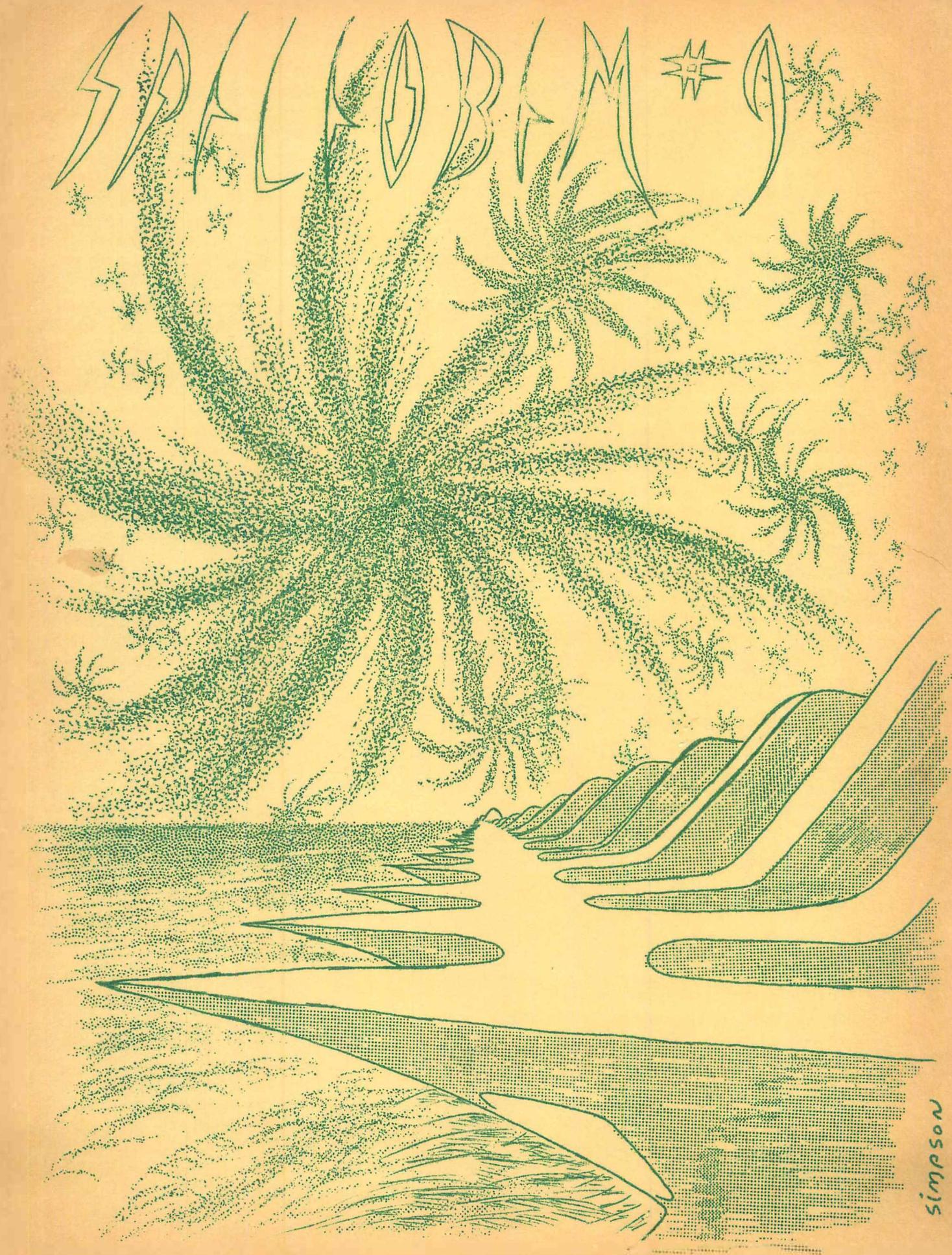
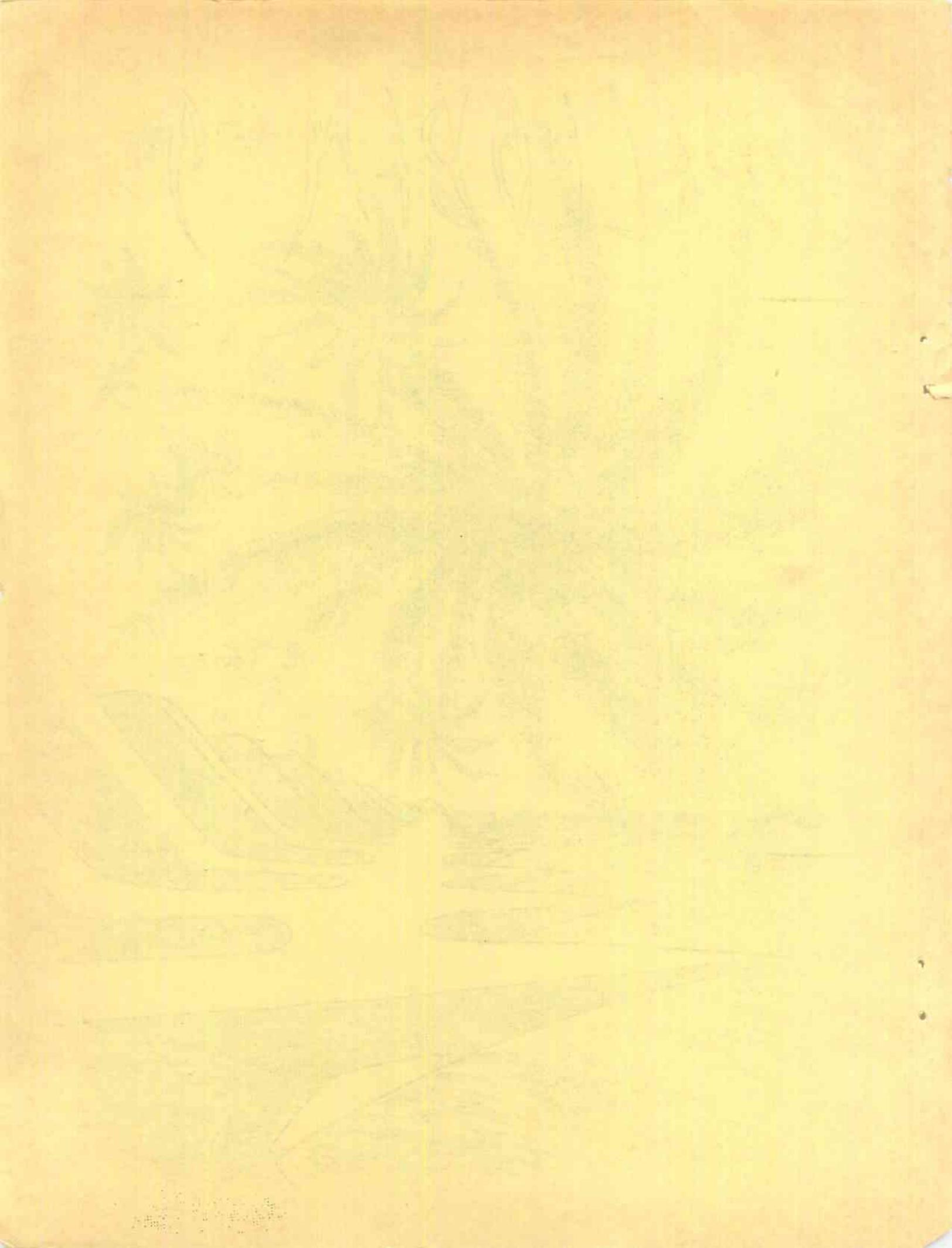


SALFORD #9



simpson



THE CRAWLWAY

2 Oct.

This is THE SPELEOBEM #9,
published by Bruce Pelz,
at 980 Figueroa Terrace,
in Los Angeles (12), Cal.
It is entered in the 53rd
mailing of the Spectator
Amateur Press Society, for
October 1960.
Incunebulous Publication #26

And that eliminates the possibility of my forgetting to put in a colophon again, as I did in SPEBEM 8. What happened was that I decided I didn't have enough nattering to warrant an editorial column, so I left out pages 1 and two, where the editorial generally appears -- forgetting, of course, that the editorial page is also the only place I identify myself and the zine. Pfu!

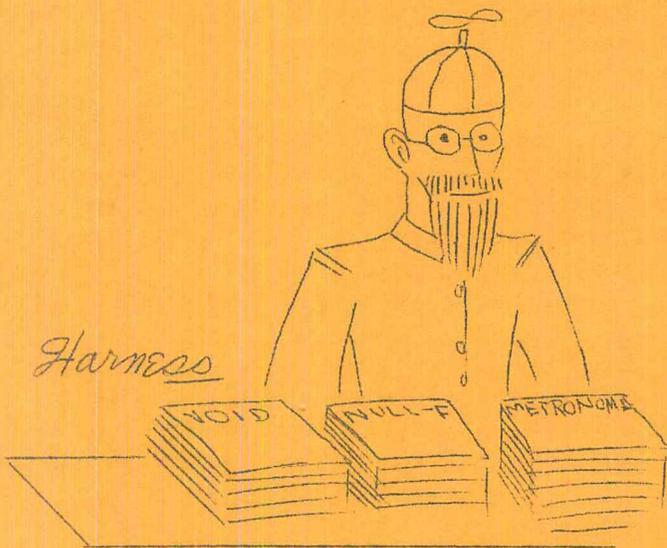
In case anyone has wondered about my cumulative numbering of zines as Incunebulous Publications, the word comes from "incunabula" - the earliest printed books, and, by extension, the earliest printings of a country, region, or individual; and "nebulous," which my publishing has always been, since I've been using borrowed typers, dupers, and even stencils or masters. Incunebulous publication #1 appeared in March of 1958, and there are five titles included in the first 26 numbers, which line up thusly:

IP #1: ProFANity	1	March	1958	20pp	
#2: ProFANity	2	May	1958	28pp	
#3: ProFANity	3	Aug.	1958	24pp	
#4: SpeleoBem	1	Oct.	1958	12pp	(SAPS)
#5: ProFANity	4	Nov.	1958	32pp	
#6: SpeleoBem	2	Jan.	1959	18pp	(SAPS)
	SpeleoBem 2½	Jan.	1959	4pp	(SAPS)
#7: SpeleoBem	3	Apr.	1959	28pp	(SAPS)
#8: ProFANity	5	Apr.	1959	40pp	
#9: SpeleoBem	4	July	1959	36pp	(SAPS)
	SpeleoBem 4½	July	1959	6pp	(SAPS)
#10: Savoyard	1	July	1959	10pp	(N'APA)
#11: Savoyard	2	Sept.	1959	8pp	(N'APA)
#12: ProFANity	6	Aug.	1959	52pp	
#13: SpeleoBem	5	Oct.	1959	102pp	(SAPS)
#14: Savoyard	3	Dec.	1959	6pp	(N'APA)
#15: SpeleoBem	6	Jan.	1960	28pp	(SAPS)
	SpeleoBem 6½	Jan.	1960	58pp	(SAPS)
#16: ProFANity	7	Feb.	1960	38pp	(SAPS)
#17: Savoyard	4	March	1960	6pp	(N'APA)
#18: SpeleoBem	7	Apr.	1960	28pp	(SAPS)
#19: Savoyard	5	June	1960	10pp	(N'APA)
#20: Glamdring	1	Apr.	1960	6pp	(SAPS)
#21: Glamdring	2	May	1960	8pp	
#22: SpeleoBem	8	July	1960	38pp	(SAPS)
#23: Savoyard	6	Sept.	1960	8pp	(N'APA)
#24: Glamdring	3	Aug.	1960	12pp	
#25: Angmar	1	Aug.	1960	6pp	(Cult)

Dates given are those
printed on the magazines,
or the dates of the APA
mailings in which they
appeared.

Pages include blank sides.

This issue Copyright 1960
by Bruce E. Pelz



The matter of requiring another five copies of each SAPSzine, making a total of 45 copies required, has been mentioned by several members recently -- all of them seemingly in favor of the idea. I'm one of those in favor, as it would give us five more mailings to sell to the batch of very eager waiting-listers we seem to have acquired, thus helping defray some of SAPS's expenses. I would suggest that Eney, if he doesn;t want to start requiring 45 copies during his term of office, at least put the idea on the Pillar Poll ballot, so the next OE -- me, I hope -- will know where the membership stands on the matter.

One more item about the extra mailings that are sent out to waiting-listers. It is a very good idea to list who is getting the mailings in the SPECTATOR, so that members who mail out wl-copies of their zines will be able to save themselves the bother and extra postage of sending a copy to a wler who already has a complete mailing. And I hope there is some kind of record as to who has paid for extra mailings, so that a record can be passed on to the next OE. I have heard several people complaining that they sent money in and never got either a mailing or an acknowledgement. I feel it's their place to gripe to the OE, not mine, but there should be a record of some sort anyhow.

