



"BEHOLD THY BRIDE, O JUSS"

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Two rooms down from me in the dormitory a process is going on which I've never really understood. Seven people are watching a football game between two pro teams on the East Coast, and making more noise about it than the entire grandstand at the game.

I'm moderately interested in baseball and somewhat less interested in football, but have on occasion enjoyed watching both games. I've even permitted myself an occasional cheer when watching my High School play basketbaal (I'm going to let that typo stand) because, by ghod it is my school. I've never been able to understand, however, how anyone can get so fanatically excited over two pro teams engaged in a money making exhibition. The screams of "No!, No!-you bastard," followed by "My god, look at that, look, no, yes, no!!!" do not occur only when one team or another makes a good or bad play, but consistantly over a period of three hours without any cessation. I looked in at their faces. They were transfigured with ecstasy and despair alternately as they followed the flickers on the screen.

I wonder if that's the way fans look to outsiders. Do you suppose that writing fanzines is a substitute for those who can't manage to hypnotize themselves with a TV set? I like to think not, but then I think of the screams of fans embroiled in ridiculous feuds and look back over at the TV set and shudder.

Some people escape by watching situation comedies on television and others do it by acting them out in the real world.

Which is enough naive commenting on the search for reality for one issue. I suppose none of the above sounds very profound, but something gives way inside of me each time I realize that people really are the way one gets into the habit of portraying them without thinking.

This is, as usual, the last page to be written and the first that will greet your egoboo-searching eyes. Them as has no patience can flip over to the mailing comments while I struggle on to the bottom of this stencil by myself.

The most significant thing which has happened to change my routine since last mailing has been finding a job. Now that I have no more free time I'm producing slightly larger fanzines again. Perhaps if I found something else to take up more time my fmz would get even larger. With 18 hrs a week working and attending classes and all I'm sleeping considerably less these days.

I've also been reading old SAPSmailings, some purchased from BEP and others browsed at in his bound file. Now I have Seen [redacted] Alling Green Science Science Fiction... (and its cover) I have suffered through Squink Blog and read the Musquite Kid. I have even witnessed the Palace Revolution and seen the beginning of 200th fandom.

I'm impressed with the illustrious history of SAPS, yes indeed. I can even help SAPSmembers come up with lino's like, "What ever happened to Aggie Harook?" I trust then that you all will not be too taken aback at this brash newcomer's familiar and flip-pant acceptance of SAPStradition.

Meanwhile, you will recall that I was desperately fighting the monsters of mental block in a valiant attempt to finish this SAPSzine by getting to the bottom of the page. It would seem that I've done it. All these weeks in APA L have not been wasted.

OUTSIDERS--(Ballard) Yes, the new D'Oyly Carte releases simply don't have the ol' zip of the Martyn Green ones. I'm very glad that London has decided to keep issuing the original pressings in the guise of Richmond. I believe that the operettas were repressed in 1955, except for Princess Ida and The Sorcerer, which I don't think London had previously recorded. Pratt isn't bad in Ida as Gama, but I think their current Grossmith singer, John Reed, has a better voice. There are only two singers from the Good Old Days of D'Oyly Carte who are still with the company, and both of them came in as the golden age was going out. Alan Styler is one, and Ann Drummond-Grant is the other. I'm going to have to listen to the new recordings more carefully... after all, there's a whole new cast I'm going to have to familiarize myself with in preparation for D'Oyly Carte's next trip to the States.

The Utopia Ltd. recording is put out by a group in Washington, D.C., I think. They've also got one of The Mountebanks. Just recently the LA Savoy Arts have also put out a recording of Utopia. Having seen the performance upon which the latter is based, I recommend the DC one. The diction left something to be desired. I've listened to Al Lewis's copy of the one from DC and found it to be fairly Good Stuff.

Say, Mr. Ballard, sir. Why don't you start writing some of the really great stuff like you used to write a few years ago. I'm all impressed with the daze of SAPS' past, having spent a week burrowing through Bruce's fanzine collection.

MRAOC--(Jacobs) And why don't you write some more of those great old Mutated Ballard chronicles? Why doesn't everyone write some more of that great old stuff that they used to write? Then SAPS can have 800 page mailings again, and I can get sick to my stomach and disillusioned and rave about how great SAPS was in the good ol' days of 1965 and write pages of cruddy faaan fiction and things. Then we could start an argument over whether or not people ought to do mailing comments and.....

As a matter of fact, I'm not now wondering how I ever survived without fan contacts in North Carolina. I'm wondering whether I'm going to survive with all these fans out here in Los Angeles. LASFS lives up to its press notices all right. The question is can it ever live down its press notices.

