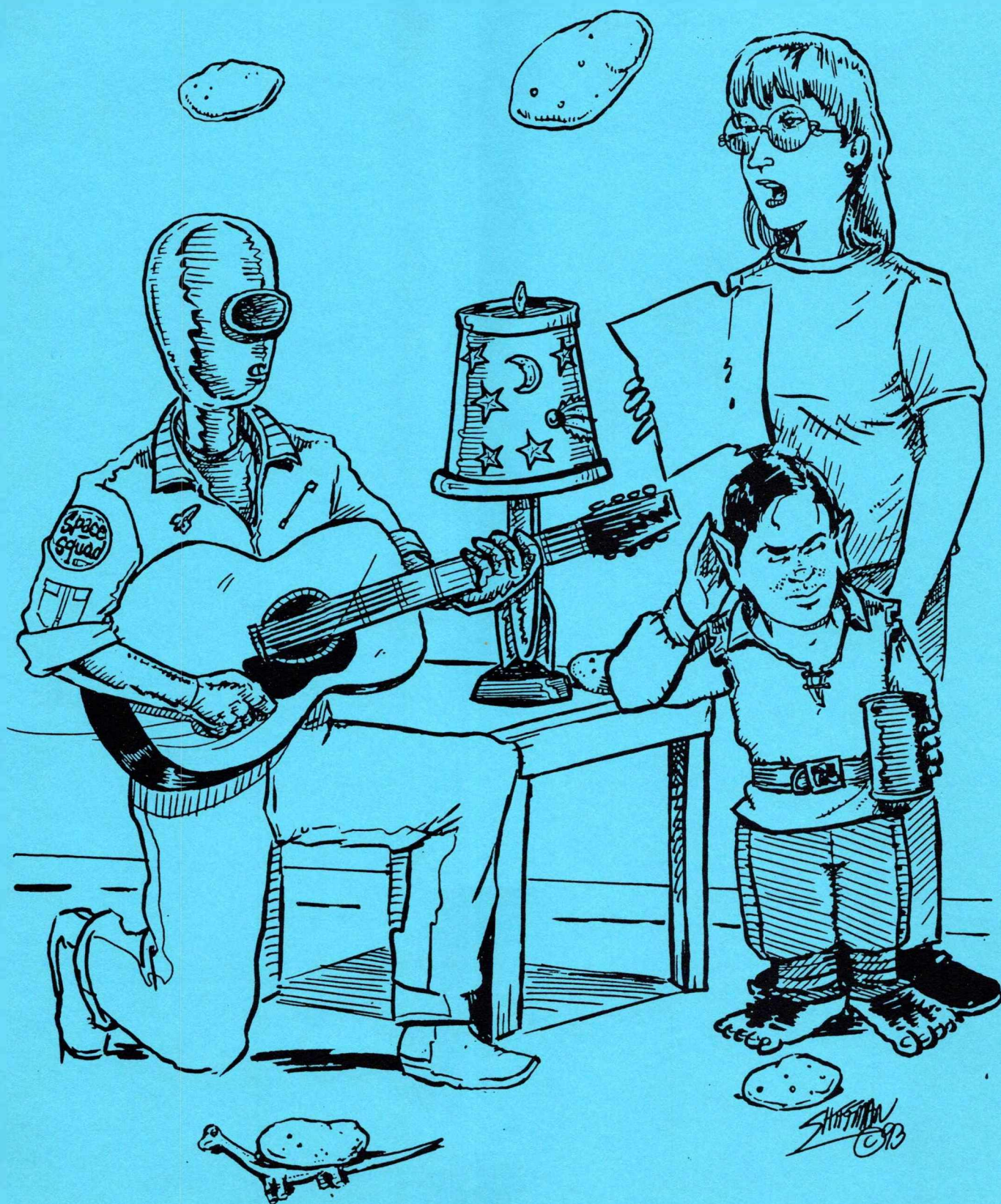


# THE FILKSONG MANUAL

Parts 1-4



# THE FILKSONG MANUAL, PARTS 1-4

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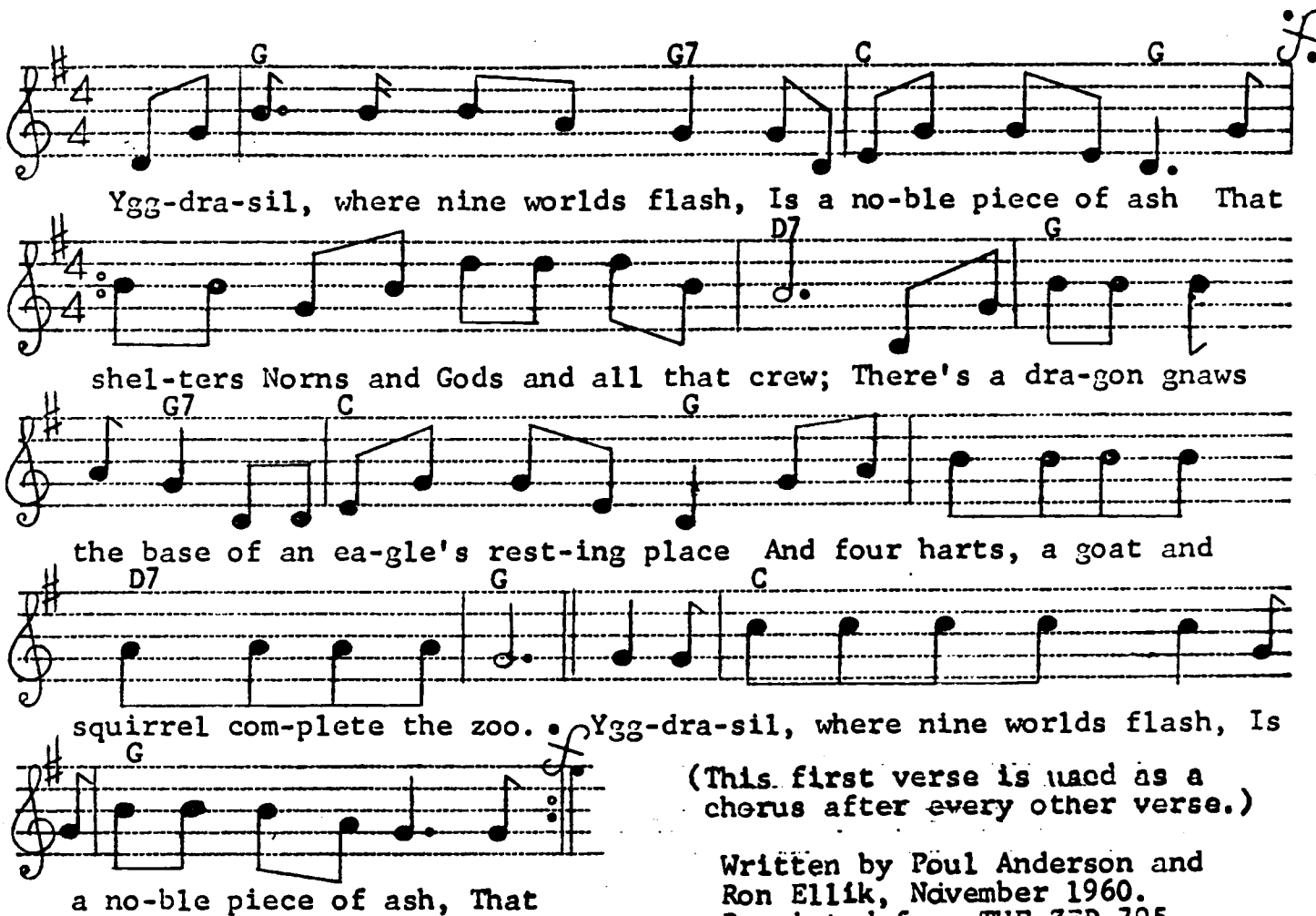
And the rest of the boilerplate legalese guff.

Think of the Old Tacky Stuff as Of Historical Interest. To Someone. Somewhere. Somewhen. And blame the appearance of this revision/reprinting -- three years after I started it -- on Lee Gold.

BEP 19960824 / 20010206

# THE "JESSE JAMES" SONGS

## 1. The Childish Edda



Ygg-dra-sil, where nine worlds flash, Is a no-ble piece of ash That  
shel-ters Norns and Gods and all that crew; There's a dra-gon gnaws  
the base of an ea-gle's rest-ing place And four harts, a goat and  
squirrel com-plete the zoo. • Ygg-dra-sil, where nine worlds flash, Is  
a no-ble piece of ash, That

(This first verse is used as a chorus after every other verse.)

Written by Poul Anderson and  
Ron Ellik, November 1960.  
Reprinted from THE ZED 795  
(Karen Anderson) with permis-  
sion of the publisher.

2. Frigga took a year or so  
And, except for mistletoe,  
Got from everything an oath for Baldr's good.  
Evil Loki wished him harm,  
So he hired Hodr's arm --  
And the staff the blind got threw was kissing-wood.

3. Tyr vowed Fenris-wolf his hand  
If he couldn't break the band  
That All-Father's wisdom made both light and hefty;  
Lupine muscles strained away,  
But the magic held its sway --  
And from then until The Time they called Tyr "Lefty."

CHORUS:

4. When Thor went out to fish  
He quickly got his wish,  
And he hauled Jormungandr from the bay;  
But Hymr cut the cable,  
And Thor was only able  
To brag about "the one that got away."
5. When Thor called on the Giants  
They didn't show defiance,  
But they soon got rid of him and of his hammer.  
For the sea he could not swallow,  
And old Grandmaw beat him hollow,  
And the house-pet caused an awful katzenjammer.

CHORUS:

6. Asa-Thor became a 'her'  
For to reposeess Mjollnir,  
And unto a frosty brute his troth did plight.  
But the vittles that he ate  
Would an army more than sate,  
And the chefs at Utgard always rued that night.

7. Each god's apple every day  
Kept the doctor far away,  
Till a Giant kidnapped Ydun from their halls.  
Loki fetched home Bragi's bride  
With her health-food store beside,  
Plus a char-broiled eagle underneath the walls.

CHORUS:

8. Odin said to Mim "I think  
I would sort of like a drink."  
Mim said "That will cost you your left eye;  
For you've come so very late  
To the well at Wisdom's Gate,  
And the set-up prices after hours are high."
9. Oh, the Giants brought their war  
Up to Bifrost's very door,  
And the battling wrecked Asgard's perfect clime;  
Jormungandr, Hel and Fenris  
Dealt out death in doses gen'rous,  
And in fighting did the Aesir pass The Time.

CHORUS: Yggdrasil, where nine worlds flash,  
Is a noble piece of ash  
That shelters Norns and Gods and all that crew;  
There's a dragon gnaws the base  
Of an eagle's resting place,  
And four harts, a goat and squirrel complete the zoo.

## 2. The Orcs' Marching Song

1. Oh, 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]

### CHORUS:

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.

[GH]

2. Isildur started forth for his palace in the North,  
But his fate turned out to be an Indian-giver;  
For the Orcs caught up with him, and although he tried to swim  
They shot him, and the Ring rolled down the river.
- [KA]
3. Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin,  
For 'twas there he found his birthday present.  
He soon gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Orc.  
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant.
- [GH]
4. 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.
- [GH]
5. Gandalf found the gate when the night was very late,  
And he 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]
6. The wizard Saruman heard that rings were in demand,  
And he 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.
- [KA]
7. Treebeard and his pals, when they couldn't find their gals,  
Were content to sit around and just make shade.  
But the axes of the Orcs caused those Ents to blow their corks,  
And at Helm's Deep stage an Arbor Day parade.
- [DD]
8. When Frodo saw the Ring, he rather liked the thing,  
But it worried him every minute.  
At the end of his long mission, just to keep up the tradition,  
He lost it with his finger still within it.
- [GH]
9. Sauron, he felt poor at the fall of Barad-Dur,  
And he didn't have a friend, as I've mentioned,  
But his spirit lives today just the same in every way --  
And the Orcs show up at every damn convention!

10. 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 plan, I fear, to exploit the Palantir --  
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS. [DD]

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,  
'Cause it seemed like the fannish thing to do! [TJ]

[Reprinted from SEVAGRAM SONGBOOK by Karen Anderson. Verses by George  
Heap, Karen Anderson, Dean Dickensheet, and Ted Johnstone.]

-----

### 3. Jesus Christ

1. Jesus Christ was a man, an honest working man,  
A carpenter true and brave.  
He told all the rich to give their money to the poor,  
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
- CHORUS: Jesus had no wife to mourn for his life,  
And he needed a bath and a shave.  
But that foe of the proletariat, Judas Iscariot,  
Laid Jesus Christ in his grave.
2. Born in 29 B.C. in a barn in Galilee,  
Bathed in his unwed mother's tears,  
He fought the ruling classes and preached Gospel to the masses --  
And predated Marx by 1800 years.
3. Judas was the guy, the lousy labor spy,  
A stoolie for the Roman boss.  
He ate Jesus' body and he drank Jesus' blood,  
And he nailed Jesus Christ to the cross.
4. With thieves on either side, Jesus Christ was crucified,  
And tears filled Mary's eyes.  
But his last words to you and me, from that hill on Calvary  
Were "Don't pray for me -- ORGANIZE!"

5. (Optional verse for Trotskyites):

When he was planted in the ground, his followers gathered 'round  
To spread the Gospel by the sword and cannon,  
But his following today is as corrupt in every way  
As the party of Khrushchev and Bulganin.

Reprinted from THE BOSSES' SONG-  
BOOK, 2nd Edition. Copyright 1959  
by Dick Ellington. Used by per-  
mission.

# 4. The Big Red Cheese

5

1. Billy Batson was a boy, his mama's pride and joy --  
A loud-mouthed, obnoxious little square.  
When he hollered his "Shazam!" villains took it on the lam,  
And he chased them in his long red underwear.

CHORUS: Captain Marvel was a man, a joy to every fan,  
Till Fawcett put him in deep freeze.  
Now at every fannish scene we'll drag out his magazine,  
And with glasses high we'll toast The Big Red Cheese.

2. Down beneath the city street in his subway-tunnel suite  
Lived a fuzzy-brained old codger named Shazam.  
He got Batson suckered in, to wage war on vice and sin,  
Then retired on Greece's VA Pension Plan.
3. Captain Marvel had it nice, once he'd put the crooks on ice,  
And it looked like they would soon close off the strip.  
But Technocracy's head man, a weirdo known as Doc Sivana,  
Showed up cackling that Earth was in his grip.
4. In another subway's hull lived the trollish old King Kull,  
Who just didn't dig the stupid Earthman scenes.  
He came dashing helter-skelter out of his home fallout-shelter,  
Trying hard to blow the Earth to smithereens.
5. Then one day far out in space, Doc and Kull met face to face,  
And the bullets, bombs, and insults really flew.  
Should the Earth be tyrannized, or just simply atomized?  
Thus the great debate and battle did ensue.
6. 'Twas a fight unto the death, but they should have saved their breath,  
As it did no good for either one of them.  
When they'd battled round about until they got tired out,  
Then they both got blitzed by good old Captain M.!
7. Captain Marvel's thoughts were sagging, 'cause his life was dull and  
dragging;  
He took Serutan and gargled Listerine.  
He said "Life's just too damn corny, and, besides, I'm getting horny."  
So then that's when Mary Marvel made the scene.
8. Now Cap Marvel's dead and gone with his wild and wooly throng,  
And there's sadness hanging heavy o'er the land.  
'Twas not scientist nor thief brought our hero bold to grief,  
But that hackneyed, ripe old Chestnut, Superman!

## LAST CHORUS:

Captain Marvel is kaput, with his bright red flying suit,  
But, Fans, to give our loyal hearts ease,  
Round Eternity's peaked stone we will travel on our own --  
And we'll shake his hand and hail The Big Red Cheese!

Written by Sandy Cutrell, with  
some assistance by Bruce Pelz.



# THE SILVERLOCK SONGS:

## 1. Widsith's Song

Words copyright 1940 by John Myers Myers; used by permission.  
Music by Bruce Pelz & Ted Johnstone.

East of Ag-a-mem-non was a ci-ty he had sacked, West of him his  
Heart went home to Greece. Good and ill wear each a mask which nev-er  
can be cracked; he raced from what he thought was war to what he  
thought was peace. He was cuck-old by his cous-in, and he'd find his  
death blow, But he made them burn the thole pins, and still he called  
them slow -- He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho, ho!

2. East of Ingcel One-Eye were his kin without their lives,  
Westward was a chance to square the loss.  
Men will win and men will lose, and only Wyrd survives;  
He aimed his fleet for Eriu and flitted it across.  
He would conquer mighty Conaire, but that he couldn't know,  
He only knew that he must strike, and he must not be slow --  
He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho, ho!

3. East of O. Van Kortlandt all the world was traced and known,  
West of him the land leapt off the map.  
Luck or loss, the dice won't speak till after they are thrown;  
He stowed his gear and stepped aboard, and dared Ginnunga Gap.  
He would come back to Communipaw, but that just happened so;  
He turned from men to mystery and did not travel slow --  
He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho, ho!

[Note: as this rowing song begins and ends with the same note, use of a capo on the accompanying guitar permits the smooth raising of each succeeding verse to a key one half-tone higher, by the singer repeating the final note and adding a note a half-tone higher, singing a repeated "ho, ho!" "Widsith's Song" is reprinted from SAVOYARD 7, December 1960]

## 2. Little John's Song

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers  
Myers, and used by permission.  
Music by Bruce Pelz.

They said they caught me in the act, Green leaves, The sher-iff  
rode, the blood-hounds tracked, Green leaves; There was the law,  
there was not an-y doubt of it, There was the law so I hust-led right  
out of it; Hav-ing but one life, I thought I'd re-fuse it To those  
who were seek-ing but nev-er would use it, So I hit for cov-er in  
Green leaves.

2. They meant me for a gallows nut, Green Leaves;  
A rope to hold my gullet shut, Green leaves;  
That was their plan, there is not any doubt of it-  
That was their plan, I was shrewd to get out of it.  
Some of my guts I'd give up without thinking,  
But never my gullet, I need it for drinking,  
So I took it with me to Green leaves.

3. My woman sleeps alone tonight, Green leaves;  
 Or cuddles with some other wight, Green leaves;  
 This is my grief, there is not any doubt of it,  
 This is my grief, I can make no good out of it;  
 Hunting and stealing, I'm pleased to discover  
 Are simpler than working, but I had a lover  
 I couldn't take with me to Green leaves.

[Reprinted from  
 SPELEOBEM 9,  
 October 1960.]

4. But oh, the stalking of the stag, Green leaves;  
 The ale cask found amongst the swag, Green leaves;  
 Here is what's good, there is not any doubt of it,  
 Here is what's good, and I take my pay out of it;  
 Robbing the rich man to help the poor devil --  
 Myself -- and rewarding myself with a revel,  
 It's not a bad life under Green leaves.

## Friar John's Song (3)

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers  
 Myers, and used by permission.  
 Music by Bruce Pelz.

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, often beamed together. Chord symbols are placed above the staff at various points: F pizz., C, F, F pizz., C, Bb pizz., F, C, F pizz., C, Bb, Bb7, F, C7, F, D7, Gm, C7, F7, Gm, Fdim., C7, F. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The song tells a humorous story about an old man named Zeus and his interactions with a woman.

Old man Zeus he kept a heif-er in his yard; Her-a smelled a  
 rat and took the mat-ter hard. She swore she would watch th' var-  
 mint an -y-how, Damned if she'd play sec-ond fid-dle to a cow!  
 Here's to Zeus and his hot pants! He learned to pay his debts. The  
 more he start-ed to ex-plain, The more she jawed him with dis-dain. She  
 would-n't hear. it was in vain He swore he just liked pets.

2. Young Adonis [''] was a handsome lad, I hear,  
 But some parts were [''] missing from him, as I fear;  
 Aphrodite [''] swung her hips and rolled her eyes,  
 But for once she [''] couldn't even get a rise.  
 Here's to Young Adonis, who is dead and ought to be!  
 He chased a pig, he shot and missed,  
 So he got killed instead of kissed.  
 I wish that what slipped through his fist  
 Had only come to me.

3. Once a centaur [''] loved a Lapithean dame,  
 So he thought he'd [''] work to try to snatch the same;  
 But that cutie [''] didn't thank him for his pass,  
 For she said she [''] knew he was a horse's ass.  
 Here's to Deidamia, for her husband ran away!  
 When he began to stay out late  
 She nagged, and so he left her, straight --  
 She wished she'd had the nag for mate  
 To whom she once said nay!

The half-note rest at the end of bars 1, 3, 5, and 7 indicates a break in rhythm in which you clap, rap on something, or snap fingers. The original idea was pounding beer mugs on the table.

[The last five lines of verse 3, unfinished in Silverlock, were completed by Ruth Berman, who found the legend the verse fit. Reprinted from SAVOYARD 7, December 1960]

## 4. Orpheus's Song

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers Myers, and used by permission.  
 Music by Gordon Dickson, as arranged by Karen Anderson, with chording by Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz

The musical score for "Orpheus's Song" is written on four staves. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff. The score includes a half-note rest at the end of the first, third, fifth, and seventh bars, which corresponds to the instruction in the text box on the right.

Chords: C, Em, G7, C, C, Em, G7, C, Am, Em, Am, G7, C, Em, F rit., G7, C.

Lyrics:

I re-mem-ber gaud-y days when the year was spring-ing: Tam-muz,  
 Gil-ga-mesh and I clink-ing cups and sing-ing, Till In-ni-ni  
 saun-tered by, skimp-y gar-ment cling-ing To her hips and things like  
 that -- Tam-muz left us, wing-ing.

2. So we welcomed Enkidu  
 When he came to Erech;  
 He was rough as hickory bark,  
 Nothing of a cleric;  
 But his taste in wine and ale,  
That was esoteric,  
 And he used a drinking cup  
 Which would strain a derrick.