Next we take up the matter of penalty pages being assessed. I know the OE is evil and his heart is black and all that

sort of stuff, and I even go so far as agreeing that Eney should have penalized both Jack Harness and Alan J. Lewis -- the former for sloth in trusting Summerfield, and the latter for crudity or whatever you may want to call it. Of course, Jack's late-mailed zine, technically speaking, would have taken care of the penalty pages, but the OE is evil, and he said he meant another five pages besides the late one. So OK. But then he says that penalty pages must reach him by October first, and here I balk. Jack will probably to his own grotching, but I'm going to add my bit, because this First of October news sent Jack scurrying to Fan Hill the night of 26 September, pre-empting the Gestetner, which I wanted to use, in order to run off his five penalty pages and get them airmailed off to OEney the next morning. I tend to call this over-stepping the powers of the OE, black heart or no.

DEPARTMENT OF NEGATIVE HUCKSTERING:

SAPSzines needed still: Mlg. 21: SPRING COMES TO BLANCHARD AND SOMERVILLE
 ----- 26: ONCE IS ENOUGH (KKAnderson) & ZED 774
 - 36: THE KEEBIRD CAPER

ART DEPARTMENT:

Cover by Don Simpson - 37: COLLECTOR
 Cartoon by Jack Harness - 39: THE HAPPY SAP & COSLETZINE 139 (Pt. 2)
 - 41: AGHAIST 1/2
 - Also mailings 1-5,8-20, and 24

THE CABAL LADDER (mc's)

31 July MHC/DJEE 2 The idea of a member being obligated to donate to SAPS when he contributes an extra-large zine to the mailing is a bit silly, it seems to me. I certainly didn't donate anything when I entered SPELEOBEM #5, which was 102pp long. I think you're worrying over nothing -- members are entitled to enter zines of whatever size they wish, with no obligation whatsoever, and they know it.

Very interesting. I hadn't considered Toskey's inclusion of the Fog Index to be a blasting of GMC -- particularly in view of Toskey's definite pro-GMC attitude, but maybe Tosk is more subtle than I gave him credit for, and he really is blasting GMC. Thanks for pointing it out. Very clever of you indeed, Art.

ATTENTION, OENEY: There are now at least two people (Pelz and Hayes) who say that 45 copies should be required, and that the WL should be assessed 50¢ on joining the WL. This may be the start of a trend... .

"The Great N3F Revolt" is good -- the best thing Deckinger's written, as far as I'm concerned. There are a couple of lovely touches in the piece. Get Mike to write more on this line, and you'll be doing him and us a favor.

PILLAR POLL - 1960 To start off, I think I hate you, Lee Jacobs -- your habit of changing titles every mailing is enough to drive an indexer like me stark staring sane. Couldn't you stick to one title and put all sorts of stuff under it, unless it's something like THE BALLARD CHRONICLES, when a different title would be absolutely necessary? Pity the poor bibliophiles.

But your commentary on Pillar Poll voting is quite comprehensive, and I will go ahead and put down my own answers to your questions:

No, non-SAPS should not be allowed to receive votes. This includes contributing waiting-listers, but does not include ex-members dropped during the year. The latter might well have been pillars of SAPS while they were members.

No, non-voting members should not be denied points on the Poll, but Buz's idea of adding a certain amount of points to the scores of members who do vote is a good idea, and will make non-voting unprofitable.

Whether or not a member is familiar enough with SAPS to vote should be left up to each member individually, as long as he at least sends a ballot in for OE vote and states that he considers himself too new to vote. (He would not, of course, receive the extra votes of a voting member.)

From a psychological viewpoint alone, SAPS members should put their best efforts into the October and January mailings -- the January one because so many members base voting on the mailing in which the ballots are distributed, and the October one to catch the characters who vote before reading the January mailing. I'll be willing to bet that all sorts of interesting material shows up in this mailing.

I am not certain what categories should be used in the Pillar Poll, but I favor having one for "Best Editor" and none for "Best Fanzine." Very definitely, no category of "Worst SAP" should be used. It is not needed, and might be detrimental. Book and magazine reviews are too little seen in SAPS to rate a separate classification. Eight categories is quite sufficient, I believe.

I favor the Busby system of voting: no fractions, not more than 5 points to a person in each category, and a total of 15 points in each category. Award as many or as few of the 15 to each member in a category as one wishes.

I also favor Wally's tabulation last time.

Finally, I favor secret ballot, and if elected OE I will appoint a teller least likely to blab or to be inveigled into revealing the results of the voting. If a member wants to let his voting be known, he can publish it in his zine. I know of two instances in which this has been done.

A very comprehensive survey of Poll problems, Lee. Ta.

10 Sept. WARHOON 8 Well, as long as you're in favor of the tariff system for zines from the waiting-list, I can see no reason for me to object to it. WARHOON is the one item being franked in that I would definitely miss, were it to disappear. Keep it coming, Rich.

I can see what you mean about the membership being enlarged by marriages. In fact it's getting worse -- members are marrying members, thus increasing the membership and moving the waiting list. Boy, is that a sneaky way to do things! On the other hand I'm not sure that even a black-hearted O'Neary can do very much about this trend. Unless you were going to suggest he find a way to get them un-married -- which idea sounds like fun, but I'd suggest he watch out for butcher knives and guided missiles.

I still favor increasing the number of extra mailings available to the waiting list. SAPS can use the money, and as long as there is that much interest, we might as well take advantage of it.

I applaud your idea that fans are in fandom to benefit themselves, and not a subscription list. There seems to be an amorphous "general fandom," never clearly defined, for which fans are supposed to work -- according to other fans not interested in the group for which the fan under discussion is working. At present I am still working on a genzine, but since I get more enjoyment out of apactivity, the genzine makes its appearance two or three times a year at most. At times I come close to admitting that I continue it only to get everyone else's genzines and continue being a completist.

With all the fuss Sprague de Camp makes about copyrights and things, I am wondering about warfare breaking out when he finds a copy of the SF AND FANTASY SONG-BOOK, which was circulated at Pittcon, and contained several de Camp copyrighted bits without permission. With my conreport as yet not even started, it's quite tempting to go off onto tangents about things that happened there, such as de Camp conducting the business meeting, but I will reserve that for the report.

Some fanzines are produced in such a way that typos are rather unnoticeable, while others have typos that jump at you from every page. I seldom notice any of the little pests in WARHOON, but the Hickman-multilithed first section of Don Ford's TAFF Report is crawling with them to the point where they interrupt the reading seriously.

I'm not quite sure what kind of documentation you would like for my statement that there was quite a difference between WARHOON 5 and WARHOON 6, but the statement was made on the basis that #5 was less legibly reproed, used a rather less-pleasing color of paper (the blue is much better than the old yellow), and lacked the lovely printed cover of #6. Perhaps this is not enough to warrant the word "quite," but I thought it was.

Politics interest me not, to the dismay of relatives such as one elderly aunt who thinks I should take more active an interest in "the running of our government." Were I eligible to vote (I'm not, having moved to California in January) I would do so, but that's the extent. Politics, according to a musical of several years ago is "When you pay him seven dollars and he kicks back six." As I am not in line for any kickbacks, I am not yet interested in politics.

FANTOCCINI #25 You get off easy this time, despite the anti-MC bit and the fact that this issue was harder to read than the last one, because I'm a bit too rushed for time to write verse comments.

I stopped in to see you at your post office box a couple weeks ago, but you weren't home.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION Unfortunately, I like it.

OUTSIDERS #40 I hope your fannish revenge on Eva was a good one, as I hear she has dropped out of SAPS, though whether it was to let in a waiting-lister or because we were bugging her for some reason. I dunno.

I guess it's about time to check the duplications on the FAPA-SAPS lists again. Well, since Eney did both of them, I guess the duplication is about the same, but now for a comparison of how many are on both rosters. We have 9 bi-apans, 18 SAPS

on the FAPA w1, 2 FAPAns on the SAPS w1, and 12 bi-w1ers, making 41 doubles out of SAPS' 59 and FAPA's 115.

You say that, in comparison to Bob Lee's chastity-belt padlock, which was obscene, your flower on OUT 38 was symbolic. Ktenic-symbolic, perhaps?

The poem about McCavity is by T.S. Eliot: "McCavity, McCavity, there's no one like McCavity

For he's a fiend in feline form,
A monster of depravity."

The Dickensheets and their monster Siamese cat, named McCavity, seem to agree quite completely with Mr. Eliot's sentiments.

The film version of "The Musquite Kid Rides Again" is complete, and was shown quite successfully in Pittsburgh. We're waiting for the next installment of THE BALLARD CRONICLES (providing we can also get up some money), in order to start filming again. While we didn't use Djinn to play Li'l Eva, anyone who's seen the movie will attest that we did use the best available.

HEATHEN #? The short dissertation on fannish humour deserves to be expanded into a full-length article, and if you do so, I would like a lien on genzine reprint rights. Humour is a subject seldom analyzed, and fannish humour a sub-division fully deserving of analysis.

And I'm not sure but what the idea of fans being benevolent parasites couldn't stand expansion into an article. How about it?

If you continue with this sort of material when you become a member, you'll not hear me complain at all about the lack of MCs or what-have-you. I'm rather looking forward to it, too.

MAINE-IAC #22 This should be a lesson to people who wait until deadlines loom near and then have to have their zines run off, right while I'm in the middle of running a 50-some page surprise fanzine fora wedding present the next day. Ed sent over the stencils with John Trimble (causing a flurry of hiding materials for the Bjohnzine), and wanted it run on Nile Green paper. We had only enough of the Nile Green for the first sheet, and although I could probably have found enough of some other colour to finish the zine, I decided a rainbow effect would be better. What else d'ya want run off, EdCo?

The article on JTrimble is hilarious -- and, strangely enough, believable, too. I'll be looking forward to any other such ~~atrocities~~ articles you may decide to write, but I warn you -- if you get around to me on one of them, you can expect a reply-article in the next mailing. And I'll do worse than lie about you -- I'll tell the truth.

ATTENTION, LEE JACOBS: "Redd Boggs--Superfan" is hilarious, like, and why didn't you write more like this? Or maybe you did and I missed them? Applause, cheers, clapping, yells, hoots, screams, whistles, and general furor tending to indicate that anything else like tjis you can come up with will be highly appreciated!!!!!!

YESTERDAY THE FUTURE #2 If you're trying to leave SAPS with a feeling that it probably won't miss you when you gafiate, you're succeeding remarkably well with this issue. This is definitely your worst since BACKWARD BLESSING. Unless that dubious honour goes to YESTERDAY THE FUTURE #3, for which I see no reason to make a separate entry.

So long, Cos -- you've already dropped SAPS.

BOG #14 The noted remark on the BOG of mailing 50 was the same as this one: NOTED.

BUMP #3 I wonder what will happen if, sometime in the next few years, 40 copies of BUMP 3 show up in Seattle, carried to Toskey's door by a man who has obviously gone unshaven for many months, and who babbles madly as he flings the package of fanzines at Toskey and escapes down the street as if freed from a curse? For this is quite likely to happen, should they be found by some unsuspecting non-fan type. He

would find himself under geas to return the zinjs to their destination, no matter how long it might take him. Or it might even be worse -- the forty of them might get strung out all over the land of Mundania... .

BUMP #4 I wouldn't exactly say you've done Doreen a grave injustice by leaving off the initial punctuation mark on her zine title -- more like an exclamation sign injustice, since the grave (sometimes spelled 'greve') is only used in French, not in Spanish.

The idea that a second run of Earl's WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? should be made has been brought up several times, and although it may sound selfish, I'm not in favor of it. Right now it is a rarity, and much in demand, but if someone went to the trouble of typing new masters and running a second edition, I believe that not only would the value of the first edition go down, but the person would find there weren't enough people willing to pay for a copy to make the second edition worth the effort and expense. I could be wrong, but I think a large part of the demand is based on the fact that there are so few available.

EGOTAPE #1 I add the designation "#1" to your title, though I seriously doubt the probability of further numbers, because you designated it as such.

I find I object to this bit, Lee, if only on the grounds that I'm nosy and want to find out what you said to the other members of SAPS. In hopes someone else -- preferably all other members -- will follow suit, I am transcribing my portion of Egotape here:

"Congratulations, Bruce, for being the number two man on the Pillar Poll, and I assume that in the upcoming year you will be shooting for number one.

"I fully agree with you concerning the idea that only the Official Teller look at the ballots for any Pillar Poll, and that he disclose the actual voting sequences to nobody else. If things are going to be done on secret ballot, might as well have them remain secret. Otherwise, then, it really isn't a secret ballot, is it?

"See you in the next mailing, Bruce."

