

# SAVOYARD 3

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# "My Very Humane Endeavour.."

AS I WAS SAYING before I was so rudely interrupted by getting dropped from membership a year or so ago...well, er, um, I forget what I was saying. Anyone interested enough can go look it up in SAVOYARD 7, which was a postmailing to the 26th Mailing. At any rate I am back -- unless I don't get this in on time, and get dropped again. So let us have at the mailing comments:

ALCES--amer. (Don Anderson)      Neutrality, foreign alliances, and foreign aid. A messy subject, sir, and one which is going to keep coming up time and again as long as the Situation stays as it is. (And I'd much rather let the Situation stay as it is than take a chance on it getting into a war.) Generally I agree with you: neutrality is a nice thing to claim, but anyone caught practicing it is likely to wind up with a bad case of dying. The gimmick here, of course, is that he does have to get caught -- anyone can try hiding out in the hinterlands, and be as neutral as he likes, but if you're in the allegedly civilized areas you have to come out for one side or the other at the time the balloon goes up. Those who take sides may have trouble with the other side, but those who don't take sides will find both sides shooting at them out of distrust. And this applies to countries as well as individuals.

In one way, however, Les Nirenberg is correct: the military aid we pour into other countries is to support armies that may have to defend us. The defending will probably be done on the other countries' territory, leaving us to take care of who- or whatever gets to our own shores, but this is still defending us, on the grounds that otherwise we'd have to take on the extra battles that the other countries are handling. Sort of another advanced line of defense. To this end I have no objection to the continued flow of military aid. What I do object to, however, is the reaction of some countries who are getting the aid. There has been a marked increase in the attitude that not only are we obligated to send the military aid, but it should be perfectly all right for the recipients to turn around and slam us in the political face just to show that the obligation is entirely on our side. As far as I can see, the military aid supports an army which defends its own country as well as ultimately defending us, and the defense is much more immediate at their home. Military aid carries a two-way ob.

I don't know whether or not it proves anything, but during the Cuban scare of October, there was a considerable amount of scare-buying in Los Angeles area stores. This was further fostered by the announcement from some local bigwig that the stores will be closed in case of emergency (actually, in case of actual attack on the U.S. the stores can be closed by governmental order). Generally, the buying was in the field of canned goods and unperishable foods -- one columnist reported that his wife saw a Hollywood-type guy in his tight pants grabbing for every can of Metrecal on the shelf). But there was one note of a more serious purpose in the buying: supplies of guns and ammunition were being stockpiled, too, in noticeable amounts. I suspect that any emergency is going to find a lot of Angelenos ready to fight whoever gets in their way. Neutrality? I don't think anyone was considering it except maybe the Socialists (there was a notice on the bulletin boards at UCLA that there would be a discussion of the "aggression" by the U.S., featuring a couple leading Socialists). Maybe the way to do things would be to fortify others as much as they will allow, fortify ourselves as much as possible, and let the others who don't want to be fortified take care of themselves the best they can. Later we can try to spare a Graves Registration detail for them.

You may take the above as an approval of home guards and a disapproval of the Sullivan Act by yours truly, also. In fact, I approve of Heinlein's idea, which he suggested at Seacon: buy your guns out of state so they don't have to be registered, even. Arizona is a convenient neighbor.

9 November 1962

DOLPHIN 3 (Elinor Busby) I agree that TAFF isn't active enough -- but I think the problem is not that there are too few trips being sponsored and funded by TAFF, but that there are too few fans worthy and willing to stand for TAFF. The nominations for the Eastbound TAFF trip have been open for several months now, and no one has yet been nominated. In fact, few have even been suggested! When Ron came back, he said there were several fans the Britifen would like to see; of these I can name only three - Tucker, Sneary, and Donaho - and of the three it appears that Donaho is the only likely candidate. Rick's health won't permit the trip; I dunno what's with Tucker). Then, on the return side, everyone over here wants to see ATom, but he won't stand. Why this lack of candidates for TAFF? I don't know -- but there aren't enough candidates to fill the current schedule of TAFF campaigns, let alone a stepped-up schedule of two trips each year.