Seriously, I'm very impressed with LASFS as a whole. It is similar to the way I thought it would be, yet also different. Let's say that if you exaggerated everything that people say about the club (both good and bad) you'd have a pretty accurate picture. Yes, LASFS is larger than life.

Yes, I'm an Anna Russell fan, as is Ed Meskys. Her treatment of Wagner's Ring Cycle is a masterpiece, as are her folksongs in pseudo-German and pseudo-French.

RETRO--(Busby) I think I'd like to unpublish everything I published in my first year in fandom. Fortunately, most of it had a limited circulation, going mainly through N'APA, and was so illegible that it would be hard to glean over the contents, but I'd still rather not have it exist. Of course I only published 6 fanzines in my first year. I published about 50 in my second year, and have done about 60 so far in this, my third year... and you called Katz mad?

Funny you should suggest to Terry that he cast the Lord of the Rings into G&S verse. Remind me to send you copies of the fmz in which I've published bits from that fannish epic G&S Meets LOTR.

The similarity between CS Lewis's villains and Rand's is more of an indictment of Rand's philosophy than anything else. Lewis's stuff is meant to be a sort of exaggerated allegory, but Rand is trying to portray Real Life. Interesting to see that Xtians and Objectivists agree on who the bad guys are. The trouble seems to be that the Objectivists claim that they're alluding to Christianity, and the Christians to selfish scientific types.

"The King is a Fink!" Do you have the Wizard of Id up there? No paper down here carries him, alas.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

EXCELSIOR--(Katz) I think I'll take a look at my SAPS I have met for this quarter.

I count 18, Anderson, Berman, Chalker, Cox, Devore, Fitch, Harness, Hulan, Jacobs, Johnstone, Katz, McInerney, Meskys, Patten, Pelz, Pelz, Van Arnam, Weber; There'd be more, but Castora, Baker and AJLewis have been dropped since last time. WL: Lamont, Lerner, Pearson, Hannifen, Gilbert, Scott, Atkins, Gold, Thompson, Stevens, Ellern, for 11/27... a slight increase all around since last quarter.

I'm slowly catching up to you in the old fanzines department. Being in LA I've slowly been acquiring back SAPS and FAPA mailings as well as miscellaneous genzines. By the way, fellow SAPS, in case the idea hasn't been communicated, I'm interested in buying any and every complete SAPS mailing thrown my way if I don't already have a copy... don't throw your mlgs away or give them to evial Bruce Pelz. You have here a willing sucker who will pay c*a*s*h for the things.

Now that DaveH has bowed out of the election, I hope you'll cast your vote for Fearless Fred. Keep the mailings arriving in nice sound jetpack bags, neatly reproduced SPECTATORS etc... not to mention giving your good buddy an extra week or so to produce more scillianting (copyright Creath Thorne) SAPS material.

It might be nice if invitees had their mailings withheld from WL purchase for a certain length of time, but with the frantic scurrying for copies which is presently going on, it might not be fair to the rest of the wl. The current system (based on initiative) is probably best, as it assures that the wlers who want the bundles the most will get them, since the earliest dollar has priority. As a collector I'm in favor of keeping the number of copies at a level which will allow 8 wl mailings instead of 6. Those extra two mailings make a tremendous difference to the wl, and to us lofty SAPS members it's only an extra two cranks of the mimeo.

The idea of a Shadow SAPS is slightly croggling. I wouldn't think that many wlers would be interested in participating, and I don't think I'd be in favor of it either. Letting the masses read the divine literature which stems from the keenest brains in fandom is one thing. No one ought to be deprived of the sheer joy of rotting his mind by perusing the mailings, but encouraging them to befoul the name of SAPS with their own feeble attempts at writing is another thing entirely. Only special wlers should be allowed this privilege, proving their ability by suckering some member into publishing their stuff. I agree with you that the members ought to Exercise Discretion in choosing the Elect, however.

Yes, I've thought of changing the title of my SAPSzine several times, but I just can't do it. I'm a hidebound traditionalist you know. Besides, changing titles would confuse the senile members of SAPS like Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs. How could I get my fair share of mailing comments from FM Busby and Wrai Ballard, who might think that I was a New Member, hitting my first mailing. The mere fact that I'm a New Member hitting my 9th mailing wouldn't mean very much, because Who Notices Issue Numbers, anyway?