11 Sept. SPACEWARP #67 You're right in your comment to Otto. Stf and sex don't mix. Congratulations, Art. Condolences, Nance.

I've heard "gafia" pronounced three different ways. Generally, it rhymes with "raffia," but I've also heard it with a long "A", and with a broad "A": "goffia."

An ocelot knows a lot,
But a cheetah is sweetah.
A lynx occasionally stynx,
And a lion is rather too tryin';
A panther won't give you a civil anther,
A leopard assaults when he's peppered,
A puma is a fusser and fuma,
A tiger doesn't Count with a geiger
A cougar can be ratner a nasty bougar,
And after all that,
A cat is rather old hat.

I have two of the Williams hard-bound anthologies -- or at least I think I still have them -- in Tampa, and if you will remind me of the fact that you want them, some time in December when I'm about to go back to Tampa for Christmas, I'll see if I can find them. I can't remember the titles, even, but unless I gave them away before I came to California, you're welcome to them.

If your solution to the decline in stf is the only one available -- that one being to let the stories become slanted toward the adolescent mind -- then as far as I am concerned SF can go ahead and drop dead in the magazines. What boots it if the clod in the street can then appreciate stf enough to buy it and keep the magazines as going concerns? What good does this do me, and why should I attempt to further such an al-

truistic plan? I want only stf that I enjoy reading -- if I don't enjoy reading it, every last one of the magazines can go straight to hell, do not pass Go, do not collect 50¢ an issue. SF is not a Cause -- it is not even, as Fandom may be, a Way of Life. When it ceases to entertain me, I will cease to care about it. And if the mags start slanting toward the adolescent mind, SF will cease to entertain me. And our epitaph will have been written much longer ago than your oft-quoted, SWARP-promulgated one of "ZAP! ZAP! ATOMIC RAYS PASSE WITH FIENDS" -- it will be the even more often quoted one: "GOSHWOW! THE MOSTA AND THE BESTA!"

Nononononono -- it's not DC in '64 -- it's MORDOR IN '64!! (DC in '63, tho.)

The Widner lampoons match up thusly: #1-Laney; #2-Sneary; #3-Croutch; #4-Burbee; #5-Courzen; #6-Coslet; and #7-Ackerman. The only doubts I have are with Croutch and Courzen -- I'm not very familiar with the former's style, and I've never even heard of the latter.

"Tannin' on the Susquehanna" -- or Four Days That Shook the Beaver-dam.

RETRO #17 The trouble you have with the July mailing, Buz, seems to carry over and hit me for the October mailing. Mainly, the convention coming in the middle throws things out of whack, and I have to rush like hell to get my zine done in time -- particularly when it has to go all the way to the East coast. But I stagger on, bashing away at various and sundry typers, and hoping I won't end up with a 10 or 12-page zine. Trouble is, around here there are too many SAPsites for me to get one of them to do part of my zine -- you have it lucky up there where you can snag passing fans. LA should be so lucky.

Hey, Doreen, what's this "Biocon" you said you would go to if you ever unwound? It sounds interesting. Sort of like a Wild Session, maybe?

BOYCON report adequate and concise. I do wonder how King Gama kept popping up every once in a while, but far be it from me to complain about "creeping G&Sism."

Al Lewis and I have realized that taking so many slides was a mistake. We took a very minimum to Pitt, and then they were shown only once. Now that we're back, my Detention slides go back into their original format (they were edited for both Boise and Pitt), and only the Pittcon slides go to any 1960-61 cons, without special requests. Same goes for slides of "The Making of the Musquite Kid," and the like.

I still claim to have the dirtiest mind in SAPS, but that crack about Wrai's having to explain 200th Fandom's 3rd trackshoe in Summerfield-proof terms proves you are still well up in the running. Hoo-Hah!!

And that put-down to the telephone soliciter is lovely -- I read it first at lunch in the USC Library Staff Rocrm, and cackled so loud I had to explain to two librarians what I was laughing at. They agreed it was hilarious. I wonder what one could tell the character who calls up with offers of free photographs (if you buy so many others)? I wonder just how many members will recognize your reference to the article about Burbee discovering the anus to the Western World? You're pulling them from left field (actually from FANDANGO 26 - cover and lead paragraph).

I had little or no chance to publicize my switch of support from Miriam to Jack for OE, short of sending out a postmailing, which I know is Frowned Upon in these circles. But I did tell Miriam about it -- whose else business is it? But at any rate it is water under the sewer, and I won't carp any further. I will, however, go back to the practice of publishing my votes, unless the ballot specifically states "Secret Ballot." Might as well let everyone see them as only a few.

I'll admit being dense about Guy's "TP Publications" -- somehow, I didn't think his zines were that crappy. And unfortunately I find I am not always correct or always in the know on matters. If this invalidates my complaints of Toskey being a bit dense -- specifically in the matter of the "Munih is the route of old Eva L." -- then I will withdraw them. I don't think it does.

Besides, I agree with the idea that it's better to blow one's stack than to sit around and seethe about something -- much as I may not like or appreciate the stack-blowing at the time, no matter if it be mine or someone else's. I have at times considered giving up on Toskey, and passing FLABBERGASTING up in MCs, since it appears to be a hopeless case, trying to get anywhere arguing with him. But that would be giv-

ing him a Win, and I'm too stubborn to lose that way. So you will continue to see, if you read SPELEOBEM through, my rantings at the Toskey in most every mailing. As well as those at other members. ...grotching old Bruce Pelz... .

Like your Not Hardly Poetry NOhow Corners.

IGNATZ #25 Wish I knew what your cover-girl's name was, because you'll probably say it was Lily, so that your cover was an example of painting the Lily. Care to join our punsters' gild?

If I decipher your comment correctly, you have something about Tosk getting engaged and/or married in your MC's to GIM TREE. Is your ESP working overtime, or is FANAC missing a scoop?

Sorry, but I'm neither a 6-ft gorilla or a 6-ft lion -- I'm a 5'10" elephant, which may be a bit small for an elephant, but it's as logical as Ellik being a 6-ft squirrel. More logical, even.

SECTION 2: (But I thought all of Iggy was Section 8!?) Well, this goes to prove astrology is the Bunk. I'm about as magnanimous as a combination of Scrooge & Simon Legree & possibly Midas (I'll not deny the bit about liking gold, rubies, and goldenrod -- goldenrod paper, at least). Charity? The stamps I sent were courtesy of USC -- I consider a few stamps a legitimate perk. I won't go any further into this, but now that we've met you might re-read it and make a few corrections yourself, huh?

If you're still looking for low references in G&S, try IOLANTHE, Act I, the start of the Finale (p.256): "LORD TOLLLOLLER: 'I heard the minx remark, etc.'" Then find someone to tell you about the geographical reference mentioned.

THE ZED #? Well, that should teach me to check my Shakespeare references before citing them. Thanks. Wonder no one else jumped me on the goof about the bread and sack quote -- it ain't often I leave myself that wide-open.

I see you're blaming Wrai for the "Ultimate Weapon" parody which appeared in SPELEOBEM 7. The "W.B." tag-line doesn't stand for Wrai Ballard. I wrote the thing, and I'll let you guess what the initials stand for.

I enjoy your history-based stories. I'll plead ignorance on the source for "Odile" -- I've never read a Philip Marlowe or Mike Hammer book. But it's a nice and sneaky ploy, and I'll applaud.

A LETTER TO SAPS

How pleasant to meet Mr. Shapiro,
Whose invite to SAPS draws quite near-O.
If his zines are not found
To be better this round,
He should then, once again, disappear-O.

COLLECTOR #22 I seem to be making a habit of not getting the newspapers with the convention write-ups. This year, by the time I got to the news stand in the hotel, all they had left was the late edition, which didn't have the con bits in it. This makes two years out of two -- pretty good average for fouling up. But I intend to write the papers and see if I can get hold of copies.

COITUS From the high degree of disjointedness in this one-shot, I would say a better title would have been COITUS INTERRUPTUS. But perhaps the perpetrator was merely considering the fact that it is all screwed up.

KRAML #2 You will probably be surprised to find out that Dee has changed her attitude toward cats. Now she only hates specific cats, not cats in general. While she was in Los Angeles, she became quite friendly with Typo, the Fan Hill cat that owns Ernie Wheatley -- I have a picture to prove this friendliness, too. She didn't come off quite so well with McCavity, the Dickensheets' huge Siamese, and was still calling it a "nasty thing -- it bites" when she left. Which only goes to show that McCavity has more sense than Typo.

11 Sept. FENDENIZEN #17 I don't think I was angry at Toskey just because it was "so much more comfortable" than being angry at myself. I've been angry at myself quite enough for various matters, and it would be foolish to be so on a matter like the voting, where there is utterly no reason for anger at myself.

In attempting to analyze why the Tolkienist parody of "Jesse James" had a tendency to grotch me, while the "MORDOR IN '64" campaign does not, I think I may have a start towards an answer: the parody seemed to be an attempt to satirize the story, and I don't think it's satirizable, while the slogan is completely divorced from the story, and used only as a catch-phrase. Another possibility is that I am connected with the spreading of the latter and not the former, thus letting the personal interest override any dislike -- but I liked the slogan from the start, when there wasn't even an idea of my coming to California, so I don't think that's the reason. Maybe there's some other reason. Several verses have been added to "The Orcs' Marching Song" since Detention, and I think I am getting to where I like the thing a bit better (Karen wrote one of them, by the way, and she's certainly a rabid Tolkienist). Another influence is the fact that I've come to know a bit more about the crew in Philadelphia who wrote the parody -- they seem to be strongly Orc-centered, and if that's the case, OK. (George Heap's prize-winning Orc-costume at Pitt, as I remember, bugged you. I found it an excellent job of craftsmanship, and a fascinating costume as a whole. Well worth the prize, no matter what the category had to be for him to get it.

As a final note, you may assume what you will about the con's motif and about its tinge, should LA win with MORDOR IN '64, and you may take what action - positive or negative - you wish thereupon. But I've never yet heard of a con with a particular motif (anyone who has is invited to enlighten me), and the tinge is a result of the majority of attendees. It's a free fandom, but your being this bugged about the slogan has a tendency to bug me. But let's worry about Seattle in '61 before we worry about MORDOR IN '64.

Much as I hate to admit it, I haven't the vaguest idea what verseforms I use, most of the time. If you say the internal rhymes in the verse I did for you are quite celtic, I'll take your word for it -- but they're there only because that's the way the poem came out -- wouldn't have fit any other way. Sic transit BEP's scholarly versifying reputation.

Bruce's collection of CRY is far from complete -- I lack somewhere around 39 issues (counting $\frac{1}{2}$ -issues), and my earliest one is #7. I do have HYPHEN #5 that you say you're missing, but you have #4 and #8, so you're still one-up on me there, too.

Uh, you better not blame Ted for the repro on POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #7 -- I ran most of that issue off, and was in a helluva hurry. Apologies all around, but it is almost impossible to say who will do the duper work when you send a zine to Fan Hill to be run off -- might even be a non-SAP like Ernie Wheatley, if we can hook him.

Apropos of Howard's calling TV a comic book that turns its own pages, one of the editorial-page columnists for the LA TIMES got into a small feud with the TV reviewer for the paper, and in one lovely column mentioned the guy as the "Boswell of the Boob Tube." The editorial columnist is Art Ryon, in case anyone is interested. His comment, along with Howard's and Ellsion's epithet about the "glass tit" should be used to start a collection of anti-TV lines and gags.

One last Mordor comment - an afterthought, more or less: What would The Lord of the Rings have been like, had Mordor never existed, or had it not been as it was?

FLABBERGASTING #15 Sheesh! It may be weird, but a Toskeyzine this small is rather flabbergasting, after the years of monsterzines. In fact, when Bill Meyers was heckling at me to join SAPS, one of the things he mentioned was "Toskey's HUGE zines." Sic transit, and so forth.

I hope you're limiting the comparison of "Search For a Hero" and "Sylvie and Bruno" to the matter-of-fact attitude of the characters, because I would hate to think you saw other parallels between the two. Carroll crammed "Sylvie and Bruno" far too full of philosophizing and polemics to make it a top-rank story, even though there are quite a few very enjoyable bits in it -- especially the Gardener's Song. Bjo's fantasy

is much lighter, and, taking into account the difference in length, more enjoyable in its reading.

Please re-read p.11 of SPELEOBEM 7 -- it says "Rich Eney -- and probably Toskey, too, for that matter -- seems to be overly PO'd at anything vaguely resembling Dianetics or Scientology, and he winds up..." I call attention to the use of the singular pronoun "he", indicating that the linking of you and Eney ends with the comment about being overly PO'd. I did not, in this instance, accuse you of arguing ad personam. Hell, I accused you of enough other things that you shouldn't have to carp about something from this far out in left field.

