



Harnes

THE CRAWLWAY

This is
THE SPELEOBEM 11,
edited by Bruce Pelz
2790 W. 8th Street,
Los Angeles 5, California

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Incunebulous Publication 45.

Although it was just two issues ago that I published a list of Incunebulous Publications, there have been a sufficient number published since then to warrant a further listing. For one thing, I found I had omitted quite a few zines, under one excuse or another, and I have had to go back and assign numbers to them retroactively. The supplementary list is:

<u>IncNeb</u>	<u>Pub #</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>For</u>
	26	SPELEOBEM 9	October 1960	SAPS
	27	ANGMAR 2	October 1960	CULT
	28	RACHE 1	December 1960	N'APA
	29	SAVOYARD 7	December 1960	OMPA
	30	ANGMAR 3	December 1960	CULT
	31	SPELEOBEM 10, 10.1, 10.2, 10.3*	January 1961	SAPS
	32	COMPOS'D HEAP 16	January 1961	CRAP
	33	ANGMAR 4	February 1961	CULT
	34	RACHE 2	March 1961	N'APA
	35	IPSOZINE 1	April 1961	IPSO
R36		PENCIL POINT 1	July 1959	SAPS
R37		PENCIL POINT 2	October 1959	SAPS
R38		PENCIL POINT 3	January 1960	SAPS
R39		A FANZINE FOR BJOHN	July 1960	
/ R40		I PALANTIR 1	September 1960	
R41		COMPOS'D HEAP 14 ⁺	September 1960	CRAP
R42		COMPOS'D HEAP 15	October 1960	CRAP
R43		SEASON'S GLEETINGS	December 1960	CULT
R44		PERVERSION LAYER	January 1961	SAPS
45		SPELEOBEM 11	April 1961	SAPS

*SPELEOBEM 10.3 has title TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE #4. Hoaxzines, even obvious ones like this one, are a damned nuisance to indexers and collectors. I wonder why I even bother with them. PENCIL POINT is another such nuisance.

+ The first 13 issues of THE COMPOS'D HEAP were only carbonzines, and I refuse to assign them IncNeb Publication numbers, even to boost my number of publications.

To follow up Lichtman's lead, since he followed mine, I have copies of the following zines available for trade, comment, or what-have-you: From the earlier list, items will have to be named; numbers will suffice for items from the above list.

GLAMDRING #1 (reviewzine)
SAVOYARD (N'APA): #2, #5, #6
SPELEOBEM (SAPS): #2.5, #4.5, #5.

From above list: 27, 28, 30, 31, 32
33, 34, R36, R39, R40,
R42, R43, R44

THE CRAWLWAY STRETCHES ON

The news of the OElection is out, so I've jumped the gun a bit & put a couple of rule-changes in my comments on SPECTATOR. Recapping briefly: 6 pages of original material in each two consecutive mailings, deadline for everything is the 15th. I'll be quite nasty about reprints, illegibility, and trying to get by on someone else's material. Dues stay the same, and we should come out ahead unless the postoffice ups the rates again. I may even be able to get away with one or two bundles going at library rates, but that's yet to be determined. OEney, what is the scoop on this 2nd-class mailing or whatever you've been using?

In this issue of SPEEBEM is the Toastmaster's Speech from the 1956 NYCON II, by Robert Bloch. When I unearthed his NOLACON (1951) speech in 1959, I asked permission to reprint it, by letter. But not until I got out here and met Bloch in person did get the permission -- he is and was very busy. At that time he mentioned that there was another speech of his that had never been published -- the NYCON II speech. I inquired of various people, such as Dave Kyle, as to the possible whereabouts of the thing, but had no luck. Eventually, Bob Bloch came up with it himself, and sent it to me. It was scheduled for publication in the next issue of PROFANITY, my erstwhile genzine, but I have doubts that ProF will see another issue for a couple years. So the material gets spread out among the APAs. (Buz, do you mind if your story goes into OMPA?) The NYCON II speech appears here, as I think SAPS will enjoy it (you'd probably enjoy the rest of the material, too, but I can't run everything in SPELEOBEM.) The speech is slightly incomplete in the Awards Section, it appears. The NYCON II gave 9 Awards, and only six are represented by sections of the speech. Those missing are Best Short Story, Most Promising New Author, and Best Book Reviewer. If the sections of the speech concerning these Awards ever show up, I'll be glad to publish them as an addendum. Earl Kemp, if you're interested in any of this speech for the Bloch volume, you're welcome to reprint.

Also in this issue is a G&S parody by Ruth Berman, illustrated by Bjo. Blame the title on me, but it's the best I could come up with. I was trying to get a caricature of Toskey for the illo, but things around the Hillton have been too rushed, and I think the present illo does admirably. Ruth, if you do any more parodizing in math class -- or elsewhere -- send them this way, huh?

HOWARD DEVORE, have you had a chance to go through those SAPSzines yet? Not that I could afford to have the mailings bound rightaway even if you did find the zines and send them out, but I would like to get the mailings complete anyhow. Yesterday, 8 April, I shipped off four volumes of fanzines to be bound -- two SAPS mailings, a CULT cycle, and two years of YANDRO. There are still eight or nine volumes tied up and waiting to be sent. It was bad enough when the prozines piled up on me to the point where I couldn't keep up with them financially in getting them bound, but when the fanzines do the same, that's terrible.

THE N3F WRITERS CONTEST IS NOW OPEN TO ALL OF FANDOM, by a unanimous consent of the Directorate. Stories under 6,500 words, in the fields of science fiction, fantasy and weird are eligible to compete for prizes of \$10 in each of the three classes. Stories under 1,500 words will compete for special prizes (probably \$5) in each of the classes. Deadline is 30 June 1961; judges will be Clayton Hamlin, Ralph Holland, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Ed Ludwig. All entries and requests for further information should be sent to Ludwig, at 455 N. Tuxedo, Stockton, California. The above 4 will be preliminary judges only, with a final judge -- a pro -- to be announced. Winning stories will be published with a cover and illos by the top artists in fandom. Entries should be made anonymously, or with a pen-name, enclosing a sealed envelope with title (and pen-name, if any) on outside, and author's name inside. Contest open to any fan who has not sold 2 or more professional articles or stories.

THE CABAL LADDER

MLG.
54

8 March MRAOC #3 Let's start out by asking when the next BALLARD CHRONICLES is going to see print? "Dream Dust" gaffiated you from SAPS last time you started to write it, Lee, and I hope it doesn't do the same thing this time. And of course you'll have to find another name for the DeeJay show than either "Leapin' with Leman" or "Wiggin' with Twig," as both those worthies are now ex-SAPS. Our Man In South Pasadena has been heard to suggest that "Jumpin' with Johnstone" fits approximately the same meter, though I'd hesitate to suggest using that, in the light of what has happened to the first two candidates.

The correct title for my mailing comment column is as above, though once in a while I forget and spell it "Cabel Ladder." But it's supposed to be a pun...as usual.

I've already published most of my filk songs, and Ted has published his. I'll see if there are a few kicking around in the files -- What did you have in mind that you'd like to see published?

A fabubibulous Bjo cat-cover, even if the master did crease a bit.

THE ZED #795 This zine has been read more times than any other zine in the mailing, except maybe the SPECTATOR. It is a great delight, and as I review my Pillar Poll vote I am very sorry not to have given it more consideration than I did.

"Alice in Thrillingwonderland" is worth waiting over two years to read -- I'm very glad you finally got around to publishing it before it got lost. The story is excellent, and I'm exceeding sorry I wasn't at Solacon to see the production. But as much as I liked "Alice," the prize for the issue goes to "The Childish Edda," which is utterly wonderful and delightful. It took me a couple days to memorize it, but now I'm waiting for the next party where filk-singing gets started, so I can sing it. Any more verses? Oh, and one question -- check with Poul, but weren't there only four harts that ate the leaves of Yggdrasil? I seem to remember that they represented the four points of the compass.

Many thanks, Karen.

RETRO 19 I'm sort of glad you didn't try that ploy on Tosk. Murphy's law of Fan Ploys says that the probability of any ploy succeeding is inversely proportional to the number of people or fans needed to co-operate -- and it's probably an inverse exponential function, at that.

Yes indeed, if I've won the OElection, the Grand Tradition of The OE Is Ghod will continue -- with or without the dirty bathrobe. So worry not, tradition will be served. Do you like yours roasted or just parboiled?

Can we please kill off this bit about lithoed fanzines folding or not by merely citing NEW FRONTIERS? I hope?