I stand by my analysis of you and music. I don't think you understood what I meant. I don't deny that listening to rock 'n' roll really makes you flip out of your mind. I don't think that you are Faking your interest for status. For one thing, anyone who would fake an interest in r&r would be so far gone as to be beyond even my comprehension. No, what I was saying is that there are psychological reasons which determine the sort of music which anyone will enjoy, and by observing that particular type of music, one can gain an insight into personality traits. One of the Deep Psychological reasons why I like Gilbert and Sullivan is that it is like a closed finite field in mathematics. It has a content which I can master superficially, and spend further time in inward study rather than in gathering more superficial data. I can go over each of the 13 operettas (Alas Thespis!) again

PORQUE--(Webbert) The article on comicbooks which appeared in Playboy a while back was only part of the introduction to a book called The Great Comic Book Heroes, written either by Jules Feiffer or Jerry DeFucio, no one can tell which. It contains color reprints of famous first stories of various comicbook heroes, unfortunately leaving out the greatest of all, Captain Marvel. Of course, this is the fault of National Comics, not the book publishers.

19 on the SAFS wl really isn't that bad. When I started, I think I was about 12, and it took me a year and a half to get in. The bad thing is having to figure out ways to get copies of the mlg. The SAFS wl is climbing though. Perhaps the truth that SAFS Is Best has escaped into genfandom, and neos will no longer be fooled into getting on the FAPA wl. Probably the toughest waitinglist to wait out right now would be TAPS. At the current rate of membership turnover it will take the #1 wler 10ⁿ years to get in. No one's dropped out yet, and there are over 20 on the wl.

We've just had another LA trip to Disneyland over Christmas, and I got to see the place for my first time. I agree with you that the Matterhorn ride is impressive, although it took me about an hour to get my fingers to unclench after we'd been on it.

IBEX and postmailing--(Chalker) I was astounded by these for a long time until I thought about it for awhile. Then I chortled to myself. "Clever Bastard this Chalker," I muttered. Imagine, all this time we'd assumed that you were really bidding for the convention.

Congratulations, Jack, on putting on what is probably the funniest hoax convention bid in the history of fandom. I especially like the way you satirized pretentious convention chairmen with the "idiotic" propaganda bulletins you issued. The picture of the harried fugghead sending out a desperate disclaimer because he'd stuck his foot in the typer is a scream. I've got to hand it to you. Baltimore in '67 will probably go into the next Fancyclopedia with the Virginvention, Anaheim, Lake Tahoe and other humorous gag bids of the past.

I only worry about one thing. Other people don't appreciate satire as much as we do, and there might be some fans who actually think you're serious about putting on a convention in Baltimore. I suggest that you send out another flyer so that these unimaginative people won't be led astray.

See you

at the NYcon!

PLEASURE UNITS--(Eklund) Burroughs satires are pretty old hat, but you've come up with one which is moderately amusing. I'd say that the Demonesque use of disjointed ideas combined with repeated references to some inane sentence (also known as the Burbee joke) are slightly out of place in a Burroughs parody though. The ERB surrealism clashes with your artificial whimsy. The thing is funny more for your own insight into ERB's style than the Other Touches.

You've probably made Arnie Katz very unhappy with your article on folkrock; mainly because he intended the very same bit... now he will have to be content with a scholarly mailing comment analyzing your analysis... ahahaha... that's what you get, Arnie Katz, for being a folkrock fan rather than digging True Sounds like Haydn violin sonatas. I once knew someone who dug Haydn violin sonatas... I think he'd been dead for several weeks before I met him. I dig Haydn sonatas too; they beat hell out of Somnax.

Notice, Gordon Eklund, how I have gypped you out of your rightful mailing comment by talking to Katz. That is what you get for liking that there crazy folkrock stuff, which by the way, howcum you call rockfolk?

Sketchings enjoyed, howabout some mailing comments next time? (There aren't any backyard fences here at our stainless steel University you know, so it's hard to find people to gossip to).

TIS THE SEASON TO BE NASTY--(Schultz) Fascinating look into political corruption.

Most urban areas have problems similar to the ones you outline here, but Detroit seems to be more of an extreme case than any of the places I've lived in. New York comes close, but since Wagner and his crew have been thrown out of office, things may change. Lindsay is having a hard time of it, being hit with the spite-subway strike, but if he gets out of it successfully he may be able to clean out the pro-Union people in soft city jobs.

