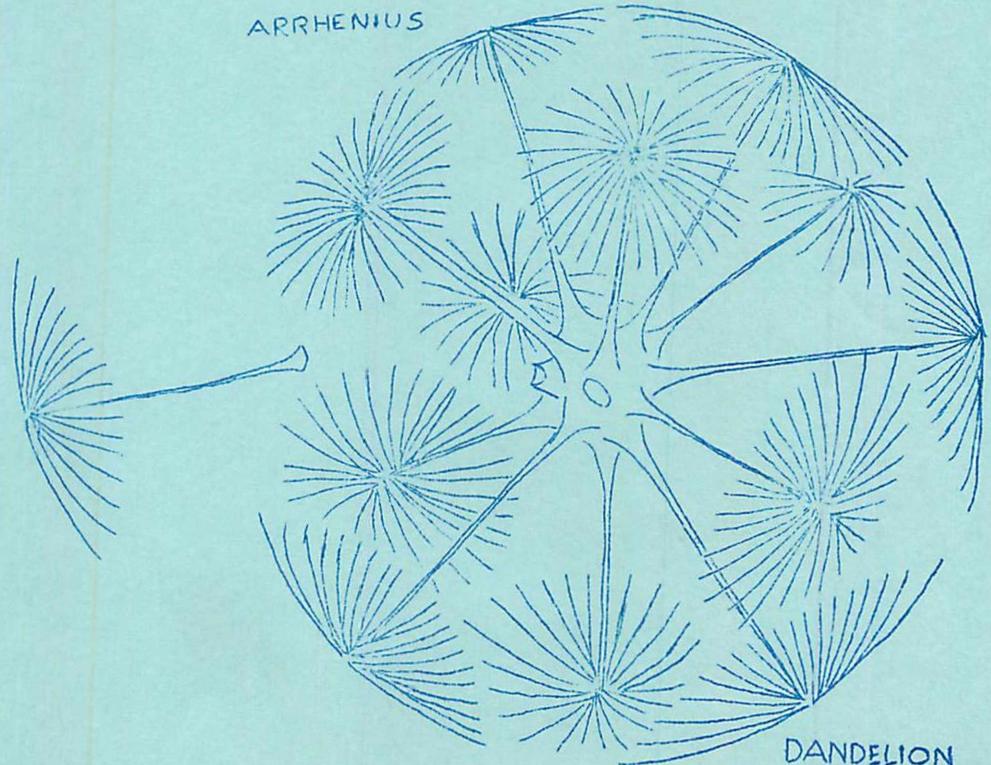


WALLIE



ARRHENIUS



DANDELION

1961



Just a few quick notes to round this out. We're leaving on our vacation day-after-tomorrow and won't get back till the end of August, so that doesn't leave me much time to make the August mailing.

We plan to take an unplanned vacation for a change. We will go to Lake Pillsbury first; that's a lake in the mountains maybe 200 miles north of here, not very accessible, not at all crowded. When we're tired of that, we'll decide where to go next: maybe the Eel River country, maybe the High Sierras, maybe the northern coast. We'll see.

Re the last verse in the version of the Orcs' Marching Song in this issue, Dean Dickensheet reports:

"The pages at CBS wear black uniforms with silver buttons, and an eye in RED as a shoulder patch."

If you've ever seen Television City, with that enormous Lidless Eye dominating a wide section of Los Angeles -- or choked on the noxious vapors of smog -- you'd have no doubt that Mordor is indeed bidding for the '64 Con. Though, before the Trilogy came out, I had a name for it from The Hobbit: the Desolation of Smaug,

I think I'll toss some of the leftover copies of the NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE into this mailing. I did it for the SFCon, seven years ago, but it didn't seem to attract much notice -- we couldn't give them away. Good grief -- at that convention, I had a 6-week-old blob. Now I've got a 7-year-old proto-fan, who does my slipsheeting and has a build like Homo-taro.

Reported by Jim Caughran: On a restroom door in Wheeler Hall (University of California) -- "There are no integral solutions for n greater than 2, of $x^n + y^n = z^n$. I have a wonderful proof for this, but it won't fit in the margin of this door."