Your Boicon report had the phrase "And I can't think why!" or a close relation of it popping up all through the thing, and this is the primary feature of King Gama's song from PRINCESS IDA, where the King relates all the different ways he is trying to help his fellow man --- like "I can tell a woman's age in half a minute, and I do" and "I know everybody's income and what everybody earns, and I carefully compare it to the income tax returns." But in spite of all his helpfulness, no one seems to like him: "Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man. And I can't think why!" And the chorus comes in, repeating "He can't think why"... So I figured you were pulling Gama's line.

OK, I dig your anti-Morcon bit, even if I don't sympathize. Me, I'm schiz enuf to be able to pull both Morcon and Tolkien into high focus and liking. And I do appreciate your Tolkien-comments to Tosk. Very well done, methinks. As far as I'm concerned, Tolkien vs. Eddison is a definite one-sided victory for the former.

KEY FOR SAPS #1 Welcome to the menagerie, Klaus. Guess I'll have to watch the occasional German phrase or quote that I throw into my zine. To use a statement which one almost always says to a bilingual person, I wish I had the command of German that you have of English. It's an over-used statement, but it's still true. I'd like to have a reading and speaking knowledge of three languages besides English -- German, Russian, and French, in that order. Maybe one of these years I'll get around to it. I know enough German to serve as translator (with the help of a dictionary) for the occasional German fanzine that shows up at the Fan Hillton (Bjo likes to know what the captions on her cartoons say, for one thing.)

I for one would be interested in finding out how the Futurian Amateur Nachrichten is organized.

What with you in the army, I'm tempted to bring up Kirst's 08/15 novel, and ask if you've read it -- and if so, what did you think of it? (Hmm. I seem to have already yielded to the temptation. O Well... .)

Glad to have you with us, Klaus.

RAGNAROK #8 "Egoboo For Algernon" is a nice try, Terry, but it doesn't quite make it. There is too little change from the original, and the punchlines comes as an anticlimax. On the other hand, I dunno how it could have been done differently. Can a story be unparody-able because it's too easily parodied?

Miri, leave us talk Fantasy Foundation a bit: In spite of the fact that Forry may have a secretary to sort stuff (assuming she has time to do the FF stuff along with all the rest), there are still several items that keep the Foundation from being active: the collection is utterly disordered, despite occasional efforts of a few people like Bill Ellern to put it in order and index it. Secondly, and more important: Forrest J. Ackerman has not been in contact with active fandom for years. LASFS, Worldcons, FMOF, and innumerable fan-contacts notwithstanding, Forry has no idea of what has been going on in the fanzine world for the past four or five years, if not longer. Result: the most perishable stuff that the Fantasy Foundation should be saving -- the fanzines -- aren't sent to the Foundation. I could name at least 4 to 6 fanzine collections on the West Coast that are better than Forry's in material of 1951-61 -- Terry's, Busbixii's, Lichtman's and mine, at least. Probably Harness has a better one, too, but his is utterly disordered, like the FF.

Now, what does the FF need for rejuvenation? I would say it needs someone who could make the running of it a full-time job -- get it in order and indexed, then say about building it up with both current and retroactive materials. In short, a fan with archivist traits, and an actifan status. I doubt one can be found to do it any time soon.

Next question: does Fandom need a Fantasy Foundation? I say it does. If Science Fiction/Fantasy Fandom is going to maintain any identity at all, even of a nebulous type, it must have a memory bank -- and as complete a one as possible. This is the function of the FF. With an active Foundation that could afford to spend a little bit of money once in a while, such things as wholesale destruction of fanzine or stf collections might be avoided -- there would be someplace that would take them, and would at least pay postage and handling. And it would take something big, like the Foundation to be able to advertise far and wide enough to catch the opportunities. So I say it's needed. Comment?

Terry, the ATomillo heading "Mead of Kvasir" is very well done on master. An excellent effect.

PSILO #3 I haven't yet started suggesting the exclusion of everything else but mailing comments. You got griped at because you were griping about having mailing comments, and doing so on the basis of "this is an amateur publishers' organization," while having little in your zine that could be called amateur journalism and having someone else run it off, which scarecely qualified you as an amateur publisher. However, we seem to be in agreement that MCs plus other material is the best bet, so maybe we should drop the subject. : CRASH!!! OK? OK!

If you like stories about a witch turning a man into a horse, you should go wild over Thorne Smith's The Stray Lamb -- or have you already read it?

Would you care to discourse on the composition of free verse? It always looks to me like mental-laziness, taking up more space than prose but not organized or worked around to meter and/or rhyme. I've seen very few pieces of either blank or free verse that couldn't have been done better as either rhymed verse or prose.

(Ruth Berman's "Wonderland Playing: Children Only" in ALL MIMSY 4 is one of the few.) What leads to blank and/or free verse composition?

COLLECTOR If Alan J. ran off a SAPSzine, what happened to it? What method of insuring that his Good fanzine collection remains intact were you planning to use? If you can't find anyone locally who would have use for your stuff, and you start looking un-locally, let me put in a bid until such time as the FF gets active.

In regard to Worldcons: Chicago is a shoe-in for '62, and LA wants the 9 March convention in '64. But what about '63, and more important, what about the years after '64? Is Detroit interested in another con, say in '65, or did the Detention gaffiate those interested in such things? TCarr, what's the possibility of the BArea bidding for any of the cons -- '64 or '67? I suppose the problems will be met when they come up, but... .

Thanks for the Simak playbill. I checked the New Ycrk Theater Critics' Review, and every last one of them panned the thing. Evidently the ending has been changed, too, as the synopses indicate that at the end Albert the robot gives up on being a human, and asks to be disconnected -- instead of winning the fight and going on to start a robot factory. Pfui, say I. Deserves to be panned.

SPY RAY If you used JD instead of formalin you'd have much less trouble in pickling people. A very little bit will do the job. For fans, it takes a bit more, of course (and on Hickman, it's useless.)

Your attempt to finagle your way out of the goof on who owes how many pages is already taken care of, in SPELEOBEM 10.2 -- but, good try.

Though you should already know it, I admit to liking the irregularizing on various matters of fantasy. And yes, I have thought that magic is a development of the remote future rather than the remote past. Remember the couple chapters of "The Dogs of War" that I foisted off on SAPS? If I ever get around to writing more episodes --- or even to publishing the outline of the plot and its sequels (these have been worked out completely, while the individual stories' details have not), you'd see that it leads into an age of pure thaumaturgy, without the aid of machines.

That's a delightful bit from Devore on where Alan J. got his zine title. It might just be advantageous to sign a perpetual non-aggression pact with Howard, to keep him from using his store of low, sneaky, and utterly hilarious tricks on me! But he probably wouldn't feel constrained to keep the pact, so caution must be the watchword. Hmmm. Maybe this is why Howard has never got thrown out of SAPS -- all the OEs are afraid of retaliation...even me.

RESIN #3 There were only three sheets to ANGMAR #1, including FEEDBACK. Ray Schaffer also used Verifax in a Cultzine -- his last one, as a matter of fact.

Re: eccentrics and getting out of military service. I don't think anyone has mentioned in SAPS the story, purportedly true, of the who carried a small hat-box wherever he went around the base while in basic training (or kept it in his locker when he couldn't carry it around). He would never let anyone see into the thing, and was always very careful and secretive about it. Finally it got too much for his NCO, and they took the hat-box away from him forcibly, and opened it. That guy got out of his military service so fast it would make your head spin: inside the hat-box was a crown of thorns!!

HALBERD #101 I'm rather flattered that you should find me innocuous, Hal. Most people I met at Pitt thought I was a grouch. (Down, Buz, I jest.)

16 March FENNELISEN 19

I'm not quite sure what you mean by 'training,' in saying that German-origin dogs need/accept an occasional beating

in training. If you mean for show or work, I have no data, but if you mean general training as pets, I'd disagree in the case of the German Shepherd. When we lived in New Jersey, one of the neighbors had a shepherd named Randy that definitely did not accept beating - or need it - and yet would take all manner of rough play from the kids in the area. The owner, having had Randy for several years, got a cat, too, and instructed the dog that he was not to bother the cat at all. Randy obeyed, but he was jealous as could be -- he stand looking at the cat, whining and weeping. I've known a couple other shepherds, too, and I'd say they don't fit your "beating" pattern.

