

The Official Organ of the
Conservatives and Liberals

Allied to Stamp Out Uncle Sam's Post Office

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It is heartening to find that GALATSOUSPO does not fight entirely alone against the awesome might the world's greatest bureaucracy. No, my brave compatriots, there is one braveman who has taken the floor of the House of Representatives to fight for the American Way of Life. I quote from The Memphis Press Scimitar of 18 July 1965:

"Should Mail Be Delivered?" Washington--Rep. Wayne L. Hays, D-Ohio, thinks Postmaster General John A. Gronouski ought to worry more about getting the mail delivered than about ZIP codes and changing state abbreviations. Hays complained that "the three most dangerous men in the world are an alcoholic with a bottle of whisky, an arsonist with matches, and a postmaster general who likes to experiment."

We heartily agree with Representative Hays and commend him on his unparalleled courage in taking such a stand.

And meanwhile, Charles Schulz, famous cartoonist has realized the inefficiency of the Post Office. I quote the character Linus from the 24 July episode of the "Peanuts" comic strip:

"Do you know how many people are employed by the Post Office Department? Almost six hundred thousand; that's how many! Six hundred thousand trained, dedicated, and intelligent people... AND NOT ONE OF THEM KNOWS WHERE MY BLANKET IS!!!"

As you can figure out, Linus' blanket has been lost in the mail. We know about the devious ways things disappear in transit, don't we, people?

But the campaign by the Post Office to wipe our little band out of existence goes on apace:

"I guess the Post Office is taking out its revenge on your whole family now. I didn't care too much as long as just your stuff got torn up, but now every issue of Igenue arrives in two or three pieces." ---Janice Staton

"My ... fanzine, Sci-Fi Showcase, is copyrighted. To register a copyright...one must submit two copies of the work to the Library of Congress. The law states that these copies may be mailed free if delivered to the postmaster with a special request. So it was that, attache case full of Showcases, I walked into the Post Office here to find a smiling gentleman behind the desk. The conversation went something like this:

'Yes, sir?'

'Well, I'd like to mail thses copies of this magazine to the Copyright Office...'

'The What?'

Let me see that!'

'It's only a magazine I publish for a hobby, sir. I would like to mail two copies to the Copyright Office.'

'Okay. That'll be...lemme see...6¢ apiece.'

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'No, no. You see, the law states that I can mail them free.'

'Well, I don't

know about that...'

"(Whereupon our hero pulls out a copy of US Copyright Office Cir. 42.) 'It's right here. Let me show you.'

'I just don't know; let me call Jim over.'

(Whereupon the villain calls his cohort in crime, who walks over to the scene of battle.) 'Jim, have you ever heard of this law?'

'Uh uh, Sam. I believe we had better call Pete.'

'Sounds good, Jim. OK, young feller...'

'Wait a minute. Wait a minute!' I shouted. 'It says that I can mail free right here, in black and white. This is a Government document!'

'I'm sorry, son, but we just can't let anyone who comes in here mail these things free, you know. So I'll ask Pete...'

'Never mind,'

I groaned, 'Here's 12¢. Gimmer two stamps.'" ---Tom Dupree, 45 and Counting.

"The

latest move by the PO in their never ending war against...Lon Atkins is to open all of my mail for inspection. Nothing is spared except first class mail in small white envelopes---books, fanzines, apa mailings, even large brown envelopes coming first class are ruthlessly violated, the first class no doubt by 'accident'.

"I be-

gan to suspect this a couple of weeks ago when a package of books arrived torn open. It set me to thinking out how frequently the USPOD had chosen my stuff to inspect. Why everything I could remember getting in the last two months or so had been opened. This was far too regular to be random inspection; could it be that I was being Watched? Perhaps the PO boys had classified me as belong to Dangerous Lunatic Organizations and had determined to check all my mail for Secret Plans to Overthrow the Government of These United States By Force, or for a few bits of Unspeakably Pornographic Smut, or maybe somebody back there just gets a kick out of looking at fanzines---a fetish or something.

"At any rate, my SFPA mailing arrived Saturday, opened, marked fourth class (education matter was scratched out and I owed 57¢) and missing a Dian Pelz art folio. Burn. Burn. See the Atkins burn. Naturally the PO knew nothing of any missing magazines. Oh, no!" ---Lon Atkins, The Widget Factory.

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M A S T E R G E N E R A L G R O N O U S K I ! ! ! .