I see by the paper that Eleanor Roosevelt died yesterday; I know you said in SAPS that you changed the spelling of your name because of a dislike for her, so will you change it back now?

I find I don't really know whether I like the idea of reincarnation -- I suppose it would depend on how much I go along with Jack Harness's revelations, and how much with those of Archie the cockroach. Archie generally makes more interesting commentaries on the subject.

ENVOY 8 (Ken Cheslin) Good heavens, man, you don't mean you tried to make sense out of the plot to H.M.S. PINAFORE? tsk-tsk-tsk, that'll never do. But if you must have a reason for Josephine marrying Ralph, who is as old as her father, it's reasonably easy: her father is a very young man. Besides that, if "love can level rank" I assume it can do some leveling of ages, too. (Her father wanted her to marry Sir Joseph, who's older than either himself or Ralph. One assumes people get married at all ages, even in G&S operas.)

Why not go ahead and take over the fannish detective bit -- John Berry's not done anything with it for quite some time, and it was always an enjoyable motif. Better a punster should take it up, too, than a non-punster.

SALLYPORT 3 (Ken Cheslin) That idea of writing a story wherein the Amerinds take over -- it's been done, in F&SF about a year and a half ago, though the gimmick was post-WW III rather than having them control A-bombs and issue ultimatums.

I've only read the first book of the ones that go to make up The Once and Future King, but I didn't like it -- and if the others treat the Arthurian Cycle the same way I don't think I'll like them, either. (I'll still read them, tho, to make sure.) I particularly object to the handling of Merlin in The Sword in the Stone -- such treatment shouldn't happen to an imp, let alone a magician.

Taking the staples out of this zine, I restapled it so that the pages fall in an order which at least allows all comments on the same zine to come together (except for the final comments on the postmailings, which was dupered too far toward the wrong edge). I suggest it be re-stapled in this order: cover, then pages which comment on the following as first-named zines - OFFTRAILS, OUTPOST, BINARY, SIZAR, DARK STAR, MAILING COMMENTS, (2nd p. of VAGARY comments, beginning "After I'd set up a decent..."), and BIG DEAL.

VIPER 6 (Bill Donaho) It has been pointed out quite recently that the use of "'64 Frisco Or Fight" by the Bay Area as a campaign slogan for the 1964 Worldcon may be a very good omen -- for Los Angeles. You see, the boundary never was places at 54° 40' -- and you yourself mentioned Polk's welching on his campaign promise... anyone for a Los Angeles convention?

I've driven under both a Florida license and a California one, and I've driven in most of the states under one license or the other, and I don't think it is possible to make distinctions in the abilities and/or attitudes of drivers

on the basis of what state they come from. There are bad, careless, good, and able drivers in all states, and it is entirely a question of individuals. I've also seen the driver question from the viewpoint of a pedestrian and from the viewpoint of a passenger -- and in these cases, too, it's a question of individuals. The only generalizations I'd make as a driver are on the basis of places I'd rather not drive -- places like the narrow streets of Boston and the maze-like network of Seattle streets, as well as the fatiguing stretches in so many states where there is nothing to do but drive through "miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles." Places like the Tamiami Trail or the Grain Belt. And I suppose one could get used to most of these; I know people who have the galloping horrors at the idea of driving on the Los Angeles freeways, which don't bother me in the least -- I will go by freeway if I possibly can.

As a passenger, I'd rather ride in a Detroit Monster than a foreign car. For one thing, the Monsters are usually built more sturdily, and for another the owners of small foreign cars have a habit of lane-jumping and weaving, as they know their little bugs can (probably) get away with it. I will, of course, grant exceptions to both these reasons -- certain cars such as the Peugeot and Volkswagon to the first, certain individuals to the second.