Tammuz must have joined us there  
 But he'd just got wedded.  
 And Innini, blast the wench!  
 Hacked him as they bedded.  
 Damn such honeymoons as that!  
 Just the sort I've dreaded;  
 For a drinking man is spoiled  
 Once he is beheaded.

6. I have known both joy and grief,  
 Neat or mixed together;  
 Cold and heat I've known and found  
 Both good drinking weather;  
 Light and darkness I have known,  
 Seldom doubting whether  
 Tammuz would return again  
 When he'd slipped his tether.

3. Khumbaba then felt our strength  
 In the magic cedars,  
 And we battled Anu's bull,  
 Pride of heaven's breeders;  
 Thrice we struck and once it fell,  
 Drawing wolves for feeders,  
 While we strode where drinking men  
 Called for expert leaders.

5. So we waked him with a will,  
 Ale and teardrops pooling,  
 Then we drank to him for months  
 While the year was cooling;  
 But he came back with the grass:  
 "Death was only fooling,"  
 Tammuz told us. "Fill my cup;  
 I'm both dry and drooling."

Reprinted from:

SPELEOBEM 9,

October 1960

## HOW ARE THINGS IN TIAJUANA?

I hear a song -- a Tiajuana song -- this raucous tune should clear the room,  
 Let's move along.

I smell a breeze -- a Tiajuana breeze -- like what's around when tides go  
 down beside the seas...

How are things in Tiajuana?  
 Are the roulette wheels still turning there?  
 Are the tourist traps still open wide, and dark inside,  
 So that the people who take a beating there  
 Can't see the cheating there?

How are things in Tiajuana?  
 Are the prostitutes still on the streets?  
 Do they still run after passers-by and loudly cry  
 They're cheap, but they have sheets?

How are things in Tiajuana?  
 Is pornography still selling there?  
 Are the books still bound in 'bible cards' so border guards  
 Won't see the books brought through by the tourist trade  
 For the gayer blade?

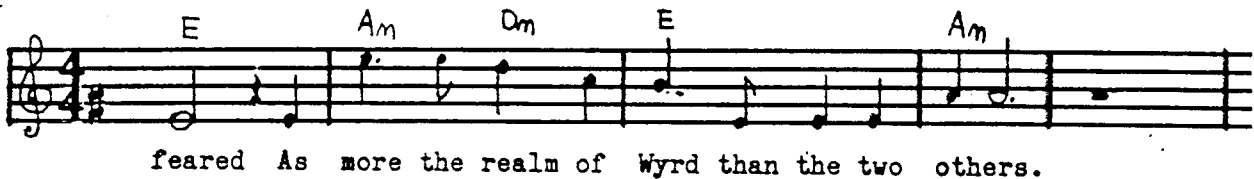
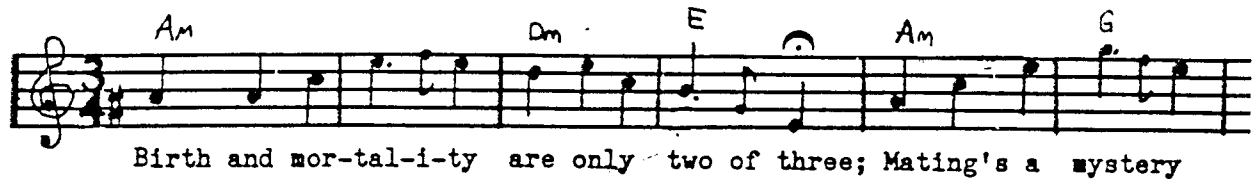
So I ask each state patrolman,  
 And each cop along the way,  
 And each tourist who comes northward,  
 And I say:  
 How are things in Tiajuana, this fine day?

Reprinted: MEST 3, July 1960  
 Words: Ted Johnstone  
 Tune: "Gloccamorra" from  
 "Finian's Rainbow"



# TALIESIN'S SONG

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers Myers;  
used by permission. Music copyright 1983 by Bruce Pelz.  
First published in XENOFILKIA 7.



2. Great Gunnar, noble Finn  
Blasted their might and kin  
Conor did so begin  
Ulad's undoing.  
Though they were high in name,  
Loss was their lot, and shame --  
Right pay, and theirs the blame  
For an ill wooing.

3. So I direct my verse  
To speed a working curse  
Bound to be cause and nurse  
Of a miscarriage.  
For what is being wrought  
Here out of evil thought  
Let doom be hailed and brought  
Down on this marriage.

4. Fetch the wrath, Allecto!  
Megaera, pour out woe!  
Quick bane, and not the slow;  
Don't spare or palter.  
Then may Tisiphone's  
Hand thrust the bitter lees  
Forced on Achillides,  
Too, at the altar!

5. Now, if you three assent,  
There is an instrument  
Sharpened for this intent  
Savagely biding;  
There's a man, having sown  
Blas' follies, so has known  
Kormak's blight, then been thrown  
Into strange hiding.

6. He, by express command  
Of his stars, understand,  
Can have none, or the hand  
Of Hawthorne's daughter.  
Judge is he'll fail you when  
He sees his man of men  
On his two legs again  
Ripe to do slaughter.

7. As once a vengeful force  
Crammed the skin of a horse,  
One man could well, of course,  
Lurk in an ass's.  
But where the roses bloom  
He leaves that hiding room,  
Finding a kinder doom  
As the spell passes.



# The DNQ Rally Song

Words and Music by BRUCE PELZ

He owed them fif-ty bucks when he got through, D. N. Q. The con  
com-mit-tee's threat-en-ing to sue, D. N. Q. He says if they start in  
a-gain, He'll pay them five or may-be ten -- and then trans-fer the  
rest the debt to you! (D. N. Q.)

I told a fannish secret just to you, DNQ.  
You must have passed it on to quite a few, DNQ.  
A letter in the morning mail related it in full detail;  
Guess what the fugghead said when he got through? "DNQ"!

I hear all fandom's getting in a stew (DNQ),  
'Cause FANAC has slacked off a month or two (DNQ).  
But if you have some news today that fans should all hear right away,  
Just find one fan to tell the matter to -- as DNQ!

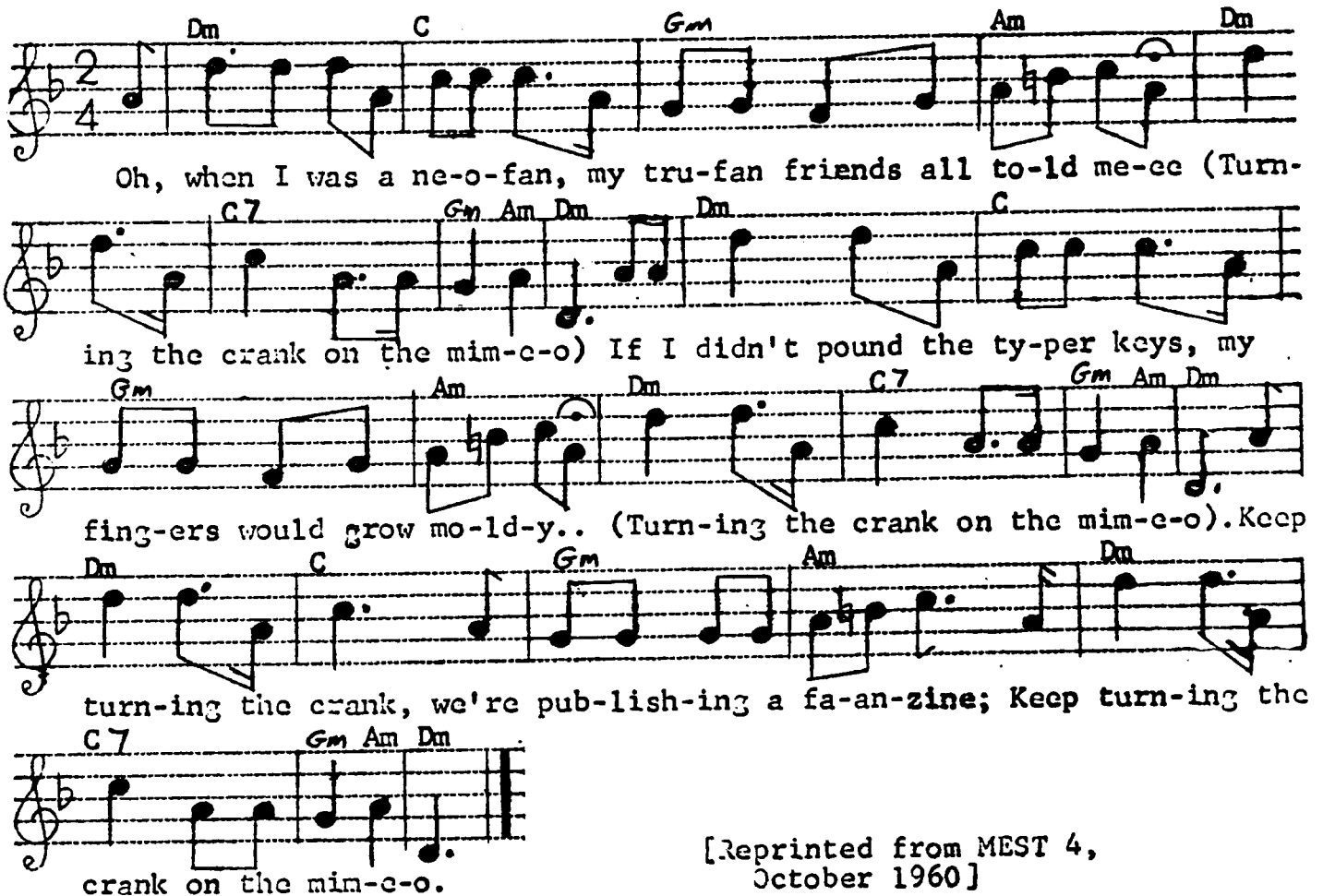
He said that she got had by you-know-who (DNQ),  
And what's-his-name got in the action too (DNQ).  
But then she pulled her master plan and married some poor sucker fan!  
(Oops, pardon me, I guess that last is you!! Please DNQ.)

She said he said we said that they were through (DNQ);  
I said you said he said it wouldn't do (DNQ).  
The rumor's slightly second-hand, but I am sure you understand  
That even so there's proof it must be true: It's DNQ!!

Verses 1-4 reprinted from  
SPELEOBEM 11, April 1961.  
(Bruce Pelz, SAPS 56)

# THE MIMEO CRANK CHANTEY

WORDS BY TED JOHNSTONE



Oh, when I was a ne-o-fan, my tru-fan friends all to-ld me-ee (Turn-  
 ing the crank on the mim-e-o) If I didn't pound the ty-per keys, my  
 fing-ers would grow mo-ld-y.. (Turn-ing the crank on the mim-e-o). Keep  
 turn-ing the crank, we're pub-lish-ing a fa-an-zine; Keep turn-ing the  
 crank on the mim-e-o.

[Reprinted from MEST 4,  
October 1960]

2. Oh, Ackerman was a BNF, but couldn't live on the wages,  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)  
 So now he pubs a Monster zine for eight-year mental ages  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)

CHORUS: Keep turning the crank...

3. Oh, when I was a neofan, I hoped to find a mate  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)  
 But now I fear if I found one, I'd have to gafiate  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)

CHORUS:

4. I've got an A B Dick and an ancient hectograph  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)  
 The former makes me sick and the latter makes me laugh  
 (Turning the crank on the mimeo)

CHORUS:

# GRAND CANAL

Words © 1947, 1951, by Robert A. Heinlein.  
Music by Bruce Pelz.

As Time and Space come bend-ing back to shape this star-specked

scene, The tran-quil tears of tra-gic joy still spread their sil-ver

sheen; A-long the Grand Ca-nal still soar the frag-ile Towers of

Truth; Their fair-y grace de-fends this place of Beau-ty, calm and

couth. Bone-tired the race that raised the Towers, for-got-ten

are their lores; Long gone the gods who shed the tears that lap these

crys-tal shores; Slow beats the time-worn heart of Mars be-neath this

ic-y sky; The thin air whis-pers voice-less-ly that all who live must

die-- Yet still the lac-y Spires of Truth sing Beau-ty's mad-ri-

gale And she her-self will ev-er dwell a-long the Grand Ca-nal!



Words © 1947, 1951, Robert A. Heinlein  
Music - Bruce Pelz

Words © 1947, 1951, Robert A. Heinlein  
Music - Bruce Pelz

The arch-ing sky is call-ing space-men back to their trade. All  
hands! stand by! Free fall-ing! And the lights be-low us fade.  
Out ride the sons of Ter-ra, Far drives the thun-d'ring jet, Up  
leaps the race of Earth-men out, far, and on-ward yet... we pray  
for one last land-ing on the globe that gave us birth; let us rest  
our eyes on fleec-y skies and the cool, green hills of Earth.  
We rot in the molds of Ve-nus, we retch at her taint-ed breath.  
Foul are her flood-ed jun-gles, crawl-ing with un-clean death. We've  
tried each spin-ning space-mote, and reck-oned its true worth - Take  
us back again to the homes of men and the cool green hills of Earth.

# THE GILBERT & SULLIVAN

## PARODIES

### 1. This Deep Young Fan

BY DONALD FRANSON

Am I alone,  
And unobserved? I am!  
Then let me own  
I'm an unfannish sham!

This fannish sneer  
Is but a mere  
Vencer!

This sens'tive face  
Is but a base  
Grimace!

This mien revered  
Is but a weird  
False beard!

Let me confess:

A furious hate for prozines does not blight me!  
Sports cars and modern jazz do not delight me!

I do not care to get fanzines

By any means.

I'd rather see a monster show  
Than read DAFOE.

I am not fond of uttering interlineations  
In infinite variations.

In short, my fannishness is affectation,  
Born of a fake-fan's love of admiration!

If you're faunching for to shine in the fanzine-pubbing line  
as a fan of vision keen,

You must pick up all the words said by esoteric birds,  
and print them in your zine.

You must dwell upon all crazes, and expound in boring phrases  
of your evanescent state of mind,

The meaning doesn't matter, if it's only fannish chatter  
of a very trivial kind.

And every fan will say

As you write your mystic way,

"If this young fan expresses himself in terms too deep for me,  
Why, what a very fabulously deep young fan this deep young fan must be!"

(over)



### 3. A Pattersong for... *Guess Who?*

by LEN BAILES

If you'll give me half a minute I will tell you where to go.  
I'm a sercon science fiction fan; the only kind, you know.  
Each bit of fannish burbling I most heartily detest,  
For I'm noble and pursue my monomania with zest!

The golden prose of Argosy, Astounding and Unknown  
I index and discuss, while all around me fake-fen moan.  
I'm really quite devoted, as I've told them all before,  
Yet all the fen declare that I'm an insuf'able bore.  
.....And I can't think why!

For FAPAns (who pub oneshots) I feel nothing but disgust;  
I tell them so each mailing and they're quite impressed, I trust.  
The things that fill the APAs, now, on fandom cast a blight --  
The members wouldn't know L. Sprague De Camp from Farnsworth Wright!

Yes, but I myself have memorized Tuck's Handbook "A" to "Z,"  
And to show it, I pub little imitations, frequently.  
But although I am well-versed in all this fascinating lore,  
Yet all the fen declare that I'm an insuf'able bore.  
.....And I can't think why!

I'm sure I'm not pedantic; I'm just erudite as hell --  
I can do a spot analysis of Eric Temple Bell!  
I've a most obnoxious writing style -- I'm good at picking nits;  
My sharp, devastating articles hack modern stf to bits!

I declaim my view of fannish fans as useless, silly creeps;  
When I speak I put an audience at ease until it sleeps.  
But although I try to make the old time Sense of Wonder soar,  
Yet all the fen declare that I'm an insuf'able bore.  
.....And I can't think why!

[based on King Gama's song in Princess Ida.]

Originally  
published in  
IPZIK! 35  
June 10, 1965

+++++

### 4. OE-*almost* Elect

by BRUCE PELZ

When I'm the OE, I shall act quite tyrannic  
(He'll act quite tyrannic when he's the OE)  
I'll be Ghod then, you see, with a humour Satanic  
(With humour Satanic, he'll be Ghod, you see).  
But until that takes place I must think like a member  
(He'll think like a member until that takes place) --  
Till I'm sure of the race that I joined in December  
(He joined in December; he's sure of the race.)

[based on Robin's song in Ruddigore.]

reprinted from  
SPELEOBEM 11  
April 1961

## 5. Replying We Sing...

by Bruce Pelz

R.Bloch: To help unhappy neofen, and add to their enjoyment,  
Affords us noble BNFs congenial employment;  
Of our careers we offer you examples, illustrating  
The work is light; yet I must add -- at times it's aggravating!

Sharp humor and low gags  
For fanzines and promags  
I write -- and they're always elated.

B.Tucker: They're always elated;

R.Bloch: With shaggy-dog bar tales  
And cliches on star trails  
No editor ever is sated.

B.Tucker: They never are sated.

RB: I'm often assailing  
Some great fannish failing  
Which we never had in the old days.

BT: Ne'er had in the old days.

RB: At every convention  
I must make some mention  
Of fandom way back in the "gold days."

BT: Ah, those were the gold days.  
And then I write profiction  
With space dereliction --  
And shipwrecked immortals who've landed here.

RB: He says they've landed here.

BT: Or else it's of powers  
Not generally ours --  
Wilt talents, like maybe the Grand Psneer.

RB: No! Not the Grand Psneer!

BT: And then too I edit,  
Though small is the credit,  
A house organ -- semi-fanzinelike.

RB: Just semi-fanzinelike.

BT: My partner in this crime  
Is using up his time  
Attempting to keep the thing clean, like.

RB: No illos -- and clean, like!  
As banquet MC, I  
Fill in frequently, I  
Am expert on many fan subjects.



BT: (Not many fan subjects.)

RB: Though my jokes may be tired  
I still can't be fired.  
Who cares, then, if any fan objects?

BT: ("If every fan objects.")

RB: Then too, as promoter,  
I tell fans to go where  
Conventions are held throughout Fandom.

BT: They're all throughout Fandom.

RB: And show, in reviewing,  
What fanzines are doing --  
Though sometimes I simply can't stand 'em.

BT: I simply can't stand 'im.  
When fan groups play poker  
I'm often the joker  
Who walks off with most of the winnings.

RB: Runs off with the winnings!

BT: The rest of the players:  
Bankruptcy surveyors --  
And that's where fan feuds have beginnings.

RB: That's just the beginnings.

BT: I'm given to pubbing  
And generally flubbing  
Up one-shots with some other faned.

RB: No matter which faned.

BT: The zines are prize-takers,  
And ev'n Fandom-shakers --  
Who knows what they'd be if I planned.

RB: They never are planned.  
Although in our feuding  
We're really colluding,  
The fights really boost circulation.

BT: The zine circulation.  
And we may be called on  
For articles scrawled, on  
Just any old small provocation.

RB: Who needs provocation?

BOTH: In short, if you'd hoax 'em,  
Or wheedle, or coax 'em,  
Or play all of Fandom for suckers,  
Yes, play them for suckers --  
Or publish, at random,  
The worst blot on Fandom,

RB: Just print things of Bloch's or of Tucker's --

BT: Of Bloch's, or of Tucker's!

Reprinted from Bill  
Meyers's SPECTRE 3,  
Summer 1958

[From the song of the  
Duke and Duchess of  
Plaza-Toro in The  
Gondoliers]

## 6. Paving the Road to Hell

by

BRUCE PELZ

When I published a zine as a very young fan  
Said I to myself, said I,  
I'll work on a new and most trufannish plan  
(Said I to myself, said I):  
I'll never assume that a fan or a pro  
Is by ethics required to write for my show  
Because I have pleaded with him to do so  
(Said I to myself, said I!)

Ere I run off the zine I shall proofread it through  
(Said I to myself, said I),  
And the typos, if any, will be very few  
(Said I to myself, said I).  
With my foot in my mouth I shall never be caught,  
For some stupid remark about who has said what,  
Or a double-entendre which really means nought  
(Said I to myself, said I!)

I'll never start feuds just to play up the zine  
(Said I to myself, said I),  
Or sneak in an illo that's slightly obscene  
(Said I to myself, said I),  
Or print sections of letters that tend to imply  
That the writer's a fugghead who's living a lie,  
When in context the letter spoke well for the guy  
(Said I to myself, said I!)

In this ghoddam hobby in which we engage  
(Said I to myself, said I),  
We see all seven acts on the same little stage  
(Said I to myself, said I),  
And trufannish license, if carried too far,  
Your BNF chances will certainly mar  
Whether you are Les Gerber or Gertrude M. Carr  
(Said I to myself, said I!)

Reprinted from  
CRY OF THE NAMELESS #125  
March 1959

[based on the Lord Chancellor's song in Iolanthe.]

\*\*\*\*\*

*Show Stopper*  
*nr. 1*

In Scarlett Town, where I was born,  
There was a fair raid dwellin' --  
Made every lad.....

[Pelz/Johnstone]

# A Lilting Song of Lazarus Long

Tune: Home On the Range

Words by Randall Garrett

[© 1978 by Randall  
Garrett; used by  
permission]

Oh, give me a clone of my own flesh and bone With the Y - chrom- o -some  
changed to X, And when she is grown, my own lit-tle clone Will be of the  
op-po-site sex. [Interjection by RAMH: "Hurray!"] Clone, clone of  
my own, With the Y - chrom- o -some changed to X; And when we're a-lone,  
since her mind's like my own, We will both think of no-thing but sex!