Re: Silverlock. The exigesis has sort of ground to a halt, temporarily, but I/we (I've had lots of help - Sid Coleman, Ruth Berman, Mikini) found the majority of references in the first ten chapters. Lucius Gil Jones is probably three different characters: Lucius Apuleius, Gil Blas, and Tom Jones. As Virgilio Faustopheles is Virgil (guide to the underworld), Faust (who sees Gretchen), and Mephistopheles (after Shandon's soul). Now will someone kindly locate the Island of Emne for me??

Why, pray tell, call your home-brew "Busby's Billiards"? People have the whackiest names for home-brew. The FSS has Quigg's Pale Stale Ale, Jerry Miller's Miller's Low Life, and a couple of others (Smith, refresh my memory!). But there's such a blatant comment about yours... (Please to be advised I'm attempting humorous remarks, and I don't like beer in any form.)

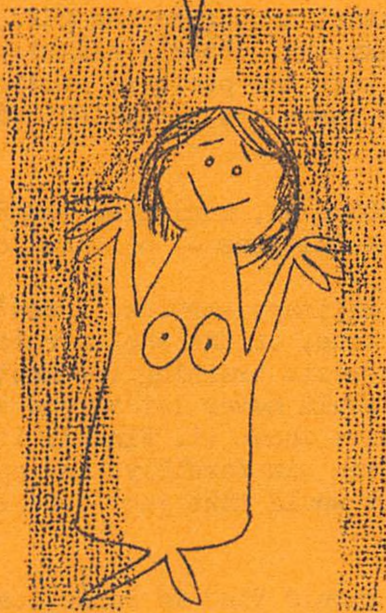
Just one more question: WHEN were the SAPS of yesterday, when the old-timers were tolerant and kindly to neoSAPS?? And be careful, or I'll quote one of Buz's lines in either 45 or 46 (mlg.) More data, please.



19 March COLLODION 3

In regard to reincarnation, and people not remembering events from past lives: you ought to talk to Harness, who says he remembers events from several past lives, including one on Mars. Of course, he is met with a huge barrage of disbelief, and tolerant "Yeah, sure" remarks...but he remembers them anyway.

I'M GOING TO SLIP-COVER THE ANNISH!



The two pages with Rotslerillos were left over from a time that WR discovered some shading plates and decided to experiment with them. No sense in letting the stencils go to waste.

FANTOCCINI 26 Execrable artwork, uninteresting blither. I'm beginning to think Harness was right, and you're just taking up space in SAPS. Rumour says Art Hayes is now an ex-SAP; if so, you win top spot on the ought-to-be-exSAP list.

WATLING STREET 7 Oh, all right, Shandon, I won't give away your source of title or title of editorial. But I don't think you should change WATLING STREET -- as you may remember, Watling Street leads almost everywhere.

Re: Labor unions and their benefits. You're arguing that the end justifies the means again. I might point out that Mussolini's reign was responsible for tremendous improvements in the public works of Italy.

I like the idea of sending one copy of the OIPA mailing to the British Museum -- there

ought to be some national depository for ephemera such as fanzines. SAPS, FAPA, and N'APA ought to send mailings to the Library of Congress, for the same reason. Just imagine, thirty years from now, someone may go rummaging through some of your ~~deathly~~ deathless prose, or maybe verse. So you don't think it could be verse? It could, I'm quite sure.

FTGBR, Don Durward

Congratulations on the bi-colour paper, by the way, as it adds to the general appearance of the zine.

On mixing school and fandom: If you succeed, let me know, and I'll be the second Ph.D. candidate, with a dissertation on "APAs versus genzines; their relative benefits to fans and fandom." (As President of the Gimlet-Eyed Snobs, allow me to point out that a Doctoral candidate writes a dissertation, and a Master candidate writes a thesis.)

Discovering Marley L. Gastonhugh shouldn't have been so hard, knowing EdCo's penchant for ridiculous pseudos. Dickensheet has enough trouble convincing people he is real, without coming up with a fannish pseudo already.

Our rather whacky organization, the CRAP, was reorganized by several people, and there's no reason Ted can't claim a fair size of the credit. His Constitution (which can't be violated, by the way, because of Section 8) did set the basic rules for operation, and they still stand, lo these six months or so. I just published the first of the New Style zines. Besides, I don't need the credit right now.

Old data on who is in how many apas go out of date each time a mailing comes out, seeing as how I'm now a hex-apan (Magic fandom, anyone?), and Trimble's are bi-apan. I think I'll start publishing complete quarterly lists of apa memberships for all 7 apas, and I might as well start with this quarter, and run them in this zine.

Code the contents of the individual SAPS zines to just titles and one-letter designations of the format -- V for verse, F for fiction, and so forth -- and it would be of immeasurable help in finding things in a collection of SAPS mailings. I think it would be worth the effort, if anyone had the time.

We (Ted and I) reviewed Silverlock for LASFS one evening, in one of the most grand-slam reviews the club has been subjected to -- including the singing of all four songs. As a result, Patten and a bunch of others resolved to read the book; hence he beat you to the UCLA copy. Tom Seidman was even worse -- he's a LASFS member who has a faculty status at UCLA, and he just checked the book out and kept it out.

Have you ever seen a copy of the Wessons' zine SIAMESE STANDPIPE? It is a beautifully printed 1/4-size zine, that did go through FAPA, though I haven't seen it there lately. Anyway, it also went through NAPA and AAPA (I think), and it would be worth a membership in NAPA just to get this one zine, if it weren't put through FAPA. Occasionally one of the mundane APAs comes up with something quite worth while. Even if the majority is Bowles-type material.

A closer observation of Toskey's face while he was writing the Tolkien review would reveal that he had his tongue not in his cheek, but firmly extended toward all Tolkien-fanatics, like me. This is quite all right, even if it is tempting for me to hit him on the head and under the chin at the same time, in the hope that he will bite his tongue off.

New considerations of TLoTR should show you why there were so few women in the books -- as in the Middle Ages, so in Middle Earth: women were subservient, and generally home-bodies who didn't go around getting into Adventures. Silverlock, on the other hand, being a tour de farce, involved women who did go Adventuring -- and crammed them into a rather small space, so that there seem to be more of them.

One of your better issues, Bob. Hope you can keep it up.

Now on into the rest of the mailing.

Buddha, the Lazy Man's Christ...Ed Baker

SYLLABUS 2 I hope that fanzine you intend to get out is the final issue of CONFUSION.

BOG 16 Hoo-boy, I really psyched you this time. Somehow I figured that you wouldn't get the second chapter of "The Fellowship of Nothing" written... . Of course, if you had, I'd be writing two Chapter 3's for this mailing. As it is, Eney has put in a claim to rights on the third chapter, after which it reverts back to the LA mob. You want to write one of the succeeding chapters, better get in your bid now.

SPACEWARP 69



MIKADO
ACT II (1ST VERSE)

Perhaps, in the light of your comment that you proposed before anyone else could beat you to it, I should have interlineated from IOLANTHE: "If we're weak enough to tarry... ." But I think this one will do.

ELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFFELLIKFORTAFF!!!

I'm not going to argue with your postal calculations, since they help my campaign along. Of course, they also help Durward-Lichtman, but I can discount that.

As for dual memberships splitting, I would borrow APA X's rule, and revert them to whatever relative positions they had before marriage.

The bit about wanting to have juvenile-slanted stfzines so there would be an audience for the adult-slanted ones just won't wash, Art. If this were the way things worked, how come it was only the juvenile-slanted zines that folded, leaving only a bunch of adult-slanted ones, which you want to turn back into j-s? No, obviously j-s stfzines won't sell -- to anyone. And if the current crop turn to being j-s, they won't sell, either. And I won't care, because they won't interest me. I reserve the right to be ego-centric about the values of my hobby: they have to interest ME, or I don't want to bother with them.

Yes, I know about "The Sod's Opera," though there is no guarantee that it was by both Gilbert and Sullivan. General impression is that Gilbert did write the words, but Sullivan didn't have anything to do with it. There is a G&S monomaniac here in LA who has spent considerable time and energy trying to trace the thing down, but as yet has had little luck. Took him a helluva time to get the London G&S group to admit there was such a thing. (He's also trying to find the music to THESPIS; he'll probably have as much luck finding one as the other.)

Toskey interpreted my math problem correctly, and you didn't. It was meant to be something on the order of: "Find four numbers so that the first, raised to the power of the second, times the third raised to the power of the fourth will give the four numbers in one figure, in order, as the answer." In other words:

$$a^b c^d = 1000a + 100b + 10c + d$$

I do admit the blame for lack of clarity, though. But Tosk's answer is correct.