SAPRISE!--(Van Arnam) A game isn't any fun if you have to force yourself to concentrate on it, but some games make you concentrate without your even realizing it. Chess is one example of this kind of game. When you play an evenly matched opponent you are slowly drawn into the game. Soon everything outside the range of the chessboard becomes sort of blurry, and the pieces start moving around on the board in your mind. It gets so extreme that chessplayers will sweat and twitch while their eyes are riveted to the board, and if the other player makes a good move, some groan softly and others wince as if they'd been hit in the face. Chess is an unbelievably competitive neurotic thing, and it's fortunate that non-chessplayers don't know the bloodthirsty thoughts that go on during the game. In a chess club, when two strong players play the others stand around like wolves waiting for one to falter so that he can be pulled down and destroyed. I've got a feeling, however, that I'd best leave this subject... It might disturb sensitive SAPS like John Berry or Don Fitch.

Dave, you're gonna feel Old again if I tell you what my first prozine off the stands was, but I will tell you anyway, thus exposing myself as a brash and tender neo. It was Amazing, Aug. 1960. Of course, in the few years between this and my discovery of fandom, I bought all sorts of prozines in backdate shops, and have read just about every issue of Galaxy, Amz, F&SF etc. since 1952. For some reason, I never liked astounding when I was first discovering prozines. (Probably because John W. was going through one of his psionics kicks with the start of the Dean Drive biz) Once I realized that this was the very same astounding that had published Foundation, Slan and all that other hardcover stuff I'd been reading since I was 8 years old, I quickly began filling in my collection and buying it regularly. (This doesn't count as a "How I Discovered SF" story, not long enough... I'm saving that for a nostalgia article one of these days--when I get old enough so that I can write nostalgia articles without sounding vulgar and ostentatious)

The bit about going back to five with a set of present-day memories is another of these great ideas that wouldn't really pan out. Just think of having an adult's intelligence and experience, and being locked in the body of a five year old--being forced to do the things five year olds do, the exasperation of going through school again with the same dull teachers and their dusty closed little minds. Think of the curtailment... not to see Martyn Green and the D'Oyly Carte Opera because you aren't old enough to cross the street... you'd go mad, and wind up in an institution for unstable children... unless, of course, you had the cool and the endurance to put up with things, making the most of your limited opportunities. Better, from my point of view to wish for an extended lifespan as you desire with no physical aging past 30, or twenty years worth of Encyclopedias and almanacs from now till 1985.

Dupree Column-- No, Ted didn't sell and UNCLE script, but he did manage to sell Ace an UNCLE novel. I believe my favorite UNCLE bit is from the one where THRUSH sets up this disintegrating machine in the Middle-eastern desert. Ilya pretends to be the son of Lawrence of Arabia, and they meet in the midst of some deadly disintegrating foam. Solo has just sprawled forward and knocked a Thrush agent into the stuff. Ilya says, "I should have known no one else could have been that clumsy." Solo fingers Ilya's robe and says, "Where did you get that lovely dress?"

Yes, Lths is a fine fannish fanzine, as are Void, Innuendo and Xero. The best way to get hold of such fanzines is to immediately apply to UCLA or Columbia, or meet Bob Tucker at a Midwescon when he's trying to get rid of Vic Ryan's collection. From your current isolated position you will be at the mercy of Bruce Pelz, who Knows What They Are Worth. And this is two lines past the margin... hope it prints.

IN PRINT and IN PERSON--(Fitch) The image which fans project in fanzines isn't usually intentionally different from what they are really like in person. It is usually an edited image and a condensed portrayal of their personalities. This can have effects both for good or ill. In my case (and I choose it as the one with which I am most readily familiar) the parts of my personality which are typical of most fans are exaggerated in person, and the other characteristics are exaggerated in print. It is well known to those with whom I come in contact that I am an absolute fanatic as regards certain of my interests, and that I have an enormous memory for trivia. (I'd previously thought that this ability to dredge up trivia was totally useless, but I note from the latest issue of Playboy that such stuff is now In). The introspective side of my personality is de-emphasized when I'm in the presence of other fans for psychological reasons. I've had certain things inside of me for a long time which I could never communicate to nonfans who set no store by Trivia. When there is an opportunity to express them they come bubbling to the surface and have to be let out.

On the other hand, in the quiet atmosphere of my room doing S&PS mailing comments the introspective analyzing part of me will materialize, as will the part which likes to make Funny Wisecracks. I'm not usually fast enough to think of Witty things to say in person, so from time to time I write humorous pieces in fanzines. (They're usually funny to me anyway, which is all that counts).

From my own experience, I think I can generalize by saying that fans don't conscientiously build images, but that they react in certain ways expressing various facets of themselves as the situation warrants. I'm excluding from this category those people whose constant obsession is to make everyone think they are Clever and who will constantly act in an artificial manner because of this.