\*\*\*\*\*  
S L I G H T L Y    The next few pages contain songs that refer to the doings of Los Angeles  
L O C A L        Fandom in the early 1960's. "Fan Hill Chantey" gives a brief history of  
                    the Fan Hill Mob ('60-'61): Pelz, Trimble, Wheatley. "Umbraak'm" presents  
the Objectivist Mutated Mouse Musicians, products of Jack Harness's weird imagination. There  
were four kinds (Voh-Mouse, Krager-Mouse, 'Tzpon-Mouse and the later-invented M'nalt-Mouse),  
and it took several different kinds together to achieve Umbraak'm. They carried M'tah horns  
taller than themselves, and taking off their helmets was regarded as obscene. "The Slanshack  
Called Lab Duquesne" refers to the fourth in a series occupied by Jack Harness and Owen Han-  
nifen (and others). The Scientologically-~~obssessed~~ inclined Harness had named previous slan-  
shacks 'Labyrinth of Space,' 'Labyrinth III,' and 'Labyrinth of Valeron.' The presumed singer  
is Barry Gold -- attendant, prior to his stay at Lab Duquesne, of Cal Tech.

# THE FAN HILL CHANTEY

BY BRUCE PELZ

Tru-fen, lis-ten un-to me, And keep the ne-os still; I'll tell you  
what be-fell me, When I moved up on Fan Hill. To my Hey! You bas-tard!  
Let's get plas-tered! Oh, you ac-ti-fans, can't you crank Ge-stet-ners!

When we moved in, the three of us,  
We fanned with little cease;  
But one was fanning overtime,  
Just down the road a piece.  
...CHORUS

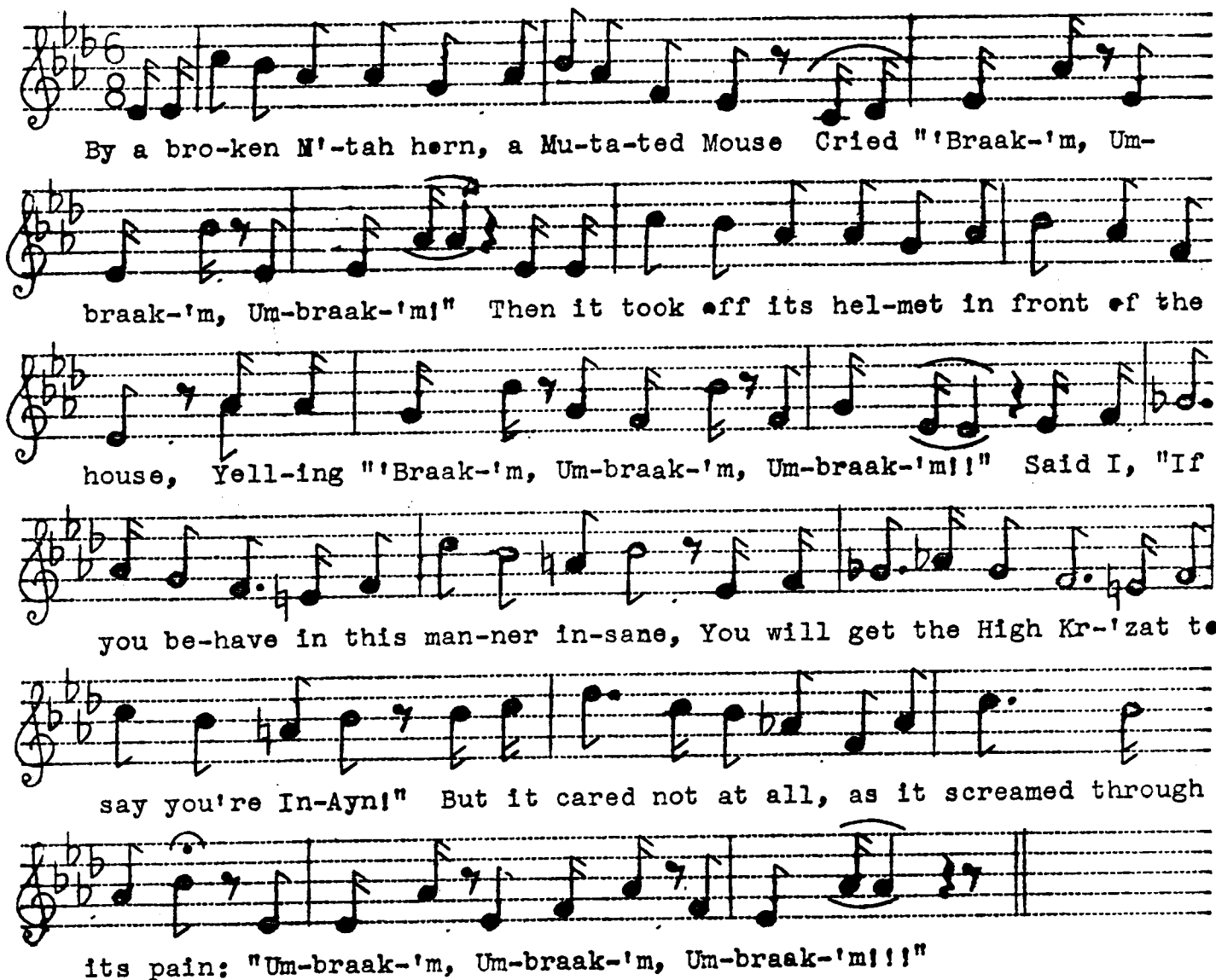
We rented from a Slavic priest,  
Who'd fled the Commie tides.  
This Poor Old Priest owned half the block,  
And two blocks more, besides!  
...CHORUS

A very fannish romance  
Soon bloomed for all to see.  
They made a handsome couple:  
Old Ern and the Big G.  
...CHORUS

We then took in a Dirty Pro --  
A rather stupid hick --  
Though he wrote zilch-stuff by the ton,  
Our porno made him sick!  
...CHORUS

Reprinted from  
SPELEOBEM 9,  
October 1960

# UMBRAAK'M



By a bro-ken M'-tah horn, a Mu-ta-ted Mouse Cried "'Braak-'m, Um-  
braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!" Then it took off its hel-met in front of the  
house, Yell-ing "'Braak-'m, Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!!" Said I, "If  
you be-have in this man-ner in-sane, You will get the High Kr-'zat to  
say you're In-Ayn!" But it cared not at all, as it screamed through  
its pain: "Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!!!"

It lifted the pieces of horn in the air,  
Crying "'Braak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!"  
There was nought I could do but just stand there and stare.  
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!"  
Then it jammed the M'tah bell right down on its head,  
And collapsed on the roadway quite thoroughly dead,  
And these were the very last words that it said:  
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"

Now I'm perfectly sure that a Mouse wouldn't go  
Yelling "'Break'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!"  
If 'twere Krager-Mouse stable, or smart as a Voh.  
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!"  
So I'm forced to conclude that, in spite of the price --  
Which includes lots of extras, and is rather nice --  
The M'nalt is the Edd'sl of Mutated Mice! --  
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"

Music: WS Gilbert  
Words: BE Pelz

reprinted from:  
Het Время '69  
APA L Dist. 69



# THE SLANSHACK CALLED LAB DUQUESNE

WORDS BY LEN BAILES

There is a shack in old L. A., they call the Lab Du-quesne

It has been the ru-in of man-y a young fan, who left with-out his brain.

If I had listened to what Bjo said  
I'd stayed up Caltech way  
But being so young and foolish, poor fan,  
Let a crackpot lead me astray.

My god is L. Ron Hubbard,  
He clears up all my pain;  
My room-mate is a screwball, Ghu --  
Lives down at Lab Duquesne.

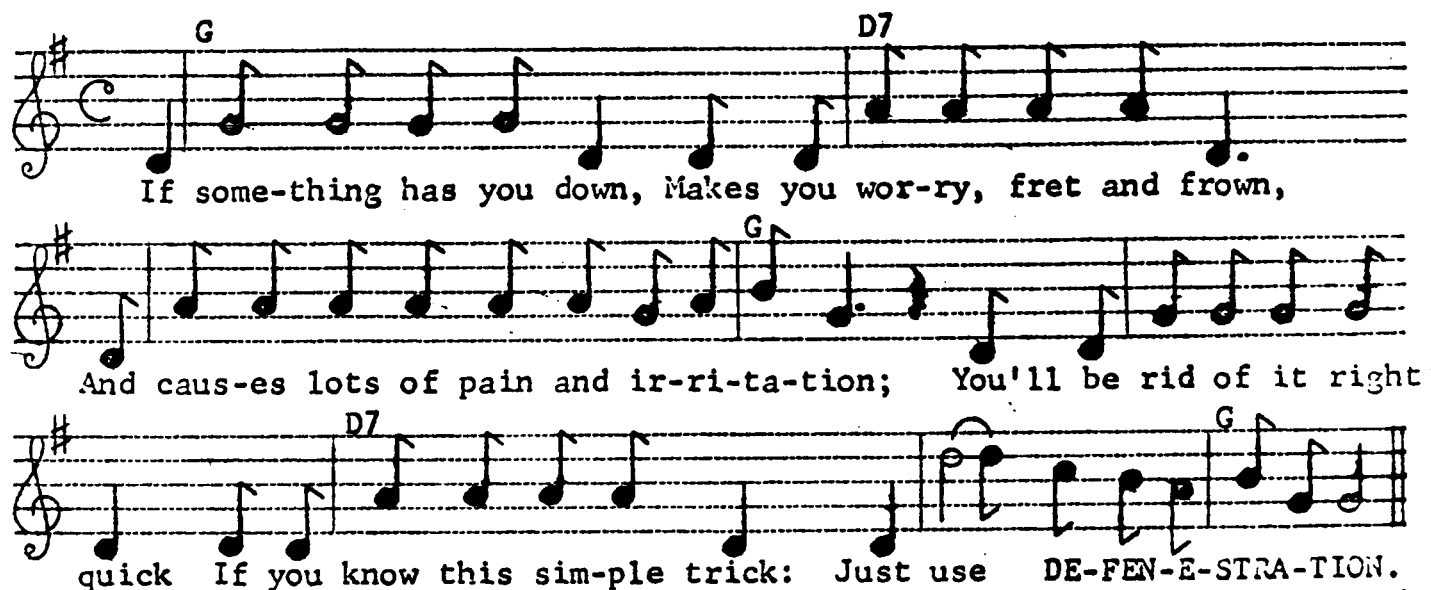
The only things a pre-clear needs  
Is a Theta and a MEST  
If he can't get them from Jack H.,  
He'll get them at the Nest.

He'll fill his mind with worthless junk,  
Which smart-asses attack  
He will also learn to communicate well --  
And tomatoes can't talk back!

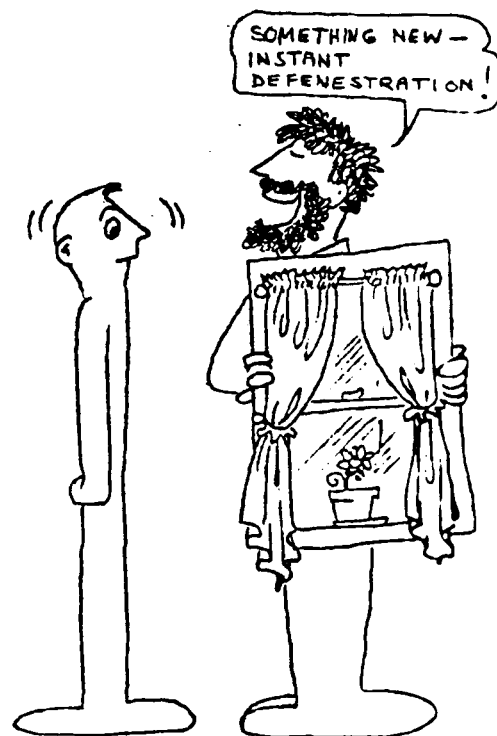
Go tell the neo-LASFans:  
Don't let life go down the drain,  
But shun that shack in old L.A.,  
The Labyrinth Duquesne!

# DEFENESTRATION

BY TOM DIGBY



2. If a friend's electric shaver  
Ruins your radio's behavior  
With static so you cannot hear the station,  
Just tell him that you're feared  
He will have to grow a beard,  
And use DEFENESTRATION.
3. If the TV-watching crowd  
Keeps the volume way up loud  
And blaring without pause or hesitation;  
Just tell them, "That is all,"  
Pull the plug out of the wall,  
And use DEFENESTRATION.
4. If your in-laws all drop in  
Time and time again  
For a month or two or three of visitation,  
They will bother you no more  
If you're on an upper floor  
When you use DEFENESTRATION.



# LITTLE TEENY EYES

by TOM DIGBY

Am Dm

Oh, we got a new com-put-er, but it's quite a dis-ap-point-ment,

Am E7

'Cause it al-ways gave this same in-sane ad-vice: "OH, YOU NEED

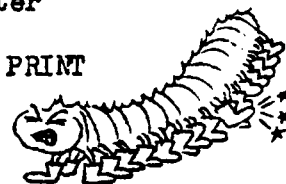
Am Dm

LIT-TLE TEEN-Y EYES FOR READ-ING LIT-TLE TEEN-Y PRINT LIKE YOU NEED

E7 Am

LIT-TLE TEEN-Y HANDS FOR MILK-ING MICE."

2. So we re-read the instruction book that came with the computer  
But it kept on printing crazy stuff that reads  
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT  
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY SHOES FOR CENTIPEDES."



3. So we got an expert genius and he rewrote all the programs  
But we always got results that looked like these:  
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT  
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY LICENSE PLATES FOR BEES."



4. Then we tested each resistor, every diode and transistor,  
But our electronic brain just raves and rants:  
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT  
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE BRANDING IRONS FOR BRANDING ANTS."



5. Now we're looking for a buyer for a crazy mad computer  
That will only give out crazy mad advice  
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT  
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY HANDS FOR MILK-ING MICE."



# THE COWARD'S SONG

words by Ren Ellick

O! to be in Sal-a-pan-ta, That's where I'd rath-er be, Than be  
break-fast while the De-mons drag the Lake of Rav-ar-y. Sing a song  
of trep-i-tude, Blith-er-ing in-ept-i-tude; He who quails and runs  
a-way Will on-ly die an-oth-er day.

2. O! to be in Nottingham,  
That's where I'd rather be,  
Than be guest of Robin Hood  
And pay him for his knavery! CHORUS:

3. O! to be a fearless wench,  
Like my sis, Antigone;  
But it's death to serve my kin  
With the rites of gravery. CHORUS:

4. O! to have a swifter mare's  
Son than that that's under me!  
Death is always close behind  
A knight yclept Breuce Saunce Pitie. CHORUS:

From MELANGE 3,  
FAPA, Nov. 1961.

# TEDRON'S SONG

WORDS BY TED JOHNSTONE

MUSIC BY BRUCE PELZ

Wood-cut-ter, wood-cut-ter -- have you seen my heart? For I had it  
in the for-est as I rode a-mong the trees, with a song on my lips  
and a soul that rode the breeze -- but I lost it as I trav-elled,  
and I can-not rest at ease. mark our ren-dez-vous.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: F4, G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are: C4, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are: G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. Above the first staff are the chords: F, C, G, F, G7, C, F. Above the second staff are the chords: G, F, C, F, G. Above the third staff are the chords: C, F, F, G. Above the fourth staff are the chords: G7 verses 1-4, Am, G7 v. 5, C. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Sailor, oh sailor -- oh, have you seen my heart?  
For I had it as I sailed on the green sea foam  
With the creak of the ropes and the curling comb --  
But I lost it as I travelled, and I cannot find its home.

Stonecutter, stonecutter -- have you seen my heart?  
For I had it in the mountains as I wandered on the height  
With the sunshine on the dazzling snow so beautiful and bright --  
But I lost it as I travelled, and I cannot sleep at night.

Merchant, oh Merchant -- oh, have you seen my heart?  
For I had it in the city, where the music whirled,  
And I held to it tightly while my wealth away I hurled --  
But I lost it as I travelled, and I seek it 'cross the world.

Horseman, oh horseman -- oh, have you seen my heart?  
For I had it in the grasslands where the warm winds blew,  
Where I met my true love walking -- the love I gave it to --  
And I left it as I travelled, there to mark our rendezvous.

# THE SONG OF THE WSFS, INC.

WORDS BY NICK FALASCA

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/8 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bm, Em, F#m, Bm, Em, F#m, Bm, F#7, Bm, Bm, A, Bm, F#7, Bm.

The WS-FS was a good cause, it pro-tection le-gal rights. It saved  
us from cor-ruption and fis-cal ov-er-sights. Just one ma-jor  
flaw: No one knew the law.

The WSFS, Inc. had principles, integrity, and style.  
It also had two suits in court and three more in the file.  
Justice shall prevail: throw the fans in jail.

Most Brittifen were neutral; they all stood on the fence.  
The one exception to this rule was His Ebulence.\*  
He hollers loud and strong because he's never wrong.

"Now, listen here," says Anna, with gavel in her hand\*\*,  
"This is just a meeting of independent fans."  
"This is how we think: the hell with WSFS, Inc."

You either were a trufan, levelheaded, brave and wise,  
Or else a brainwashed victim of Falascafandom's lies.  
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

\* - Sandy Sanderson

\*\* - Anna Moffatt, Chairwoman of the SoLaCon, 1958.

Reprinted from  
A STF & FSY  
SONGBOOK #1,  
Hal Shapiro '60

# LOOK BACK TO THE FUTURIANS IN ANGER

WORDS BY: NICK FALASCA, 1959

The musical score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some half notes and rests. Chord symbols (G, D7, C, A7, D) are placed above the staves to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The overall mood is satirical and humorous, as indicated by the title and the lyrics.

Lots of fans back east, I hear, Are leav-ing slan-shacks once held dear

And head-ing for that Tower of Bheer On the Cal-i-for-nia shore. San-

der-sod says "Ain't they crude, High on dope and al-ways stewed. I bet

they'll bring a New York feud. You can't tell what's in store." But the

Grand Old Man has calmed our squal-id fears: They'll all come east a-gain

in three more years. Ohhhh, if you ain't got your Quo-rum here, boys,

If you ain't got your Quo-rum here, You'd bet-ter go back to New York

Ci-ty -- Fu-tu-ri-ans, we do not want you near. Ber-keley fan-dom is a

Gar-den of E-den; The N 3 F is our guid-ing light. But be-lieve it or

not, Ber-keley's go-ing to pot, Since the Fan-arch-ists came in sight.

# Trufandom Is a Way of Life

WORDS BY BRUCE PELZ.

Tru-fan-dom is a way of life, It's full of fun or full of strife;  
Which-ev-er you put in De-ter-mines what you win. Think of this  
when you join Tru-fan-dom!

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with chords C, F, C, G7, and C indicated above the notes. The second staff contains the melody for the second line, with chords F, G7, C, F, G7, C, and F indicated above the notes. The third staff contains the melody for the third line, with chords G7 and C indicated above the notes. The song ends with a double bar line.

Trufandom is a milieu strange --  
Continues on in spite of change.  
For each who gaffiates  
There's one to take his place.  
Think of this when you join Trufandom!

Trufandom is a testing ground  
Where men and ideas can be found  
In trial of their strength  
Or will, or use, or length.  
Think of that when you join Trufandom!

Reprinted  
from SPELEOBEM  
#9, Oct. 1960

==  
"Look Back To the Futurians In Anger" is reprinted from THE DEVIL'S  
MOTORBOAT 2, 1959. It deals with "The Great Trek" of New York  
Fans to Berkeley in 1958-60. The Futurian Society of NY, reorg-  
anized in 1959, included as officers a Grand Old Man, whose du-  
ty was to smoke a pipe, and a Quorum, whose duty was to be pres-  
ent and sit on anyone suggesting a business meeting. The origi-  
nal holders of these offices were, respectively, Larry Shaw and  
Bill Donaho.



# Young Man Mulligan

By the members of the Young Man Mulligan Society:

GHS: George Scithers

JB: John Boardman

GKH: George Heap

RE: Richard Eney

JC: Jim Cawthorne

KKA: Karen Anderson

BEP: Bruce Pelz

TAJ: Ted Johnstone

RDE: Ron Ellik

LC: Lin Carter

This song is really two in one: "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years From Now" consists of science fiction references, while "The Great Fantastical Bum" consists of fantasy references. The two are sung alternately, and verses for the former are listed with odd numbers, verses for the latter with even numbers. Additional submissions must include a verse of each. Most verses reprinted from AMRA II:21 ('62)

I was born a-bout ten thous-and years from now; When they land up-on  
the moon I'll show them how. And with God-dard, Ley and Camp-bell, on  
an in-ter-stel-lar ram-ble, I'll be the guy who caught and cooked the  
chow. Well, I'm just a lone-some trav-'ler and a great fan-tast-i-cal  
bum; High-ly ed-u-cat-ed, from mys-ter-y I come. I built the Road of  
Yel-low with bricks all bright and new, And that's a-bout the strang-  
est thing that man will ev-er do!