GET THIS STRAIGHT: I AM N*O*T SNIPING AT YOU WITH INTENT TO BE HUMOROUS, OR EVEN SEMI-SERIOUS. I AM QUITE SERIOUS IN ALL MY COMMENTS TO YOU, AND HAVE BEEN SO IN SPELEOBEM 7 AND 8. (I will not go to the trouble of checking previous issues to see if I might have been joking someplace where the fact was not definitely stated.)

Quote, FLABBER13, p.11: "My Least Prejudiced Viewpoint stems not from any idea I have arrived at through Clear Thinking, for mostly I was merely Reporting the Facts. Anyhow, you didn't contradict my statement anyway, for you haven't pointed to anyone else who was as involved in the operation as I was who had less prejudiced views than me. And ye are UNABLE to do so, either, simply because I am the one person who had the most Facts first hand, upon which to base my viewpoint." So in SPELEOBEM I suggest that Wally was less prejudiced and as involved. Then, Quote, FLABBER 15: "Wally was as involved in the Westercon more than I was, yes; but he did not go and have much in the way of informal talks with GMC after her conrep. As I said, I was doing a lot of the pushing around (and Wally was the main target of my pushing) which GMC gives Buz credit for." What does that have to do with the fact that Wally's viewpoint was less prejudiced and as informed as yours, about the con??

I will rephrase my statement about cats being beautiful and adding greatly to the decor of the place, to include the fact that I am talking about live cats -- not dead or stuffed ones, which do not add to much of anything except possibly an ashcan.

I will retract the nasty dig about "Those who can, do; etc" I still think you are unbearably pixylated on the idea that Mathematics is All, but I will grant the possibility that you might be able to work industrial math but prefer teaching. I'm lazy, too.

I suggest you inform the new Sec-Treas of FAPA that it would be in the best interests of FAPA to drop you, and see what happens -- like, better luck this time.

I'd be interested in knowing how you worked the $(a^b c^d = abcd)$ problem, provided I could keep up with the math -- I'm no great shakes at math, tho I should be able to follow anything up to general calculus.

If you are serious in your comment to Art about the coin-toss probability measurement, then you are a hopeless case, and I, for one, will give up on even trying to argue logically about such things.

Also, I note you decline to answer a great part of my points in SPELEOBEM 7, such as subtlety in jokes and Heroes vs protagonists.

SPY RAY OF SAPS Well, better late than never with conrep, Dick. I snicker noisily at your comment that little foreign cars aren't up to long-distance travel at sustained high speeds, like your Ford. Seeing as how the LA crew just got done with a trip to Pitt and back in 3 small foreign bugs, and most of the trip was done at 60-plus MPH, too.

Offhand, I'd say you're probably right that Lee Jacobs has never seen you in an intoxicated condition. When he's in an intoxicated condition, he can't see anyone!

I think your idea of Grangerizing The Lord of the Rings is a good one (even if the term "Grangerize" connotes making a poetry index, to me). As publisher of the OO of The Fellowship of the Ring, I PALANTIR, I'd like very much to see some of the fan artists follow your suggestions. Another possibility is to have a general Tolkien-drawing contest, through PAS-TELL, which possibility Bjo has suggested. In any case, if you're drawing Tolkien illos, I'd very much appreciate seeing them for I PALANTIR.

Cheers for your comments on TEW. Suggest next time you need a villain, he is the logical choice, rather than even Clod Hall. ## Good zine, Dikini.

21 Sept. MEST #3 I think, for the mess that I had to go through/ when I did up this zine, I'm undoubtedly due/ just a bit more revenge than I already took/ by inserting a page (which O'Eney, the crook,/ counted right in with yours -- a most horrible crime)/ so now you get comments completely in rhyme.

Your plans for the summer went sadly astray,/ so in comments on them I shall just pause to say/ that no matter how bad Fandom seems as a curse/ Mundane finds a way to come up even worse./ I hope you find time, this next mailing or two/ to write up the story of what you went through/ and send it through SAPS as a one-shot or such --/ what I've seen of the write-up I like very much./

It occurs to me now, that since Sputnik appeared/ there've been quite a few stfnists who've sat back and sneered/ that the race into space was just bound to be so --/ SF had predicted it long, long ago!/ They point with great pride to a line of a story/ which indicates, vaguely, that Russians might glory/ in beating the U.S. to Luna and back/ (the author, for years, has been labelled a hack)./ To add to the evidence, then, they include/ five lines from an article, torn rather crudely/ from context because it fit in with their plot,/ and a '35 illo that's better forgot./ There's really no sense in these idiot schemes/ that go to such far out and wild extremes/ to prove that SF is a prophecy field,/ for when they get done they have only revealed/ that with 30 years' backlog of pulpy old mags/ you can find SF proof for all kinds of dumb gags./ (This wild little tirade was started a-blazing/ from mention of illo in Forry's Amazing./ I think I'll continue to emphasize FICTION/ when speaking of SF -- to hell with prediction!)/

The "secret weapon" you hold on Rich Brown/ isn't much of a weapon -- already, you clown,/ ~~Rich has~~ published in SAPS (or maybe in CRX)/ the gist of the secret you threaten him by./ So I'll let it out, it will give me no pain/ to announce that between "Rich" and "Brown" there comes ./. /

It occurs to me now, when it's really too late/ that La Busby and I may have earned us the hate/ of the rest of the SAPS for successfully changing/ a modest young fan to a raucous, deranging/ young egotist. It's, as I said, too late now/ to turn off the process -- but still, I'll allow/ that maybe we should have left you in your shell,/ but we didn't know just how off we were well! /

Don Bratton's a person I'd like to forget, as I've no use for paranoid psychos, and yet/ I'm curious still, for fanhistory's sake, to find out the paths that an ex-fan would take/ from fandom to nuthouse, and back again soon while still showing signs that he's daft as a loon./ Jack Speer, in his FAPazine, put in a quote from ~~one of the letters our friend~~ Bratton wrote/ in the name of "The Easter Fund." Sheesh, what a whack! I've met him three times -- hope he doesn't come back./ I guess that the FAPans more details may know, as he was a member back ten years ago./

23 Sept. A couple corrections will have to be made to your comments on TAFF: though it can't be gainsaid/ that Don Ford produces no genzine-type pub, he has done several POKKAs -- his OMPazine. Flub/ #2 is your comment that no con-type ran against Bennett -- I guess you've forgotten a fan/ named Dave Newman, who also took part in that race (and damn near beat Berry for runner-up place)./ With the rest the remarks, tho, I'm going to agree -- that faneds run TAFF is a new one on me./ In fact, so much weight to the con-types is given that this year the Midwest-fan vote will be riven --/ Doc Barrett, for instance, is backing RonEl, while Hickman is on Eney's side of the deal./ For the past couple years now, both Hickman and I have backed winning TAFFmen, but on this next try/ one record must fall, for in this frantic whirl we're on opposite sides -- I am backing the Squirrel./ Let me now blow the gaff: It's ELLIK for TAFF!! /

"Fandom is a way of life" for bloody sure when mundane strife/ is all that one can seem to cull from non-fan contacts (plus some dull/acquaintances, and work, and such -- fannish problems just can't touch/ the mess Mundania can hand out). Certainly hope I never get fanned out./

And now we come to the part of your zine where I had a chance for a number of mean/little bits when I typed it, but somehow I found the will to put off, till this mailing came 'round/, the urge to reply to your comments to me -- and now we shall see, my friend, what we shall see./

Since I have said it several times in prose, I'll say it now in rhymes:/in BSI matters I'm like an amnesian -- in fact, I'm rather a Fake Holmesian./ I like the crew of the BSI, but when it comes to the Canon, why/ I haven't re-read it in several years. I'm not like JT, they don't bore me to tears,/ but I haven't the time to go study the thing one iota as I've studied the Ring./ So, as for thegoof I made breaking the code of the Dancing Men cover on Bob's NEMATODE,/ I figured it out without checking the book, and with one symbol left I just naturally took/ it for "W" as it fit in with the words. I was wrong -- 'twas a goof -- and you BSI birds/ who are up on the stuff are entitled to snicker, but I wonder why you didn't catch me up quicker,/ since I yammered away with what I thought was right for almost three months, and considered it bright./ I wish there'd been someone like you (or like Dean) to point out the goof 'fore it went in the zine./ But I'll not sue (Down, George Nims Raybin!) -- and, what the hell, so geht das Leben!/

Some of your rhymes are rather askew, like "waver so" and "seem to do."/

Although I'd heard of Mercer's Day, I still can't figure out a way/ that Miri's birthday could come to be on a day conceived so long after she./ (Particularly if, as you say, 26 April's the proper day.)/

Despite your rather valiant try in getting even with the guy/ who doesn't like the dull aside in MCs, I'm still one who'll ride/the warpath against putting in a note each time you stop and begin./ Your notes, by the way, aren't really the type I'm grotching about -- the garbage and tripe/ of putting in notes about stopping to sack, and just one line later a note that you're back./Gak!Braaack!//

Your Philosophy Prof has an excellent case for believing in God, but there's more than one face/to the coin of religion: though one may conceive in the existence of God, just which God to believe in/ becomes the main problem; one winds up confused, and becomes an agnostic, a label that's used by those rather vague on religious-type plans -- including a vary large number of fans./

Aha! Here's a place I am one-up on you: Your quote from The Yeomen comes out of Act II/ not Act I as you've got, for Act I ends before the cock and bull tale can come up in the score./

I am quite well aware who you meant when you'd like one in the study and one in the bed,/but as for my saying the set-up is fine for the three of you -- that idea's way out of line./ The main reason being, my fine fannish lout, I'd like one myself -- which means you get cut out./ (Since both of the girls got a copy of MEST, I'd like very much to know how it impressed/ them, (the idea itself's what I mean), when they read this particular part of the zine./So far, I am sure they have been too polite -- their candid reactions conceivably might/be very amusing, instructional, too -- per haps not to SAPS, but to me, and to you./

I'm grotched by the fact that I've so little time to spend in writing stuff, and time is a thing a person needs to battle the spots that are rough./I've a couple of just-begun stories, and five or six parodies, too. I just wish to hell I'd a week or so with nothing at all to do/ but finish the stuff I've started, and maybe begin z a few more, instead of this job-school-AND-fanac bit, which tends to become a bore./ Yet even if my stuff doesn't get done, I can still enjoy yours -- but durnit! You wrote that parody "How are things..." -- now whyinell don't you learn it?/ I think it's one of the best you've done, and I've sung it quite a lot -- to the point, in fact, where a couple fans have threatened to have me shot/ if I didn't shut up, but this is not new, I've had it happen before (though Doreen said she'd rather hear Al Lewis sing, and then I did get a bit sore.)//

I've taken two pages of comment in rhyme, and somewhere around five full hours of time/ to finish off MEST and its 28 pages. I really don't know if this rhyming presages/ the coming-to-pass of what Eva suggested -- that all of the feuding in SAPS should be vested/ in rhyme (tho she never gave one reason why she thought it would be a good idea to try)./If this stuff keeps on, in a mailing or two we may get to the point where we're having to do/a dozen full pages, or possibly more, or rhymed mailing comments, which would be a chore./ But it's really not feuding -- at least it's not yet -- and the way things can change I'd be willing to bet/ there won't be much more of it. Guess I'm out of room/ I wonder just who's got revenge upon whom?/

24 Sept. CREDO Rather slight piece of work, John. But it was thoughtful of Ed Meskys to have it included in the mailing.

SAFARI #6 Your two-colour cover is pretty good. Justification is murderous on a multilith, I know. Repro pencil work tends to look very sketchy unless the shading is done very carefully, and the lines are drawn with a straight-edge -- one reason why I had Doreen doing my illos.

Somehow, I wish you had gone ahead and done that issue of SAFARI with the inclusion of all the typical SAPSazine goofs. It would have served them/us right, I think -- though as sure as hell most of those who you were aiming at wouldn't get the idea that it was a satire. In fact, I might not have gotten it, either. But if it were later pointed out, I would have applauded -- I applaud the idea.

There is nothing to stop you -- even in SAPSish moral standards, as far as I know -- from grouching individually about zines or items in zines that you don't care for. The complaints on the Frigid Faction were based largely on your lumping so many zines together for complaint, some of them quite unfairly, even by your own standards. I'm glad to see the thing gone, but go ahead and sneer mentally -- or even on stencil -- at any zine you still think "frigid." Just grouse at particulars.

Hope you enjoyed the filmic version of THE MUSQUITE KID RIDES AGAIN -- in fact, hope everyone who saw it enjoyed it. We certainly enjoyed making it.