As a pedestrian, I don't trust drivers in ANY state. In California I'm willing to try bluffing out the drivers, since according to law I have the right of way at any crosswalk or corner -- but I always watch and make damn sure the driver is going to stop before actually getting in front of him. And in any other state I play the game according to local rules -- in Chicago the rules seemed to be bluff and run, and it took me only about two street-crossings to get with the game, though I haven't played it in several years.... since I was in New York in 1957, actually.

If you want another reasonably valid generalization on the California driver, he's usually in a helluva hurry. I know I am; I grudge the time it takes to get from one place to another, and I don't usually give a hoot in hell about any scenery on the way -- I'd have to watch the road instead of the scenery, anyway. But perhaps that's true of all drivers, California or not.

It seems so little merely to say that I enjoy reading Alva's ASTOUNDING articles, and that I like VIPER very much, but that's all that I can say -- except to note that VIPER is one of the few APAzines I save second copies of in my general zine file (when they're available -- I have only 1,2,4, and 5 there so far).

OUTPOST 3 (Fred Hunter) I don't know where you located Alexander Campbell, but I certainly hope you can get more writing from him. Anyone who can write that delightfully, and toss in side references to Tom Lehrer songs ("I am nevair forget the day") and "Julius Caesar" ("So were they all, all 'gormful' men.") is a first class asset to a zine!

Also enjoyed your report of the driving instructions -- sounds like the time John Trimble tried to teach Jim Harmon to drive (and gave up after the first half-hour attempt.)

Is Curtis deliberately copying ATom's style or what? It's very good -- to the point where some of it could BE ATomillos.

BIG DEAL 2 (Dave Hale) Hey, where did you get this "Fanzines Unlimited" bit you're using for a publishing house? A number of months ago I got a copy of a book called Maverick Zone -- three long narrative poems by John Myers Myers, who wrote Silverlock, The Harp and the Blade, The Alamo, etc. -- and it was addressed to me as "Bruce Pelz, Fanzines Unlimited..." etc. I never suggested the title, and where Myers got it, I don't know. I had sent him a number of fanzines with comments on Silverlock, but none of them included the "Fanzines Unlimited" bit. Is a puzzlement.

At UCLA one can see frequent flashes of lapel buttons with the stylized rocket ship -- the Aldermaston buttons, they're referred to. Some of them are

9 November 1962

white on black, others black on white, and I have forgotten what the difference between the two might be. The people wearing them are generally those in dungarees, tweedy jackets, sweatshirts, and sunglasses; they wear beards and have unkempt hair. They are Very Politically Conscious. They are Creeps. I do not know enough about the CND to call it a bunch of unwashed bums; possibly it is a bunch of washed bums. But as far as I am concerned anyone who thinks he will get everyone to sit down and be Brothers by marching from one end of his silly country (yours, mine, or anyone else's) to the other carrying signs about "Ban the Bomb" is not being Socially Conscious, Politically Conscious, or Humanitarianly Conscious — he's being crackers. I see no reason why he shouldn't be allowed to do so, though, as long as he doesn't interfere with the rest of the people who have more important things to do. If the Marchers become a traffic hazard or a public nuisance, then I will go along with the idea to "Ban the Ban-the-Bomb Marchers." And here is as good a place as any to pass along a line from THE TWILIGHT ZINE on the Aldermaston buttons: "It's a sad day when a phallic symbol needs flying buttresses." (A.R.Lewis)

ERG 13 (Terry Jeeves) OK, I can recognize Soggies all over the place, but just what is that thing on page 10 with the mustache and the prizefighter's ears?

Hey, Terry Jeeves, what about you for TAFF, huh?

I did your silly crossword, and I'll mail it tomorrow, even though it's probably far too late. Put in another and I'll do it immediately I get the mailing, OK?

SCOTISSHE 29 (Ethel we miss you Lindsay) Any chance someone can get Mal Ashworth back on the OMPA list? By the time he got into membership again, he ought to have his other matters fixed up again. We see all too little of Mal in fanzines these days.