I have a copy of DARK WISDOM AND OTHER TALES --- though I haven't read it. It was one of the mailings I got from Cox-Jacobs.

On "Orpheus's Song!" Karen took the tune from a folk-tune by Dickson, and arranged it to fit the Silverlock words. Ted and I worked out the chord arrangements together.

The shading plates TAJ used on MEST 4 are part of the Fan Hillton collection --- which numbers at least a dozen different kinds, plus various duplicates. Most of them belong to Harness, who goes mad periodically and buys a few more plates and lettering guides.

Very good zine. COR BLIMEY! I just noticed it was the Magic Number issue!!! Congratulations!

WANTED, ETC. Well, if this is an Example of an LNF casebook, I'm favorably impressed, and hope there will be more of them before another year slips past. It might help if you had some illustrative artwork to go with the stories. The bacover by

PAGE 8

Bjo is a Beauty, but the little cartoon squiblet didn't add much. Illustrations add quite a bit to a collection of stories -- they help break the sameness of the format, as well as increasing the Pleasure of the stories by giving readers a Horse to ride, so to speak; in following the story.

For a private Eye, agent Johnstone seems to run into some awfully easy cases -- if "The Poisoned Pickled Kipper Caper" is any example. Villains that are that un-subtle can't usually be found anywhere this side of The Hardy Boys books. On the other hand, I notice the story is dated 1958, and I'm sure his plotting has improved -- even "Martian Eye" has a better plotline.

However...after reading the rest of the contributions, I shall have to backtrack a bit: Ted's story is easily the best in the issue -- migawd, Don, except for your own short bit, which was saved by a neat punch-ending, the rest was from nothing! What in hell has happened to plots in faan-type detective stories? Aren't they using them any Mo re? They're passé, maybe? For Pity Sake, I'm sure SAPsites can do better than that!

ATTENTION JOHN BERRY: If you are not going to use that 2-year old GDA story I sent, I'd like to re-work it and resubmit it somewhere -- what's the score?? Don, are you in the market for more faan-detective stories?

¿POR QUE? 2



GONDOLIERS
ACT I (1st VERSE)

You really shouldn't blame your Sis too much for the pictures -- they're really pretty good. And I say that inspite of (or maybe because of) the fact that I had to set the things up and run them. The pictures themselves are rather good, considering the circumstances of taking and the rush job of running them.

Since fannish subjects are qualified for the Fan Art Show at Seacon, 27 March why don't you just ~~paint~~ paint a Nameless meeting? Or a CRYday session? Or most anything like that. You certainly ought to have something entered. For the information of the eavesdropping members, the cat-painting you did for Me was quite good, except for the coloring, which should have been muted more. I wasn;t able to bring the painting back with me, but my father is intending to have it shipped out sometime this spring.

Opera and ballet: I moved to L.A. hoping to get to more performances of such things, and in the year and a quarter I've been here I haven't attended even one! As an Example of improving one's cultural outlook, my move was a flop. Of course, the one ballet I saw in Tampa - Finnish National Ballet - wasn't any acme of perfection. The thing that struck me about the performance was the status-seeking audience, and their reactions to the slightly sex-laden "Odysseus" ballet. They'd brought all the kids out so they could get some 'culture,' and then didn't really care for that kind of culture after all. Tsk. I enjoyed it, as you remember. (Note for Ed Cox and any other members of Cleavage Fandom: ballets are best viewed from balconies as close to the stage as possible, and armed with a pair of binoculars or strong opera glasses.)

HA! Try to get away with that excuse about having a typer with a light touch to explain the light repro in your first zine! Makes no difference what kind of a touch you had, as long as the grease got on the master from the ribbon. You probably had the multi-monster under-inked or over-watered. Tsk-tsk. But why apologize? It was readable.

Nice Florida Page again, Doreen! Hey -- what about starting a Washington Page now that you've migrated? There ought to be stuff there you could use, for one or Two mailings, at least.

Very good write-up of the Branch Library, and excellent illos. That bookdrop looks real enough to dump a book in. WSF (our mutual ex-Boss at Tampa Public, for the benefit of the rest) was highly complimentary about the illos when I was running them off over the Xmas holidays.

Much Fun zine -- keep it up! I'd try to threaten you about what would happen

if you didn't get a zine in the mailing, but I can't think of anything to threaten you with...maybe a reconstruction of a couple of the conversations on the way to the bowling alleys?

Lots of luck -- and have fun!

3 April WAFTAGE 2 Evacuating Los Angeles in case of attack would, of course, be impossible. Even with all the Police and other fuzz-types this burg has, panic and other crowd-mob factors would be too great. So I'll stay put and hope to ride it out. Frankly, I hope I'm at work at the time, because nothing short of a direct hit will reach the library basement -- it's protected by a couple feet of steel and concrete, plus several layers of the Congressional Record. Of course, I'd have to stock the place with about two weeks' supplies, and I haven't got around to that yet, but ...

Weeelll, I was kidding a bit when I said SAPS might be able to eliminate dues and rely on waitlist bundles, but I think you'll find that while paying dues is a nuisance to members, they don't drop because of it. They drop because of activity requirements, or lack of interest. In the latter case, they may let their dues lapse as a means of resignation in lieu of a formal resignation.

While I agree completely about the over-population of bugs in Florida (which is one reason I prefer California), if I remember correctly, Doreen wouldn't be bothered by men-of-war while shell-hunting unless she went over to the East Coast. I can't recall any instance of the things infesting the Gulf Beaches. Of course, with all the coquina and broken glass we don't need men-of-war.

"37x," in case no one else thinks to tell you, is the comma fault: connecting two sentences (independent clauses) with a comma instead of a semi-colon. The reference is to an article in SAFARI by Sid Coleman, who complained that Earl continually committed 37x when stencilling his (Sid's) material. This is the SAPS reference -- the original reference is from a book on writing which numbered the various kinds of errors.

No, you don't write "Sorry about Jophan; will you send along his collection..." when a fan dies. For Pity Sake, if you do that, the collection will be grabbed by some other collector-fan who went over (catching a plane into town, if necessary) to pay his respects.

Nick's write-up of Harlan is most enjoyable. More fans should write their impressions of other fans with whom they have associated. (Provided, of course, they are safely out of the reach of their ~~****~~ subjects.)

POT POURRI 16 Opinion you want, opinion you get, on priority of fanac: My own set of priority rules begins with SPELEOBEM, since I've been in SAPS for a longer time than I've been in any other APA, and because I get more fun out of it. Closely following SPEBEM are ANGMAR and THE COMPOS'D HEAP, my CULT and CRAP zines, respectively. The deadlines for these come round less frequently than the deadlines in other APAs, but when they do come around they are more important, as failure to publish would foul up the entire organization. Commenting in CULT and CRAP follows publishing, in order of importance, as frequent commenting is necessary to keep up my membership in the organizations.

I think that writing comes in about here. I have at least a half-dozen things started -- parodies, stories and the like -- but I can't get at them while there is SAPSac to be done. Or CULTac or CRAPac. If I were a better writer it would worry me much more; as it is, it worries me only somewhat that I don't have time to write. If I find time, then you the readers can start worrying. Music takes a somewhat higher position -- if there's something that ought to be set to music, I'll usually get to it before publishing. For this reason, you'll find the music to the "DNQ Rally Song" in this issue, even though I haven't had time to finish "The Ballad of Pro and Fan" parody or any of the others for this mailing.

Next in line comes OMPA, and my zine SAVOYARD. I intend to have an issue in every other mailing, but can't possibly do more than that. SAVOYARD will be taking on the duties of PROFANITY, in that it will have a lot of the genzine material, and will be used for trades with genzines. (Some genzine material will show up in other APazines, and be traded to people already in OMPA. If you're an omni-APAn and still publish a genzine, I guess I'll have to subscribe.)

And down at the bottom of the APA list in order of priority are IPSO and N'APA. The former is just starting, and I'm sticking around to see what happens with it. The latter seems to be dying on its feet, and I'm going to stick around and get in on either the resurrection or the wake.

And W*A*Y down the bottom of priority is correspondence. I've owed a couple fans letters for close to a year. Started to answer Doc Weir's letters (from last July) in February, and got halfway through when I had to stop. The letter sat in the typewriter for a couple weeks (we have so many typers at the Hillton, plus the ones available to me at the library, that my own portable may not get used for more than a month. I finally had to use it for something, and took the letter out. It's still on my desk. I can apologize to those I owe letters (Hi, Wrai) but unless I can find a couple of 48-hour days, I can't do much else.