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3. With Jommy Cross I took it on the lam,  
I'm the guy who went and woke up furious Sam,  
And I planned the First Foundation  
Just before the fragmentation  
Of the Empire that had ruled the Sevagram. [GHS]
4. Empire? Well, I knew a cold-eyed Emperor, who ruled the Commonwealth;  
When I drank the spring of Hippocrene, it sure improved my  
health  
I built the towers of Carcë for good old Gorice II --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do! [GHS]
5. I designed a time machine from pith-flah crates  
And I took Doc Wonmug back to Stone-Age dates,  
But we made a loop-the-loop  
And missed meeting Alley OOp --  
Just the Flintstones and the Rubbles trading mates. [JB]
6. I taught archery to Conan with the short Hyrkanian bow;  
I taught the Mouser knife-play where the River Hial doth flow;  
I taught parry, lunge, and counter to the young John Carter, too --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GRH]
7. If you want to know who made the bow, 'twas me;  
I first trained the wolf to domesticity;  
But I lost the approbation  
Of the whole Cro-magnon nation  
When I tried to introduce monogamy. [RE]
8. When Tarzan met King Conan, he got himself stripped bare,  
For Conan swiped his lioskin -- I know, for I was there;  
It was while I played left throwback for Miskatonic U. --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GHS]
9. Yes, I hunted blue giraffes with Athel Cuff,  
Went "Galactic" when the Dreeghs were acting tough,  
And in company with Joe  
I saved Vox-View Video --  
But playing chess with Martians? Man, that's rough. [JC]
10. When I came into old Middle Earth 'twas many years ago --  
I took a trip with Gimli and with Sam and old Frodo;  
Then I followed hearts and lions upon a field of blue --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GHS]
11. I patched the holes in Ike Laquedem's shoes,  
And helped pay Rhysling's Spacer Union dues;  
But when all the roads were struck  
I went riding on a buck,  
And became a solar hero -- who'd refuse? [JB]
12. I taught King Thorin Oakenshield to play upon the harp,  
But then I had to leave New Crete for catching sacred carp.  
So I hid out in Yahoo-land until a mane I grew --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [JB/GHS]
13. Once GEC confirmed the Seldon Plan,  
I checked the future of the Lords of Han,  
And was met at a convention in the fourteenth Chorp dimension  
By a whole damned roomful of the dread Si-Fan. [RE]

14. I borrowed Gollum's magic ring, and thus avoided Chun,  
And with its aid I swiped the golden apples of the sun;  
But I gave them to Queen Freydis for a torrid night or two --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]
15. I've been out with Wild Bill Williams on a spree, --  
And Sibley White got all his plots from me;  
I helped Gannel be Thrane's tyrant,  
And when Cartiff was aspirant  
To sell jewels, why, I gave him two or three. [KKA]
16. I went with Bilbo Baggins out to Erebor and Dale;  
We did a stretch for vagrancy in King Thranduil's jail.  
Then I followed horse on field of green and swan on field of blue --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GRH]
17. 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. [KKA]
18. Well, I was in Darjeeling on that well-remembered night;  
It would have been quite different if old Oz had not been tight.  
I'm the man who saw no shadow, guessed the secret of Nellthun --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]
19. I've helped Verkan Vall and Nick van Rijn get tight,  
But if Gosseyn drinks, I've never seen the sight;  
And I've told tales of the right sort  
At Gavagan's and the White Hart --  
And I'll zotz the man who says that they're not right. [KKA]
20. Learned my trade in Cirdan's shipyards, e'er Thangorodrim's doom;  
My galleys sailed for Ishtar, plowed the Throxus on Barsoom.  
I built the ships for Faolan at the city of Crom Dhu --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GRH]
21. Ships? I've shipped with Jocelyn and with Jordan too,  
Turned pirate once with Runt Hake and his crew;  
I've been seasick on the Sunqar  
And I've manned the mains'l's top spar  
On the longest voyage 'cross the oceans blue. [KKA/GHS]
22. Piracy?  
Why, I once signed on with Amra, and I damned near lost my skin,  
For the blood it flowed like water when the fighting did begin.  
I'm the only tar who's e'er jumped ship, of Vanderdecken's crew --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]
23. Lest darkness fall o'er sands of old Barsoom,  
I gathered darkness and dispelled the gloom.  
Then with John (the Warlord) Carter  
I ran off with Gosseyn's daughter,  
And on a picnic watched old Earth go boom. [GHS]
24. I spied a hammer on a wall and summoned mighty Thor,  
Then I escaped from deep dark caves to hear the trumpet roar;  
But when I met a Darfar cook, I almost joined the stew --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB/GHS]

25. Oh, I kissed the Queen of Zamba 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've never dreamed of yet. [KKA]
26. I carried heads for Athamaus in old Commorion;  
 Unholy Names promoted me for killing Grendel's mom  
 And they sent me and Pete Brodsky on a raid to Xanadu --  
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]
27. Oh, I sat and watched while Jegga's Empire burned;  
 When the Kalkars conquered Earth I was concerned.  
 So I took a trip to Mesklin  
 Just to get a little rest in --  
 They were fighting Boskone's hosts when I returned. [GRH]
28. I tried to teach Diana Prince to have some fun with males;  
 I helped to save Kent Nelson from old witch-hunt Salem's jails.  
 I taught Johnny Thunder diction so that he could say "Cei-U" --  
 And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [BEP]
29. I taught Carter Hall he shouldn't drink and fly,  
 Told Al Pratt he boozed too much for one small guy.  
 I got blind with Doc McNighter:  
 He blacked out, I just got tighter;  
 And drank rings 'round Alan Scott with rock and rye. [BEP]
30. Oh, I went out hunting lions and met Iphicles's twin;  
 With fifty lovely ladies he had just begun to sin.  
 Then when he got tired I helped him out by taking one or two --  
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]
31. Well, I tended Redwoods' chickens for a spell,  
 And with Cossar hunted rats when darkness fell.  
 Then I figured I would sit  
 With the giants in the pit,  
 But I left when Caterham began to shell. [JC]
32. I toyed with T'sa's and T'sain in fair Embelyon,  
 Then I lost a round to Hisvet on the oceans of Nehwon.  
 So I settled down with Arles when the Coven's power was through  
 (But Medea, witch of Colchis, how I might have reigned with you!) [GRH]
33. I have smuggled hurkles for the London zoo,  
 And I peddled marcane to a favored few.  
 Then when Fu Manchu was swearin'  
 At the law of Pat McCarran  
 I disguised him as a slan and got him through. [JB]
34. Well, I toured the towers of Gormenghast while hiding from the law;  
 I shipped with O. Van Kortlandt when he left Communipaw;  
 I saved Boxer from the pigs when they'd have made him into glue --  
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [BEP/TAJ]
35. O, I kissed Innelda Isher on a dare;  
 That's a queenling that gave me a royal scare --  
 I was almost the beginning and the end of all her sinning,  
 On the biggest see-saw you've seen anywhere. [RDE]

36. I patched up Fafhrd's backside where the dogs had gnawed his brawn;  
I stood by when Greta Forzane bore two centaurs and a faun;  
I prescribed a sssegyn diet for the ills of Gru Magru --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]
37. I have ruined every Midwitch teen-age girl;  
I stole Captain Nemo's precious giant pearl  
And went on a six-month binge  
On the far galactic fringe.  
The news caused Isaac Sigmen's beard to curl. [JB]
38. I sold ten thousand condoms to Duke Barganax one year,  
Invested all my profits just to bail the black-balled seer,  
Then used that sphere to spy a smile, but all it said was "mew" --  
And that's about the strangest thing that cat will ever do. [JB/GHS]
39. Oh, I sang a song of hairpins on the strand,  
And bombed Manhattan with the Vaterland.  
When Bert Smallways' gun made mince  
Of the "blood and iron" prince,  
I'm the bloke who scraped him up and spread the sand. [JC]
40. When I missed my coach at Borgo Pass one night in '89,  
A Transylvanian nobleman invited me to dine;  
But I found him incompatible with Rh D-sub-U --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [RE]
41. Eight months back I taught a Shambleau how to pet;  
It was nothing but a crazy, drunken bet.  
It was nothing but a gamble --  
Then we started in to scramble.  
And a month from now she'll have to see a vet. [RDE]
42. When Kitty caused the trouble while the Red King snoozed away,  
I tumbled down a rabbit hole one bright and rainy day,  
And I finished all the marmalade before my fall was through --  
And that's about the strangest thing a gal will ever do. [RE]
43. I rode a bike that used up all my brew,  
So old Northwest set up a drink or two.  
I guess we looked like slickers:  
We were dared to drink strong licquors,  
And the Hokas still recall that night with rue. [KKA]
44. I ventured from Voormithadreth and sailed across Hali;  
I prayed to Issa, Jurganeth, and ebon-toothed Kali;  
I sought the Hall of Iblees and I spoke to Dwananu --  
And that's about the strangest thing a mann will ever do. [LC]
45. I rode up from Mexico with Martin Sair;  
It was I who made the Master's sister care.  
While I tamed the Urban fire  
Poor Evanie's wrath burned higher,  
And the Peri plundered shipping everywhere. [Dian P]
46. With Holly, Job, and Leo, I roamed Amhaggar land;  
I saw the hair of Ustane with the mark of Ayesha's hand.  
Then I fled the wrath of Atene, and her husband's hell-hounds too --  
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [Dian P]

## MORE MULLIGANS

...by Arline Kriftcher:

49. I know what gives Pern's Dragons power of flight,  
And how Captain Flandry got to be a knight;  
I've been keeping on the go,  
Riding Middle, High, and Low,  
Since I learned about the Cyclan's creeping blight.
50. I found out how Dernyi powers came to be inborn,  
And helped the red-eyed Elric to discover Roland's horn.  
I've sailed from end to end of Earthsea's isle-strewn ocean blue —  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
51. At Love's Palace once I took a holiday,  
And it took me three whole weeks to get away,  
But it's harder to get free  
From Aphthonia's gaiety --  
I ran, or I'd be buried there today.
52. I've hunted with the Hurnei on the plains of Khendiol;  
I've crossed the Bridge of Yawrn and managed not to pay the toll;  
I've fought to save Estcarp with Kyllan Tregarth's Old-Race crew —  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
53. I teamed up with that pussycat C'mell  
To steal some information from the Bell.  
When everything seemed lost,  
She latched on to Jestocost...  
But he couldn't make E'telekeli tell!
54. I met the black-clad Traveller, and got a wish fulfilled,  
But the wish was for adventure, and it damn' near got me killed.  
I've bought the Necronomicon, and even read it through —  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
55. When the House appeared beneath the Second Moon  
I rode a worm across the plains of Dune.  
Though comparing isn't nice,  
There are problems with the Spice --  
And it doesn't really measure up to stroon.
56. When I tended kiddies underneath the Banner of the Bear,  
For fun I took 'em hunting for The Man Who Wasn't There.  
Then among the Glumms and Gawries, I took to wings and flew —  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
57. On New Hermes I got rich because I played,  
So I bought a lot of stuff I'd like to trade,  
From some Dolphin Hands for BEMs  
To Darkovan matrix-gems —  
(spoken:) Now if I could sell it all, I'd have it made!
58. I followed Vergil Magus from Napoli to Rome,  
And talked a while with Sybel's beasts beneath her crystal dome.  
But at the Well I wouldn't drink, because the price I knew —  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!

59. I listened to a Pierson's Puppeteer  
Who whispered good advice in either ear:  
He said, "Now listen, stranger --  
To be quite immune to danger  
Get yourself locked up inside a Dyson Sphere."
60. I passed by Joiry Castle, and thought I'd court Jirel,  
'Til I learned she'd sent one wooer to a fancy kind of hell.  
So I rode with Kane to battle -- but that I lived to rue.  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
61. In Antarctica I had to hold a gun  
On a Thing whose blood cried out when it had run.  
He professed he was a friend,  
But he met a sticky end --  
For Man's the fiercest beast when all is done.
62. I put the Sandman's glasses on for dancing with a doll,  
And sold my mirror-image to a girl who had no soul.  
But when Antonia's fiddle broke, I knew her life was through --  
And that's a good deal stranger: there was nothing I could do!
63. Once I gave a pretty teeny-bop the eye;  
When she said her name was Telzey, I said, "Hi!"  
But what I had on my mind  
Made her leave me far behind --  
You just can't put things over on a psi!
64. I read to Roderick Usher 'til his sister came to call,  
And walked away alive from Prince Prospero's deadly ball.  
Ligeia and Rowena, I found, were one, not two --  
So that's about the strangest thing that she could ever do!
65. I tamed the Hounds on Skaith to set men free,  
But it didn't do a lot of good for me.  
(Nor much more when I preferred  
The Pack above the Herd  
On a planet far beyond the Galaxy.)
66. I helped John Thunstone battle the Shonokins from afar,  
And gave John the Minstrel music for his silver-strung guitar.  
And once I told DeGrandin what Eszterhazy knew --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
67. I hired out to the Spiders as a spy --  
Thought I'd nit some Snake maneuvers by and by --  
But the effort went to waste  
When from that plane I was chased  
By a big green-coated party of Dorsai.
68. I found Bendo for the People -- a perfect place to hide;  
I rode with Granny Jenkins through the Half-World's underside;  
I gathered I O U N stones, and didn't go cuckoo --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!
69. I dug around to find a skull and spine  
To help Bild-A-Man for Victor Frankenstein.  
But I can't find, though I've tried,  
What made Dr. Jekyll Hyde --  
Now I wonder: was it drinking Sapphire Wine?

47. I taught Victor Frankenstein biology;  
I smuggled bentiam to Capella III.  
But, escaping from Buzz Corey,  
I ran into the wrong story --  
And that's how I ended up in Coventry. [TAJ]

48. Oh, I sailed the Baranduin with Captain Trigger Smyle;  
I went to Miraleste and I stayed a little while.  
I beat W.T. Nauringa and Doc Destrukto too --  
And that's about the strangest thing a fan will ever do. [TAJ]

(Ultimate verse; currently 49.)

When Rhysling sang about the hills of home;  
When Gully flamed upon those steps in Rome --  
Why, I've been there or I'll be there;  
If there's action you'll find me there --  
From Centaurus to the Luna City Dome. [GHS/BEP/GRH]

(Alternate last line to ultimate verse:)

And I'll add another verse onto my poem. [BEP]

Further verses should be sent to George Scithers or Bruce Pelz. Sources  
of references in verses 1-44 and 49 are published in AMRA II:27.

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Highlights from

# My Fair Femmefan

Prologue: "My Fair Femmefan" opened at Brandonhaus early in 1957 and became an overnight success. The amusing story of the gauche neofanne who was tutored by a BNF and became a successful BNF herself has proved to be the most popular production of the Slan Shack Players since "The Fannish Revival Hour" in 1954. We present it here with running notes to clarify the background for each musical number.

by Carl Brandon

with the assistance of Peter Graham

and Terry Carr



I. The opening number takes place at a world convention. Iggens and Bickering, two BNFs, are walking through the convention hotel. In the background can be heard Sam Moskowitz. They are bemoaning the miserable state of fandom when they come upon Martha Coznowski, who is hawking NFFF memberships.

IGGENS: Listen to her, mark the way she stutters,  
Appalled by every horrid phrase she utters.  
By rights she should be drummed clear out of fandom  
For mispronouncing fannish words at random.

MARTHA: ...ess-tee-eff fans...

IGGENS: What a horrid thought!  
This is what the serconfan foundation  
Calls a truly fannish education.  
Listen to this neo here, dropping aitches out of Bheer,  
Using fanspeak any way she chooses.  
You, girl -- ever heard of Rapp?

MARTHA: Whattaya take me for, a Sap?

IGGENS: Listen to these infantile abuses.  
Hear this neofan or worse  
Utter ideas so perverse --  
I'd just as soon have Degler on the scene.  
Neos blithering at a con,  
Just like this one...

MARTHA: ELRON, ELRON!

IGGENS: I ask you now, precisely what's that mean?  
It's ess-tee-eff and Elron that keep her in her place.  
She might be very different with a sensitive fannish face.  
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan,  
Instead of trying to fit them into some great Cosmic Plan?  
(to Bickering)  
If you believed this hogwash, you'd soon be on the shelf....  
Or have to join the N3F yourself.

BICKERING: Go to hell.

IGGENS: A trufan's way of thinking absolutely cubbyholes him;  
He must be very careful when some rabblouser polls him.  
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan?  
The pros know how to write, and critics how to pan.  
Drinkers always drink from birth (at least I'm told they can).  
Oh, why can't the N3Fers learn....to....FAN!

II. Iggens and Bickering decide to tutor Martha Coznowski and make her a masterfanne who will be accepted in all fannish circles. As part of her early fannish education she joins the local fanclub. At a meeting of this Martha hears some fans daydreaming aloud:

FIRST FAN: It's rather dull in town, I think I'll take me to Belfas'.

SECOND FAN: I've got some homebrew here, I'll pour me out a glass.

THIRD FAN: Why wait for egoboo? -- I'll mail my mag first-class.

ALL: Oh...Oh...wouldn't it be lovely....

MARTHA: All I want is a hektograph,  
And beside me, just plain Fals aff;  
Fanmags to make me laugh....  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely....  
Lots of prozines for me to read,  
What a trufannish life I'd lead!  
Yes, that's the life I need....  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.  
If I had my stf checklist all compiled and stencilled up,  
I would be the happiest fan since Amazing was just a pup.  
Someone there to slipsheet for me,  
Sensitive and fannish as he can be,  
Who likes to read ess-tee-  
Eff...wouldn't it be lovely...lovely...lovely.

III. At the same meeting, Holloway, who is an old fan, tired and cynical, expresses his views on fandom:

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo  
Because hektographic repro really stank.  
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo, BUT  
With a little bit o' luck,  
With a little bit o' luck,  
Someone else will turn the goddam crank.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,  
With a little bit o' goddam luck!

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration,  
So that our zines would not be filled with crud.  
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration, BUT  
With a little bit o' luck,  
With a little bit o' luck,  
You can drink your bheer and never pub.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,  
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

HOLLOWAY: Ghreat Ghu says we should always welcome trufans,  
And give them food and lodging when they roam.  
Ghreat Ghu says we should always welcome trufans, BUT  
With a little bit o' luck,  
With a little bit o' luck,  
When they visit us we won't be home.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,  
With a little bit o' luck we won't be home.

HOLLOWAY: Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fanmag,  
And fills subscribers hearts with grief and doubt.  
Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fanmag, BUT  
With a little bit o' luck,  
With a little bit o' luck,  
The Better Business Bureau won't find out.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,  
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

HOLLOWAY: Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine,  
Which is the right and proper thing to do.  
Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine, BUT  
With a little bit o' luck,  
With a little bit o' luck,  
Soon subscribers will be supporting you.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,  
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

IV. As Martha's education continues, she is spending more and more time with Iggens, whose friend Bickering speculates that perhaps they are falling in love. Iggens protests to the contrary:

IGGENS: I find the moment I let a femmefan fall for me she becomes loving, attentive, and completely fuggheaded. I find the moment I fall for a femmefan I begin to gaffiate. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Bickering....

I'm an ordinary fan,  
Who desires nothing more than do the others of his mold:  
To fan exactly as he likes and drink as much as he can hold.  
An average fan am I, of no insurgent whim,  
Who pubs a fannish mag, not some rag  
Concerned with receipes and silly frilled lace trim.  
Just an ordinary fan...BUT:

Let a femmefan in your life, and your fannishness takes a nosedive.  
She'll redecorate your room, sweep the place out with a broom;  
When she's cleared out all the refuse she will give it to her nephew's  
scrap-drive.

Oh, let a femmefan in your life, and fanning hasn't got a chance!  
You've a deadline, but you find she has something else in mind,  
So although you ought to hurry, you spend your evening in worry at a dance.  
You were a fan of grace and polish  
Who never spoke above a hush;  
Now all at once you're using language  
That would make Charles Burbee blush!  
Oh, if you let a femmefan squeeze ya, then you're courting fannishthesia;  
You will join the nonfan rabble, playing games like bridge or scrabble!  
I maintain it's less a pity to be on a con committee  
Than to ever let a femmefan in your life.

I'm a quiet-living fan  
Who, though he has a sense of humor, is content with silent laughter;  
Who likes an atmosphere as restful as con-halls the morning-after.  
A literary man am I, who finds stf quite a bore,  
Who hasn't read a Utopian novel written since Sir Thomas More.  
Yes, a quite conservative fan...BUT  
Let a femmefan in your life, and you'll say goodbye to fandom.  
In a line that never ends come her dull, plebeian friends --  
Though they're her friends stout and true, very soon you'll find that you  
can't stand tem.  
She'll have an opinionated family, who will decide that fanning's sin;  
You will explain it's just a hobby, but plebeians....who can win?

Oh, let a femmefan in your life,  
Let a femmefan in your life....!  
I shall NEVER let a femmefan in my life.

V. Following this, Iggens makes it a point to treat Martha as coldly as possible. Martha, a typical young fan, wants to become a BNF, so she tolerates his coldness and applies herself to her studies. But her indignation finds expression when she is alone:

MARTHA: Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait!  
For hell hath no fury like a femmefan's hate!  
When your old typer will not stencil,  
I'll hand you a sharpened pencil!  
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait.  
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, till your bills  
From S.F. Bookclub are higher than the hills.  
You'll say "Mail this money order" --  
I'll buy me a tape recorder!  
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens, just you wait!  
Ohhhh, Enry Iggens, just you wait till you're in Raeburn's Derogation.  
Hah! Enry Iggens -- and you're stomping 'round the room in irritation.  
Though you're full of indignation,  
I'll be laughing with elation --  
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; Oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens,  
Just you wait!  
One day I'll be famous; every fan will be stunned  
By my beauty and wittiness; I'll win the TAFF fund.  
When Don Ford counts the ballots, he will write to me and say,  
"Your fare to England's shores is on the way."  
Then an air-letter from the con-committee is sent:  
"Anything on the program you want, we'll present."  
"Thanks a lot, boys," I write back, "but as I've always said,  
The only thing I want is Iggens head."  
"DONE!" writes the chairman with a stroke;  
"I'm sending you passage for the bloke."  
Then you'll think that you're Big-Ponded, Iggens dear --  
But you'll make no guest-of-honor speech, I fear.  
You'll display your elocution  
Only at your execution!  
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; Oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens --  
Just you wait!

VI. Martha's education continues. Iggens, assisted by Bickering, is teaching her some of the finer points of fannish pronunciation:

IGGENS: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

MARTHA (hesitatingly): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: Again...

MARTHA (more surely): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: I think she's got it; I think she's got it.

MARTHA: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: By Ghu, she's got it; by Ghu, she's got it!  
Now, once again, where is the Blog?

MARTHA: In the Fog, in the Fog.

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the Fog?

