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THE

# BULL MOOSE

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God for CIA, England and Bill Zorac!!!



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Background Noises

Composed, drafted, and to some extent stencilled and printed, at Flat 6, Wiltshire Lodge, Courtlands, Maidenhead, Berkshire, in the country of England. The rest of it was done at the address noted in the FantAm. The cover was inspired by the sudden realisation that there are but a pitiful few Englishmen left in FAPA. Fewer than you may think when you realise that Smith comes from so far north that he qualifies as a foreigner. It seems to leave just Ashworth, Bennett and me, unless Wansborough pulls out the finger pretty damn quick. While I have been making resolutions, and annually resolve only not to make any, it is time I threw off the yoke of Gafia or whatever and put in some Fania. To this end we have invested in a flat-bed, age somewhere near that of our Remington 12, and hope to be taking turns - that's Bill hopes we will - at operating it. Some day, no doubt, the Enchanted Duplicator will come our way, and then there will be no need to apologise for the rather poor repro of the front cover (already runoff) and for any other errors there may be that prevent Bull from being read.

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Speramus meliora  
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HORIZONS - Warner... If we're ever going to have law and order out here in the west, the first thing we've got to do is drag out all smokers who puff tobacco smoke into the eyes and noses of innocent bystanders and shoot them like dogs. Travelling by London Tube in the rush-hour is just bearable if you can squeeze into a non-smoker, but most coaches are for smokers. I got stuck, once, beside a pipe smoker whose pipe-bowl was within an inch of my nose; when I could bear it no longer, I asked him to do something about it and he, most politely, apologised; then he put the pipe in the other corner of his mouth and puffed smoke at me instead... Vern McCain kept practically no fan or pro material in the interest of space for his records. I do not know for sure what happened to all those beloved jazz discs of his, but I'll hazard a guess; and if you heard it you'd really shudder... You've ended the Ackerman legend for me.

MILBO - White... While I would not go so far as to say that your verse is matchless and timeless, at least I do not get the feeling that if we do not all praise it up to the skies then you'll die, just die, that's all. Welcome! there's a fine independence about your Poetry that brings a breath of fresh sea air with it.

VANDY - Coulsons... Any bleeding will stop if you read verses from the Bible at it long enough. Or from the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Even a haemophilic stops bleeding after a time - no more blood.

NANGEL - Garding... Once a nation has evolved, nationalism demands that its own church be independent of outside influence. If the faith is dominant, you'll have perpetual unrest, as in France or in any Middle Eastern country.

HAEMOGLOBIN - Smith... I never realised that Around the World in Eighty Days had got down to second-run houses. There it is still as large as life at the Astoria in Charing Cross Road, all seats bookable in advance etc... There was no need to rise at ungodly hours to see a sputnik; I've seen them at six, seven, and eight in the evening. You had only to borrow someone's Daily Telegraph (or to



to the reading room of your friendly neighbourhood Carnegie library, if your friends won't trust you or read the Daily Tetch). The Telegraph printed daily notes on where to look and what time, for those interested in seeing a Sputnik. On the weather page.

SWAN SONG - Harris...Say it ain't so, Chuck. Bad enough to lose WAW, without you going off and leaving us. FAPA cannot afford to lose its humorists like this. Change your mind, Chuck. While I appreciate your reasons, I'd hate to think you were leaving FAPA because of two nump-heads. Where else would we get a Twelve Days of Christmas Lament, an Off The Cuff, or one of those hilarious LonCanRops? Don't go; stay, you might help drive THEM away.

BOBCLINGS - Faviat...Preferred Share to B's...Try calling yourself a Skeptic - don't really believe anything in any direction, not even that it is worth the effort to say so in organised fashion. I usually say Christian, having retained most of the ends of ethics gained in my childhood, but members of any organised Christian churches would probably disagree.

MCOMSHINE - Shesary...Nice B's cartoon...Try the word "fundament".

NULL-F - White...Four new tyres for £50? That's £12:50 each. My motor-cycle tyres cost that much, but then we still have pricerings.