Well, if you want to relate SAPS to amateur journalism, it's easily enough done. If you include publishing under journalism, certainly the majority of members do their own publishing, and take a reasonable amount of pride in payout, repro, and the like. If you only include the writing, why not just consider the mailing comments as miniature editorials? Except, of course, for those written in a style which makes one check back into the last mailing to see what is being discussed. (These bother me, as well as you, since by the time I get to commenting on a mailing I've sent the previous mailing to be bound, and can't refer to it at all, except for my own zine and a few of those run off here at Fan Hill, of which we have extra copies.) But the primary problem is being able to define "Amateur Journalism." What is your definition?

Yeah, I guess that page of scarlet Tru-ray paper I used for the editorial in SPELEOBEM 7 was a bit hard to read (though you should have seen the white-on-purple zine I sent through N'APA). My problem is that I still have about 425 or so sheets left in the ream I bought -- and then Lee and Jane Jacobs gave me another whole ream of the scarlet stuff for my birthday. What in hell do I do with the paper, if everyone says it's too hard to read?

Actually, if you expect to find a plethora of non-MC material in FAPA, you are likely to be disappointed. MCs seem to be the rage in all the APAs, even OMPA, which used to be the standard-bearer for non-MC stuff. Of course, all this on only the zines I've seen -- which includes complete FAPA mailings, but only partial OMPA mailings, until my first mailing arrives in a couple weeks -- I'm now almost an omni-APAn, with only FAPA to go.

Any mathematically-inclined ~~lib~~ SAP who wants to see how Toskey ~~exhibited~~ earned his Piled Higher and Deeper can order a microfilm of the Toskey dissertation from University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, for \$2.00. The number of the dissertation is MIC. 59-3349.

Hmmm. I shall look forward rather warily to your publication of Sid Coleman's article on "Sex Life of American SF Fans." I wondered why he suddenly got interested in LASFS....

You should have realized that SAPSish predictions seldom hit the mark -- so of course Heinlein got the Best Novel "Hugo" instead of Vonnegut. (And as far as I remember, the latter wasn't even at Pittsburgh -- or did I miss him?)

And then Avram Davidson again carps at fnz for ignoring SF. I categorically deny his thesis that "19 out of 20" fanzines never mention SF, and challenge him (or anyone else) to name 10 fanzines in such a category. This excludes APazines, as they are not primarily SF fanzines, but AJzines. And with this I conclude comments on another excellent issue of SAFARI. Thanks, Earl.

HERE THERE BE SAPS #5 I like your idea for an index to SAPS mailings 1-50. The main trouble is that it will take so long that no one would have the time to do it. Secondary problem is finding all the mailings -- as far as I know, only Coslet has a complete set. I was considering the idea of doing an index to each year of SAPS, then later they could be combined into a full-scale index. I started working on the Busby mailings, but got bogged down before too long. It still takes too much time, particularly if one tries to index the main topics of discussion in the mailing comments. Maybe Toskey could use his Sabbatical for such a project. Or I could let Ted at my collection this semester, while he's not going to school. Or something like that.

The Howard Miller of fandom is not the same as the DJ that Omeara mentions. The former still lives in Long Beach -- I've met him several times at Burbee parties and also at the party the Jacobses threw for Don and Mary Wilson this past August, as a going-away party. I've taken to referring to Howard as a stormcrow, because at all the parties he stands around casting gloom in all directions. Wish he was still doing some artwork, though -- his stuff in DREAM QUEST, PRIMAL, etc. was quite good. Maybe a trip to Long Beach would be in order, armed with stencils and styli.

Although Leman may not have written a SAPSish Patience, there does exist a fannish parody of the opera. It's called "Impatience, or Hubbard's Pride," and was reprinted in the STF & FSY SONGBOOK No. 1 (edited by Hal Shapiro and selling for \$1.) The parody was written by Charles R. Tanner, just after the publishing of the article on Dianetics in ASF. (Does anyone know where the parody originally appeared?)

I'm afraid I'd be one of the ones who would vote against giving Coslet a permanent membership in SAPS -- I'm against having drones in any organization... or leastwise, such an organization as SAPS...when said drone has already expressed his intention of dropping out unless he gets a permanent membership.

I'm afraid that Leman started something when he mentioned the vembletroon, the garft, and the other verseforms. Ever since then, other archaic forms have been finding their way into SAPSzines, such as the triolet that Eney did. I agree that it gets difficult to read, but I'm glad to see someone resurrect the verseform. And there will be an introduction to another old form later in this zine.

OK, I'll have to admit ignorance -- what was the point to having a 12-inch droopstem pipe in Roscoe's mouth in the illo for Best of SPACEWARP?

I don't know what happened to McCain's collection, but Laney's had been sold long before his death -- to Coswal. Cos, when did you buy it, and what happened to the later accumulations, I wonder? Evans's collection has been broken up, and a lot of it was sold through Ackerman. Some of it went to the Fan Hill Mob (Billern, Bjohn, possibly Al Lewis) when EEE's widow moved, recently. I know Billern bought a couple very good illos. (I bought a bookcase.) How about other collections, though -- Kent Moomaw, Courval, etc?

The repro on PRA 7 suffered from shallow cutting, particularly on the illos and headings. Some of the illos toward the end were stencilled by Bjo, so came out better. Me, I've about given up stencilling artwork, as I do such a lousy job. There are others in the same catagory, too.

FTGBR

Now, looking back over your comments about the review of Courage House, I would say that you are possessed of a rather macabre sense of precognition. In fact, a number of things that I've either read or reread lately, applying to the "Inchmery Incident," have struck me as having a macabre humour -- possibly it's just my own humour being macabre. But there was Sanderson's article in the 10th Annish of JD-ARGASSY, Ethel Lindsay's TAFF polemic for Sanderson, several APORRHETA comments by Joy, and the crowning bit: I received a copy of Vinç's 14-page dupered letter the other day. It had been sent to Tampa, and forwarded. The London cancellation was one that said "NATIONAL MENTAL HEALTH WEEK," and the Tampa cancellation said "HELP RETARDED CHILDREN." Sheesh!!

That the presentation of The Hobbit would take ten hours if done on radio is

no indication of how long it would take as a film. Translating a purely auditory story into sight and sound cuts the time involved tremendously. It could probably be done well within Ted's suggested 90 minutes, as a film.

You mention a Lucky Starr SF radio program, and although I've never even heard it, I wonder if it is the Asimov-created juvenile character, or the Planet-comics character who had a bearded sidekick named Blacky?

Understand, I don't really object to SAPS making more money from the same number of wl-bundles, but I don't think it's fair to charge a sliding-scale price. The wlers would have to wait until they got their copies of SPECTATOR, and then it would be a race to get orders in to Eney -- sort of a penalty on those living further from the OE. If the price gets raised to a standard \$1.50 or something like that, it is quite all right with me, but I would still advocate more bundles for wl-distribution. Take advantage of the interest.

The comment that I'd play his silly political poll game wasn't a conscious paraphrasing of anything of yours. What did you say in that line -- also where and when did you say it?

Meaning for the initials W.B. which headed my "Final Torture" story in SPELEOBEM 7 is rather hard to find. At the time, I think I put them there to indicate Wrai's responsibility for the story -- his revision of the original Rappstory was what started all this stuff -- but now I dunno. Anyway, I wrote the thing. Throw all brickbats thisaway, not toward Wrai.

Of course you're the traitor who voted for Eney so that the mailing size would decrease -- you said so in a letter. However, with HTBS 5 being the second biggest zine in the mailing, I guess I'll have to pardon the treason. Congratulations for having seen das Light, man.

Our Gestencils cost \$2.95 a quire only if we buy them as single quires. As a general rule we buy 5- or 10-quire lots, and get them cheaper -- somewhere around \$2.45 for 5-quire lots, I think, though I can't prove at right away.

Interlineations are getting hard to come by these days -- for me, at least. I have several I got at the Pittcon, but they are a trifle scurrilous, and I'll have to save them for some other publication, like maybe a Cultzine. And I was hoping to have another quover this time, too.

Why you would want a fannish "Jabberwocky," I dunno, but one has been written already. It's in the STF & FSY SONGBOOK no. 1, and it too was written by Charles R. Tanner. Title: "Stfanawky." It uses fan-names all through ("Twas koenig and the langley searles..."). Does anyone have any information on Tanner?

Don't you suppose the biography of Toskey might have been run in QUANDRY 9 as a sort of a booby prize (or vice versa), when the readers couldn't get first prize, the Willis biography?

You will have to talk fast and convincingly, but you may be able to talk me out of my extra copy of THE BALLARD CHRONICLES #2. I'm keeping it for my general collection, as of now, but woddy got for trade?

Try giving Durward a little more static about his writing, if your giving some static is responsible for the improvement so far. The more improvement the better. Eney said, at Pittcon, that Wansborough has not joined, so unless Don gets busy he may wind up as SAPS's substitute for NGW,

Using her marriage as an excuse, I'm afraid Bjo was in even more of a hurry this SAPS mailing than she was last time -- she didn't get anything in. (The back cover for GIM TREE #5, by the way, was original, and not reprinted from any other zine.) And I'm afraid she will be in even more of a hurry this time... .

It probably won't have much of a result, but your offer to frank in wlzines for half the official price sounds like fun. (I say this in full memory of the fact that I undercut you -- and found a cheaper way to do it, too.) One trouble would be that the wler would have to pay postage, as well as the fee, and you're further away than Eney from the active wlers, all of whom seem to be in the East. But maybe you've had some takers?

In the SAPShistory Corner, I hope someone will tackle the rabbit-running bit. This entry is good, and I'll hope for further contributions to show up.

HTBS has been using so many reprints from old SPACEWARPs, what is Rapp going to do for his next volume of Best From SPACEWARP?

Starship Troopers? Oh, yes -- Tom Swift and His Cosmic Basic Training....Dickensheet

Pooh. Remus's reviews in rhyme are a mere bagatelle. I liked his comments on the membership, done in rhyme, much better, but then they were done several years later, sometime around 1952-1955.

That dream is the Wildest I've heard in quite some time. I might suggest that the fannish records were probably inspired by Harry Warner's letter about having some LPs with important fanstuff cut -- or hadn't you got that letter at the time? And Burbee has a wire recorder, not a taper.

I'll see if I have some extra copies of my zine to send the last couple of issues to Kennedy and Alpaugh -- or at least send this one. And I still say that if SAPS was started as a joke, it seems the joke has backfired.

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN This was fun to read, Art -- better than the round-robin story published in Fantastic a few months ago. The last-chapter tie-up was done quite well. The story per se wasn't any great shakes, but fan-fiction is seldom awe-inspiring, and this was better than most.

I would be interested in a run-down on the original publishing of this -- any marginal information about the problems of getting the thing finished -- if there were any. And particularly some information on the contributors. I know of only EdCo, you, and Redd Boggs. What about James, Warren, and Appelman?

And I'll be looking forward to The Great Stf Crisis.

COLLODION #2 'Twas fun having you along on the Pittcon caravan -- it's a damn good way to get to know someone. And we'll be expecting more of you this year in SAPS -- if for no other reason than you have met the fascinating personalities of SAPS who were at the con. Like, me, for instance. Yes.

Well, it could be worse than having High Schoolers "joining one another in the bonds of holy matrimony" for no good reason at all. There could be a reason that has a trigger and two long barrels. Or wouldn't you consider this a "good reason"?

Your citation of Shakespeare doesn't quite fit as an example of "...some author...before the coming of modern science made statements in jest, or just to fit the etheme of his story, which were later proved, or at least accepted as true." I don't follow your citation of "What's in a name?" in this case. Elucidate, please.

OK, it's certainly your prerogative to dislike detective stories -- fannish or otherwise. It's just that the detective story seems to be an excellent vehicle for fannish parody.

Let me revise my statement about Disney being the one to do the film version of The Lord of the Rings to include a statement that we would be using the talent of the Disney studios, but making damn sure we ("we" meaning the rabid Tolkienists) retained the right of direction, story approval, etc. The tech niques used in "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" were excellently suited for the filming of such things as hobbits. I agree with you, though, that Disney would make the story overly-cute if he were given a free hand with it.

Your lino in Tengwar transliterates as "if you think that I wouldn't write this in English, you're crazy." Now, how did you do on Ted's lino?

Your "Tale of Two Atrocities" is hilarious, and if I find the time to do it you will find a small bit of revenge toward the back of this zine. Serve you right. A triple-page Feghoot!!! Aaaaarrgh!!!! But is WAS hilariously funny, so thanks, I suppose.

A Note for Elinor: In the week or so since I wrote that my collection of CRY OF THE NAMELESS went back only to #7, I have managed to acquire three older issues of CRY from out of the blue: #1, #2, and #3, complete with reply postcard on #1.

ROSCONIAN TRACT Anybody want another half-dozen of these? They're still cluttering up Fan Hill from the time Ted ran them off. And every time I go somewhere I might have a chance to use one of these, I forget to take them with me. (They were made up to hand out to sidewalk preachers who shove their tracts at you. Fair exchange, and all that.)