We've been incredibly busy this summer. Jean Larson -- an old friend from Minneapolis -- showed up the week before the convention, then my mother arrived the very day it unofficially began; after Mother left, we found we were committed to a party for Jean Larson the night Cele Goldsmith went to an MWA meeting. -- I mean we went to this party; we weren't giving it. After that was done, Sam Moskowitz showed up, and no sooner had Sam gone than L. Sprague de Camp came along.

The Wollheims are due soon, but we've got to escape and take a rest so we can enjoy the Season.

Hope I see lots of you there.



Bjo

"I'm a trained
killer, and for all I know,
I may be vicious."



Bjo

"This means one more vote for Eney!"

THE ORCS' MARCHING SONG

(The verses marked GH are those written by George Heap and published in a booklet distributed at the Detention. Those marked DD are by Dean Dickensheet; KA, myself. Alternate chorus by Ted Johnstone, as I recall.)

- GH Sauron had some rings; they were very useful things,
And he only wanted One to keep;
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun;
Sauron's finger was inside it -- what a creep!
- GH Cho.: Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not even an orc or a slave;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon
And laid poor Sauron in his grave.
- KA Isildur started forth for his palace in the North
But his fate turned out to be an Indian-giver;
The Orcs caught up with him, and though he tried to swim
They shot him and the Ring rolled down the river.
- GH Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin,
There he found his birthday present;
He gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and orc--
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant.
- GH Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor
But his Orcs didn't like the sun.
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very beat
So he made them suntan lotion by the ton.
- KA Gandalf found the gate when the night was very late
And thought that he had been so very cunning;
But when drums began to boom in the deeps of Khazad-Dum
Strider and the Walkers started running.
- KA The wizard Saruman heard that rings were in demand
And said the One was lost, so he could take it;
He wanted it to war on his black adversary Sauron--
He wanted to be God, but didn't make it.
- DD Treebeard and his pals, when they couldn't find their gals,
Were content to stand arounds and just make shade /corks
But the axes of the Orcs caused those Ents to blow their
And at Helm's Deep stage an Arbor Day parade.
- GH When Frodo saw the Ring, he rather liked the thing,
But it worried him every minute; /tradition,
At the end of his long mission, just to keep up the
He lost it with his finger still within it.

GH Sauron he felt poor at the fall of Barad-Dur
And he hadn't a friend, as I've mentioned,
But his spirit lives today just the same in every way
And the Coss show up at every damn convention.

ED Now, you'd think that Sauron's done, for they did melt
down the One,
And you must admit that Mordor is a mess;
But he had a scheme, I fear, to exploit the Palantir,
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS.

Alternate chorus:

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not one of his foul Orkish crew;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon
Because it seemed the fannish thing to do.

TALKING FAPA BLUES
Karen Anderson

You spend seven years on the waiting list,
Like serving for Rachel, but you find you've missed;
Got the wrong apa; it's SAPS you're in.
Seven years more, and at last you begin.
Best to have your parents put you on the waiting list at age 5.

You're now a bi-apan, but you've no fear
Of meeting deadlines 8 times a year --
In fact, you can get by, just meeting three.
How about another apa? Which shall it be?
Fandom is dying. Only two new apas so far this year.

Joining apas is lots of fun.
It's hard to stop when you've once begun.
Ompa, Ipso, N'Apa, Cult,
It's staying in that's difficult.
Besides, if you run the same material in more than one apa,
Pelz is sure to complain.

You miss a deadline or forget your dues
And the apas drop you by ones and twos.
Here's your chance to do a fat zine -- grab it!
But you still pub small ones, just from habit.
It seems funny to number stencils higher than ten.

Now you've only got FAPA left
But you hardly feel that you've been bereft;
You're not geshwow like you used to be
And how anyone is, it's hard to see.
You're deadwood, and you just missed another mailing.
Better petition tomorrow.

YOUNG MAN MULLIGAN

(George Scithers sent me the first two verses and half of the last verse. I made up another six verses and typed it up with nine carbon copies -- this was Thursday night before the Baycon, and I'd just put out THE ZED that afternoon, or I'd have mimeographed enough to give away. I passed out the carbons at songfests during the Baycon, but didn't give any away until it was all over. I'll run plenty of extra copies of this page of ALIF, for anyone who wants them.

The last verse was finished by, I think, Ted Johnstone when we were singing the night before the Baycon.