PHLOTSAM - IHE...You owe me a letter...That's JIM busby in your crossword puzzle, surely? Let's add another statistic to the FAPA LIST - those deaf 'id left/right/both ears.

CELEPHAIS - Evans...No doubt that he is an undesirable. Isn't he also certifiable? Or are his views too popular?...Reverbazle on your 14-based arithmetic; I'd assumed a misprint...Regardless of the effect on spelling of being trilingual, I know that FOGO has fractured my spoken English; and I know also that Bealdred is to blame for my consistent spelling of QUANDRY.

RABBLING FAP - Calkins...What ho! for the game of werewolf. We had something similar, but not quite so inspired...Avoid trying on your uniform. You may be back to your best fighting weight, but unless you get down there by exactly the same Marine exercises, the distribution will be different and there will be wrinkles. That's not a snide hint of slipping chests; it jussy happens that way - I've tried it...I've met (i.e. spoken to) four FAPANS: Beildred, Bloch, Harris, Tucker. If you include Gazing Upon With Awe From Afar, I claim Rosowitz and Spear. I'd recognise one or two others (that includes Gregg Calkins) from photos of Chicon II supplied by Shel-Vick.

FANTAST FR333 - McNeil...The low stories and promiscuous photographs (goshwow) have far more intrinsic value than even the biggest Mark note in that collection has had for more than a quarter century. They were printed during the crisis year of Germany's economic history - that big note might have bought a cuppa coffee - and are worth almost as much as the pulp value of the paper they are printed on. When we moved into Lunenburg in 1945, we took over a huge block of flats for quarters; my room held only a tin trunk stuffed full of the things and I papered the wall with them in a more or less symmetrical pattern approximating the Division shoulder flash. ...Is Tauradi's newsint about toy trains or old railways? (there is a subtle difference)...The story of the world's total is even more reassuring if told by a Briton, because our billion equals a million million. It also reminds us of a curious feeling of deflation - or was it relief? - after reading a Hubbard/Scihtology assertion that total recall was possible as far back as - I believe - three billion years into prehistory. It seemed so much less fantastic when one remembered that those North American billions, one third size.



**KLEIN BOT LE** - Carrs...P.S. to Bloch's letter :- remember that a happy marriage depends on doing things 50/50. If your wife house-keeps full time, try giving her exactly half your salary.  
**STORAY PETREL** - Carr...FTLaney was a BNP to me and nothing more. I knew he had a reputation, vaguely, but never found out what for. At present I've no facilities to do an Ish for Vorn McGain. For that matter he was not the kind of wildly controversial character that makes this kind of memorial one-shot. I've drafts of material on Vorn, including our total correspondence, but no present intentions or facilities.

**TARGET - FAPA!** - They...Outside of training camp, all RAF kit inspections were to check the state of the cork's kit. We used all devices to get by, like leaving items around after being approved, and sometimes we got away with it. That was for unit officer's inspection; when the ACO came around, kit was returned to lockers and made as unobtrusive as possible. Provided the floors were polished, the march-past acceptable and the Officers' Mess hospitality of traditional standard, there was little to worry about. I recall a Station Warrant Officer who was posted in to replace an old, near-retirement dodderer; he inherited a mess and had a week to sort it out, before the ACO came. He did pretty well, by sheer force of personality, except that the civilian garbage man let him down. On the day of the visit, he had all the garbage moved to a far corner (used the Arkward sound to do it), surrounded it with cans and bomb boxes and covered the lot with a tarpaulin. Labelled it "Danger Area, NO SICKING". I also heard of a Canadian SWO who had three vehicles parked on the morning of a visit. He had the lot towed behind a hangar and labelled "Army Scrap". That one may be apocryphal...Going back to the 88th mailing - is there any way of exporting a full-sized portrait of how the old boys?

**SUNDANCE** - Youngs...I'm irresistibly reminded of Cassandra Mortmain, as described by the American brothers...If you take a course (cut-rate, at that) and take no special trouble over it, then prefer results diagonally opposite to the obvious and expressed ideas of the lecturer, you must expect a mild reproach. Be damned if I'd have been so polite...If it isn't poetry and it isn't prose then there's only one thing left - crud.