POT POURRI #12 I'm not able to give any information about the automobile situation, John, outside of the fact that cars are too expensive to buy and keep up for me at present. It will probably take me another year or two to get a car, as by that time I should already have a better job, along with my degree.

If you feel sorry for those who come at the bottom of polls, your best bet is to vote, and vote for those you think deserve the points -- otherwise, everyone is penalized, since the points you should have distributed aren't used at all.

Many thanks for the photo and photosheet in this issue. I guess everyone likes to see pictures of fans -- I know I do. I'll have photocovers for my conreport again this year, though I don't expect the report will be out before the January SAPS mailing. Too much else coming up.

I would be quite interested in seeing the Giant's Causeway when the wheel of fate turns round to give me a trip to your side of the Pond. Your article on the phenomenon is very well done -- you could probably sell it to the Tourist Bureau. All of the series of articles on such sites that you've done for POT POURRI have been very enjoyable, and I hope there will be many more of them.

Both the Goontale and "The Mind Stealers" were enjoyed -- more of them both!

And although I am not even intending to read Rally Round the Flag, Boys, I like your treatment of it very much. Max Shulman has a weekly column in most college newspapers, sponsored by Phillip Morris cigaretts. The column is slapstick humour which gets in a laugh-line once in five or six weeks, and spends the rest of the time being quite dull, silly, and inane. Perhaps either "crude" or "blatent" would be the word for Shulman's writing. Like your title for the criticism, too -- as I recall, "Up the pole" usually means to swear off (usually to swear off liquor), doesn't it? I'm up the pole on Shulman-books, too.

Very interesting, too, was "Klaus Harmony" -- sort of a preview of our waiting lister.

It's good to have SAPSites like you who can always find something nice to say about a zine -- it makes up for having members like me who are likely to try to nail other faneds up on a wall with grotching comments.

Very well-done zine, John -- hope you'll be around SAPS for another Blochage.

PORQUE #6 Y'know, maybe I shouldn't have hooked you into SAPS quite so fast. This way, all I have to do is miss two mailings, and you'll have caught up to me in zine numbers. Of course, the answer would be not to miss any mailings, but... .

OK, so it was a scorpion that stung you -- what's the difference? Spiders, scorpions, lizards, gila monsters -- I can't keep track of which ones you're using for pets all the time. For all I know it could be cats by now.

Hey -- I thought everyone already knew who was running PENCIL POINT for me, but maybe not -- hey, Toskey, should I tell them?

I'm not sure which line in SPELEOBEM 7 you wanted to kill me for, but you'd forgotten about it when you got out here, anyway. Possibly the one about the negative to the picture in back of the Don Cesar?

I dunno why I got votes in the artwork category, unless maybe they were for the photocovers. That's a good question: can photos count under artwork. WHY NOT??

I didn't know that your Boss at the library votes against prople. Why, Samuel J. Prople is probably one of the most honest politicians Tampa's ever had -- even if that isn't really saying very much. Tell the Boss he ought to vote for prople.

Regarding Dewey classification, two items: I took advanced cataloging at USC last semester, and passed; now I can be a professional cataloger?? Pfui. (2) I'm about to start work on a special classification system for a special collection of books -- Dean Dickensheet wants a classification system for books on Sherlock Holmes, and all

the peripheral books of Holmesiana. I'd probably grouse my head off if I was told to do something like this for the library, but since it's for fun...

Fan Hill is already quite a menagerie -- we have an elephant, a dormouse (Ernie Wheatley), a hamster (Trimble), a BEM (Don Simpson), and sometimes we also have a squirrel, when Ellik is around. We've been considering inviting Sammy Davis, Jr. to Fan Hill -- we need a kinkajou!! (dotdotdot Jack Harness).

There is a rumour going around about why Kruschew was so annoyed during his visit to the UN meeting: "First they won't let him into Disneyland, and now they won't let him into Freedomland!" I've encountered the bit that K. wrecked the summit because he hadn't been allowed to go to Disneyland. I've been to Disneyland three times now; can't say as I blame the guy.

Woddy mean you need a list of trashy novels because you are already surrounded by good books? As I remember the Tampa Library collection, you are also surrounded by trashy novels -- or have they stopped subscribing to the American Lending Library service?

Hell, go right ahead and preach about Venus being the Goddess of Love -- I don't think Rich (or any other unattached SAP) wants to try and beat that. We just want to try and take advantage of it. A little cooperation might be helpful...

You said nothing about keeping my typer shut, so: no, guess I better not make any comment on your statement that you never talk pills. After all, I'll be back in Tampa in a few months...

If Shirley can find reams of things to say in SAPS comments, let her say them -- start a department in PORQUE for interested non-fans...

By now you can no longer make the statement that you have never changed the ink on any machine but the multimonster, since while you were out here you at least helped change ink on the Big G. (And thanks for the help with the Bjohnzine, in case I've forgotten to thank you before.)

All I hope is that no one bought that oil of the two kittens -- I want it. And you'd better have something in the next Fan Art Show, too -- your paintings are much better than most of the stuff at the Pittcon Art Show, including a couple that took prizes. So get with it and get something into the show for the Season!

PORQUE is fun to read -- stick with it, gal!!

RAGNAROK #6 "The Hieronymous Fan" is a well-done bit, Terry -- sort of along the White Hart-Gavagan's Bar-Morgan Botts line. And Miri, your "I remember Barbara" is entertaining reading, too -- Nuts I Have Known generally make good subjects to write about. I'll have to get around to writing up Werner Fisher, my psych major room mate one of these days.

I'm afraid I don't care much for the Marquis parody, though -- it's too much of a "gimmick" bit. Hmmm. I guess it's a pastiche, rather than a parody.
25 Sept. The entire LA fan menagerie is suffering from relative crowdedness of living quarters these days. Al Lewis is moving, and we find that no one has a place that's really big enough to use for parties, showing movies, and like that. I guess Fan Hill is about the biggest place available, and it's none too big.

Ok, Terry, I admit the meter to "Wordsmithing" was horrible. Somehow the damn thing just wouldn't come out in even half-way decent meter. Go ahead and haunt me if you want -- it's better than having the stuff I've written come back to haunt me!

OK, I found at Pitt that "Cantaloupe Flabbergaste" is Gerber -- he had it on his nametag. Hoaxes, feh. Even avowed pseudos, feh.

What would you consider the disadvantages of having APA mailings bound? The money it costs would be a disadvantage, I guess. But they are much more convenient to use when they're bound, besides the fact that binding keeps the entire mailing in one spot, and not subject to being strewn all over by visiting fans. I've switched back to getting my stuff bound by the Florida bindery. After a close comparison, they do better work than the one here in LA, and the buckram colours will match, too.

Since when was PILES IN THE PARLOR a FAPazine? Like, Lee Jacobs had a zine with that title in the 50th SAPS mailing, which is why Jane reviewed it. Maybe you just have your APAs confused?

A very enjoyable zine is RAGNAROK -- like most of your illos, too. A small correction to the caption for the Rotslerillo on "Mead of Kvasir VII": it should be "Stabbed by a poison plonk," rather than "...plonker." "I can tell what progress has been made in modern gunnery." (Come to think of it, shouldn't it be 'poisoned' instead of 'poison'? Hell, maybe you have a weapon that plonks poison. But that looks like an ordinary plonkin the illo. Pfui, what a thing to prate on about.)

POOR RICHARD'S ~~WONDER~~ ALMANAC #8 I read this through once, with a general reaction of Oooooo!, but now that almost all the rest of the mailing is taken care of, it, maybe I can tackle it.

Since we're still counting SAPSites we've met, maybe I should make a re-check on my list, since I've met several since last year. Hmmm. I find ~~there~~ are only six of the membership I haven't met -- and one of them lives in Los Angeles, dammit! The six are Ballard, Coslet, Durward, Firestone, Pfeifer, and Terwilliger. Out of the 27 waiting-listers and invitees, I've met only 13 -- Sarill, Shapiro, Gerber, Deckinger, Metcalf, and Meskys I met at Pitt (along with the Busbixii and Nan Share), and Falasca and Schultz I met at Detroit, as well as Henstell. Bill Ellern is more or less a member of the Fan Hill Mob, Andy Main was at Burbee's New Year's Eve party, Breen stopped at Fan Hill last March, and Doreen got dragged into this mess by me.

I, though a member of the Cult, am not quite sure whether the title of the OA is Official Arbeiter, or Official Arbiter. Champion, who is now OA, ran and got elected to the post of Official Aribter (sic), according to his f/r, so maybe that's what it stands for now.

Urk! That bit about the guy yelling "Neofan!" back at you as he drove on is slightly mind-croggling. I've pulled the stunt of yelling "Fugghead!" at strangers on the spur of the moment, too, but as yet none of them have replied in fansprache.

The idea you had of becoming a librarian so you could read stf books all day is intriguing. I've got somewhat the same idea, but it keeps getting fouled up by a boss who insists on my doing some work. But one of these days I'll find the right kind of library to work in.

OK, Dave Rike is a Communist. Now you can get real violent and argue with Bob Leman. Some SAPS want the weirdest things told to them.

Re: mottoes such as LASFS's "De Profundis Ad Aстера." The FSS's motto was "De Luce In Tenebris" -- "From the light into darkness." As I recall, this is a paraphrase of the motto of the Presbyterian Church, but I'm not sure exactly what that motto was.

HELL YES, someone besides you wants to get the page-count to 1000!!!

Correction, Suzy: I'm not a Floridian in enemy territory. I'm a New Jersey-ite who lived in Florida for about 9 years before moving West.

You want we should finish the sentence "Any teacher who grades on the curve should be..." OK: "...praised loudly, unless I did worse than most of the class."

Lovely shot at Toskey on the usage of "ye" and "you all."

Suzy, gal, you have a rather weird sense of humor too, if your preference of verses in the Silverlock song is #4 ("Tammuz must have joined us there...") But I'll send you a copy of this issue, with the article and music from Silverlock. Maybe you'll like some of the others, too.

SHELVEY: Certainly you may ask why we are interested in trying to get out as many pages as possible. Of course, all you will get for an answer is either "it seems like the fannish way to go (----- DAMMIT!! I meant "fannish thing to do," but Ted Johnstone and Don Simspon are sitting here reading aloud sections of an 1852 book called The Marriage Guide, and they'd just reached the chapter on erotomania...). Anyway, the other answer is simply: "Why Not??"

The original morale to the fable was indeed "All that glisters is not gold" rather than "glistens" or "glitters." I of course checked this before I used the bit in the Feghootnik.

RICH: Uh-huh. Both spellings of Florida's capital were wrong. It's Tallahassee. But most of the natives can't spell Florida towns right unless they live in that particular town, so whatthehell.

Like the distinction that Bjo talks in interlineations while Doreen talks in typos -- not sure I agree with it, but I like it, anyway.

That hand-shaking joke went around the library early in 1959 -- Doreen was the one who pulled it on me, I think (if she didn't, there'll be a loud squawk in the next PORQUE -- which I will ignore unless she find out who did pull it on me). So none of the "lower echelon" at the library would shake hands at all.

What does "9lc" mean? Some of us just might agree with you that Breen is 9lc is we could figure what you were talking about.

Hey, you dig Loki? Of all the Norse Gods, Loki is my favorite. I particularly like the name he's given in The Incomplete Enchanter -- Uncle Fox.

Devore and Coswal were the ones I had in mind as minac members trying to get reading material. Name names, says you; OK, say I.

28 Sept. NORM: Hey, you congratulate me for breaking the Dancing Men code, but say nothing about any mistake. Did I goof or didn't I? Dammit, I guess I'll have to check and find out. *** OK, I checked the Canon -- I goofed, all right, and it was "Neo Year."

I was using Bookraft bindery here in Los Angeles, since Pacific Library Binders won't take individual orders and I can't find a way to sneak my stuff into the library shipments. But I've switched back again to Dobbs Brothers Library Binding Co., 90 Palmer Street, St. Augustine, Florida.

THE SPECTATOR #52 I don't think there is any need for the raising of dues. With the lower postage rate you get with that permit, we should be able to make money on \$2 a year per member. But as my dues aren't due until the first mailing of the next OEship, I'll just wait now and see how the treasury holds out. Maybe the dues can be lowered again next year.

It would seem there are a few foul-ups in SPEC this time, both in the tally of the contents of the mailing and in figuring out who owes activity. Johnstone's Rosconian tract should only get two pages in the list, not 8; the $\frac{1}{2}$ -size insert in KRAML should be 2 pages, not 4; RAGNAROK is 36pp, not 38; perhaps you are counting John Berry's photo as a page -- if not, POT POURRI is 35pp, not 36; MEST is only 29 pages, not 30, and one of the 29 is by me; and Terwilleger had nothing at all in RETRO -- though Doreen Erlenwein did two of the pages. So, with these changes, the total page-count comes to 620. H*U*H?? All my changes are subtraction, and we wind up with a total 28 more than originally?? Wow, your abacus must have slipped!!