MARTHA: They Snog! They Snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957! (Hoohaw!) Snog and Blog in the Fog  
in 1957!

IGGENS: In Bhoston, Bhloomington and Bhelfast,

MARTHA: Bhlighters all enjoy a bheerbust....  
I have a Cosmic Mind, what do I do now?

IGGENS: Now, once again, where is the Blog?

MARTHA: In the Fog, in the Fog!

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the Fog?

MARTHA: They Snog! They Snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957!  
Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957! (The number ends with Iggen's, Mar-  
tha and Bickering joining in a wild  
tango, amid boisterous cries of "Arriba!" and "Los Cuentos Fantasticos!")

VII. It is months later, and Martha has completed her fannish education. Iggen's and Bickering take her to the London Convention, where she scores a resounding success. All the con-goers wonder who the unknown femmefan is, assuming she must be a well-known fanne making her first appearance at a convention. After the last convention party is over, Iggen's and Bickering celebrate their victory:

BICKERING: Tonight, old man, you did it, you did it, you did it!  
I thought your plan was shaky, yes indeed I did.  
I doubted that you'd make it, I hoped that you'd forsake it,  
But now I'm very thankful that proceed you did!  
You should get a Hugo, or a Laureate Award!

IGGENS: 'Twas nothing, really nothing.

BICKERING: All alone you swept each difficulty from the board!

IGGENS: Now wait, now wait, give credit where it's do --  
A lot of the egoboo goes to you!

BICKERING: But you're the one who did it, who did it, who did it!  
Though our hopes at times were hazy, you were as reliable as Taurasi  
There's no doubt about it -- you did it!  
I thought my beanie prop would wilt,  
The way you pushed things to the hilt.  
At times I was quite sure you'd pushed it too far.

IGGENS: Shortly after registration, I discarded trepidation --  
I left her by herself and went to the bar.

BICKERING: You should have seen them take the pause.  
Everyone wondered who she was.

IGGENS: You'd think they'd never seen a trufanne before.

BICKERING: And when at last the Masquerade got started  
And BNFs flocked round her by the score,  
I simply said "You did it, you did it, you did it!"  
They thought she was so fannish that at midnight she must vanish --  
And they never knew that you did it!

IGGENS: Thank Roscoe for Goon Bleary -- if he hadn't been there I'd have died  
of boredom.

BICKERING: Goon Bleary? Was he there?

IGGENS: Yes...that man's so adept at the art of fanmanship  
That I knew Miss Coznowski would have to consort with him sans a slip.  
Every fan at the con who was famous was under surveillance by that shamus.  
Finally I saw it was fuggheaded not to let him have his chance with her,  
So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.  
Just to see what he could learn, he used fanspeak at every turn;  
Every gambit he could play, he used to strip her mask away --  
And when at last the dance was done, he grinned as though he'd made a pun.  
He announced from the rostrum that he knew who she was!

BICKERING: No!

IGGENS: Quite so!  
"Her manners are quite poor," he said, "that clearly indicates that she's  
trufannish.  
"Whereas nonfans have their social rules, we trufans don't, because  
we're slannish.  
"And although I've only spoken with her briefly and at random,  
"I can tell at once that she is of -- First Fandom!"

BICKERING: But she's only twenty!

IGGENS: Quite so.

BICKERING: This evening, sir, you did it, you did it, you did it!  
You said that you would do it, and indeed you did.  
I thought that you would rue it; I doubted that you'd do it,  
But now I must admit it -- yes, succeed you did!

VIII. At the London convention Martha has met Freddie Bunker-Hill, an American fan.  
In the weeks that follow their return to the states, Freddie courts her in his fannish  
fashion, but as Tucker could have predicted, Freddie knows nothing of normal romance.  
Finally he gets up the nerve to propose to Martha:

FREDDIE: Your writing's the ultimate in humor, and there's a rumor  
referring to we two:  
They say our styles go well together; I wonder whether--

MARTHA: Egoboo!  
Always egoboo! I get praise all day through,  
First from him, now from you! Is that all you trufans can do?

Don't drag emotion through fannish mire --  
If you're on fire, tell me!  
Don't talk of budgies -- speak of the dove!  
If you're in love, tell me!  
Ever since I met you at the Londonvention dance,  
You've only spoken to me of fans!  
If you think that fanac makes you consumately glad,  
Try sometime to kiss a hekto pad!  
Has some unlucky love twisted your mind?  
Can't you unwind? -- Tell me, tell me!  
Don't talk of raising Twelfth Fandomites --  
Certainly you must know how to tell me now!

IX. Meanwhile, the old-timer, Holloway, has decided to quit fandom, and in his honor the local fanclub throws a huge party on his last night as a fan, calling it the Gafianquet. Holloway arrives at the party feeling tired and not very fannish:

ALL: There's just a few more hours, that's all the time you've got;  
You'll be a non-fan at midnight on the dot.

HOLLOWAY: My reputation's all over fandom, and I've got to live up to it just a  
few more hours.....

I'm quitting fandom in the morning,  
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life.  
But this evening I must join in this bheerbust  
And let my fan instincts run rife.  
I'm gafiating in the morning,  
Giving my crifanac the knife.  
Neos, come and zap me -- everyone be happy,  
And let your fan instincts run rife.  
If I am drinking, pour me some more;  
If I get sercon, kick me out the door!  
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,  
Retiring from this fascinating life --  
I'll be normal tomorrow, but tonight I'll drown my sorrow,  
And let my fan instincts run rife!

ALL: Oh, he's quitting fandom in the morning,  
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life...

HOLLOWAY: I hate to leave it behind me, so everyone please remind me  
That fandom's just a way of strife!

ALL: He's turning normal in the morning,  
Giving his crifanac the knife...

HOLLOWAY: Though fandom is madness, ere I leave this sad mess,  
I'll let my fan instincts run rife.  
If I get plastered, put me to bed;  
If I plan a fanzine, club me on the head!  
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,  
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life;  
Tonight is my last fling, so let's have the bells ring!  
And let your fan instincts, those crazy fan instincts,  
Oh, cut loose and let your fan instincts run rife!

X. At the Gafianquet, Martha suddenly becomes angry with Iggens and rushes out of the room crying. Iggens subsequently finds that she has moved away, leaving no word.

IGGENS: What in all of HYPHEN can have prompted her to go, after I had helped her rise to glory?  
Hiding out in isolation...can this be a gafiation? I must say it's quite a perplexing story!  
Women are mundane, that's all I have to say for that! Their reading matter's always non-fan rags.  
Their lives are shaped by loutish, boorish, clownish, churlish, lowbrow, plebeian, proletarian mags!

BICKERING: Hmm?

IGGENS: Yes...why can't a woman be more like a fan?  
Fen are progressive, with a free-thinking view,  
More wise than Confucious, more strong than the Poo.  
They've clear-thinking minds -- always know where they're at.  
Why can't a woman be like that?  
Why does every one do what the rabble do?  
They dote on all that Billy Graham's said.  
Their conversation's empty, and a babble, too.  
Why don't they learn to think like Scientologists instead?  
Why can't a woman just act like a fan?  
Fen are so witty; I find that when I'm  
With a fan I'm assured of a very good time.  
A woman grows angry if just once you start to pettin' her.

BICKERING: How prudish!

IGGINS: What's even worse, their conversation's quite dull, too.

BICKERING: Dim-witted!

IGGINS: Would you be shocked if I should swear at my Gestetner?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGINS: Well, why can't a woman be like you?  
One fan in a hundred may watch TeeVee  
(For after all, one might see Berry there!)  
And you and I each have some small deficiency,  
But by and large we are a marvelous pair.  
Why can't a woman behave like a fan?  
Fan-thinking is calm, open-minded and free.  
We're never conceited; why, just look at me!  
If fuggheads disagree with us, we just ignore them.

BICKERING: Naturally!

IGGINS: If we get panned by Claude Hall, do we make a fuss?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGINS: We don't start feuds with them -- we quietly abhor them.

BICKERING: Quite logical!

IGGINS: Well, why can't a woman be like us?



Why can't a woman be more like a fan?  
 Why, only a fan (and I'm sure you'll agree)  
 Would pub your last-minute FAPActivity --  
 Now, take Dean Grennell, he's a typical fan.  
 Why can't a woman be a Good Man?  
 Why is thinking something women never do?  
 Read GEMZINE and you'll see just what I mean.  
 Thinking with their typer's all they ever do;  
 I doubt they even keep their typers clean!  
 Why can't a woman be more like a fan?  
 If I were a woman who'd been to a con,  
 Been made Guest of Honor, and such goings-on,  
 Would I start weeping as though I had due cause for sadness?  
 Act like I'd lost all rationality?  
 Would I run off and not announce my change of address?  
 Well, why can't a woman...be like me?

XI. Iggens finally finds out where Martha has moved to, and visits her. When asked why she left him, she delivers a tirade:

MARTHA: What a fool I was, what a dull, fuggheaded fool,  
 To think you were the earth and sky!  
 What a fool I was, what a bright-eyed, simple fool,  
 What a neofannish fool was I!  
 No, my trufannish-type friend,  
 You are not the beginning and the end!  
 There'll be cons every year without you;  
 FAPA still will be here without you.  
 There'll be good old J.D.,  
 There'll be I.S.F.C.C.,  
 Quinn will still send if free without you!  
 SCIENCE FICTION TIMES will thrive without you;  
 Somehow Forry will survive without you;  
 And there still will be blög  
 Where they snog in the fog.  
 LassFass will meet in the smog without you ---  
 We can do without you!  
 You, mighty drinker who's always plastered --  
 You're just a stupid Cosmic-minded crackpot!  
 We'll have South Gate in '58 without you,  
 (That con too will start late without you),  
 And if you must know, dear, Milwaukee still will make bheer without you!  
 Without your buying them, the prozines survive;  
 Without your carrying them, the mails arrive;  
 Without you lifting, drinkers all get high --  
 If they can get along without you, so can I!  
 I can still be well-known without you;  
 I can pub on my own without you.  
 So go 'way, little man, I can still be a fan without you!

XII. Iggens subsequently learns that Martha is to marry Freddie Bunker-Hill. Alone at home, he mixes himself a nuclear fizz, and reflects that it is nowhere near as good as the fizzes Martha mixes....

IGGENS: Fout, fout, fout, fout!  
 I've grown accustomed to her fizz!  
 She makes house-cleaning seem worthwhile --

I've grown accustomed to the aisles she's cleared through messy piles,  
And I'm not bothered by the glare from polished silverware.  
It's quite familiar to me now,  
This cleaning-up and putting-away,  
My home was so superbly fannish, quite a wreck before we met;  
Sure, I could just mess it up that way again...and yet  
I've grown accustomed to her typer,  
Quite fond of her LP's,  
Accustomed to her fizz.

Marry Freddie! What a starry-eyed idea! What a goshwowboyoboyish thing  
to do! She'll regret it! She'll regret it! It's doomed before they  
even reach the altar.

I can see her now, Mrs. Freddie Bunker-Hill, in a small apartment load-  
ed down with stf.  
Bunker-Hill turns out impotent, but his wife's a woman still, so she's  
mothering the good old N3F!  
Each member now becomes her son or daughter, and the Welcomittee's  
her delivery room;  
She'll continue this perverted life he's brought her till the day she's  
laid to rest inside her tomb!

HAH!

But perhaps she'll see the error in her way, and she'll leave poor  
frigid Freddie in the lurch.  
Then she'll come to me and kneel to me and say, "You were right, you  
should have stopped us at the church."

HAH!

Poor, dear Martha! How simply frightful!  
How degrading! How delightful!  
How gratified I'll be when she begs me to take her back,  
When she huddles on her knees outside my door,  
Maternally frustrated, all for Freddie's lack --  
Shall I take her in, or send her right back home?  
Should she live with me, or ever after roam? ...  
I'm a most forgiving fan;  
The sort who never could, never would  
Get into a feud, then carry a life-long grudge.  
Just a most forgiving fan...BUT  
I will never take her back, though she be crying in the snow!  
Let her say that from now on she'll do all assembly-work!  
I shall very coldly tell her where to go!  
Marry Freddie -- HAH!

But I'm so used to hear her play "The Planets" every day,  
Its highs; its lows, the way the ending goes --  
Of course, I could just buy the thing  
And get all this off my mind....  
I'm very glad she's not trufannish; I can treat her like a pet,  
Rather like a lower form of life that talks -- and yet  
I've grown accustomed to the trace  
Of....something....in this drink --  
Accustomed to her fizz.

(Iggens disgustedly throws his drink into the fire. Martha enters; they embrace.  
Curtain.)

EPILOGUE: The next day Iggens and Martha have an argument, and Martha leaves again.

She marries Freddie and lives nappily ever after, Iggens remains a confirmed old bachelor, and George Bernard Shaw is content.\*

\*"In a long addendum to 'Pygmalion,' Shaw insisted for several pages that Higgins would always remain a bachelor and pupil Eliza would marry her young suitor, Freddie Eynsford-Hill. To assume that the heroine of a romance 'must have married the hero of it' is 'unbearable,' Shaw snorted."

- - - Time Magazine, July 23, 1956.

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# SIR FANALOT'S LAMENT

BY BRUCE PELZ

If ever I should publish,  
It wouldn't be in OMPA --  
Reading what's in OMPA  
Would bore me to tears!  
Reluctant officials;  
Ghod-awful AE's;  
Turnover so rapid  
It creates a breeze!

Music: "If Ever I Should Leave Thee," from "Camelot." Words reprinted from Het Время 70 Februáry, 1966
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But if I'd ever publish,  
It couldn't be in FAPA --  
Getting into FAPA  
Takes nine or ten years!  
I've seen waiting-listers  
Grow old and expire  
Ere they won to FAPA --  
"Brilliant Deadwood"'s mire.

And could I publish reams of in-group-type SAPS MC's?  
Or could I do whole fanzines full of trivialities?

If ever I should publish,  
How could I publish genzines;  
Knowing that from fen zines  
Like this just get sneers?  
To hell, then, with genzines,  
FAPA, OMPA, and SAPS --  
There's nothing left but GAFIA --  
Or TAPS....

# TWO HUNDRED MILLION MILLION MILES

Words and music by  
TOM DIGBY

When I was young I left my world be-hind (Two hun-dred mil-lion mil-lion miles)  
To seek ad-ven-ture, to see what I would find (Two hun-dred mil-lion mil-lion  
Chorus: miles) It's a long, long, long, long, long, long way back home, Two hun-dred  
mil-lion mil-lion miles. Why did I ev-er get the urge to roam Two hun-dred  
mil-lion mil-lion miles? Two hun-dred mil-lion mil-lion miles.

2. The sunshine's different and the air smells strange  
(Two hundred million million miles)  
The night sky looks a little rearranged  
(Two hundred million million miles) CHORUS:
3. Oh, night times finds me looking for my star  
(Two hundred million million miles) --  
The star that shines where all my people are  
(Two hundred million million miles). CHORUS:
4. I think that I'll be going back some day,  
Two hundred million million miles;  
I'll get on board that ship and on my way  
Two hundred million million miles. CHORUS:

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First published in APA L 105,  
20 October 1966.

# A QUARTER MILLION SUNSETS WORTH OF LONELY

Words and music by

TOM DIGBY

$\text{♩} = 90$

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 90. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, with lyrics 'I'm a strang-er and a-lone, An or-phan out of time, Wand'-ring in a'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'world I know was nev-er meant for me. And I'm a quart-er mil-lion sun-sets'. The third staff concludes the first line with the lyrics 'worth of lone-ly.' Chord symbols are written above the notes: Em, D, Em, D, Em, Am, F, D, Em, C, G, Em, D, B7, Em, Am, B7, D, B7, Em.

I'm a strang-er and a-lone, An or-phan out of time, Wand'-ring in a  
world I know was nev-er meant for me. And I'm a quart-er mil-lion sun-sets  
worth of lone-ly.

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First publication.

2. To tomorrow I belong,  
Full seven hundred years --  
Farther from today than when Columbus sailed the sea --  
And I'm a quarter million sunsets worth of lonely.
3. I had meant to spend a while  
Exploring yesterday;  
Then I found my time machine was stranded on your shore,  
And I'm a quarter million sunsets worth of lonely.
4. I'm reminded of some lines  
By poets yet unborn,  
Written in a language that will someday come to be.  
And I'm a quarter million sunsets worth of lonely.

# No More Fans

Words by Bruce Pelz

There ain't no more fans in the LAS-FASS an - y - more, Oh, oh, oh.....

Just fugg-heads be-hind and Black-guards be-FORE! Oh----- oh.....

2. I wish you'd been here back in forty-and-three, Oh, oh, oh...  
When the Ack burned the Bibles, to Bixel Street's glee, Oh, oh.... .
3. I wish you'd been here when the Laney insurged, Oh, oh, oh...  
His greatest composition was LASFASS's dirge, Oh, oh..... .
4. LASFASS membership now numbers 800 souls, Oh, oh, oh....  
200 are dead, but they're still on the rolls, Oh, oh..... .
5. If I had a mailing list of 300 names, Oh, oh, oh.....  
I'd gafiate quickly, and play other games, Oh, oh..... .
6. Oh, why don't they let that SHAGGY crudzine fold, Oh, oh, oh.....  
It's been so bad so long that it's covered with mould, Oh, oh..... .
7. Each week for years we've pubbed for old APA L, Oh, oh, oh.....  
We'll sure go to Heav'n, 'cause we've been through Hell, Oh, oh..... .
8. Oh, LASFASS has been filled with fuggheads, feuders, and queers, Oh, oh, oh...  
But it still staggers on, after thirty-some years, Oh, oh..... .
9. There ain't no more fans in the LASFASS anymore, Oh, oh, oh.....  
Just fuggheads behind and Blackguards be-FORE! Oh, oh..... .

Tune: "No More Cane On the Brazos"

First published in

APA L 112, 8 Dec. 1966

# The Duke of Normandy

words by RANDALL GARRETT

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (E7, F#m, Bm, B, E, A) are placed above the staff to indicate accompaniment. The lyrics are: "There was a ship of the An-glo-French Na-vy, And the name of the ship was the Duke of Nor-man-dy, And they feared she would be ta-ken by the Po-lish en-em-y, As she sailed up-on the North-land, North-land, North-land, She sailed up-on the North-land Sea."

2. So they took on board a sorceror who bore a strange machine;  
It was flaréd at the muzzle, of a bright metallic sheen --  
A projector of confusion for the Polish magazine  
As she sailed upon the Northland Sea.
3. From a fogbank to the windward came the Polish -- one, two, three!  
And numerous and mighty were their ships' artillery  
As they bore down upon the hapless Duke of Normandy  
For to sink her in the Northland Sea!
4. Then the call came, "Battle Stations!," and they set her helm allee!  
Though she turned her fantail towards them, she did not intend to flee,  
For her only hope of winning was the use of sorcery  
As she sailed upon the Northland Sea.
5. Then the sorceror called out to the little cabin boy,  
And said, "Will you assist me their teamwork to destroy?"  
And the lad stared fascinated at this strange and wondrous toy  
As they sailed upon the Northland Sea.
6. Then they set up the projector, and they braced it tight and well,  
And the wizard started chanting as he aimed the muzzle bell,  
To entrap the Polish gunners in the network of his spell,  
As they sailed upon the Northland Sea.

7. But before the spell was finished came a roar across the sea --  
The thunder of a broadside from the Polish battery!  
And the wizard toppled headless as the ship rolled heavily,  
And he fell into the Northland Sea!
8. Then the Benedictine Chaplain, who had seen the wizard fall,  
Cried out unto the Captain, "They have doomed us with that ball!  
We must either strike our colors, or we'll die here one and all --  
And we'll sink beneath the Northland Sea!"
9. "We will never strike our colors!" came the Captain's mighty shout,  
"Gunners! Ready for a broadside! Helmsman! Bring her close about!  
For we yet may win a victory before this day is out --  
And we'll sink them in the Northland Sea!"
10. But the Polish crewmen faltered with their victory so near,  
And the loaders' fingers fumbled, and the gunners acted queer.  
There was soon confusion rampant on the *Baron Wladimir*  
As she wallowed in the Northland Sea.
11. Then there came a blazing broadside from the *Duke of Normandy*,  
And a hole was blown amidships in the *Margrav Sigurski*,  
While her gunners slipped and staggered as if on a drunken spree,  
As she floundered in the Northland Sea.
12. Aboard the *Crown Prince Sigismund* the order came too late;  
For a vast explosion forward sealed that mighty vessel's fate --  
Accidental detonation by her own chief gunner's mate!  
As she listed in the Northland Sea.
13. Then the captain of the *Normandy* commanded, "Hold your fire!"  
For the *Sigurski* was sinking and the *Sigismund* a pyre,  
While the *Wladimir* turned eastward in her hurry to retire  
As she fled across the Northland Sea.
14. Then the Normans watched the spectacle and shouted in their glee,  
And they cheered their valiant Captain who had brought them victory.  
But the Captain shouted, "Hold, lads -- little credit goes to me  
For the fight across the Northland Sea.
15. "The man you cheer should be the one who did the Poles destroy!"  
Then he pointed to the aft rail, where, beside his magic toy,  
With his fingers on the triggers, sat the little cabin boy,  
As he aimed across the Northland Sea.
16. Said the Benedictine Father, "Oh, my God, I cannot see  
How a child of but ten summers knows such mighty wizardry!  
What a powerful and penetrating Talent his must be,  
For he won upon the Northland Sea!"
17. So the crewmen all acclaimed him as the lad stood modestly,  
And the Captain said, "The King himself shall hear of this from me!"  
And the Chaplain said, "I'll take him to the School of Sorcery  
When we're home across the Northland Sea!"

