad and walk away I followed him. He turned around and asked me what the hell I was doing. I said simply I was following him around taking notes in case we were ever called upon to plot against him. This got him into a big argument with C&S which after a while degenerated and they explained that it was a put on.

The next bit we did didn't concern PLOTS, INC. I was the result of an experiment in child-training. They explained to an intelligent looking housewife that I had been raised for 14 years with whippings every day, with a real bull whip. They said I gradually got to the point where I liked it, and since I appeared to be a nice respectable boy didn't she think there might be something to this philosophy of child-raising?

This bit was great fun while it lasted, and towards the end it got rather hysterical. The third and last bit we did brought in PLOTS, INC. again. This time I was being interviewed by them, straight, as a high-ranking PLOTS, INC. propaganda officer. For about 10 minutes I answered their penetrating questions, and at the end gave my address and advised interested persons to get in touch.

Two days later the things we had recorded that day were played on the air, and it was a triumphant moment for me. I was a celebrity! I wondered if I would get any replies. Little did I know.

#### PART THREE: FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE

The next day I received a telegram from Eddie Baxter of Yakima, Washington asking me to hold the position of Washington director until his official application arrived, 2 days later. I took Eddie on, gave him Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Idaho. I began regular correspondence with him and shared ideas. In the next couple of months I signed up another 20 or so members. All these members were KGO letterheads and every night when Jim Moore, the "dj" for Coyle and Sharpe, read the letters, most of them consisted of plugs for PLOTS, INC. from various people, reports of what we had done, and the like. PLOTS, INC. (and I) was famous.

My organization chart filled out. I was corresponding heavily. Most of the western states were controlled by my officers. When we got to the point where we had printed cards and rubber stamp letterheads and Coyle and Sharpe were sending us Christmas cards, they evidently considered us popular enough to use on their show again. Using another kid who sometimes helped them out, they did a strong attack on PLOTS, INC. I still have a transcript of the show where they discussed possibilities of destroying me and my organization, if anyone cares to see it.

This was the beginning of the decline in a way, however. We reached the membership peak a few months later, but after this C&S never mentioned us anymore, and Moore stopped reading the propaganda we sent him. So we turned away from KGO and continued operating independently.

We made plans. We designed equipment. We recruited officers. We had long distance phone conferences between Yakima, Portland, and San Bruno. We had thousands of little propaganda stickers made which we plastered on windows and buildings all over the west coast of North America.

At this point my files were overflowing with PLOTS, INC. letters and materials. I had newspaper clippings from when a fanatic who had tried to hire us to plot against his wife killed her and I was drawn into the case by the newspapers. I was just getting into fandom, and I thought all this paperwork was bothersome and below a man of my importance. I looked about for someone to replace me as Western Comptroller while I remained Grand Plotmaster. There was Eddie Baxter in Yakima. There was a cell in LaGrande Oregon with a dozen or so members. There was a fellow in Lafayette Calif. named Paul Thompson. I turned the file and the responsibility over to the La Grande group. They were go-getter and did much to strengthen our hold. We had most of northern Calif. and Oregon banked with local and regional offices, and they began advertising.

NEXT WEEK (MAYBE): PART FOUR: DECLINE AND FALL