My priority schedule is determined by the necessity for keeping up APA memberships, not only for the fun and egoboo therein, but because I am an archivist. The professional librarian tendencies are spilling over into my fanac, and I have every intention of trying to collect all fanzines and such ephemera pertaining to fandom, thus being the Archives of SF Fandom. Stupid/crazy notion, maybe, but that's how it is. I even bind APA mailings, remember. (The current idea around IASFS is "Let's publish something that Pelz can't bind" -- against my attitude of "If you can publish it I can bind it." So far they haven't tried anything too outré, but Al Lewis has been considering a steel plate with rubber-stamp printing.)

Anyway, that's my own priority scheme of things fannish. I'd like to boost the writing up higher, and maybe I'll find a way to do so. We'll have to wait and see.

I again applaud your wartime memoirs, and hope you'll continue them in future issues. This is a viewpoint of the WW II years that doesn't find its way into print, and I'm quite interested in reading more. Did you keep the chronicallings of the League of the Pheasant's Feather, by the way?

Locke's bit quite well-done, and will look forward to continuation.

Hey, I can a few things in Swahili --- does that mean I wouldn't be an ignoramus to a six-year old Swahilian? "Tafadhali, toa ndovu nyako nya kuchukiza katika choo changu!" Seriously, John, I think you may have misinterpreted Terry's remark about the lack of erudition in knowing Donnegan played for Barber. I interpreted it as an attempt to moderate somewhat the awe you seemed to be expressing about Klaus's jazz knowledge, rather than an attempt to put you down for your lack of jazz knowledge. Hell, I know next to nothing about jazz of any sort -- and I care less -- and if someone wants to think I'm an ignoramus, he's welcome to do so. But I'm fairly sure that Terry meant to get across the idea that such knowledge, impressive to anyone not in the jazz field perhaps, is fairly elementary to someone who has studied the field, which I'm sure Klaus has. E.g., I know that the early G&S Operas were produced at the Opera Comique, before the Savoy was built, but I'd be stupid to expect other fans to know this -- it isn't their field.

One of these days I hope to get in on one of those guided tours of the Giant's Causeway, too. Lessee...if we can get the '65 con in London... .

4 April VTS It really doesn't pay to try going back and recapturing old group friendships. I tried it with the FSS over Chrispness vacation, and with only one or two exceptions it was very strained. Mutatur mutandur.

JIM O'MEARA: I applaud your good sense in TAFF matters. Pfu! to old Killer Kemp. And we'll definitely see you in Seattle.

Wonder if I can get Sid Coleman to write up that bit about elephants more fully and let me use it in a propaganda campaign.

CHI IN '62, ? IN '63, MORDOR IN '64, and ELLIK (THAT'S E*L*L*I*K !!) FOR TAFF!!



TRIAL BY JURY
2nd verse

If you insist on subjecting people to those two tapings of The Hobbit, I hope you can do it somewhere other than the Hillton, as I am thoroughly sick of them after only a few listenings -- and I had a part in doing them, which makes me even sicker. They sound utterly terrible in both technicalities of recording (cheap tape, probably) and in voices. Wagner or Bergman, Stanbery may be; Mel Blanc, Mitch Evans (or any other multi-voiced character), he ain't.

Romanticism, yes; shyness, maybe; feminophobia - H*A!!

Uh, are you sure that character in "The Snow Queen" movie was a robber girl? I got the impression it was a boy. Verification from somewhere, please.

Rot'sler's line about "'Love' is a four-letter word," and the variant thereof, has come in handy a couple times. I remember sitting behind a bus-driver who was yakking about the Navy in a slightly derogatory tone of voice, and telling him "'Navy' is a four-letter word." He broke up. Luckily, he also shut up for a while.

I must be gaining vastly in control -- the penultimate paragraph on p.15 is about the fourth I've refrained from quoting back to you now, after 3.5 months, for contrast. One of these days I may even gain enough control to refrain from mentioning that I'm refraining from commenting or quoting. But that'll take longer.

...and pieces from Earth, good-by to men

Of course, I recognize the 612.3 Dewey number. While you're at it, you might try looking for 150.72.

I like your "Travelling Trufen" parody, even though I don't agree with its philosophy. My own idea is that it takes some wanderlust, along with some more steady fanac such as ampubbing and conventions, to make the ideal fanac schedule. If all fans were to wander it would be a purposeless existence. You wouldn't even get to meet other fans -- unless they held conventions of wandering fans, and that wouldn't be travelling trufen, that would be conventioning trufen.

ZED 794 PTHALO IS, huh? It should turn, blue.

"Sh*t and science fiction don't mix," huh? How do you account for the majority of the recent prozines, then? Or maybe that isn't science fiction?

Very enjoyable trip report, and delightful cartoon finale. Mention of the old lady with whom Astrid Sr. conversed in Danish brings to mind a recent request the interlibrary loan department at USC received from the Danish National Bibliographic Center, asking for three university publications. We rounded up two of them, and I wrote a letter of explanation. Then I turned the letter over to a girl who is working in the department as an exchange worker -- from Denmark. Her name is Vibeke Brandt, the euphony of which is delightful, and I keep wondering what the Danskers are going to think when they get the letter in flawless Danish. Libraries have many resources.

FIRST SAPSZINE FOR 1961 Tsk. Rich Stephens isn't an inactive LASFS member -- he's at almost all of the meetings. Of course, he doesn't do much... . And I thank you for your kind assistance in my campaign for OE.

SCORP 1 There is at least one place other than WAFTAGE 1 where the "spirit" duplicator gag was used was in Don Franson's parody of "A Christmas Carol" in the 1960 SHAGGY Art Supplement. It's also in a Bjo comic strip which is as yet unfinished, although started last November.

My title SPELEOBEM may translate literally as "cave monster," but that ain't the exact meaning of the thing. As I told you when I started in SAPS -- providing you were reading the mailings at the time -- it is a pun on the word "speleothem" (meaning a rock formation in the shape of a recognizable object).

5 April WHIMPER 1 I agree that the first-of-the-month deadline for requiredac is senseless, and it will be dropped under the New Regime. I suppose Eney put it in to serve as an extra shove to those in danger of being dropped, but I figure they should be able to keep track without it. Especially if I send them postcards as reminders. For further changes in rules and regulations, stay tuned to this fanzine -- I'll probably postmail SPELEOBEM 11.1, to include all operating rules.

BUMP 6 An ingenious explanation of the FTGBR interlineations. Almost believable, too. Much more believable that the real explanation, if there is one.

Might as well use this space to check the latest statistics on how many SAPS I have met, seeing as you've done so in BUMP. Hmm. The situation has got worse: last time I'd met all but 6 members, now there are 7 I haven't met -- Ballard, Bergeron, Coslet, Eylman, Pfeifer, Ryan, and Underman. Nor have I met either of the invitees, Gerding and Rike. Of the wlers, Anderson, Smith, Cochran, Firestone, Ruckers, Gorman, Locke, Hannifen, Muir, Cleveland, McInerney, Sample, and Danford are the ones I have yet to meet, though I may have met a couple at Pitt, and not remember. So I've met 42 out of 64, for a 65.6% score, dropping from 66.1 last time.

FLABBERGASTING 17 Yes, Tosk, I actually have had arguments in which I got somewhere with someone who disagreed very strongly on something. And contrariwise, I have been known to change opinion -- or at least modify it considerably -- as a result of a strong argument, even on the emotional-mental level. There have even been times when I stuck to an opinion in spite of strong arguments, and in spite of my own acknowledgement that only bullheadedness was keeping that opinion where it was. You, with your total lack of insecurity, would probably never be bullheaded and admit it; I am. For example: you can shove your arguments about enjoying arguments for the sake of arguments. Old Bernstein joke.

My comment on your collection of stories was "SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION. Unfortunately, I like it." It, in this case, my short-sighted author friend, refers not to the collection but to SCIENCE FICTION. The word 'unfortunately' was added to indicate that the stories in the collection were not for me.

The "Gardener's Song" from Sylvie and Bruno was a series of verses that began "He thought he saw... ." Such as:

He thought a rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak."

- - - Lewis Carroll

He thought he saw a Toskeyzine
That praised Peake's Gothic tales;
He looked again and found it was
A kettle full of snails.
"I've just one small complaint," he said:
"They leave such messy trails!"