Tune: "Golden Vanity"

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# THE LAY OF GIL-GALAD

Gil-gal-ad was an elv-en king. Of him the harp-ers sad-ly sing. The last  
whose realm was fair and free Be-tween the mount-ains and the sea His  
sword was long, his lance was keen His shin-ing helm a-far was seen; the  
count-less stars of heav-en's field were mir-rored in his sil-ver shield  
But long a-go he rode a-way, and where he dwel-leth none can say; for in-to  
dark-ness fell his star in Mor-dor where the shad-ows are.

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Words: J. R. R. TOLKIEN

Music: LEN BAILES

# SLAN

by Randall Garrett

(Tune: "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

Our tale begins with Jommy Cross, a Slan lad who's pursued  
By Petty, Secret Service boss, a fellow mean and shrewd.

It seems, you see, that every Slan is something of a superman,  
So humans have pronounced a ban  
Which starts an awful feud.

Young Jommy, who's a telepath, escapes and meets olf Gran.

She feeds him, makes him take a bath, and then begins to plan.

She hates to live in filth and grime; she don't like starving all the time.  
And so she plans a life of crime,  
For which she needs a Slan.

The scene now shifts some miles away, where, in a palace grand,  
A plot is laid to murder Gray, the ruler of the land.

The plot is foiled by Sweet Kathleen, a female Slan, the heroine,  
Whose telepathic mind has seen  
How Gray's demise was planned.

With Katie's aid, the entire gang is mopped up neat and clean.

Says Gray, "You done that with a bang, so lend an ear, Kathleen:

"The law says all Slans must be shot, and that puts you upon the spot,  
"But since you helped me foil that plot,  
"I could not be so mean."

Meanwhile, young Cross, against his will, has started stealing, which  
Has helped Gran fill her coffers 'til the pair are filthy rich.

Unknown to Granny, Jommy's found, in someplace hidden underground,  
A gun his father left around,  
Concealed there in a niche.

One day, while thinking of his woes, he bumps into a pair  
Of older Slans to whom he shows the tendrils in his hair.

There are two types of Slan, we find: the tendrillless and tendrilled kind.  
The former cannot read your mind.  
But these two don't play fair.

They chase him; Jommy runs like hell. He hears them call him "Snake!"  
He says, "They don't have tendrils! Well, that's more than I can take.

"Although I'm in an awful mess, since them two Slans is tendrillless,  
"If I escape, they'll see, I guess,  
"They made a bad mistake."

Without delay he gets away, and starts in making plans  
To hunt until he finds, someday, the true, or tendrilled, Slans.

For this he needs a spaceship, so, since he knows just the place to go,  
He quickly packs up all his dough,  
And also most of Gran's.

The Slans (not tendrilled) have a lair, and Jommy knows they've got  
A hot-rod spaceship hidden there. He sneaks off to the spot,

And giving all the guards the slip he climbs into the rocket ship,  
Sits down and gives the switch a flip  
And takes off like a shot.

The Slans' gigantic super ships are cruising all around.  
 Says Cross, "I'll run from all these drips to where I can't be found!"  
 "They think they've got me on the run? Well, brother, watch me have some fun!"  
 He turns on pappy's atom gun  
 And dives into the ground!  
 The space ship's now well-hidden, so he says, "I'll never rest  
 "Until I find true Slans. I'll go and do my very best."  
 He knows, no matter where they are, they can't have gone so very far,  
 And so he builds a super car and starts off on his quest.  
 Now let's get back to Sweet Kathleen: she's double-crossed by Gray.  
 He says in manner quite serene that, on that very day,  
 She must become the mistress of a gentleman she doesn't love.  
 "Oh, hell," says Kate, "I guess I'll shove!" And quickly runs away.  
 She's chased by Petty (You know him: the Secret Service boss.)  
 She flees into a cavern dim, all full of dust and moss.  
 Now, to an author, nothing beats all these coincidental feats,  
 So who do you suppose she meets? You guessed it -- Jommy Cross.  
 So down the cavern halls they walk. "Well, this is great," says he.  
 (Of course, instead of normal talk, they use telepathy.)  
 She says, "I ran from Petty, but he'll never find me here, the mutt!"  
 And Jommy Cross, the stupid nut, says, "Yes, dear, I agree."  
 He really pulls a boner then, a stunt I can't condone.  
 He leaves her. Petty and his men find Katie all alone.  
 Then Petty shoots her through the head. He fills her noggin full of lead  
 And Sweet Kathleen falls over dead. She doesn't even groan.  
 Poor Jommy slams his auto door and drives away in tears.  
 Of course, he gets away once more. We now skip seven years.  
 The Slans are up to their old tricks. They raid his hideout in the sticks.  
 Poor Jommy's in an awful fix, in trouble to his ears.  
 With rays they blast his hideout and he runs out into space.  
 Although they have the upper hand, they're led a merry chase.  
 I hardly think I need to say that once again he gets away.  
 He does it twenty times a day. By now it's commonplace.  
 He goes to Mars because he thinks the tendrilled Slans are there.  
 He soon finds this idea stinks. They're not there anywhere.  
 "A most disgusting state," says he. "The only place that they can be  
 "Is highly dangerous to me. I wonder if I dare?"  
 So back on Earth he sneaks into the offices of Gray.  
 He's caught and Gray says, "This won't do; I fear you'll have to pay."  
 For Gray, it seems, is not a man. Instead we find that he's a Slan.  
 Says Gray, "I do not think you can expect to get away."  
 Our Jommy shrugs and says, "Pooh! Pooh!" and gives his head a toss.  
 Gray grins and shouts, "Hooray for you! You must be Jommy Cross!"  
 "My daughter, Kathleen Layton Gray, is somehow still alive today."  
 Poor Jommy nearly faints away, he's thrown for such a loss.  
 The story's ended at this spot. I hope you get the gist.  
 This is a Dickens of a plot. The point cannot be missed:  
 The story of a little boy pursued by all the hoi polloi.  
 So A.E. Van, we note with joy,  
 Gives us a brand new Twist.

# CAPTAIN - FUTURE MEETS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

Or,

## *Alas, Who Loves A Spaceman?*

An Entirely Original Space Operetta  
by Stephen and Virginia Schultheis

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

First Presented, five years later than originally intended, at Westercon XX, July 1, 1967  
at the Sheraton West Hotel, Los Angeles, with the following cast:

Captain Future, aka Curtis Newton.....Ted Johnstone  
Otho, an android.....Chuck Crayne  
Simon Wright, a disembodied brain.....himself  
Grag, a robot.....Len Bailes  
Little Asteroid.....Sally Crayne  
Ezra Gurney, Marshal of the Patrol.....Fred Patten \*  
Joan Randall, fiancée of Capt. Future..Lois Lavender  
The Master of the Universe.....Bruce Pelz\*\*

Director: Dian Pelz  
Accompanist: Katya Hulan

Originally intended for Westercon XV, 1962, and delayed for all the usual reasons resulting from attempts to get fans to work cooperatively, the actual presentation of this opera was eventually achieved through the stubbornness of Len Bailes, who took much time to flatter persuade and cajole the necessary people into cooperation.

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\* Part written for Edmond Hamilton.

\*\* Part written for Isaac Asimov.

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The Dirty Doily Opera Company  
takes great pleasure in presenting  
an entirely original space operetta, entitled

CAPTAIN FUTURE MEETS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The overture, Maestro, if you please.

(Overture to H.M.S. Pinafore)

Scene: CAPTAIN FUTURE's secret laboratory on the Moon.

(Enter the Futuremen: OTHO, SIMON WRIGHT, and GRAG.)

SONG -- OTHO and GRAG ("We sail the ocean blue")

We are the Futuremen,  
In the prozines we've no equals,  
Produced by Hamilton  
In an endless chain of sequels.  
When adventure we find  
Of any kind  
We're slaves of the plot all day;  
We have evil to fight  
Morning, noon, and night,  
Without any time for play --

OTHO: Oh, my! Oh, my!

GRAG: When adventure we find

OTHO: Oh, my! Oh, my!

GRAG: Of any kind,

BOTH: We're slaves of the plot, of the plot all day.

We are the Futuremen,  
In the prozines we've no equals,  
Produced by Hamilton  
In an endless chain of sequels.  
In prozines we've no equals  
For an endless chain of sequels --  
Produced by Hamilton,  
We are the Fuuu-turemen!

(Enter LITTLE ASTEROID, singing. ) ("I'm called Little Buttercup.")

AST: I'm called Little Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid --  
Though I have never known why,  
But still I'm called Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid --  
Sweet Little Asteroid I!

In this occupation, with re-juvenation,  
I've been here a lifetime or two;  
The Futuremen's menial, I've found them a genial,  
If somewhat peculiar crew.

But still I adore them, for here long before them,  
I served him who brought them to life;  
Who came here for science, with me in reliance,  
To care for his pregnant young wife.

I brewed up the juices for and-er-oid uses,  
And tenderly heated the vat;  
A robot's proponent, I checked each component --  
No mother could do more than that.

With Simon Wright's body uncommonly shoddy,  
'Twas I who restored him to health;

OTHO: Tip-top shape!

AST: And infant Curt Newton, I nursed from a shoot, un-  
To dear Captain Future himself.

So here is your Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid,  
Waiting to welcome you home;  
Oh, pity your Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid,  
Always, oh always, alone!

GRAG: Cheer up, Little Asteroid. We have returned, victorious and triumphant as usual.  
You are no longer alone. Ah, Little Asteroid, how delightful it is to come  
back to our beloved secret laboratory on the Moon, after a long and peri-  
ous voyage, to find it made cheerful and homelike by so charming and  
ageless a creature as yourself.

AST: Oh, sir!

OTHO: Pay no attention to him, Little Asteroid. He's been plugging 19th Century novel  
tapes into his memory bank again. Disgusting habit! But why so sad, Little  
Asteroid? You should be happy to see us home once more.

AST: Oh, Otho, Simon, Grag, I am happy to see you back; but my heart is heavy with a  
secret sorrow!

GRAG: You mean your liver.

OTHO: Grag, why don't you just erase all data prior to the 20th Century? Your memory  
should be the better for it.

GRAG: Otho, in this metal breast burns the soul of a poet. It's a pity that your fish-  
cold cadaver harbours only a dead thing.

OTHO: Little do you know, you rusted fugitive from the junk yard. (Aside:) Alas, little  
do they know! (To AST.:) Despite the rude remarks of this tin-plated  
tank, Little Asteroid, I can sympathize with your lonely plight; but I  
cannot console you, for alas! I am but a sexless android.

GRAG: Try not to feel neglected due to our depthless characters and preoccupation with  
the plot, Little Asteroid. We're all right in our way -- in the right  
magazines.

AST: Oh, Grag, Simon, Otho, that's not entirely the problem. The sorrow I bear is more  
than that. And it must remain a secret. But let us talk of other things:  
of your latest glorious adventure, from which you naturally emerged tri-  
umphant --

GRAG and OTHO: Naturally!

AST: -- and of the usual heroics of our beloved Captain  
Future. Where is our dear Curt Newton?

GRAG and OTHO: Here he comes now!

(Enter CURT, singing) ("I am the Captain of the Pinafore")

CURT: I'm Captain Future of the Futuremen;

ALL: And a bonified genius, too!

CURT: I'm very, very good,  
And I want it understood  
I command a right good crew.

ALL: He's very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
He commands a right good crew.

CURT: Though human was I born,  
I hold weaknesses in scorn,  
And laugh in danger's face;  
My steely eyes can stem  
The fury of a beam,  
And I'm never, never sick in space!

ALL: What, never?

CURT: No, never!

ALL: What, never?

CURT: Well, hardly ever!

ALL: He's hardly ever sick in space!  
So give three cheers and cheer again,  
For Captain Future of the Futuremen!  
So give three cheers and cheer again,  
For the captain of the Futuremen!

CURT: As a pulpzine hero, I reign supreme --

ALL: There are none as good as you!

CURT: I was raised by a robot,  
And a disembodied brain,  
And an android my father grew.

ALL: He was raised by a robot,  
And a disembodied brain,  
And an android his father grew.

CURT: Though my education strange,  
Magnificent its range;  
There's nothing that I do not dare.  
All fen my praises sing,  
For I a Sense of Wonder bring,  
And I never, never ever swear!

ALL: What, never?

CURT: No, never!

ALL: What, never?

CURT: Well, hardly ever!

ALL: We hardly ever hear him swear!  
So give three cheers, and cheer again,  
For Captain Future of the Futuremen!  
So give three cheers, and cheer again,  
For the captain of the Futuremen!

CURT: Nothing like a hearty welcome! My, it's great to be home again, in my secret laboratory on the Moon, and to see your poor, sad face ~~once more~~, Little Asteroid. Still as sweet and sexy as you've been for the last 87 years, I see.

AST: Yes sir, dear Captain Future, sir. And you, I take it, are as triumphant and as virtuous as ever?

CURT: Naturally! (Buzzer offstage)

GRAG: The entrance alarm! Who can it be?

CURT: It must be Joan Randall, my breathtakingly beautiful fiancée, and old Ezra Gurney, Marshal of the Planet Patrol and friend of my late beloved father and mother, whom I asked to come here to discuss our latest adventure and to view the vile despicable monster we brought back as a prisoner; and if it isn't Joan Randall and old Ezra Gurney, whoever it is will be splattered in bloody little bits all over Tycho Crater by now...so there's no reason to be concerned.

OTHO: Unless it's Joan and Ezra who're splattered in bloody little bits all over Tycho Crater. One never knows. (Buzzer, in code.)

CURT: It is Joan and Ezra. Grag, our dear friends will want to see our outlandish prisoner. Why don't you bring it out, after we've greeted them?

GRAG: Right, Chief!

CURT: Well, Little Asteroid, answer the door. Don't keep our dear friends waiting.

AST: Yes, sir.

Here, as pulp plots provide,  
Comes the heroine to the hero's side;  
Wherever Curt may go,  
Joan Randall's sure her face to show,  
Never to be denied  
Her position at the hero's side --  
Never to be denied  
Her position at the hero's side --  
Her position at the hero's side. (Exit.)

("Over the bright blue sea")

GRAG, CURT and OTHO: We'll bring the monster out,  
Introduce a note of horror,  
And that, without a doubt,  
Will create a real furor.  
We are, we are the Futuremen,  
In the prozines we've no equals,  
Produced by Edmond Hamilton  
In an endless chain of sequels --  
Edmond, Edmond Hamilton --

("Sir Joseph's barge is seen")



We'll move the plot along;  
Prepare our deeds to chee-er;  
Intelligent and strong,  
None are so smart as we are.

(Enter JOAN RANDALL followed by EZRA GURNEY)

JOAN: Gaily tripping,  
Lightly skipping,  
With love interest plot equipping --  
Gaily tripping,  
Lightly skipping,  
With love interest plot equipping --

ALL: Bergey babe with beauty dripping,  
We the scene are now equipping.

JOAN: Heroes brightly,  
Always tritely  
Welcome heroines politely.

ALL: Heroines demure but sightly,  
Heroes welcome most politely;  
Welcome most politely.

JOAN: Heroes brightly  
Always tritely  
Welcome heroines politely.

JOAN AND MEN: Gaily -- tripping -- lightly -- skipping.  
Heroes always welcome heroines politely.

JOAN: Oh, Curtis, my darling, kiss me!

CURT: But Joan dear, I kissed you just last month. Wasn't that enough?

JOAN: That was in a different story, you fool. I have another clinch coming in this installment.

CURT: But not until the last page, beloved; not until I've rescued you from some indescribable horror.

JOAN: Sorry her lot who loves too well,  
Seeking the heart of a pulpzine hero;  
Sad are the sighs that hold no spell,  
Lost in a plot where sex is zero.  
Sorry her lot, who loves too well,  
Seeking the heart of a pulpzine hero.  
Deep in frustration the heart must moan,  
When love is alive and sex unknown --  
When love is alive, and sex unknown.

("A maiden fair to see")

OTHO: A sexy babe to see,  
From Bergey cover she,  
Her charms near super-human;  
Her sex so glorified,  
To render her the pride  
And joy of any true man.

JOAN (Sadly): The joy of any true man.

OTHO: Unhappy now is she,  
Frustrated misery  
Must be her lot 'til ending;  
Her kisses she would grant,  
Her hero to enchant,  
But he remains unbending.

JOAN (Sadly): But he remains unbending.

OTHO: To comfort her I would,  
For I have understood  
Her heart by not a man joyed;  
Oh, pity, pity me!  
Curt Newton's sweetheart she,  
And I, a sexless android!  
Oh, pity, pity me!  
Curt Newton's sweetheart she,  
And I, a sexless android!

EZRA: Well, Curtis, what vile menace did you defeat in this latest escapade? (GRAG exits.) You've summoned us all the way up here to relate another of your tiresome adventures, so you might as well get on with it.

JOAN: Ezra, sir, Curt's adventures are not tiresome! He gets the most virile look on his face when he talks about all the world-wreckers he's blasted.

EZRA: Yes, Joan, but you and I go on and on, just sitting on our cans while Curt and the Futuremen defeat one indescribable horror after another. What was it this time, Curt?

CURT: I can't describe it, Ez. Here's Grag, bringing it in now.

(Enter THE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE, followed by GRAG, who covers him with a blaster.)

EZRA: That's an indescribable horror?

JOAN: A bug-eyed monster!

CURT: Not just any old bug-eyed monster: The Master of the Universe!

M.U. (Vilely): Aye!

The Master of the Universe,  
The menace which all races curse,  
In ignominious bondage here --

CURT: With force rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL: With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear!  
With tractor beams we've nothing to fear!

M.U.: Though alien my shape,  
I like Bergey babes to rape;  
For a non-terrestrial, my tastes are queer --

CURT: With force rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL: With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear!  
 With tractor beams we've nothing to fear!

M.U.: But when I'm loose in space,  
 If you meet me face to face,  
 My vileness will shrivel all that you hold dear --

CURT: With force rays and tractor beams you've nothing to fear!

ALL: With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear!

CURT and ALL: With force rays and tractor beams we've nothing to fear,  
 For tractor beam and force ray  
 Will make holding him just horseplay,  
 Never fear!

# SONG -- MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

When I was a lad I served a term  
 As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
 I studied law, and it was my pride  
 To incorporate convention fandom on the side.

ALL: He incorporated S.F. fandom on the side!

Incorporating fandom was so perverse.  
 That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL: Incorporating fandom was so perverse,  
 That now he is the Master of the Universe.

A corp'rate body was such a tool,  
 That soon as legal-beagle I could rule.  
 I made my mark setting precedents  
 By suing all the officers for 98¢.

ALL: He sued all the officers for 98¢!

And suing all the officers was so much worse,  
 That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL: And suing all the officers was so much worse,  
 That now he is the Master of the Universe.

Though new in fandom, I gained such fame  
 That a Big Name Monster I soon became.  
 As B.N.M. I needed dough,  
 And I ended all my problems then by turning pro.

ALL: He ended all his problems then by turning pro!

So many times in theory did I space traverse,  
 That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL: So many times in theory did he space ~~traverse~~,  
 That now he is the Master of the Universe.

I hacked and scribbled, and so much did I write  
 That I brainwashed every reader overnight.

The system adopted my theory,  
And made me Vice-Adm'ral of the Space Navee.

ALL: They made him Vice-Adm'ral of the Space Navee!

And that one vice I did so rehearse,  
That now I am the Master of the Universe.

ALL: And that one vice he did so rehearse,  
That now he is the Master of the Universe.

My love of power and my legal mind  
Quickly placed me above all monster-kind.  
My rapid rise and my cosmic brain  
Should make the fact that I am star-begotten plain.

ALL: The simple fact he's a misbegotten pain!

Though heroes brave may rant and curse,  
I was born to be the Master of the Universe.

ALL: No matter how we may suppress this curse,  
He still thinks he's the Master of the Universe.

Now Earthmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to be as vile as me,  
And have pros tremble at your lofty glower,  
While every femmefan yields completely to your power --

ALL: While every femmefan yields completely to your power --

Take over fandom, and without reverse,  
You all may be Masters of the Universe.

ALL: Take over fandom, and without reverse,  
You all may be Masters of the Universe!

(ASTEROID enters)

AST: Ahem! Dinner is served.

CURT: My, it'll be good to have a home-cooked meal again!

OTHO: Yes, Grag's last turn in the galley seemed to last forever. (To GRAG) Why d'you  
always have to cook everything with a welding-torch?

JOAN (Indicating M.U.): What about him?

CURT: Oh, he doesn't eat terrestrial food,

M.U. (Aside): No. Just terrestrials!

(Exeunt all but JOAN and M.U.)

JOAN: Oh!

M.U.: Just a minute, girley! While your virtuous hero's concerned with stuffing his  
stomach, how 'bout you and me pitching a little woo?

JOAN: Never!

SONG -- JOAN

("Refrain, audacious tar")

Refrain, you nasty bem,  
 Your pass from making!  
 Your lust I must condemn;  
 I'm not partaking!  
 Refrain, you nasty bem,  
 Your pass from making!  
 Your lust I must condemn;  
 I'm not partaking!  
 Refrain, you nasty bem!  
 Your lust I must condemn!

(Aside) I long for hero pure  
 To be my lover,  
 If way through Curt's cold shell  
 I could discover.  
 I long for hero pure  
 To be my lover,  
 If way through Curt's cold shell  
 I could discover. (Exit.)

(Enter LITTLE ASTEROID.)

AST: I'm called Little Asteroid -- poor Little Asteroid --  
 Though I have never known why,  
 But still I'm called Asteroid -- sweet Little Asteroid --  
 Dear Little Asteroid, I!

M.U.: Ah, Little Asteroid, poor Little Asteroid. And why so sad and pensive, my charming trollop?

AST: Oh, sir, my heart is heavy with a secret sorrow.

M.U.: Unburden your heart to me, Little Asteroid. Perhaps I can help.