NIFLHEIM--(Hulan) Things do move slowly in quarterly apa time. Here you are still campaigning for yourself as OE, while actually you withdrew a few months ago. and here you are with an evial dittoed S&PSzine again...sigh.

Your bridge article seems to be good stuff. I recollect having been told all this in my first incarnation as a bridge player. This time you talk mainly about responses. How do you feel about opening weak four card majors or on 12 point hands. I recall that Victor Mollo favored this while detesting the short club convention. I feel my own greatest lapse is in play of the hand and in remembering the significance of responses by Partner. A bid that seems logical when I make it staring at my hand becomes unfathomable to me when I hear it coming from across the table. Mental rustiness I guess. I simply can't remember everything when I sit down to play. Lack of experience probably accounts for that.

MAINE-IAC--(Cox) With the publication of LOtR and numerous other fantasy stories recently it seems to me that fantasy is booming as much as science fiction is. There are numerous Sword&Sorcery anthologies being published in paperback, and Tolkien imitations are also beginning to appear. I agree with you that SF's appeal is much more cyclic in nature. It currently is appearing less on tv, and the public seems to be less interested than a year or two ago during the Burroughs revival. (and it's hard to think that it's been almost three years since that started).

It's much harder to write reports of fannish get togethers in LA than it was for me in Charlotte because here they are the rule rather than the exception. I've lost my sense of proportion (or possibly gained it) about such, and a visitation by another fan no longer seems to be important enough to be written up in a fanzine. There's a great deal of truth to the truism about enthusiasm being All Used Up in conversations with other fans in a densely populated area rather than wending its way into print.

MISTILY MEANDERING--(Patten) I think too many people judge Ace books too harshly for its actions in reprinting the Lord of The Rings. It's fairly obvious that there would be no Ballentine edition had Ace not reprinted them first. I think Ace went about it wrongly. After discovering the reason why Houghton Mifflin wouldn't release paperback rights they should have quietly blackmailed the publishers into cooperating on an Authorized Edition by threatening to print anyway without cooperation. I suppose that the reason they didn't do this was fear of Houghton-Mifflin putting out their own paperback version if they were suitably warned. Ace has by its actions assured Tolkien of a much larger audience than he ever would have achieved through the hardbound editions, and the interest stirred in the books will probably result in his making more money in the long run. One can say that they should have offered Tolkien an honorarium before they published, but in all honesty, I doubt whether any book publisher in Ace's situation would have done so. The first volume was printed in a limited edition because Ace didn't even think it was going to break even on publishing costs.

MEST--(Johnstone) The usual criticism of Sullivan's music in Utopia is that although it is smooth and melodically pleasing it was lifted from popular songs by other composers of the day. I think the lack of involvement in the operetta comes partly from not being familiar with the libretto, partly from the poor diction of some of the members of LA Savoy-Arts, and partly from Gilbert's submersion of personal factors so that he could really rip England to shreds satirically.

I know what you mean about subjective time in writing mailing comments. I'd like to comment on this mlg. in greater length than I have, but this is the deadline, and in an hour or two I'll have to go run this off and get it to Bruce. It's interesting how revelations like this spoil the atmosphere of a fanzine. Anyone who's read this far probably has an impression of comments done languidly over a period of weeks.

I used to think UNCLE lovers were sophisticated, too, but after hearing some of them crack up last night and claim the show was almost as good as Batman I begin to wonder.

SPELEOBEM--(Pelz) The first line of your mailing comments suggests a G&S song to my ever fanatical Savoyard mind:

Go away, Toskey
I should say, Toskey
Minac zines, Toskey
Are a waste

For in S&P, Toskey
Any lapse, Toskey
Let's ~~some~~ fan, Toskey
Take your place

And so on... Of course, I think I'd rather see an interested Toskey than a good many people on the wl, but these four page zines sound like he's just hanging on to his membership as a tropism. (Someone ought to interest him in AFA L where most of the members follow this procedure).

YOPGM--(Mann) Arnie is quite familiar with Phoenix as he'll probably tell you in his mailing comments this time. You just don't understand us chauvinistic New Yorkers.

I've heard that your fanzine for this mlg is going to be a jolly green giant. I shudder at the thought of 40 pages of mailing comments. It looks like this is going to be the last page of Charlotta, and I've eked out a mere 7. At any rate, welcome to the exalted elite.

and I'll see the rest of you next mlg.

--LB