

grunion



Greg Shaw
2545 Lexington
San Bruno
Calif
Apr L 69
Oct 1961
Publication 38
Feb. 66

THIS WILL BE A
CANCEROUS WAMP

PLOTS, INC. had, it is true, passed the peak of its glory, but even in its decline it was an awesome and wonderful thing. In early 1965 as I got more and more deeply involved in fandom I reluctantly realized I'd have to let Plots, Inc. go. It was, however, not as easy as it might seem. While I was Grand Plotmaster and absolute autocrat, I could not simply disband the organization. They would have made me a public enemy and gone on without me. So I had to think up a clever way of ending it. Of course by this time I had long since stopped communicating with all except my highest lieutenants. I told them I would be going to New York on a special mission, then I dropped out of their sight completely. I reappeared in February 1965 when I had a mimeograph. I reported in detail on an organization called ~~DC~~ Diabolical Cogitations, Unlimited., an organization similar to ours but organized along much more military lines and already in almost complete control of the eastern half of the country. I told them that DC,U. was planning to invade us at any time. I don't think they believed a word of it, but I was beyond caring. *

As I said, I was reluctant to officially leave the group because if they ever did gain any real power I wanted to be able to step in and take over again as Grand Plotmaster. I came up with a terrific plan, the best plan I've ever cooked up. First I ran off an official proclamation announcing a tax of \$2 per year to be levied on all subjects of PLOTS, INC. (I had long since established that we were an independent entity, and that I had the power to tax, copyright, issue ukases, and order about any of my subjects as I pleased.) I sent the proclamations to LaGrande for distribution, and got back an indignant letter from the Director of Security, Intelligence Division, denouncing me. Then I sprung my masterpiece on them. It was a carefully detailed plan, with charts, graphs, calculations, and the like, of how, if all 49 members paid their taxes, within 1 year I could make the group \$200 in profits, by using the money for supplies for the mimeograph and recruiting in large numbers by running off thousands of recruiting forms at a time and sending them to mailing-list companies. It was a carefully detailed plan and I had faith in it. I got back a long letter from the Executive Council apologizing and including some figures they had worked out, projecting annual profits of \$1000 apiece for the Executive Level administrators within 5 years time. They were very enthusiastic. I was promised that the tax would be collected and sent to me by July 1965. I never heard from them again.

This whole story perhaps needs some kind of footnote. Of course I am incapable of putting across on paper the full splendor of PLOTS, INC. Even to explain the paper organization of the corporation I would have to include all of the dozen or so forms, and unfortunately I've lost many of the stencils. I am terribly proud of my younger self for having designed all this. If the ideas were legal, or hell if we could have had decent advertising, I am convinced it would have worked....and I still carry around ideas for a mystery novel in which the hero stumbles onto an organization such as a fully-functioning PLOTS, INC. would have been. At times I also think that if they had paid their taxes, rather than pocket the \$98, I would have gone ahead with the plan, sold in vast quantities \$1 memberships with which kids would get PLOTS, INC. T-shirt, buttons, card, propaganda forms, stickers, and the option to buy even bigger and better things. And I think I could have made it work. But

I think the greatest thing about it all for me was the tremendous feeling of POWER; raw, direct, political power. Right now it wouldn't appear to me, possibly because I've already had it, or possibly because I'M older, but at the ages of 14 and 15 it is a wonderfully satisfying feeling to have power over and be looked up to by 50 or so people, most of them several years older than me. It was, to sum it up, a fabulous feeling; I believe everyone should experience absolute power sometime in his life. But at any rate, the 2 years during which I owned and manipulated PLOTS, INC. is one of the most fascinating periods of my life, one which taught me many things, and one which I still look back on with the fondest nostalgia. If any of you kids are thinking of trying something like it, take my word for it: it is sure as hell beats Junior Achievement.

END OF ESSAY BEGINNING OF COMMENTS

Now that we have as many if not more copies of Apa L mailed out than distributed at meetings, it should be as acceptable to call them mailings as distributions, eh wot?

Comments on #68:

June Konigsberg: Doublesuper appy polly logg~~y~~es for misspelling your name, both in Apa L and the ENTMOOT lettercol. The mistake has stemmed from a type somewhere in my correspondence, and I never caught it. Sorry

Dave Fox: If I didn't know better, I'd suspect you of attempting to satirize an article I recently published in ENTMOOT. Perhaps you're only attempting to satirize artificial languages. If you're trying to invent an artificial alphabet of your own, however, I'm afraid you'll never come close to Krevan. Upper-middle Krevan, of course. Not Lower.

Len Bailes: How did you know I was working on another installment of LABYRINTH DUQUESNE? I hope I won't have to publish it, however. Jack's are so much better.

Inside Back Cover: You're right, of course. Sorry. But need you be so melodramatic? And why the guardian sign, of all things? The globe-eye would be better for such purposes.

APA L IN GENERAL I've decided not to tell the saga of my experiences with Sexual Perversion Fandom--not in a family apa. Besides, I have too much material on the subject, and the photographs, which are the best part, are too hard to publish. But I do want to continue putting thru creative material. I was thinking of inventing things that didn't happen to me and describing them as if they did, but I don't think my imagination is equal to it. So I will fall back on bad poetry, bad fiction, bad puns, and dull stories--which will make it very easy for you to criticize.

Query: Whence comes the phrase "the power to cloud men's minds"?

Is there any specific source for "I suppose you're all wondering why I've called you here today"?

And one last comment to fill out the page

Ruth Berman: sorry to see you go back east. Is it for permanent? I missed you, and Diana, and Nan, at the last Little Men meeting. I sure hope Meskys' leaving won't lose all his fringe people from fandom. Especially after Diana promised to do artwork for me.