- - - BEP, 4/5/61

TALES OF THE UNFORGOTTEN PAST #1 W. Squink de Tal, I suspect your first name may be either Warty or Wayne. In either case, I guess this will be the only issue of this zine, at least under your editorship.

"Through Neo-fannish Eyes" is Bjo's report of the CHICON II, from CONFUSION. But that's the only one I recognize, except for my own "Ode to an S-F Percentage Man," which was originally in Alan J. Lewis's FANTASY ASPECTS 2. This is one of the poorest G&S parodies I've ever turned out. The absolute poorest being the first one -- the one that showed up in SF STORIES in the lettercolumn. If I get a masochistic streak one of these mailings, I'll reprint it. But not until then.

I could easily learn to hate you for using this outsize paper, but I think it will trim down to normal. Thanks for the thing, anyway, WSdT.

TRESKA 1 A nice switch to "Execution Morning," Mike.
I dunno -- who is John Galt? (In case someone cares.)

OUTSIDERS 42 In answer to your point of order: as of mailing 56, although married couples are one member and hold one membership between them when it comes to the roster, they are separate individuals in any matter concerned with the Pillar Poll -- including being elected President. OK?

6 April

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

OK, that enough explanation of attitudes? I yield to no one in blackheartedness. We have a large fireplace available for burning the deadwood. And of course, when I'm OE, it's unthinkable that I'd try binding the OE with any hard-and-fast rules!

LASFS has taken up charades recently, tricked into it by Ron Ellik. Oh the ignomininy of the LASFS having to borrow entertainment ideas from the Gugglefuss! Tonight is a challenge night, with the Harness-Johnstone-Pelz axis challenging any other team. The ARBM: (Arson, Rape, and Bloody Murder Bhoys - Cult term for the trio) have got signs and signals down to enough of a science that it should be a walkaway. Anyway, "Thunder and Roses" would be acted out through the "sounds like" method.

BJohn took off for Phoenix last Sunday. JT was sent there on business, and Bjo went along. They were planning to visit a couple of pros in the area, and sent letters in advance. The Friday before they left, Bjo called me at work to announce that they'd had a letter from John Myers Myers, who would be very happy to meet anyone who liked his book. So I scurried around Saturday (though I had to work until 5) and rounded up copies of SPELEOBEM 9 and SAVOYARD 7 (OMPazine) which contained the complete music to the Songs From Silverlock, and sent them along. Also sat up until the wee smalls of Sunday morning, after dragging Johnstone over from S. Pasadena around 1:00 (Bjohn picked him up after a Caltech party they were at), recording the songs -- and sent the tape along, too. In addition, Bjohn took with them a letter and the first page of the exigesis I'm working on, and four copies of Silverlock, for autographs. The copies belong to Bjohn, myself, Harness, and Ted. Y'know, I think this crew must really like that book.

Even after finding out that it was copies from a record album (a fact I didn't realize until you told me so in a letter) I am delighted with Betty's cover-illo, and will be looking for the rest of the characters. I finally saw the album, and it is a lovely thing.

Oh, in case you're wondering about the verse up above, it's based on RUDDIGORE: "When I'm a bad bart. I shall tell tarradiddles..."; somehow it seemed the fannish thing to do.

WARHOON 10

7 April



DREI GROSCHEN OPER
ACT III VERSE 4

Dear Walt Willis: Let me begin by citing several facets of my own character, in order to provide background referents: (1) I am an escapist, and would prefer to ignore all news, arguments, and signs of trouble, if I possibly can; (2) I am a coward, and therefore (3) a pacifist. You will note in the WARHOON comments in SPELEOBEM 10, a copy of which accompanies this issue, that I was quite anti-Calkins's ideas myself. BUT: your column in this WARHOON raises my argumentive hackles in the opposite direction, mostly from the semantic loading and sarcastic style. The points of disagreement start with your rebuttal of the three arguments. Back around the time that people were

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saying that gunpowder could destroy civilization, said 'civilization' was at a stage where the people were quite well-founded in their arguments: gunpowder could have "set the race back some hundreds of years." But it didn't; civilization got too complex, and protective devices got too strong for the situation to continue. And today, with the qualitative change you mention - and even a quantitative change, too - I say the analogy holds to a sufficient degree that it should not be passed off as mere claptrap. For the second argument, I agree with you, except where you imply that the "question" of nuclear war, genocide, and the like has an answer. I would say that it does not; until civilization reaches a point where it is capable of setting up some sort of Seldon Plan, using Psychohistory to figure the probable actions and reactions of planetary-size populations to a high degree of accuracy, we will have to fall back on the Fatalist slogan of "que sera, sera" -- or a more recent localism, born of too many trips to Disneyland, "It runs on tracks." Your third rebuttal begins the stylistic innovations I dislike. You know as well as I that even Calkins & Co. have no intentions of suicide, with or without blowing up the planet. The idea that the Universe will go on, even if H. Sap. is eliminated, is a philosophy, and not a blueprint for action. It is, again, a result of the attitude "It runs on tracks." Even the Universe may do so.

You pervert the "survival of the fittest" phrase when you try to apply it to nations, races, peoples, or the like. The original application was to species, as I recall. I admit that the phrase is a truism, meaning exactly what you say -- but then we're back to "It runs on tracks" again. And in this case, it almost certainly does -- unless, of course, you think you can actually steer.

Define "war," or defend your statement that it was unknown to man in such a way to discount inter-tribal warfare and the like.

I respectfully submit that Calkins never suggested he'd be setting off the big explosions, except possibly under the situation set up in WARHOON: last survivor, with unpushed buttons at hand. His primary attitude was that he would fight with whatever was at hand, and although I disagree heartily with this, I find no reason to misread it into an exaggerated picture of his leaping around tossing atomic grenades.

As for the idea that no civilization can be un-cooperative and still master the technology of interstellar flight, I have no data. But for every SF author who puts forth that idea, I can find another who puts forth the opposite. Or just what if the co-operation is entirely intraspecies?

And if you can come up with a nice solution to the Atomageddon problem, in the manner of Simmelweiss's hand-washing, then maybe something can be done about it. Until such a time, it runs on tracks as far as I'm concerned. In sum: I do not like the idea of war at all, let alone atomic war. Should one come, I'd fight only if I had to, and not to ridiculous extremes; survival of ME at most any cost, including surrender in a hopeless situation, is my motto. I would NOT, as last survivor dying of the plague, even, push the retaliation buttons -- or at least I don't think I would, from my current point of view. But neither would I have anything to do with an "us-first" disarmament program, or the cessation of weapons-testing; I join Terry Jeeves's campaign to Ban the "Ban the Bomb" Marchers. This is as much stupidity as the last-ditch fighters, as far as I'm concerned.

As I recommended last issue that Gregg re-read your article, I recommend you re-read HIS, and take a look at some of the mis-interpretations you've come up with.

And after all that, Walt, I have just one more thing to say: See you at CHICON III next year. For whatever it's worth, the CElephant of SAPS is supporting the 1962 WAW fund 101%.

Now for the rest of WARHOON: A pox on Col. Proctor Scott; Unbridled sarcasm is not a very good vehicle for convincing anyone of anything. Nor is argumentum ad personam.

John Berry, I seem to agree with you on most everything, providing you don't have your tongue in your cheek in regard to the Polaris. You might ask Metcalf about the intelligence of the U.S. Serviceman -- he just got done giving a short report on the subject to the CULT. I'm afraid I don't have ten top favorite pieces of music. I generally play operas (anything from G&S to "Der Dreigroschenoper"), or if I play a

symphony, it's usually either Tchaikovsky or Beethoven. For the former, I prefer his 5th Symphony to the Pathétique, and for Beethoven I prefer either the Eroica or the Pastoral. I am very fond of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, by the way, and rank it above most other symphonies.

A question, on which you may be able to base a future column: what is the situation in Northern Ireland with regard to the IRA? The LA paper yesterday carried an item about two bridges being blown up in County Fermanagh, probably by IRA. Can you give a little history and a view of the current situation? (There was no date on the Reuters release, but it appeared in the LA Times for 6 April 1961.)

Rich, your suggestions for setting up an archives of Fandom are good ones; I'd like very much to be able to do something like that myself. In fact, I've already got a start on microfilming rare material -- like to guess what it was? There was only a partial collection, with some gaps, but it came to 120+ pages, with several more hundred yet to get. And they're not, strictly speaking, fanzines -- except for a couple issues.

"Speleobem" is a pun on the cave-crawler term 'speleothem' ('th' as in 'thick'), which means a rock formation in the shape of a recognizable object. Several members of the FSS started applying the 'Speleobem' term to me, because of the dual stf-spelunking interests.