I am very glad to hear that my fake-fannish tendency to file correspondence is shared by old Fake Fan Extraordinary Walt Willis. I started a file of letters and carbons of my own letters back in Tampa Florida in 1958 or thereabouts, using the manila folders and keeping them in a small filing cabinet. I couldn't bring the cabinet out here when I came to Los Angeles to go to school in 1960, so I started a new file. As I didn't have (and couldn't afford to buy) another filing cabinet, I used ring-binders, and punched holes in the edges of the letters, sometimes taping extra strips of paper on so I wouldn't punch through the written matter. But taping and punching and filing is quite a chore, and the correspondence began stacking up in a huge mound, unfiled, until I finally gave up a month or so ago and bought a couple second-hand filing cabinets (mostly for my fanzine and comic collections), setting aside one drawer for correspondence. A visit to the student store at UCLA to pick up 100 manila file folders, and again, my file is in operation. It's nice to be able to lay hands on whatever letter you may want within a couple minutes!

10 November

AMBLE 11 (Archie Mercer) Norman St. Vincent McPeale, called "a deep philosopher" in Lehrer's "Army Song," is the author of The Power of Positive Thinking and other such drivel. Around the time that Lehrer wrote that song, Peale was a best-seller author, mostly selling to the mass of boobs who'll buy anything on the "mental/emotional self-improvement" theme.

Please keep up the autobiography; I'm ~~a snob~~ always interested in memoir type writings of fans.

QUARTERING 2 (Don Fitch) This is the second (at least) of Larry McCombs's writings of fiction that I've read to the same reaction: I don't like it, but it turns me on (if you will excuse the colloq.).



The other story that brought this reaction was "To Go On Living," which Larry published in his N'APazine MEGALOSCOPE about a year ago. Same theme — a sort of searching for completeness — and same sort of pie-in-the-sky ending. My reaction probably comes from liking the thoughts/ideas behind the writing, while disliking the presentation. Larry's style is too permissive — it lacks strength — and his choice of words in several cases is overly "poetic." (And the fact that I have never liked E. E. Cummings adds to the reaction.)

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OK, I'll play Lichtman's game of typefaces. To the left is the keyboard of this beast, an Everest standard. I hope one of these days to get rid of the fractions and put in some diacritical marks, but there are too many other things taking financial precedence these days for me to get around to it. I got this thing when it became obvious that my old portable was just about ready to be junked, and I didn't want to spend the money to have it fixed — so instead I spent \$140 on this beast. (I kept the portable, though, and Fred Patten finally got desperate enough to borrow it and have it fixed. But I prefer the heavy-touch of the Everest, and have no intention of getting the portable back soon.)

I am at least slightly impressed that Lichtman has "passed through the stage" of anti-bomb, anti-government stuff; perhaps there's some growth evidenced there after all. But I would be more interested in the "more important values" he has discovered since, as the impression he has been giving for the last half-year or so is that he finds everything silly and not worth while.

BIXEL 1 (Alva Rogers) I think another vote of appreciation is due Donaho for getting you into OMPA where we can read of the doings of the Rogerses and not have to wait and hear about them from someone who was in the vicinity at the time. (I still break up when Bjo describes the after-New Years' Eve stay with you people.)

The con report was greatly enjoyed — I hadn't heard about Sid putting Harlan down, and it took me several minutes to recover! — and I hope you get to more cons to write them up just as subjectively. Or how about writing up Berkeley parties?

In any case, I'm glad to see you in the publishing field at last.

ENVOY 9 (Dick Schultz) The story is spoiled for me by my own lack of knowledge of whatever legend you're referring to. Assuming you didn't make it up out of whole cloth, can you give a reference to some place I might look it up? Being inordinately fond of myths and legends, I hate to see one go by that I don't at least try to find out about.

Pox on legallength paper.