The three odd verses can be sung as choruses to "Mulligan." I don't know what tune belongs to them, but "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" will fit. Scithers did them)

I was born about 10,000 years from now
When they land upon the moons I'll show them how;
And with Goddard, Ley, and Campbell
On an interstellar ramble
I'm the one who cooked and caught and served the chow.

With Jommy Cross I took it on the lam;
I'm the man who said "It's time to wake up, Sam,"
And I planned the first Foundation
Just before the fragmentation
Of the Empire that would rule the Sevagram.

Oh, I kissed Innelda Isher on a bet;
I'm so tough I keep a coeurl for a pet;
I've gone soldiering with Rico
And dug foxholes under Pico,
Boys, the wars I've seen you never dreamed of yet.

Well, I'm just a lonesome traveler and a great fantastical bum,
Highly educated, from mystery I have come,
Well, I laid the road of yellow, with bricks all bright and new-
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

I've shipped out with Fafhrd, and with Jocelyn too,
I turned pirate once, with Amra and his crew;
I helped build the Tombaugh Station
And I saved an entire nation
Once when Conroy couldn't think of what to do.

I've helped Verkan Vall and Nick van Rijn get tight,
But if Gosseyn drinks, I've never seen the sight;
At the Baycon with Carl Brandon
I met Lessingham and Shandon
And I'd hate to guess how much we drank that night.

I've seen things that old Munchausen never knew;
I've swapped tales with Jorkens and with Faghoot too;
Oh, I've told some of the right sort
At Gavagan's and the White Hart
And I'll zotz the man who says that they're not true.

Well, I knew a cold-eyed Emperor, he ruled the Commonwealth;
When I drank the spring of Hippocrene, it benefited my health
I built the towers of Carob, for good old Gorice II,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

I helped Derringer to build his time machine
I've solved lots of little mysteries for O'Brien
When the labyrinth got mislaid, I
Gave old Verner fancy red-eye
Called Drambuie -- then the case was just routine.

I've been out with Wild Bill Williams on a spree;
Yes, and Sybly Wayte got all his plots from me;
I helped Gannet become Thrale's Tyrant
And when Cartliff was aspirant
To sell jewels, why, I gave him two or three.

When Rhysling sang about the hills of home,
When Gully flamed upon those steps in Rome,
Oh, I've been there or I'll be there,
If there's action you'll find me there,
And I'll add another verse onto my pome.

I came into old Middle Earth, 'twas very long ago,
I made a trip with Gimli, with Sam and old Frodo,
And then I followed lions and hearts on a field of blue,
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

Explain it to the computer in words of one bit.

CRIFANAC HI-LO

Karen Anderson

The song of fandom's a sad song,
Crifanac, crifanac, hi-lo,
The song of fandom's a song of woe,
Don't ask me how I know;
The song of fandom's a sad song
For I'm a fan and it's so;
I sit by my nines and watch the rain
Crifanac, crifanac, hi-lo,
Tomorrow I'll probably pub again,
Crifanac, crifanac, hi-lo.

KINNISON'S BAND

BY POUL ANDERSON

My name is Kimball Kinnison, I lead the Lensman band,
Although we're few in number, our abilities are grand;
We play with stars and planets, catch comets in a net,
And use a supernova to light a cigaret.

Chorus: All clear and on green, QX, QX!
All clear and on green, QX, QX!
All clear and on green, QX, QX!
Sound it loudly, clearly, Brek-ke-ke-kex, QX!

I met with good old Worsel and he took me by the hand
And said, "How's Civilization, and how does she stand?"
It's the most distressing galaxy that ever you have seen;
Boskone's hanging everyone whose tentacles aren't green.

(Chorus)

So Tregonsee got down to work, our fearless mental scout.
His X-ray eyes and ESP went peering all about
Behind all doors where he might spy a lurking zwilnik louse;
Especially the dressing room down at the burlesque house.

(Chorus)

Then frigid-blooded, poison-breathing Nadreck came to town
And said we all should have a drink to wet our whistles down.
King's Ransom isn't aqua regia, which he drank with vim,
But all we Earthmen cooled our beers by standing them on him.

(Chorus)

Then Mentor of Arisia, our good old college dean,
Who personally ground each Lens upon his Dean Machine,
Decided we must learn much more, lest Civilization fall.
To lecture us, he first went out and hired a Cosmic 'All.

(Chorus)

'64 FRISCO
OR FIGHT