OK, now for the activity debits. According to my calculations, the following need credit in #53:

	COSLET - 1	LEMAN - 6
So howcome you have	DEVORE - 1	PFEIFER - 4
only F*O*U*R members	FIRESTONE - 6	SCHAFFER - 6
(plus Al Lewis, who	HARNESS - 5	TERWILLEGER - 6
got fined) as needing	JANE JACOBS - 6	TRIMBLE - 5
activity credit? Pfui,	LEE JACOBS - 1	WEBER - 6
sir, a vote for OEney		
is a vote for confusion. What did you say you were running for next?		

SPELEOBEM #8 Now, having assailed everyone else's mistakes, I will proceed to do the same to my own. Like forgetting the editorial page wouldn't be in this issue, and leaving out the colophon completely, so there is no identification of editor, date, or what-have-you at all on the zine. It's editors like me that drive collectors like me nutty.

I guess I can add one more item to the lore of the FSS's antics -- the episode which became known as "The Gainesville Follies." Gainesville, Florida, is a University town, with a population of about 35,00 outside of the students, faculty, and personnel of the University of Florida, which number somewhere around 14 or 15 thousand. It is largely dependent on the university trade, and resentful of the fact. Students are not very welcome to do anything in town except spend their money. The

facilities of the town include, among other things, a Greyhound bus station where waiting for service would try the patience of Job, and a police department which was evidently composed entirely of sadists -- stupid ones, at that. And one night the FSS gathered up its collection of practical jokers and set out to see what could be done in the way of needling the bus station -- and wound up needling the police as well.

The bus station is located on Fourth Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth Sts. On the corner of 4th Ave. and 5th St. is a gas station, on the corner of 2nd Ave. and 6th St. is a large grocery store. Third Avenue is an alleyway. The rest of the area was then (and is probably now) one of small houses and even shacks. The scene is set. Enter the actors, a collection of lunatics from the Florida Speleological Society, possessing many talents, most of them non-social.

Six FSSers parked in an old car on Fifth St, between 2nd and 3rd Ave, facing 2nd Ave. Jerry Miller got out and walked to the bus station, sat at the lunch counter and drank coffee. Five minutes or so later Jay Thal left for the station, wearing an overcoat and looking quite haggard. He ordered coffee, black. He was followed quickly by Joe Pylka, dressed to accent his foreign appearance, and carrying a briefcase. With Jay watching covertly, Joe looked around the bus station, went to one of the lockers, put the briefcase in, and locked it. He went to the phone booth and dialed a number. The door of the booth didn't get closed tight, so Jay could hear him jabber away in Polish on the phone. So could the waitresses. (Actually, Joe had called the off-campus home of a FSS couple, which was being used as HQ for this gag, and said "Czy pan moze prowadzic twego paskudniej elefantego od moje wychodka!" -- "Will you please get your damn elephant out of my bathroom!" Old FSS joke.) Joe looked around again before leaving, then went out. Jay slammed some change on the counter, checked the phone booth to see if anything might have been left there, and followed Joe again.

In the meantime, a complication had set in. Two prowl cars had come down Fifth St., and stopped at 3rd Avenue, where a cop got out of the first and into the second. The first went on down 5th, but the second stayed parked there. We went ahead with the plan, but a bit more warily. The timing would have to be good.

Joe and Jay made their ways back to the car, and about 15 minutes later Bob Smith, a rather large character (who will yell blue murder when he gets this issue -- I've mentioned him before as the refugee from Fort Knox at the Cave Carnival in Huntsville, Alabama, July 1959), went into the bus station. Dressed quite business-like, and wearing an overcoat, he sat on one of the waiting-room benches, and read a newspaper. (The Gainesville bus station is waiting-room, ticket window, and lunch counter all in one room. Bob's bench faced the door, and was located between the door and the farthest bank of lockers.) In another five minutes I followed Bob, and stood playing a pinball machine, between the door and the near set of lockers.

Enter the target, John Deam. Beard, glasses, rather short stature, and a slightly wild look in his eyes. He looked over the lockers (after glancing around the room hurriedly), finally found the right one, opened it and grabbed the briefcase. He hurried toward the door, and as he started past me I grabbed him and shoved him against the wall. Smith was right behind him, and frisked him. I grabbed the briefcase, we each grabbed one of John's arms, and went out the front door.

And the timing was off. Jay, who should have had the car there to pick us up, had fouled up, and there were several people in the bus station coming our way. The three of us walked rapidly around the 6th St. corner, and then ran to 2nd Ave., ducking around the grocery store to come out on 2nd Avenue in front of the store, headed toward 5th St. in hopes of finding the car. As we crossed 6th St again we looked south, and saw a prowl car going along 3rd Avenue, playing its searchlight on the houses. We increased our speed slightly, and then got lucky. Another FSSer, who had come down late to see what was going on, drove by in his Hillman. We stopped him, and piled in within a minute -- and for several large guys, that's no mean feat at all. We headed back for HQ, and a while later the rest returned and we got the story from Jerry, our lookout.

Jay's timing had been off, and by the time he'd got the car around the

block the prowler car had pulled up in front of the bus station. According to Jerry, several of the people in the station -- waiting passengers and waitresses -- were jabbering away to the cops, trying to tell them what had happened, and only succeeding in confusing things more, until the cops went out to see if they could find anyone around -- the searchlights we'd seen. The people in the bus station were still talking when Jerry left, met the old car, and came back. All in all, a well-pulled off stunt, without any illegalities, even -- though the cops would've called it "public nuisance" or something of the sort. The cops were more anti-student than the rest of the town, and were therefore fair game for collegiate gags, harmless and sometimes not so harmless. There were the beer riots of 1958..... but th's another story, and had better be saved for Seven Years After.

-----THE END-----

-----THE CABAL LADDER-----

THE POINT

to

POINTLESS NEWS ITEM - NO. 1 (SPELEOBEM 8)

THE WRECK OF THE OLD '97

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Saying, "Pete, you are way behind time;
This is not Thirty-eight, but it's old Nine-seven,
You must put her in Center on time."

He looked around and said to his black greasy fireman,
"Just shovel in a little more coal:
And when we reach that White Oak Mountain,
You can watch old Ninety-seven roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And a line on a three-mile grade;
It was on that grade that he lost his air-brakes,
You can see what a jump he made.

He was going down-grade making ninety miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream,
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle;
He was scalded to death by the steam.

Now, ladies, you must all take warning,
From this time now on:
Never speak harsh words to your true love and husband;
He may leave you and never return.

- - - Dean Dickensheet

SEATTLE IN '61 -- SEACON

CHICAGO IN '62 -- CHICON III

DC IN '63 -- CAPICON

MORDOR IN '64 -- MORCON

And
RON ELLIK
FOR
TAFF!!

SIDE PASSAGES

DEAN DICKENSHEET

Dear Bruce,

Your mailing comments done in rhyme
Deserve some praise, although
I'd hate to do them every time.

All of your puns to me are crime;
But I must envy you, you know,
Your mailing comments done in rhyme.

The verse is fun, if not sublime,
So keep it up; but for my dough
I'd hate to do them every time.

And when the mailing's less than prime,
What serves to pad your critic blow?
Your mailing comments done in rhyme!

I'm really happy though that I'm
Not in the APAs' swelling flow.
I'd hate to do them every time.

Let Ted (our friend the wireless mime)
Malign with rather gaudy show
Your mailing comments done in rhyme.
I'd hate to do them every time.

{This verseform is a Villenelle, according to Dean. It consists of five triplets and a quatrain. The first and last lines of the first triplet alternate as the last lines of the other four triplets, and serve as the last two lines of the quatrain. Anyone else want to try one of them? ...BEP}

A Garft for Alan J. Lewis

Fout!
Stupid lout!
To put in a zine
With a title that's obscene!
For once I approve of the censorship bit,
And hope he puts down future such displays of your wit.
(Providing you remain in SAPS, which right now I am inclined to doubt!)

- - - Bruce Pelz

A KEY TO SILVERLOCK

There are, of course, far too many fantasy books written for any fan -- be he Ackerman or Bruce Henstell -- to know about them all, let alone have read them all. But every once in a while an item in the fan press, reviewing or even mentioning a fantasy that is relatively unknown, will set off a wave of exploratory reading. At times, there is too much material to read, and the review won't do any good, at least immediately. When Bob Leman reviewed Titus Groan and Gormenghast, though I'd never heard of them, I didn't bother looking them up, even, to find out if they were real or just another Lemanism. Since moving to California, however, I've come in contact with several people who have read the books, and as I dislike being left out of conversations about fantasies I picked up a copy of Titus Groan at a bookstore, and read it; I am now looking for the other Peake books.

Other times, interest is sparked rapidly. When the January SAPS mailing arrived it contained, in KarenA's collaborationzine EARTH WOMAN'S BURDEN, a "Song From Silverlock" which quite fascinated me. When the SAPS tape got back here I heard Karen sing the song, though the repro on the tape wasn't very good. And when some of the Berkeley crew were down here over Memorial Day I took advantage of the opportunity to have her sing it in person, and both Ted and I learned the tune. The song was so intriguing I decided I would have to read the book from which it came: Silverlock, by John Myers Myers.

At times it's quite handy to be a librarian. I checked Books In Print, and found that Silverlock was no longer in print. The University of Southern California Library didn't have a copy in its collection. A check through the Cumulative Book Index showed that there had been only the 1949 first edition published. I never have the opportunity to get down to the public library. So I wound up ordering the book on inter-library loan from UCLA (the USC Library pays the postage for staff and faculty requests on ILL). When it showed up, it was for a limited loan -- one week, with no possibility of renewal; plenty of time to read and copy the song, but not much for passing the book around to be read by others in the crew.

Silverlock turned out to be one of the wildest fantasies I've ever read -- not the best-written, like Tolkien, or the weirdest, like Titus Groan, or even the most complicated, like The Worm Ouroborous, but definitely the wildest. The opening line, "If I had cared to live, I would have died" introduces the protagonist, who has been shipwrecked, and is floating along lethargically, not caring what happens to him, and thus not panicking. He comes upon another drifter clinging to a ship's mast, and the other, whose name is Goliath (among other names), ties him to the mast to keep him from drowning, since he has returned to a state of awareness. The protagonist's name is Shandon, and from his hair having a shock of white in it Goliath dubs him Silverlock. They sight a ship, far out, which is chasing a whale; it is eventually wrecked by the whale -- a white whale -- and Shandon wonders whether there are any survivors. "One is the usual number," replies Goliath. And the story is off at a gallop.

They pass through many adventures just in getting to the mainland of The Commonwealth, as the land is called, and through many more once they get there. Some are undertaken together, some by only one of the pair, and some in company with a Lucius Gil (rhymes with "eel") Jones -- one of the references I do not get. To enumerate the adventures would be to spoil the story for other readers, but the pace is fast and the writing highly enjoyable. And even without these there would be an excellent reason for reading the book... .

There are songs all through it --- Goliath sings most of them, as he is a minstrel, a skald, a Maker, but others sing, too. The majority are drinking songs of one kind or another -- they range from the roistering to the plaintive, but they are still drinking songs, and excellent ones, too. Some are more easily set to music than others,

and one or two almost write their own tune. What little help these needed, I've given them, and they are presented on these pages. I returned the book to UCLA on time (a rather uncommon event in the conduct of ILL affairs), with only myself and Don Simpson having had a chance to read it. I am now looking for a copy for my collection, and if anyone knows where a copy may be had, please let me know. Bjohn talked Forry out of his collection copy for a wedding present (Forry didn't care much for it, anyhow; I guess it was because it didn't have any monsters in it), but there are still several other fans in the area besides me who would like to have a copy. I'd prefer one with a dust jacket, but will settle for any copy, to start with.

And anyone who wants to start a discussion on the book -- or add to the songs with tunes or additional verses (especially to Friar John's song), please write. I'm sort of wild about this book; wish there were a sequel.

Friar John's Song

Words - John Myers Myers

Music - Bruce Pelz

Handwritten musical score for "Friar John's Song" in G major. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics and guitar chords. The chords are circled in blue ink. The lyrics are written in blue ink below the notes.

Chords: F, C, F, F, C, Bb, F, C, F, C, F, Bb, F, C, F, D7, Bb, C7, F, F7, C, F.

Lyrics: Old man Zeus he kept a heifer in his yard; Her-a smelled a rat and took the mat-ter hard. She swore she would watch the 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 vowed he just liked pets.

2nd & 3rd verses - PTO

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!