AST: Oh, sir, you cannot, sir. Though, indeed, you are a fine specimen of a monster.  
 But my secret sorrow is something deeper and more tragic than that.

M.U.: (Aside) Ah, it appears that all is not well in this den of virtue! (To AST):  
 You can confide in me, Little Asteroid. I am not one of the Futuremen,  
 and your secret will not pass my lips. (Aside): Heh, heh, heh!

AST: Oh, sir, it has been so many years that I have longed to deliver myself of  
 this guilty secret. It must not be known to another soul.

SONG -- ASTEROID

A many years ago,  
 Before rejuvenation,  
 As everyone must know,  
 I was nursemaid at this station.

M.U.: A pregnant situation;  
 Before rejuvenation,  
 She was nursemaid at this station,  
 A many years ago.

(Enter rest of cast, slowly.)

AST: Two tender babes I nursed  
On milk and on albumen;  
My master's child the first --  
The other was non-human.

M.U.: Does this the plot illumine,  
That one was fed albumen?  
The other one was human,  
A many years ago.

AST: The secret now I bare:  
A mixup brought disaster.  
I fed the android's fare  
To the child of my master.

M.U.: The truth is coming faster:  
A mixup brought disaster  
To the child of her dead master,  
A many years ago.

AST: The human lad became  
A pale, frustrated creature.  
The android won acclaim  
As beloved Captain Future!

M.U. (To CURT): AH, HAAAAA! You vat-born creature,  
Switched with your human teacher  
Ere Hamilton wrote this feature,

M.U. and AST: A many years ago!

(Exit AST.)

M.U.: How, now, my pink-fleshed cadaver! Just think of the years you've spent saving  
Terra from one unmentionable menace after another. And for what? How  
have they rewarded you? You're still a lousy Captain in the Planet  
Patrol! And now that they know you're an android -- what now? They'll  
spit on you! You'll be dirt under their feet! But hold! I can help  
you!  
Deliver me: free me from these force rays and tractor beams, and I can give  
you whatever you desire. Wealth! Power! I'll make you overlord of a  
system: Capella! Vega! Take your choice!

CURT: All you say may be true, but I am still a Futureman!

ALL: He is a Futureman! ("For he is an Englishman")

GRAG: For he himself has said it,  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is a Futureman!

ALL: That he is a Futureman!

GRAG: For he might have been Altairan,  
Bellatrix or Aldebaran,  
Even Beeteljuice-eye-an!

ALL: Even Beeteljuice-eye-an!

GRAG and ALL: But no matter how they twist 'im  
 To join another system,  
 He remains a Futureman!  
 He remains a Fu-u-u-u-u-u-u-utureman!

GRAG: And he's still the Captain of the Futuremen, ("I am the Captain of  
 the Pinafore")

ALL: And a right good Captain, too!

GRAG: Before we knew his birth,  
 He had proved his sterling worth  
 As the Captain of this crew.

ALL: Before we knew his birth,  
 He had proved his sterling worth  
 As the Captain of this crew.

CURT: And now I know the facts  
 Of what my emotion lacks,  
 I can go my hero's way;  
 Defending worlds from bems,  
 Quite immune to sexy femmes --  
 I shall never regret this day!

GRAG and ALL: What, never?

CURT: No, never!

GRAG and ALL: What never?

CURT: Well, hardly ever!

GRAG and ALL: Hardly ever he'll regret this day!

So give three cheers, and cheer again,  
 For Captain Future of the Futuremen!  
 So give three cheers, and cheer again,  
 For the Captain of the Futuremen!

M.U.: Curses, foiled again!

OTH0: Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen!  
 A human lad I've always been;  
 And my unbidden dreams of sex,  
 Which hitherto I thought a hex,  
 Seem virile now, and pure.  
 For what I yearned I had not known.  
 At last I see that it was Joan.  
 She stirred in me emotions strange,  
 But now there's been a drastic change;  
 My love is strong and sure.

M.U.: (To OTH0): So! No sooner do you learn that you've a few more hormones than  
 you thought, than you're eager to play a more virile role. It takes  
 more than that, my boy. (To JOAN): Come, my dear, your Captain Future's  
 nothing but a sexless android. Let a real male, suave and sophisto-  
 cated, a bem of the universe, show you how to make love.

JOAN: Refrain, you nasty bem,  
Your pass from making!  
Your lust I re-condemn;  
I'm not partaking!  
For Otho's love so pure  
I am returning;  
And you, oh monster vile,  
I still am spurning.  
Refrain, you nasty bem!  
Your lust I must condemn!

JOAN and OTHO: At last a love returned  
We are possessing.  
We share a taste for hug-  
Ging and caressing.

JOAN: Refrain, you nasty bem,  
Your pass from making!

OTHO: Your lust we both condemn;  
She's not partaking!

BOTH: At last a love returned we are possessing;  
We share a taste for hugging and caressing.

M.U.: Rebuffed! And I such a polished gentlebeing! Why must the unhappy villain  
be the only flaw in an otherwise supremely happy ending? Why must I  
be incarcerated here in sexless solitude, so against my lustful  
nature? Where, oh where, on this whole sterile satellite, will I  
ever find a piece of...

(Enter ASTEROID)

AST: ...Asteroid -- dear Little Asteroid --  
Though I have never known why;  
But still I'm called Asteroid -- Poor Little Asteroid --  
Sweet Little Asteroid, I!

M.U.: Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen!  
She'll come each day, my cell to clean.  
I'll, by her protests not annoyed,  
Possess a piece of Asteroid;  
Thus be my lusts allayed.

CAST: A happy ending now you see  
For all of this grand company.  
Curt Newton leads {us} on his own;  
(them)  
Staunch Otho now has won his Joan;  
The monster's found a maid.



FINALE

And {we're  
they're} still the Futuremen,

For {they themselves  
we ourselves} have said it,

And it's greatly to {their  
our} credit,

That {they  
we} are the Futuremen!

That {they  
we} are the Fu-u-u-u-u-u-turemen!

CURTAIN.

---

# CORDUROY TROUSERS

(To the tune of  
"Black Denim Trousers")

by Ted Johnstone

CHORUS: He wore corduroy trousers, a triple beanie-prop,  
And a black leather jacket with FIJAGE on the back.  
He had a hand-fed mimee that worked like a gatling gun;  
That fan was the terror of every sericon.

He never washed his face and he never combed his hair,  
He had mimeo ink imbedded underneath his fingernails;  
On the back of his right hand was a Marl'b're-type tattoo --  
A Roscoite shield done in orange, green and blue.

Oh, he had a sexy femme-fan, and her name was Mary Lou,  
But he treated her just like he treated mundane folk.  
And all the trufen faunched for her, but everytody knew  
She dug that crazy actifan the most. (CHORUS)

Oh, Mary Lou she begged him not to be a hyperfan;  
She said, "If you burn yourself out, I'll be alone again."  
But his ears were deaf, his eyes were blind, his mind became a blank  
At the rumble of that mimeo and the rattle of the crank.

He started writing like the devil, fan-fire shining in his eyes;  
He said, "I'll pub a dozen zines before the next Worldcon!"  
But he met a howling fugghead, to the N3F was bound,  
And when they searched his slanshack all they found...

Was his corduroy trousers, his triple-beanie-prop,  
And the black leather jacket with FIJAGE on the back.  
But they never found the mimeo that worked like a gatling gun,  
And they never found the terror of every sericon!

# XINGU'S SONG

WORDS: **James Thurber**

MUSIC: **Len Bailes**

Chords: C, Am, F, C, F, C, G, G7, C, Am, F, C, G, D7, G7, C, F, C, B, Em, B, B7, E, B7, E, A, B7, E.

Hark, hark! The dogs do bark, But on-ly one in three. They bark  
at those in vel- vet gowns, They nev-er bark at me. The Duke is fond  
of vel-vet gowns, He'll ask you all to tea, But I'm in rags and I'm  
in tags, He'll nev-er send for me.

Chording by  
Tom Digby

Reprinted with  
permission from  
SIMMERY AXE #1 --  
APA L 105, 10/66.

2. Hark, hark! The dogs do bark.  
The Duke is fond of kittens.  
He likes to take their insides out  
And use their fur for mittens.

Chor: The Duke is fond of velvet gowns,  
He'll ask you all to tea.  
But I'm in rags and I'm in tags,  
He'll never send for me!

3. Hark, hark! The dogs do bark.  
The cravens are going to bed.  
Some will rise and greet the sun,  
But Whisper will be dead.

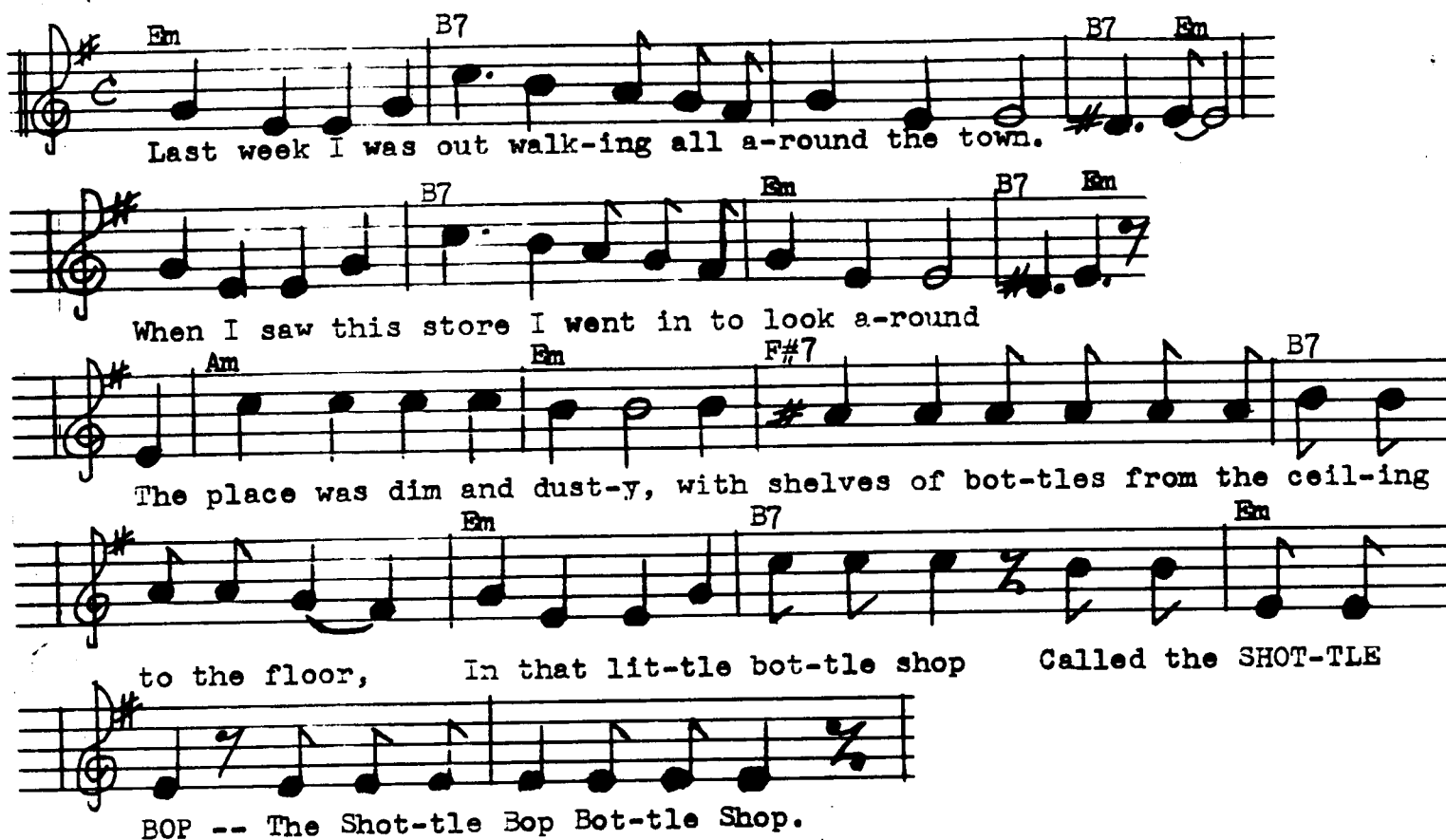
Chor:

- - - from The Thirteen Clocks

# SHOTTLE BOP

WORDS & MUSIC BY TOM DIGBY

(Verses 1, 2, 3 & 5:)



Last week I was out walk-ing all a-round the town.

When I saw this store I went in to look a-round

The place was dim and dust-y, with shelves of bot-tles from the ceil-ing

to the floor, In that lit-tle bot-tle shop Called the SHOT-TLE

BOP -- The Shot-tle Bop Bot-tle Shop.

2. There was something real strange about the things they sold.  
Every bottle there's magic, that was what I was told.  
The man behind the counter said he had anything I could desire  
In that little bottle shop  
Called the SHOTTLE BOP -- The Shottle Bop Bottle Shop.
3. You can get a real genie in a bottle here:  
All you do is pull the stopper out and he'll appear.  
And if you're feeling lonely, they have Love Potion Number Nine  
In that little bottle shop  
Called the SHOTTLE BOP -- The Shottle Bop Bottle Shop.
4. (See next page for words and music)
5. You will see some strange things if you go browsing there.  
It's like nothing else you've ever seen I do declare.  
You can get an old brown bottle containing a map of a pirate treasure  
In that little bottle shop  
Called the SHOTTLE BOP -- The Shottle Bop Bottle Shop.

(Verse 4:)

Musical score for Verse 4, featuring a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (Am, B7, Em) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "You'll nev-er find it in the tel- e -phone di-rect- o -ry. It's not ev-en in the Yel-low Pag-es 'Cause it's some-times here and some-times there But most times no-where at all. But if you have a streak of cur- i -os- i -ty And you could use a lit-tle mag-ic, There's a chance you'll dis-cov-er it sud-den-ly While you are out Walk-ing."

You'll nev-er find it in the tel- e -phone di-rect- o -ry. It's not ev-en in the Yel-low Pag-es 'Cause it's some-times here and some-times there But most times no-where at all. But if you have a streak of cur- i -os- i -ty And you could use a lit-tle mag-ic, There's a chance you'll dis-cov-er it sud-den-ly While you are out Walk-ing.

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Thomas G. Digby.

## Show Stoppers 2

BY Poul Anderson

Musical score for "Show Stoppers 2", featuring a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score consists of two staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (C, F, Am, G, D7) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "I dreamed I saw Sam Hall last night, a-live as you and me; Says I, 'But Sam, you're ten years dead!' 'God damn your eyes!' said he."

I dreamed I saw Sam Hall last night, a-live as you and me; Says I, "But Sam, you're ten years dead!" "God damn your eyes!" said he.

# NEWS FROM BABYLON

WORDS by **DON MARQUIS**

MUSIC by **BRUCE PELZ**

News-pap-er re-port: "Arch-ae-ol-o-gists have dis-cov-ered a love let-ter  
a-mong the ru-ins of Bab-y-lon." The world hath just one tale to  
tell, and it is ver-y old, A lit-tle tale - a sim-ple tale - a tale  
that's eas-y told: "There was a youth in Bab-y-lon who great-ly loved a  
maid!" The world hath just one song to sing, but sings it un-a-fraid,  
A lit-tle song - a fool-ish song - the on-ly song it hath: "There was a  
youth in As-ca-lon who loved a girl in Gath!" Ho-mer clanged it,  
O-mar twanged it, Greece and Per-sia knew! - Nim-rod's reiv-ers, Hi-ram's  
weav-ers, Hin-du, Kurd, and Jew - Crown-ing Tyre, Troy a-fire, they have

Chords: Dm, Am, Gm, F, C, Bb, F7, Dm, Bb7, F, Gm, C, F, Dm, F7, Bb7, F, C, F, G7, C, C7, Dm, G7, C, F, Bb, C7.

dreamed the dream; Ti-ber-side and Ni-lus-tide bright-ened with the  
 gleam - Oh, the su-ing, sigh-ing, woo-ing, sad and mer-ry hours, blis--  
 es tast-ed, kis-ses wast-ed, build-ing Ba-bel's towers! Hearts were  
 ach-ing, hearts were break-ing, lash-es wet with dew, When the ships  
 touched the lips of is-lands Sap-pho knew; Yearn-ing breasts and burn-  
 ing breasts, cold at last, are hid A-mid the glooms of carv-en tombs  
 in Khu-fu's pyr-a-mid - Though the sag-es, down the ag-es, smile their  
 cyn-ic doubt, Man and maid, un-a-fraid, put the schools to rout; Seek  
 to chain love and re-tain love in the bonds of breath, Vow to hold  
 love, bind and fold love ev-en un-to death! The dust of for-ty cen-

tur-ies has bur-ied Bab-y-lon, And out of all her lov-ers dead ris-es  
 on-ly one; Ris-es with a song to sing and laugh-ter in his eyes, The  
 old song - the on-ly song - for all the rest are lies! For, oh, the  
 world has just one dream, and it is ver-y old - 'Tis youth's dream -  
 a sil-ly dream - but it is flushed with gold!

## SECRET MASTERS

WORDS by BRUCE PELZ

CHUCK CRAYNE:

I've a very good power position  
 Running FUNcon and Blackguards, it's true.  
 But I have to ask Bjo's permission  
 Before tackling anything new.

(Chorus): What's the use, what's the use?  
 All this screaming and scheming  
 Just gets you a reaming --  
 A loss, double-cross --  
 When you're only a daisy-chain boss!

BJO PRIMBLE:

It is very well known throughout Fandom:  
 I can run any fan, and I will.  
 But that's only a line that I hand 'em --  
 I get all my ideas from Big Bill!

(Chorus)

Tune: "What's the Use?"  
 from Candide.  
 Reprinted from various  
 issues of NYET VREMIA,  
 in APA L, Jan-Feb. '68.

BILL DONAHO:

I am always quite glad to give lectures  
On how I am The BArea Wheel --  
But I just can't tell facts from conjectures;  
I need Alva to tell me what's real! (Chorus):

ALVA ROGERS:

I'm the Grand Old Man (West Coast Edition);  
I'm behind every plan, job, or bid!  
But each idea must first pass submission  
To my General Reviewing Broad, Sid! (Chorus):

SIDONIE ROGERS:

Fan advice I quite cheerfully retail --  
I know who should do what, where, and when!  
(And in case I've forgotten some detail,  
I can always ask Gordon again!) (Chorus):

GORDON EKLUND:

I have carefully built up my image  
As a know-it-all son-of-a-bitch,  
But of truth this is skirting a slim edge --  
All I know's what I learn from Don Fitch! (Chorus):

DON FITCH:

I just stand here inscrutably smirking,  
And my silence omniscience implies.  
But if ever my Len-Lease stops working,  
My world-view of Fandom then dies! (Chorus):

LEN BAILES:

From backstage at this drama so fannish,  
I control those who work behind scenes.  
But I fear my control would soon vanish  
If Bruce stopped telling what it all means! (Chorus):

BRUCE PELZ:

I can sit back, when I'm done conniving,  
And watch everyone act on my plans.  
(They don't know that in truth I'm deriving  
All my plots from ideas of Dian's!) (Chorus):

DIAN PELZ:

Lots of fans help me get what I'm after!  
(I have craft, I have skill, I have luck.)  
I can wheedle with wile or with laughter --  
Once the details are settled with Chuck! (Chorus):

ALL: We're the True Secret Masters of Fandom --  
That is Fact, it is no idle boast!!

We reject all the claims, spread at random  
By imposters back East, on the Coast!! (Chorus):

(Apologies to Plachta, White, Brown, and other SMoF's -- a National  
Edition of this song may eventually be written...BEP)



# THE OLD FAN'S SONG

WORDS by BRUCE PELZ

MUSIC by KURT WEILL

G7 Fdim Ami7 Ami6 G7 Ddim Ami7-6

When I was a young fan pub-bing my zine I joined AP-As one and all; if a

Dmi Fdim Ami7 Gdim Dmi6 G+ C Ami

wait-list stopped me while I was keen I'd cow-bird a mem-ber and make the scene

Fmi G7 Ami Ami6 Dmi Fdim

With a col-umn so fat its host looked lean, And as mail-ings came out they'd

Ami Ami6 Dmi G7 C REFRAIN: Cmi

fall my way, As mail-ings came out, they'd fall. But it's a long, long time

Ab C C7 D7 Fmi Dmi G7

Since I was a ne-o, And the time's grown short That I still have

C Cmi Ab C

free, oh! And I have dropped three zines And I min-ac ev'-ry-place,

D7 Fmi G7 C Fmi

And I have-n't got time for the AP-A race! For my fan-zines de-

Cdim Fmi Cdim

cline more and more each year -- E - lev-en -- then sev-en --



2. When you meet with a neo just become fan,  
He'll tell you -- you should be braced --  
Of some great new APA he just began,  
But if you try reading a mailing, man,  
You'll find it is nothing but a Daugh'rty Plan,  
And a really repulsive waste of ink --  
And a really repulsive waste.

REFRAIN:

Reprinted from EVERYTHING #2,  
in the 26th Mailing of the  
Southern Fandom Press Alliance,  
November 1967

The music, of course, is the  
"September Song," from Kurt  
Weill's and Maxwell Anderson's  
"Knickerbocker Holiday."

## I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE ARISIANS

I don't understand the Arisians  
Making all of this fuss about Eddore;  
I don't understand the Arisians --  
After all these centuries, they're still sore!  
Every day of every year they spend on schemes --  
From their Purpose they won't budge.  
And I say, somehow to me it really seems  
A damned long time to hold a grudge!  
I don't understand the Arisians  
Letting trouble-foMentors take command;  
There must be some cure-all  
For maladies Plooral --  
I don't understand -- I don't understand --  
The Arisians!!