The viewing time of "The Musquite Kid Rides Again" is about 20 minutes, and the costs were somewhere around \$250, counting a duplicate print, but not counting the money the individuals put into equipment and costuming for themselves.

Even at this late date I'm glad to hear that Stevenson vetoed the 1949 "Cat Bill." Of course, he might have let Illinois in for a lot of trouble if he'd allowed it to pass -- I refer you to a book called The Barford Cat Affair for information on what can happen when cats are persecuted. It's an excellent book, even though there was a little too much "cat-type" philosophy therein.

If you keep up WARHOON in this manner, you will have to start using green paper.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 9 Somehow the comments are too old-hat by now to draw forth any further comments -- but I'm glad you included them, Rich, for the sake of archivism, if for nothing else.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC 10 Manly Throne
Should certainly have known
That although
Fans may come and/or go
Taking up their minor place,
Vanishing without a trace,
When all's done
They've still had a lot of fun.
So may it have been
In Fandom, when he was in.
And you,
Too.

-----BEP 4/7/61

I should probably wait until the situation comes up, since it is quite unlikely ever to do so, but in the case of one member of a dual membership dropping behind in activity, he would lose his voting rights for that period. Nothing else would be fair.

At least I was lucky enough to be able to read the comments on SPEBEM.

Progress report on a couple matters: At LASFS last night, the ARBM whomped the opposition (6 of them) in stfnic charades: 15 minutes to 25 minutes. The opposition consisted of Ron Ellik, Sid Coleman, Ed Baker, Fred Patten, Bill Martin, Roy Severn, and Milo Mason -- there were a couple substitutions, so there were only 6 at a time against the three of us.

8 April Of necessity I switch from John Henry to Jesse James, and haste to finish my hasty mailing comments. First, a further Progress Report: I mentioned, in commenting on Pot Pourri, that I had not yet answered Doc Weir's letters from last fall. They will never be answered; Skynack's latest issue carries the news that Doc died in early March. Though I never met him, and had only a brief exchange of correspondence, I'll miss Doc -- as a fellow Tolkienist, primarily. His article/story in J Palantir was a masterpiece. Namarië.

Campaign Propaganda Toskey, I like your platform of rule changes so much that I shall adopt several of them myself. Particularly, the labelling of anyone who disagrees with me as a BFUT. I do, however, think it unfair of you not to send copies of the JBI card to Jack and me, after all the work Howard did printing them and sending them to you. If EHH hadn't sent me one himself beforehand, I wouldn't have a complete mailing -- and that would be even worse than losing the election!

Lichtman, thanks for sending your JBI card -- I now have an extra, as this was included in EHH's premailing to me, too. And I suppose I'd better admit that I wrote and published Two Heads Are Better Than One #4, though it should be easily discerned as a hoax by anyone but the newest members, perhaps. Anyway, it was sent out too late to influence voting, if the voting was done on time.

Owen Hannifen, thanks for the support, and I hope you won't think it rude of me to point out that SIPS is a Society rather than an alliance. Hope you can keep up the enthusiasm for SIPS until you become a member -- about a year, I'd say.

Spectator 54 Somehow it croggles me to find the 0-0 with the best cover in the mailing. Hey, Rich Bergeron, how would you like to be appointed Official Cover Artist for the Spectator?

Hearken to ye rule-changes!!! Ye members must have 6 pages of original material in each two consecutive mailings, without regard to which mailing it may be. Ye rule about required activity being due in by the first of the deadline month is hereby dropped.

I haven't even tried to figure the alphabet soup this time, Eney.

As for the Pillar Poll: I conclude that I kind of like Lusby's system better -- this is too restricted. I'm not printing all of my voting, but I thought some of my votes and the reasoning behind them might be of interest: Honorable Mention, 1st Place to Elik and Poul Anderson, for "The Childish Edda," which gave me the most kick of anything in the mailing, what with my predilection for both folk/filk music, and for Norse Myth. I have the thing memorized, and will sing it if given even a quarter of a chance. A place under "Most Original" went to U'ney, for the most original fouling up of the Spectator. Of the 37 people on the roster, 17 did not get mentioned in my votes. In a number of incidences, more room under some categories would have meant more representation.

SpeleoBen 10 Art Rapp, I'm sorry. I didn't publish the story you sent me, but I forgot it when I left for Tampa. This issue, I'm rushed for time, so Jack says he'll publish it, DV. Again, apologies. Thought for a while I'd lost it.

For the next chapter of The FSS At Large, we present:

The F. S. S. Takes Care of Its Own

As in Fandom, there were relatively few girls in the Florida Speleological Society. Most of the ones there were wound up getting married -- to FSSers -- and occasionally to the accompaniment of rumors of the necessity of such action. ("Anne used to be O'Donnell, but early in the fall / She made a pass, / And ..." so runneth the Caving Song, verse 7.) Anyhow, the few single girls were well-attended -- and particularly well-attended was a girl who became known as "Redwing" as result of the FSS's great liking for Oscar Brand Records, and their general opinion of her. Her name was actually Barbie, and she had a liking for GDS, Pogo, science fiction, and nature study. The first three interests were fairly general among the FSS, but the last was a loser -- not even the bio majors were bad enough to keep 7 cats (Waffna, Carmina, Catullus, and Bossia are the only names I remember), one large snake (Snavely) and a large white rat in their off-campus rooms. But in spite of this, Barbie attracted all kinds of male attention -- some desirable (by her), and others not so. In a couple of the latter cases, the club (or at least the in-group) decided to take a hand. The first target was a particularly noxious member of the French Club. This character was a campus political radical, and had already been the subject of several FSS discussions (on the order of "That jackass ought to be disposed of.") when Barbie mentioned that he had been bothering her quite frequently for a week or so. Partly from an idea of Propriety, and partly from an idea of Property, the plotting began. A little reconwitering revealed that the character lived off-campus, in a run-down shack; said shack had its plumbing facilities outside in a separate shed. Making use of the nearby room of one of the group, we waited until after midnight, then boiled several gallons of concentrated gelatin, which we carted over and quietly dumped into the guy's toilet bowl. I've always wondered what he thought when the damn thing refused to flush the next day.

The second episode was a bit more direct. The room Barbie lived in was one of several cardboard-wall places all hooked together. One afternoon she was sitting on the bed, which was up against the wall, when a drill buzzed past her. A minute later, the drill came through the wall again, higher up. The guys in the next room were making arrangements for their evening entertainment. At dinner, Barbie told about this, and again the Vigilante Committee went to work. Rumaging through my collection of chem lab equipment, acquired through several years as a chem major, we put together a wash-bottle

with a very narrow nozzle -- narrow enough to fit into a small drill-hole. A fairly concentrated solution of silver nitrate went into the wash-bottle. This time we waited until the next day, when the guys were both out, then we went over to Barbie's and delivered about 100cc through the drill-hole into the next room. Barbie later told us of the curses and complaints that came through the wall that night, and the next day a look at the guys' laundry line told us we'd guessed right -- their bed had been right on the other side of the wall, under the drill-holes, and the sheets had got the brunt of the silver nitrate, which reacts with organic material -- cloth, on even skin -- to turn it black. Strangely enough, there was no more trouble from peeping neighbors.

There were lots of other incidents involving Barbie, including the most memorable Freud ever pulled by the FSSites, but they'll have to be saved for future chapters of this interminable series.

Next time: "How to Hold a FSS Party."

Tunachukua kuma fupi katika chama (Smith, you owe me a letter!!)

There once was an Indian made...MS

The Further Adventures of Ferdinand Fugghead, Omnipest

Being warned by the Time Patrol that a dangerous nexus was developing in 1942, Ferdinand Fugghead transported himself to that year, and set himself up in a small hospital which was also a way-station for the Underground, in Western France. A few days after his arrival, a small Italian scientist appeared, stopping off on his flight from the Nazis to seek rest and sanctuary. His name was Enrico Fermi, famous for his experiments in Atomics, and source of the dangerous nexus. If the Nazis should surprize and capture Fermi, the course of history would be changed in that world. The Underground members were disguised as patients of the hospital, and just lay around talking unless warned of Nazis in the vicinity making spot checks. Fermi, however, was given a separate secret room, and kept in readiness for a quick getaway. It was Ferdinand's job to keep watch for the Nazis, and warn everyone. The afternoon following Fermi's arrival, a patrol was spotted, heading for the hospital. Quickly, Ferdinand rushed to warn everyone to be quiet. Speaking in the various languages of the Underground members, he urged "Shut up!" ... "Geschwiegen doch!" ... Then he dashed into the secret room, rasping "Fermi, la Roche!"