**CHOCG** - Bemildred...Welcome back, Honeyville...Is Edward Teller greater than Werner von Braun?...Didn't us'ns go see Paolo one evening down in New Orleans? Or was that another occasion?...Was it you gave my address to CAR.VANT? Any how, that paragraph above your name in MESSY goes for me too, although your NOTE left me breathless.

**FANTASY AMATEUR** - Officialdom...That method of keeping a man in FAPA is as neat as any Richard Austin Butler could think of. Hope the man proves it to have been worth it...and I bow most humbly and thankfully to Mr Pavlat and Mr Evans...Glad Sally Bruce managed to stay in.

**PEBBLES IN THE DRINK** - Franked...Ol' Ferky Pino does it better. So does Walt Kelly, for that matter.

**CLAUSES** - Sanderson...This inspired the front cover.

**SPECIAL NOTE FOR BILL DANNER**...Black Lightning was the official name for that Vincent. It was guaranteed to do 120 mph as sold by the dealer, without run-in period. The marque Vincent is now, alas extinct. Philip Vincent came down from University in the '30s with a lot of Dad's money and a love for motorcycles. His first model was hand-made, a night-marish mass of tube steel, but he bought the name and goodwill of HRD from a retired manufacturer,



tagged his own in front and got going with some dedicated friends. They developed a sturdy 300 cc hi-camshaft single, with spring-frame, that performed creditably in the Isle of Man TT against factory racing specials. By 1937, there was a new development in hand: a 1000cc twin that was basically two of the 300s mounted on one massive crankcase, V-twinish. Vincent went to the Motorcycle Show that autumn with a single example to display among his 300s; there was a hole cut underneath the petrol tank to make room for the over-large rocker-boxes; the tank was padlocked to stop anyone from finding this out. They promised 140 mph and the model they finally put on the road did so with comparative ease...that was the Rapido. By 1939 it was motorcycling's equivalent of the Jag XK 150. The first post-war product had the same plot, but dispensed with the front down tube, using strengthened cylinder and headbolts. Then they scooped up the engine and called it the Black Shadow. Then they stripped off all the trimmings, made it lighter and faster, and put it out for the export market and THAT was the Black Frightening; it would be wasted on English roads. Last thing Vincent did was put all-enclosed models on the market; complete fibre-glass sheaths over the works and all around; they locked very well and were stable in high winds, but they had priced themselves out of the market. A Vincent spare is made to last as nearly forever as dammit, unlike the average bit that will function for maybe ten years before falling apart. The uninformed like to say that Vincents over-reached themselves when they brought out the enclosed models, but that is patently absurd in view of the proprietary dropysheet fairings now visible on bikes all over the country AND the new and fast becoming popular Ariel Loader. Anyhow, Vincent quit the motorcycling field and is now making even more money in light engineering. The only 1000 cc motorcycle remaining on sale here now is the Ariel square four which has been produced unchanged (relatively) for over 20 years and was a development of an earlier square four going back probably another 10. Not a fast bike as Vincents call fast, but it CAN top the ten. It is inclined to shake a little when heeled over on very fast bends, but for high-speed touring or steady sidecar work it is possibly the best on the market. The Sunbeam, dam it, went out of production last year.

SPECIAL NOTE FOR BILL EVANS... We have transcriptions of steam locomotives on 33 1/3. (Cups are also a private venture and are available only from the producers, advertised only in the railway press. Price about £4 each. An enterprising firm has begun making lead models of steam road traction, including steam truck, steam traction engine, steamroller and steam fairground traction engine. The models are about 2 in. or less long and the last named is a real beauty, reminding me of the actual jobs that used to chuff and rumble along the lanes some 25 - 30 years ago, towing this or that trailer of the fairground. During sessions, it would be picketed down, set into midgear and have the throttle wide open, driving a heavyweight dynamo at the front end of the boiler to provide lighting for the fairground. A modern fairground has not one tenth the charm for me, with out that enormous steam engine chuffing away on the outskirts, the belt drive flapping and a whistle or siren being blown at regular intervals later in the evening to attract still more custom. I seem in retrospect to have spent more time watching that engine than doing the sideshows; this is quite likely, since I'd not have had more than one or two pennies to spend there in those days. I'm getting a model to go on the mantel.