TUNE: "I Don't Understand the Parisians,"  
from "Gigi," by Frederick Loewe

WORDS: Bruce Pelz  
(after an idea by  
Lee Klingstein)

Submitted for publication  
to PELF #8, summer 1969.

# OH, NO, JOHN!

WORDS BY RANDALL GARRETT

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, with chords E, B7, E, B7, E, B7 indicated above it. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, with chords E, F#m, B7, E, A, B7 indicated above it, and is labeled 'CHORUS:' at the end. The third staff contains the melody for the chorus, with chords E, B7, E, B7, E indicated above it. The lyrics are written below the staves.

On yon-der hill there stands a build-ing, And up-on the four-teenth floor  
 Stands a group of au-thors moan-ing As they've nev-er moaned be-fore:  
 "Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no!"

2. There in manner quite pontific  
 Speaks the Master from on high:  
 "Slaves are better off than free men,  
 Surely you can all tell why."

"Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no!"

3. "There are Supermen among us;  
 We must now discover Psi,"  
 Says the Master, and the authors  
 Groan in agony and cry:

"Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, no!"

4. "well, then," says the Master, smiling,  
 "Since my Gospel you deny,  
 Would you rather sell to others,  
 Where the rates are not so high?"

"Oh, no, John - no, John - no, John, NO!!!"

Reprinted from SPELEOBEM 6,  
 January 1960, in the 50th  
 mailing of the Spectator  
 Amateur Press Society.

A fifth verse, added by  
 Karen Anderson, is apparently  
 lost. Anyone knowing it, send  
 it in for addition to the  
 MANUAL at a future date.

# BOUNCING POTATOES

Words by **POUL ANDERSON**

Once a jol-ly tru-fan went to join a west-er-con; He had du-ly reg-is-tered  
and paid ev'-ry fee. And he said when he saw what the wait-ress put be-fore  
him there, "You'll come a-bounc-ing, po-ta-toes, with me!" "Bounc-ing po-ta-  
toes, bounc-ing po-ta-toes, you'll come a-bounc-ing, po-ta-toes, with me."  
And he said when he saw what the wait-ress put be-fore him there, "You'll come  
a-bounc-ing, po-ta-toes, with me!"

Tune: "Waltzing Matilda." References are to Westercon XIX, San Diego, 1966, at the Stardust Motel.

2. "Is this a musketball that was fired at Lexington?"  
"No," said the waitress, "that is a pea."  
"But," said the fan, "that is here within my coffee cup --  
You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me!" CHO:
3. "What," said the fan, "is this gray-green greasy Limpopo,  
All set about with a strange fever-tree?"  
"That," said the waitress, "is roast beef and a salad too --  
You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me!" CHO:
4. "Is this a hippie-type that I see before me here?"  
It is as hairy as it can be!"  
"No," said the waitress, "that is your ice cream dessert --  
You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me!" CHO:
5. Upchucked the trufan, leaped into the swimming pool.  
"You'll never take me alive!" cried he.  
But his ghost can be heard by the call girls at that swimming pool:  
"You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me!" CHO:

# GEM CARR

WORDS BY JIM CAUGHRAN; JACK HARNESS; TED JOHNSTONE; BRUCE PELZ; ERNIE WHEATLEY

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chords F, C7, F, and D7 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics 'Oh, her name it is Gem Carr, it is Gem Carr. Oh, her name it is Gem Carr, She's' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with chords Gm, C7, Gm, C7, and F. The lyrics 'des-pis-éd near and far, Pass the feath-ers and the tar, damn her eyes, damn' are written below. The third staff concludes the melody with chords Gm, C7, and F. The lyrics 'her eyes, Pass the feath-ers and the tar, damn her eyes!' are written below.

2. Into FAPA she did come, she did come.

Into FAPA she did come,

Just to educate us scum,

Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes.

3. In discussions she is found, she is found.

In discussions she is found

Where her logic circles 'round,

And it never touches ground, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

And it never touches ground, damn her eyes.

Reprinted from SPELEOBEM  
#6, January 1960, in the  
50th Mailing of S.A.P.S.

4. Against Willis she did ride, she did ride.

Against Willis she did ride,

With her innuendo snide,

Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes.

TUNE: "Sam Hall"

Written 11 Sept. 1959

5. Oh, she did it for a joke, for a joke.

Oh, she did it for a joke,

To humiliate the bloke --

'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes.

6. When her other jokes were gone, jokes were gone,

When her other jokes were gone,

Against Busby she came on,

To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes.

7. Still in FAPA on she goes, on she goes.

Still in FAPA on she goes,

Tromping everybody's toes,

where she'll stop ghod only knows, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,

where she'll stop ghod only knows, damn her eyes.

# TRADING SONG

WORDS BY *Leslie Gerber*

When I was a ne - o - fan, I lived by my-self, And my sten-cils, ink and pa-per

I kept up-on a shelf. Come a John Ber-ry sto-ry, Come a guy named For-ry, Come

a Bloch sto-ry gor-y, Come a long-time fan.

2. But the faults of my mimeo had me in despair  
So I went to L.A. for a fanne to keep it in repair. CHO:
3. The road to my slan-shack seemed to be gettin' 'er  
So I had to trade her in for a new Gestetner. CHO:
4. The crank of the Gestetner kept wantin' to stick  
So I traded it in for a modern A.B. Dick. CHO:
5. The Dick chewed up my paper and drove me to screams  
So I traded it in for a hundred white reams. CHO:
6. This sixteen-pound paper had bad show-through  
So I had to trade it in for twenty-pound blue. CHO:
7. My spotty reproduction now caused me to think  
So I traded once again, for a new brand of ink. CHO:
8. This new ink's base was oil, and it was no world-beater,  
So I traded it all in on a used slip-sheeter. CHO:
9. Now my mimeo prints fanzines, every shade and hue  
And I don't get any offset and I never see show-through. CHO:
10. So fans, if reproduction troubles get you down  
Don't ask for help from fem-fans in L.A. town. CHO:
11. Just set yourself up with a good slip-sheeter  
And you'll put out a fanzine like CRY or APORRHETA. CHO:

Reprinted from  
YANDRO 86, March  
1960, with per-  
mission.

(Purists may wish to know that the original  
third line of the Chorus was "Come a Darlin' Cory."  
The Folk Process took over, however.)

# THE BRADBURY <sup>hate</sup> SONG

WORDS by RAY BEAM; JACK NATKIN; LEWIS FORBES; JERRY HUNTER; and probably others

He wrote of rot-ting death, and of beer cans left on Mars, Of shin-ing sil-  
 ver space-ships and their forc-es 'mid the stars. He wrote the Mar-tian Chron-  
i - cles with-in the low-er bars, As he got stink-ing drunk. Glo-ry, how we  
 hate Ray Brad-bur-y; Glo-ry, how we hate Ray Brad-bur-y; Glo-ry, how we hate  
 Ray Brad-bur-y, the Poe of Mod-ern Times.

2. Tell me, Ray, just what is it that makes you write of strife?  
 Is it a peptic ulcer, or perhaps a nagging wife?  
 Take a tip from E. Frank Russell and write on love and life,  
 You morbid little punk.

CHORUS:

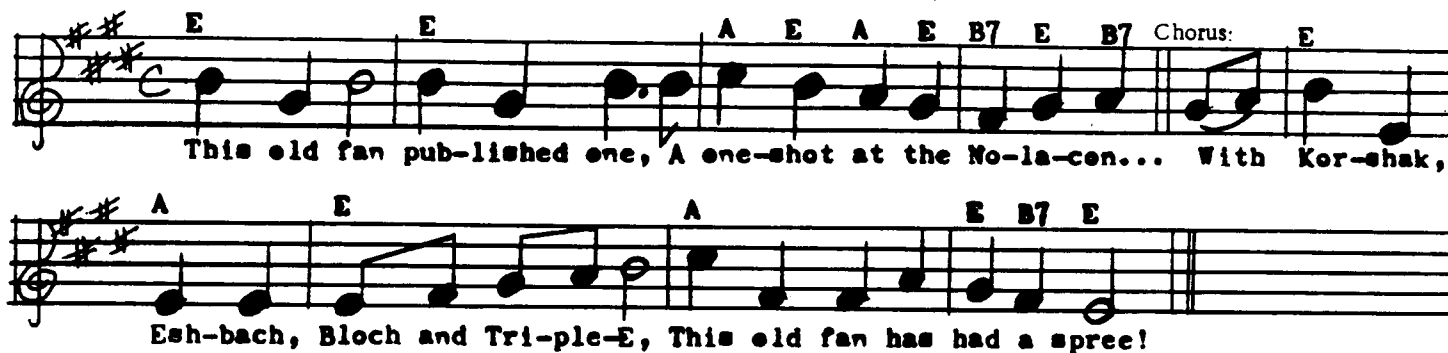
3. You had a tattooed madman who did never crack a smile.  
 Your heroes always end up dead. Gad, what a morbid style.  
 Tell me, Ray, how many graves it is that you've defiled,  
 And did you like the way they stunk?

CHORUS:

Tunes: Battle Hymn of the Republic  
 Reprinted from STF & FSY SONGBOOK  
 No. 1, published by Hal Shapiro,  
 September 1960.

# TRUFAN'S MARCHING SONG

WORDS BY RON ELLIK,  
TED JOHNSTONE & BRUCE PELZ



2. This old fan published two  
In one day with Burbee's brew...  
chorus
3. This old fan published three,  
Got a blast from GMC...  
chorus
4. This old fan published four,  
Found the N3F a bore...  
chorus
5. This old fan published five,  
Proved Carl Brandon was alive...  
chorus
6. This old fan published six,  
Ran them off on A.B. Dicks...  
chorus
7. This old fan published seven,  
Won a Hugo, was in heaven...  
chorus
8. This old fan published eight,  
Tried, and failed, to gafiate...  
chorus
9. This old fan published nine,  
Wailed that stf was in decline...  
chorus
10. This old fan published ten,  
Joined the Old and Tired Fen...  
chorus

Reprinted from  
SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 51,  
July 1960.

Tune: Nick-Nack Paddy-Whack



# THE BALLAD OF RHYSLING

words and music by ROGER SCIME

Rhys-ling, oh Rhys-ling, sing me a song! Sing to me the words and I'll sing  
a-long. Sing me of the days when you strode the sands of Mars; Sing me of the space  
be-tween the stars. When Man has found a sup-er-man and soars with-out the skies,  
And gaz-es, small and nak-ed, on an al-ien stel-lar rise, And cos-mic con-gre-gations  
sing of her-oes tall and fair, With-out ex-ag-ger-a-tion then can Ter-ra boast of  
hers!

D.C. al Fine

2. An inter-solar hobo, he always paid his dues  
Whether with a song or limerick or third-hand Terran news.  
He'd sing a song or joke a bit about the Captain's wife,  
A friend to have in trouble and a friend to share for life.
3. Tho blind and often drunken, he knew his job quite well...  
A reactor-room mechanic, I've often heard men tell  
Of the day when he shipped homeward to the planet of his birth,  
There to rest his eyes on the fleecy skies and the cool Green Hills of Earth.
4. The ship was old and battered, a planet-roaming wreck,  
Its engines worn and stubborn, its A-shields old and cracked...  
As the lethal radiation poured in as through a sieve,  
Rhysling died... that the passengers might live.
5. Oh, who can e'er forget "The Green Hills of Earth,"  
Or "On the Grand Canal" or the legend of its birth?  
And whenever Terra's voices rise up to sing his songs...  
Rhysling will be there to sing along.

# KINNISON'S BAND

Words: **POUL ANDERSON**

My name is Kim-ball Kin-ni-son, I lead the Lens-man band. Al-though we're  
few in num-ber, our a-bil-i-ties are grand; we play with stars and plan-ets,  
catch com-ets in a net, And use a sup-er-no-va to light a ci-gar-et.  
All clear and on green, Q X, Q X ! All clear and on green, Q X, Q X ! All  
clear and on green, Q X, Q X ! Sound it loud-ly, clear-ly, Brek-ke-ke-kex, Q X !

2. 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:
3. 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:
4. 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:
5. 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:

Reprinted from SEVAGRAM SONG BOOK,  
published by Karen Anderson, 1961,  
with permission.

Tune: "Macnamara's Band,"  
by Shamus O'Connor, 1917.

# THE TRAVELLING TRUFEN

WORDS BY TED JOHNSTONE

The musical score is written on three staves in a key of B-flat major (two flats). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics 'There were three tru-fen a-came to my door, And down-stairs ran my lad-y, oh;'. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, with lyrics 'One drank rhoot bheer and one made puns, And the third played gui-tar and'. The third staff continues the melody for the third line, with lyrics 'sang the filk songs, oh.'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Cm, Fm, Cm, C7, Fm, G, C7 on the first staff; Fm, Cm, Cm, Cm, G7 on the second staff; and Cm on the third staff.

There were three tru-fen a-came to my door, And down-stairs ran my lad-y, oh;

One drank rhoot bheer and one made puns, And the third played gui-tar and

sang the filk songs, oh.

Reprinted from MEST 5,  
January 1961, with  
permission.

2. Then she threw off her ink-stained gown,  
And packed her suitcase and bedroll, oh;  
She left a stencil that was stylo-cut,  
Said, "I'm off with the travelling trufen, oh."
3. It was late that night when her father came home,  
Inquiring for his daughter, oh;  
And her mother wept as she told the tale:  
"She has gone with the travelling trufen, oh."
4. Then he hopped back into his Detroit car,  
And sped along the highway, oh;  
Until he came to a roadside park  
Where she'd camped with the travelling trufen, oh.
5. "Oh, daughter, stop your foolish flight,  
Return to your typer and mimeo;  
You can't make deadline in two more weeks  
If you're off with the travelling trufen, oh."
6. "Oh, father, spare me your zine-fan talk,  
I'm through with pubbling fanzines, oh;  
Except for one-shots with all the fen we meet  
As I ride with the travelling trufen, oh."
7. Oh, what will you do when the con comes 'round,  
For a room, and the ball, and the banquet, oh?  
You'll have no money for your membership  
If you ride with the travelling trufen, oh."
8. "Oh, father, spare me your con-fan talk;  
I'll stand outside the banquet, oh;  
I'll sleep on the floor of a borrowed room,  
And I'll leave with the travelling trufen, oh."

9. "But what about the SF club,  
And what about the meeting, oh?  
You've never missed in two full years,  
Yet you're going with the travelling tru-fen, oh."
10. "Oh, father, spare me your club-fan talk;  
They have no more to offer, oh --  
My fan-contacts are eternal now,  
For I ride with the travelling tru-fen, oh."
11. Then her father wept and drove away,  
For his daughter stayed behind him, oh;  
And when the sun rose the park was clear --  
She had left with the travelling tru-fen, oh.
12. For the Cons and the zines and the weekly slubs  
Are the least of the rights of a true fan, oh;  
The world is wide and the sky is far  
When you ride with the travelling tru-fen, oh.

# TALKING FAPA BLUES

by Karen Anderson

1.                   D                   G  
You spend seven years on the waiting list,  
          A7  
Like serving for Rachel, but you find you've missed;  
D                   G  
Got the wrong apa; it's SAPS you're in.  
A7                                   D  
Seven years more, and at last you begin.  
(Spoken:) Best to have your parents put you on the waiting list at age 5.

Reprinted from SEVAGRAM SONG BOOK, 1961, with permission.
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2.       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.
3.       Joining apas is lots of fun.  
It's hard to stop once you've 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.
4.       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.
5.       Now you've only got FAPA left  
But you hardly feel that you've been bereft;  
You're not goshwow 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.

# The Nazgûl King of Angmar

WORDS BY JOHN BOARDMAN

Oh, the Ur-uks sing of a Naz-gûl king lived man-y years a-go; He ruled as  
king with a mag-ic Ring which he got from Ar-nor's foe. He cov-ered his shape  
with a sa-ble cape but that was all you'd see, 'Cause one of the things you  
get with Rings is in-vis-i-bil-i-ty. He was vi-cious and mean and real low  
down, And he had no face be-neath his crown, Saur-on bless the Naz-gûl King  
of Ang-mar!

Reprinted from RING CYCLE, published by Dick Eney, 1965. Tunes: The Bastard King of England.

2. Now Arvedui of Norbury was the King of Arthedain;  
His hair he tore as he loudly swore that the Angmar men were swine.  
"They're of low birth from Middle Earth and their blood lines are a mess:  
"We need their space for the master race of the Men of Westernesse!"
3. When Angmar's king heard of this thing in his palace at Carn Dûm,  
He drew his sword with a naughty word and he called each serf and groom.  
The Angmar host marched on Fornost and vowed not to come back till  
Their King could see Arvedui flee from his trusty pterodactyl.
4. From burned Fornost to the northern coast they chased poor Arvedui  
And he left his bones and his pair of stones at the bottom of the sea.  
But at last the Elves came in themselves to scatter, slay and burn,  
And the Witch-King said, just before he fled for his life,  
"I shall return!"

# WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

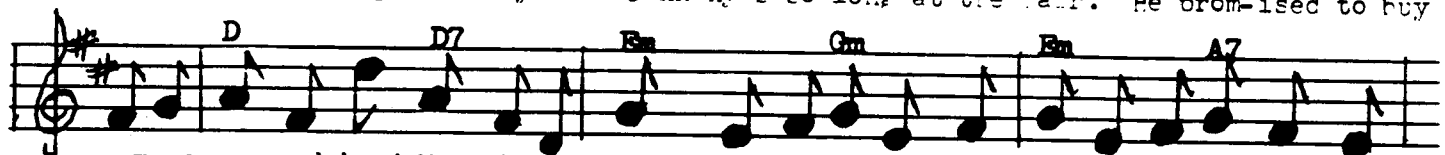
words by DON SIMPSON



Ch, dear, what can the mat-ter be? When it's con-vert-ed to en-er-gy There is a



slight loss of par-i-ty... John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to buy



me a sec-ond-hand Mor-ris, a matched set of H-bombs that go off in chor-us, a



mus-ic-ally tal-ent-ed, ag-ile slow lor-is, and oth-er de-lights that are rare.

2. He promised to buy me a used weeping willow,  
A pair of chrome booties for my armadillo,  
A hand-tatted, plaid pterodactyl-down pillow,  
And other delights that are rare.

Chording by  
Tom Digby

# SONG OF THE DUSK RIDERS

words & music by **BRUCE PELZ**

'Neath the pale light of a long-for-got-ten star, We shall go rid-ing on, far a-cross  
the world to Ten-ten-gar. Rid-ing down the East Wind, the North Wind, the West-- we  
must ride for-ever on our end-less quest. Long have we rid-den the wind-swept plain,  
seek-ing the way to re-turn a-gain. Man-y the false way we travel by; Ev-er the  
true path the gods de-ny. Long have they cursed us, yet are they just: though we  
ride ev-er through wind and dust, bat-tles we thirst for they do not bar -- 'neath  
the pale light of our star!

# The L.A.S.F.S. Marching Song

(1994 Edition, Rev.2)

by Col. BEP, F.N., S.O.B.

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Gamers where we meet –  
And their takeover of LASFS may become, some day, complete  
Though the old-time fans are silent, they are voting with their feet –  
As the LASFS Marches On!

If you don't  
know what  
the tune is,  
turn in your  
filker ribbon!

CHORUS:      Clacquing clunquy clicques conspire,  
Feeding fuel to the fire  
As the chaos surges higher,  
And the LASFS Marches On!

At Friday's LASFS Open House they acclimate the New –  
There's twenty "Magic" face-offs, and an RPG or two.  
If you don't play these games – or Mahj –  
Well, then – to Hell with you !  
As the LASFS Marches On...

CHORUS:

The LASFS owns some real estate worth several hundred grand,  
A phalanx of computers, and a Library well-planned,  
But LASFS now is nearly broke – it's hard to understand..  
How the LASFS Marches On !

CHORUS:

The LOSCON lumbers on – there's always someone wants to Chair,  
Who offers lofty visions of a truly grand affair  
Yet winds up with the S.O.S. – it's more than one can bear!  
But the LASFS Marches On...

CHORUS:

Election for the LASFS Board is Showtime at the Zoo –  
The two Incumbents win their seats; the Worker Bee comes through.  
The Emp caves in and runs again (to lose again – so nu?)  
And the LASFS Marches On!

CHORUS:

The LASFS auctions Stuff which members donate without stint –  
Most anything from books and food to belly-button lint.  
But what sells best are videos of quite offcolor tint !  
As the LASFS Marches On...

CHORUS:



The LASFS Kitchen's there to use – the microwave works fine.  
There's even a refrigerator where we store our wine.  
(The building sometimes stinks a bit – not Muscatel, just Rhine!)  
And the LASFS Marches On... CHORUS:

"Tradition" in the LASFS means a thing done more than once –  
They enshrine for years (or decades) Clever References and Stunts.  
If you don't know their Traditions, you'll get treated like a Dunce!  
As the LASFS Marches On. CHORUS:

If you're legal, cute and female, LASFS males will line up soon,  
Especially \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank with this month's noxious goon).  
Don't sweat the "legal," or the "female" – "CUTE" defines the tune  
As the LASFS Marches On! CHORUS:

The back room at the LASFS is the den of APA L –  
Its Glory Days are decades past; it's nothing but a shell.  
Not only did trees die for this, they must've gone to hell,  
As the LASFS Marches On... CHORUS:

The APA L Collator labors on with might and main  
To keep the APA going, lest it perish in his reign.  
(He fears that then he'd have to sit through meetings once again,  
As the LASFS Marches On.) CHORUS:

The Minutes of the Meetings, which may feature jests and quips,  
Are better read in DE PROF, since the written version skips  
The smartass cheap shots from the floor by several "clever" drips!  
While the LASFS Marches On.

CHORUS: Clacquing clunquay clicques conspire,  
Feeding fuel to the fire  
As the chaos surges higher,  
And the LASFS Marches On!