Once a centaur loved a Lapithaeon 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 ---

[The verse is broken off at the penultimate word of line 4; someone should write the last 5 lines.]

Orpheus's Song

Words - John Myers Myers

Music - Gordon Dickson,
 arr. by Karen Anderson
 harmony by Johnstone & Pelz

The musical score consists of three staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. Above the staff are the following chords: C, Em, G7, C, C, Em. The lyrics under the first staff are: "I re-rem-ber gau-gy days when the year was spring-ing: Tam-muz, Gil-ga-mesh and I".

The second staff continues the melody. Above the staff are the following chords: G7, C, Am, Em, Am, G7. The lyrics under the second staff are: "clink-ing cups and sing-ing, Till In-ni-ni sum-tered by, skim-py gar-ment cling-ing".

The third staff concludes the piece. Above the staff are the following chords: C, Em, F 6/4, G7, C. The lyrics under the third staff are: "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.

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.

4: 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.

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."

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.

 --- (These are the original words, copied
 --- right out of the book. They differ a
 --- bit from those Karen Anderson had in
 --- EARTH WOMAN'S BURDEN in Mlg. 50, and
 --- even from the version which the crew
 --- here in LA use in singing the piece,
 --- since a few of the variants are more
 --- singable than the original. The fol-
 --- lowing are the changes made in sing-
 ing:)

Verse 1: as is

Verse 2: line 5: "But his taste in ale and wine"
 line 8: "That would strain a derrick."

Verse 3: as is

Verse 4: line 2: "But he'd just been wedded,"
 line 8: "When he is beheaded."

Verse 5: line 3: "And we drank to him many a month"

Verse 6: line 3: "Heat and cold I've known and found"
 line 5: "I have known both light and dark,"

Some of these changes are prob-
 ably due entirely to laziness and a
 lapse of memory which got perpetua-
 ted, but some of them are more eas-
 ily sung than the originals.

The verses appear in the book,
 by the way, with verse 6 before the
 other five, but we consider that it
 was the end of a first singing, af-
 ter which Orpheus sang the other 5
 until he reached his destination.

----- BEP



They said they caught me in the act, Green leaves, The sheriff rode, the blood-



hounds tracked, Green leaves; There was the law, there was not any doubt of it,



There was the law so I hustled right out of it; Having 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 cover in



Green leaves.

Little John's Song

Words: John Myers Myers

Music: Bruce Pelz

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.

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.

Trial By Brewery

This was an abortive attempt to parody Trial By Jury around the WSFS, Inc. mess in 1958. When the mess blew over in 1959, so did the parody. But manuscripts should never be thrown away...

BEP, Sept. 1960

(Curtail opens on a courtroom in the Worldcon hall.)

Chorus of Juryfen: Hark, the hour of ten is sounding, hearts with anxious fears are
pounding,
Hall of Worldcon mobs surrounding, breathing smoke and bheer.
For in this conglomeration, after many an aggrevation,
Fandom's suit 'gainst 'corporation shortly will appear.
Hark the hour of ten is sounding, hearts with anxious fears are
pounding,
Hall of Worldcon mobs surrounding, breathing smoke and bheer!

(Enter Usher Falsescare)

Usher: Now Juryfen, hear my advice: all kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you set aside, I pray you set aside.
With stern judicial frame of mind, from bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

Oh listen, then, to Fandom's case, observe the facts are all in place;
With Truth she is allied.
Her cause is just, I think you'll find; from bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

And when, amid the Plaintiff's shriek, those for incorporation speak
Upon the other side --
What they may say you needn't mind; from bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

(Enter the Defendant: a large, six-headed Alien. Some of the heads fade in and out of sight, each contending with the others.)

Defendant: Is this the court of the Convention?

Jury: It is!

Defendant: Be firm, be firm, Intention!
'Tis your dark hour with the elect'rate.

Jury: Who are you?

Defendant: I'm the Directorate!

Jury: Monster, dread our damages --- we're the Jury, dread our fury!

Defendant: Hear me, hear me if you please, these are very strange proceedings,
For, permit me to remark, on the merits of my pleadings you're at present
in the dark.

Jury: That's a very true remark: on the merits of his pleadings we're at
present in the dark! Ha-ha! Ho-ho! Ha-ha!

Defendant: When first the old, old cons were held,
 Good times were had by all.
 A joie de vivre in everyone welled --
 All of the fans had a ball.
 There was no great extravagance;
 The cost was usually small;
 No claim was made to elegance,
 Yet we all had a ball.

Jury: Think-o'-that, think-o'-that, think-o'-that Think-o'-that
 Defendant: Think-o'-that, think-o'-that, think-o'-that
 Jury: Think-o'-that
 All: No claim was made to elegance,
 Yet we all had a ball!

Defendant: But time went on, and after the war
 The cons came every fall.
 It took more money than before
 To give the fans a ball.
 Financial matters grew so great
 They made committees pall;
 'Twas seen they'd have to incorporate
 To still give fans a ball.

Jury: Think-o'-that, think-o'-that, think-o'-that Think-o'-that
 Defendant: Think-o'-that, think-o'-that, think-o'-that
 Jury: Think-o'-that
 All: 'Twas seen they'd have to incorporate
 To still give fans a ball.

Jury Oh, I thought like that years ago --
 (advancing): That Fandom had need of protection --
 And I may have been frightfully slow
 To think in the other direction.
 I'm now on the side of the Right,
 Preferring to stay independent,
 And therefore, in this little fight
 The devil may take the Defendant!
 He shall treat us with awe
 If there isn't a flaw,
 Singing so merrily Trial-la-law
 Trial-la-law, trial-la-law,
 Singing so merrily trial-la-law!

Usher: Silence in court, and all attention lend:
 Behold the Judge; in due confusion bend!

(Enter Judge Raygun)

Jury: All hail great Judge! To your bright rays
 We never grudge ecstatic praise. All hail!
 May each decree be lino stock
 And ever be quoted by Bloch! All hail!

√The manuscript trails off here,
 with a note of the Judge's song
 opening: "When I, good friends, was tending
 the bar... BEP/

SONNETS OF A CAVEMAN

This past summer, while Ted was on tour of various jobs in Texas, Chicago, and a farm in Ohio, he kept writing back about the various songs and parodies he'd been doing -- which annoyed me slightly, since I had about six or eight opening lines to songs and parodies, which I just never had the time to work on and finish. Some of them are still kicking around, others are "Songs Not For Now." A couple have been whipped into shape in the last month or so, including one that originated with Ernie Wheatley. "Why don't you write a DNQ Rallying Song?" said Ernie. Soooo.....

THE DNQ RALLY SONG

He owed them fifty bucks when he got through.

(DNQ.)

The con committee's threatening to sue.

(DNQ.)

He says if they start in again,

He'll pay them five, or maybe ten --

And then transfer the rest the debt to you!

(DNQ.)

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 --

DNQ!!

There is a tune to the above -- an original one, not a parody -- and if anyone is interested in it, maybe I'll put it in a future issue of SPELEOBEM.

Somehow, songs and parodies with a slight touch of innuendo seem to be enjoyed more than others -- perhaps they are just more enjoyable, to write and to perform -- though not with malice, despite the fact that "Gem Carr" may seem malicious to some people. (Quite a few of the folksong enthusiasts at Pittcon enjoyed singing "Gem Carr.") This next song, to the tune of "New York Girls," may not make much sense to anyone unfamiliar with Fan Hill and the Fan Hill Mob, but then again, maybe it will.

THE FAN HILL CHANTEY

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

Cho: To my Hey! You Bastard!
Let's get plastered!
Oh, you Actifans, can't you crank Gestetners!

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!!

Cho:

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

Cho:

This, of course, is one of those that can go on and on and on. And maybe one of these days I'll get some more verses written.

The next parody is to the tune of "Tobacco Is An Indian Weed," and was written for the most part on the trip back from the Pittcon.

Trufandom Is a Way of Life

Trufandom is a way of life,
It's full of fun or full of strife;
Whichever you put in
Determines what you win.
Think of this when you join Trufandom!

Trufandom is a milieu strange --
Continues on in spite of change.
For each who ~~S~~afiates
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!

Some month or two before the 1959 Detroit convention, I started on a parody of a Robert Service poem, having been inspired by a parodying of "Dangerous Dan McGrew," and having a good title for the parody. Unfortunately, Service poems tend to be a bit long, and the parody bogged down somewhere around the 7th or 8th stanza, until quite recently, when I dug it out and finished it.

THE CREATION OF SAM McOAKS

There are strange things done 'neath the fannish sun, in the search
for egoboo;

A con hotel would have tales to tell that would startle even you.
And always fans have ingenious plans, but the greatest of all the jokes
Was that night in the gloom of a Slan-shack room, I created Sam McOaks.

Now Sam McOaks, as I've told you folks, was a Trufan, first degree;
When he first appeared, he'd been reading Weird Tales since 1933,
But when Fandom lured he was quickly cured of this fake-fannish disease,
And no closer came to prozines again than reading SFT's.

At a Westercon was the first he came on, making the L.A. scene.
Quite an affair...with so many there that, well...you know what I mean:
What with all that crowd being very loud, and most of them half-gone soaks,
With memories poor, they were never sure that they'd not met Sam McOaks.

In my con report for a zine called SNORT was where mention first was made
Of the neofan by the name of Sam; the groundwork then was laid.
I'd quoted Sam as saying, "Man, that Westercon was the most!
But who was that decrepit old bat who kept citing SatEvePost?"

Well, the build-up grew in a fanzine or two, and a 'character' soon took form.
I began to feel Sam could be made real - and we'd take the fans like a storm!
Sam started to write - and just overnight he was called a great success.
(In the matter of time, though it's no crime, I exaggerate, I guess.)

I found at last the job grew so fast that I couldn't do it all,
So another fan was brought in the plan to help - lest the whole thing stall.
Before we were through, there were quite a few who were helping with the hoax;
But I made the plan, so I'm the fan who was really Sam McOaks.

We wrote all the time, both in prose and rhyme, so that Sam would win approval;
And yet no one thought of the thing we ought: providing for his removal.
And as time trickled on till a year was gone, Sam was everywhere, it seemed;
On the APA rolls, at the top of polls - better yet than we had dreamed.

He got on so well that it soon befell he must run for an APA post;
We were certain, though, it was just for show, and he'd place second-best at most.
The campaign was done all in jest and fun; his opponents, running quite scared,
Could find no trait in McOaks to hate, so feud could not be declared.

They merely smiled, in manner mild, and they joshed their campaigns in their mags.
Sam played the game, and each jibe that came he returned - with better gags!
His wit was keen; in his APAzine, at each fan he took several pokes.
When the votes came in, 'twas a landside win for the Fake-Fan Sam McOaks!

Our blazing star had now gone too far, and we knew he'd have to "perish,"
So we laid our plan for a con, where a fan can go out with gaudy flourish.
We spread the news - "Sam was just a ruse!" - through the whole convention crowd,
They were crogged as hell, but they took it well, and we few were kinda proud.

When the con was o'er we began once more to write as "Sam" had done.
We still wrote the same - just a change of name - but reaction had begun.
All the readers swore what was done before made this new stuff appear a sham;
It was good, for us, but not worth a cuss compared to stuff by Sam!

And soon 'twas claimed that we should be blamed for Sam's gaffiation bit;
And since we liked jokes, we had made a hoax in reverse to cover it!
Then they published reams of involv'd schemes to prove that Sam was real
Which we ignored until they got bored, and began to drop the deal.

Two years have passed, and I think, at last, all the furor has settled down;
But I leave this text for the fan who's next to become the hoaxter clown.
The fun was great, and I hesitate to admit this to you folks,
But I live in fear that the next I hear, there will BE a Sam McOaks!!

There are strange things done 'neath the fannish sun, in the search for
egoboo;
A con hotel would have tales to tell that would startle even you.
And always fans have ingenious plans, but the greatest of all the jokes
Was that night in the gloom of a Slan-shack room, I created Sam McOaks!

And for our final offering this time:

EXPANSION

The FAPA waiting-list runs wild;
More fans are doing SAPSazines;
Increase in membership requires
A dittograph for CRAPazines.

What brings this sudden renaissance
Of APA-pubbing frenzy?
Is this the normal turn of chance,
Or should we check with Kinsey?

Is sublimation to be blamed?
Or have fans too much time now?
Would teen-age fans, without their zines,
Be out committing crime now?

And older fans are coming back
To join the APAs' roister;
What is the cause that lures them forth
From hermitage and cloister?

Could politics be at the root
Of APAn aggregation?
Does someone hope to snag the votes
Of fans across the nation?

I think there's just one reason for
The pubbing that is rife:
These fans have all discovered
Fandom Is a Way of Life!

SONGS OF A CAVEMAN.....FINIS.....BRUCE PELZ