As the walrus said,

The deeper I go into the subject of who was the wickedest king of England, the more I regret taking the job on. Fortunately, I began with my own definition, the worst by the standards of the time, soon in retrospect. It will take this sailing AND the next to deal with them because I wandered down a couple of interesting side-alleys on the way to making my final selection; the pity of it is that there is not really a great deal of proof to set out against the one who should be adduced as the very worst of all, but I'll do my best to show you why when the time comes. Of the choices I have - five in all - three are strong favourites, one so-so and one not really villainous at all; it is just that under his administration the people of this country suffered as they never did before and never have since. Let us look at him first. He was a 'civil, friendly, cheerful character who wouldn't hurt a fly, except in battle, of course, and that doesn't count. As a king he was a complete failure.

There are three qualities necessary for a successful king; not many have two, let alone all three. He must rule by the general will of the people; he must find a strong central government; he must leave a generally accepted heir. After the death of Henry I, it was generally agreed that Stephen of Blois, grandson of the Conqueror was the most likely choice, being a great soldier and on the whole the pick of an only mediocre bunch. The main alternative was a woman called Matilda who was arrogant in person and who was certain to be completely unfit to follow in the steps of Henry. To the ordinary Englishman it made very little difference; life went on in its usual drab fashion: men worked and fought and went to church on Sundays. But after a while, once the barons had found that to Stephen every man who shook his hand and said 'Friend' was automatically a 'fella good chap, there was the beginning of trouble. William the Conqueror, and his two sons who followed him - William Rufus and Henry I, - ruled England harshly and justly, without much favour to anyone; they especially took care that the barons were divided and were slapped down at regular intervals, to remind them who was in charge. Not Stephen; he often tried to tell the barons that they were being naughty, but the chaps wouldn't listen, you know. And then to add to his trouble Matilda invaded, demanding the crown that she claimed was hers by direct inheritance. In actual fact she had a better claim, being descended from an elder son of the Conqueror, but the tendency at the time was to maintain Salic Law (In terram Salicam mulier non succedebat). Thus there was continual war between the two factions up and down the country and the barons were able to have a private bloodbath, the blood being provided by the peasantry.

The barons were less ingenious than the Nazis, no doubt, but at least they had scope. There was the one where they hung a man up by his toes and hung his head into a fire - or just above it. Or they would hang him up by his thumbs and fasten a fire around his feet. They also had a version of the iron maiden, only it used stones and rocks instead of spikes. Thumbscrews were a more warlike device; the leather strap tied round the head and tightened until it went into the brain. The Chronicler of the time wrote 'It seemed that Christ and his angels slept'. As I said, remembering the Nazis, the barons were not very enterprising; the wife almost completely Norman by birth, while the peasants were all sure to be English so nobody worried much until Stephen died and was succeeded - by agreement - by Matilda's son. By the standards of royal selection, Stephen was a poor choice. He was crowned by the will of the people, and after he died a strong man succeeded; but there was no central government, under Stephen, if indeed there was any government at all.



In a sense, I owe Richard I some sort of an apology. As I said at the start, I've dug fairly deeply into the matter of who was worth cherishing as the worst, and found that my long-cherished dislike for the LionHeart was not in actual fact based on what he did to the people of England. To be exact, he didn't do much either to them or for them; he spent so much time away at this game called 'Crusading' that he never had time to see his loyal and devoted subjects.

To set out my reasons for disliking his great name is simple enough. He got it because he went Crusading and got within sight of Jerusalem after killing off countless thousands of the hated Saracens; the scribes and chroniclers of the day were almost without exception monks and priests. Obviously they loved a king who professed to fight God's enemies rather than dug the monasteries for their riches. They forget, most conveniently, that he plotted for years to overthrow his own father and finally joined forces with a hated Frenchman to hurry the aging and ailing Henry: until the old man gave up trying and agreed to all Richard's demands; Henry II died the next day, but by that time Richard was on his way back to England to take over, leaving his father to be buried in a hastily dug grave by a local priest. Once in England, Richard stayed long enough to be crowned with the usual acclamation, then began preparations for his projected Crusade, using all the regular taxation methods plus a few of his own devising. He sold all the offices of the crown to the highest bidders. It is a wonder, indeed that things went on reasonably smoothly with such a motley crew in charge, but by good luck they were not too irresponsible. To get more cash, Richard sold the duty of homage paid by William the Lion of Scotland back to William for a sum in the region of 10,000 marks. Who cared? It was for a Crusade.