PROSE OF KILIMANJARO 3 (George Locke) Well, at least a few SAPSites got copies of this — if they're SAPS-OMPA biapans — but it's a shame it didn't get to the SAPS OE (me) about 4 days sooner and get into the mailing. Wish you were still with us.

Anyway, the variant size of PROSE won't really bother my collection unless I manage to get extra copies of the three issues for my general collection, which is filed by title. Right now I have an extra copy of #2, which went through SAPS on 8½x11 paper. #1 is bound in the volume of Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press zines, and #3 will be bound in the OMPA mailing, so their differing sizes won't matter. Yet.

Now about this collecting business, Mr. Brown... . I would disagree with several of the "Don'ts" listed, on the grounds that one should buy whatever is available; if it can be replaced later with a better copy, edition, or what-have-you, fine. But at least you have a copy in the collection. Of course, it all depends on what basis one uses for his collection. Some people may collect

on an entirely bibliographic basis: first editions only, excellent condition books only, books bound in green only, or some such limitation. I collect for content -- so I can have whatever book I want available when I want it. I do collect variant editions if I can get them with little difficulty; otherwise one edition will do, whether or not it is a first. If possible, I replace the book club editions with firsts or at least regular editions if I run across the latter. I particularly object to the suggestion that one should not buy a book with a low resale value -- this is a maxim for the dealer, not the collector. I'm quite sure that my bound volumes of prozines have relatively low resale values compared to the values they might have had unbound -- but they are in much better order and much easier to handle, keep, and locate in the bound form, and I prefer them this way. The same would go for rebound books, which might otherwise be falling apart.

And the same goes for fanzines -- bound, they're easy to use and find; unbound they are easily lost and more easily stolen. I can't see anyone walking off with a bound FAPA mailing, bound as one of a (right now) 16-volume set, and expecting to be able to exhibit it as part of his own collection.

I do, however, agree with the main thesis: the purpose is to enjoy the hobby. The rest of his points are open to interpretation -- for instance I would much rather display a worn, dirty copy of The Ship That Sailed to Mars than a mint in d/w copy of Zotz! (neither of which I actually have).

----- End Running River-----

## Shreds And Patches

SAVOY FOREVER This column has run in my FAPAZINE ANKUS in the interim between my getting dropped from OMPA and now, but it is only fair that it again return to its proper place in SAVOYARD and continue to chronicle the performances of Gilbert & Sullivan in the Southern Calif. area.

In August the D'Oyly Carte Company began its U.S. tour by opening for two weeks in Pasadena. They presented four different operas, and several of the local fans scraped up the money to see all four from the best seats available (at \$6.50 a ticket). Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Steve Tolliver and I saw all four, and various others -- Trimbles, Ted Johnstone, Dian Girard, Blake Maxam, Sue Hereford -- saw one or two each.

They began with "The Mikado," which was great. It was obvious that John Reed's Ko-Ko wasn't up to Martyn Green's, but it was still excellent. There were several encores, including about four for "Here's a How-de-do," in which Ko-Ko runs back stage and comes out again with a different trick fan for each encore. Gillian Knight was a fabulous Katisha -- in fact, her characters were easily the best in the entire run of the company. An overpowering sort of woman. (Hmmm...I wonder if Sid Rogers ever played in G&S?)

As this was opening night, the orchestra, conducted by Isidore Godfrey, opened the performance with both the U.S. and British national anthems. And while it appeared that few in the audience knew the latter, at least no one tried to sing "America" to it.

The show was greatly enjoyed, with only two minor annoyances from the audience viewpoint: the souvenir programs couldn't be sold because of some idiot Pasadena ordinance, and G&S pest Manny Weltman sat with us. More of him next

Cover by Joe Gibson. (Donated by Forry Ackerman, these are the over-run from SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 26 -- published July '45)
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This has been SAVOYARD 8, from  
Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, #107  
Los Angeles 5; California

OMPA 34, December 1962.  
Incunebulous Publication #147.

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