The Crusade was partially successful, and on the way back Richard was captured and held for ransom - I do not believe that rather boring tale of the minstrel who wandered through Europe to sing songs outside every castle till he found Richard: after all it didn't help get him out - and the English people raised 75,000 English pounds to get him back. He immediately showed his gratitude in the only way he knew best: after repeating his coronation (in case anyone thought it likely that John were the king now) he laid yet another tax on the country and went off to fight the king of France. Laying siege to one castle in France, he was asked in pity by the residents if he would permit the women and children to leave and concentrate on the soldiery; he refused, but the commander of the castle thought he would try it, anyhow, as he had not enough food for his soldiers, let alone the non-combatants. Richard forced them to remain outside the castle walls and starve to death in full view of himself and his troops. Mothers who gave birth to children had them raised up to the castle walls to be baptised and then returned to die in their mothers arms, with their mothers. It did not worry Richard - war was a matter of soldiers fighting soldiers and what happened to others was not his affair; it was just their bad luck and a facet of chivalry that is not usually shown in the books.

Whilst in France, building himself a Castle, Richard heard of a treasure trove in a district he claimed as part of his lands. It was rumoured to be a group of knights about a table, full-sized and cast in solid gold. It was just a rumour, I think, because it was never mentioned again in any history, but Richard was sure it true, and set off to collect. Another castle and another siege.



I should insert here my private belief that Richard LionHeart was pretty much of an Errol Flynn type, without the women. He could buckle a swash as well as any man, Flynn, Fairbanks, or anyone you care to mention, and from time to time he showed a fancy for a handsome female. (He could also, it was said, show a fancy for a handsome young man). In typical Flynn fashion, during this latest siege, he would ride around the castle, checking his troops, and would appear in the evenings without armour. It was fatal, because he was an easy target for a crossbowman, and one of them took the chance and did, in fact hit Richard in the shoulder. The wound was not in a vulnerable spot, but the bungling surgery of the day made sure that the wound turned gangrenous, and Richard had reached the end of his reign. The bowman was captured and led before the dying king, who asked him why he had fired, what had Richard done that this thing should happen. "Sire", said the bowman, "You killed with your own hands my father and my two brothers. You would have killed me too. What else should I do? To torture me may give you revenge, yet I'll endure it with pleasure, having rid the world of a tyrant". Richard, says Goldsmith, "struck by this answer", ordered that the bowman be set free and given a hundred shillings. But after the king died, the bowman was flayed alive.

Now it is quite true that the English people did not suffer torture under Richard. But he was still the direct cause of untellable suffering to thousands of quite ordinary and innocent people whose only crime was that they happened to be in the way. (you could start with his father), and for that reason I count him bad.

I'm sorry to have to leave off here, just as I was about to start on the more interesting villains, but there is no time to do more before the mailing is sent off. I've six sides to run off as it is and still do not know the OE's new address. His letter bearing the news may well be on its way to this country, but it will have to go to my old address and then be forwarded whenever the new residents get around to it. I'll probably send this via the President.

My own new (temporary) address is:  
 c/o Mrs V. Ridgway,  
 West Compton,  
 Shepton Mallet,

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 "To say that John and Jane anticipated marriage is not necessarily the same as to say 'John and Jane expected to get married'"  
 APH robert

Once again I am apologising for the quality of the printing. This is a flat-bed, hand-operated duplicator, and I'm by no means used to it. In fact, this is my first say at it. Similarly, as you see, there are some troubles still with the typewriter that have not been completely ironed out. That was, and is, the original reason for the house motto of:

Spiritus Malignus.