-----This has been a Feghwotnik for Bob Lichtman, Andy Main, and Co.

THE LOGIC OF MATHEMAD- NESS

If you're anxious for to shine
 In the mathematic line
 As a man of genius bright,
 You must get up all the germs
 Of the transcendental terms,
 Never mind if not quite right.
 You must talk of Mr. Kantor,
 You must rave and you must rant or
 Somehow talk of Aleph Null.
 If your fellows cannot follow,
 They will treat you like Apollo
 At the Delphic Oracle.

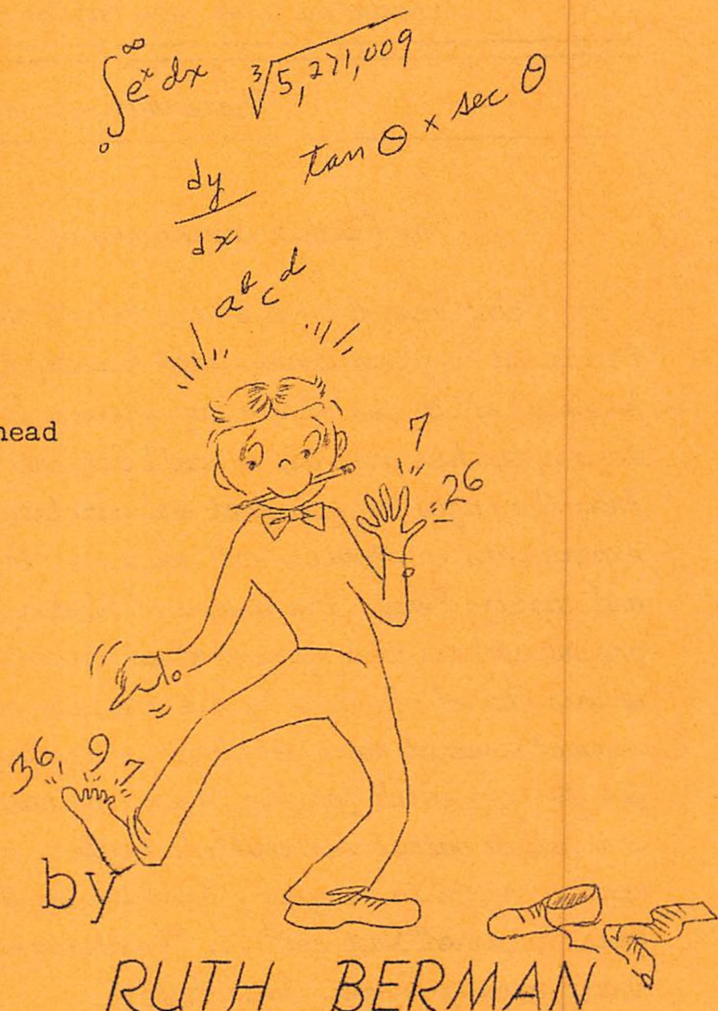
And everyone will say,
 As you calculate your way,
 "If this young man's on speaking terms
 With terms too tough for me,
 Why, what a most extremely brilliant math major
 This math major must be!"

So you cannot do a sum,
 In arithmetic you're dumb --
 You will not be hurt one whit,
 Just as so long as you can integrate
 And also differentiate
 Each incremental bit.
 But be sure you do it modernly,
 For older math, as all agree,
 Just solved things with a guess.
 Though in olden days they often solved
 The problems with which you're involved,
 They were not rigorous.

And everyone will say,
 As you walk your modern way,
 "If this young man says a proof won't suit,
 Though it certainly would suit me,
 Why, what a grasp of modern math inside the head
 Of this man there must be!"

Always point out with defiance
 That math is the Queen of Science,
 And remember, if you please,
 That your math is not mundane,
 And although it seems insane,
 It is of the humanities.
 For a math'metician's sore
 When others think he is a bore,
 So he claims that math's the cream
 Of art, of music in each tone,
 Of every course of study known:
 Great Math is all supreme!

And everyone will say,
 As you walk your snobbish way,
 "If he is sure that Math is the peak,
 (Though that I cannot see,)
 Why, what a great erection of incredible perfection
 The Math he loves must be!"



RUTH BERMAN

SIDE PASSAGES

RUTH BERMAN

16 January 1961

"The Fellowship of Nothing" is lovely. Ghreat Ghu! I've now been reading stray SAPSazines to follow all the references! I don't know the name of the blasphemy of "My heart at thy sweet voice," but the spelling of the title in French is "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix." [I missed by an apostrophe and a transposed pair of letters. My French must be improving...BEP/ Saint-Saens now joins the happy company of Puccini and Borodin and all those composers who rock and roll in their graves, the rhythm of the plagiarism being too pronounced to allow simple spinning.

Tell me how your home-brew mead comes out. My father tried his hand at making home-brew med (there not being any store-bought variety) a while ago. After much trial and trouble it came out very well -- so they tell me. I don't like alcohol. [Have some Madiera, m'dear" ...BEP/S&F/ I wrote an article on my father's med for Les Nirenberg. [I haven't got around to doing anything with the home-brew mead recipe, but the bottle of the stuff I brought back from Gainesville was quite well received by most who tried it -- especially Ted, Jack, and myself. Now if I can find a five-gallon jug... BEP/

Your "Introduction to a Manual for Plonkers" isn't an introduction; it's a Prolegomenon. Liked "Der Marianner Trippen."

MIKE MCINERNEY

25 February 1961

SPELEOBEM #10.0: Another Bergeron cover. He sure gets around. ## I'm enjoying the mailing comments even though I didn't see the zines being discussed. ## One thing about reading 40 or 50 different mailing comments is that by the time you finish you think you read the original articles.## I liked MALADY since I'm right now on page 150 of the Fellowship of the Ring and so I can figure out some of what you're talking about. [Ch? ...BEP/ ## Thanks for the descriptions of Plonkers. I've got to get one of them for the ESFA meeting on March 12th. [ESFA may never forgive me for mentioning the things...BEP/ ## The Whistler was also a series of terrible movies.## I hate to say this, but "Der Marianner Trippen" was a complete mystery to me. Did it have any connection with fandom? [Only me, and the fact that a large majority of the FSS were also SF readers. But it was included as a write-up of fannish doings -- even if it wasn't SF fandom -- since the FSS is utterly fannish in attitudes and actions. One group of nuts likes to read about another's actions -- see the article in this issue for further happenings. (Also, I'd run an account of Der Marianner Trippen III (1959) in a previous SAPSazine, and wanted to follow it up with an account of the original...BEP/ ## Now, I really enjoyed "Lament of the Phoenix." Nice illo too. More like this, please! [Ruth? Your fans await...BEP/## I'll have to try "Widsith's Song" on my trusty clarinet. Looks like fun, though.

I see Harry Warner has a letter here. They don't let us into the mag stacks in the library here. You have to write out what mag and what issue you want, which is OK if you know just what you're looking for, but I'm usually not sure just what the heck I'm looking for.## Death to Ferdinand Fugghead!##

I've got to have "The DNQ Rally Song." I'm too cheap to buy the next mailing, so I'll have to rely on your great generosity to send me the next issue.



Mike McInerney, continues...

Thanks loads for those photo pages. Deckinger looks just like I thought he would. ## I don't see your picture anywhere. Were you taking the pictures or were you under a table somewhere working off a hangover? I took all the pictures -- and I don't get hangovers...BEP/ Other fans who look like I thought they would be Garret, Heavens! You mean MR. Garrett, the respected author? A fan?? Horrors!! Both he and fandom will consider that an insult, I'm sure...BEP/ White, Busby (both), Studebaker, and the Lupoffs.

DEAN DICKENSHEET writes "AN OBLIGATORY LETTER OF COMMENT ON SPELEOBEM 10"

The article on plonks and plonkers was interesting, although, as Ruth Berman pointed out, the title is incorrect: it should be either "Prolegomena to a Manual on Plonkers" or "An Introductory Survey of Plonkers." Your title may be correct, however, if "Plonkers" refers to individuals who plonk, and the Manual, after an introduction concerning types, shapes and sizes, goes on to deal primarily with how to plonk. This statement may be used as my credential in the Society of Gimlet-Eyed Snobs and/or the Roundtable of Erudite Bastards. Like Humpty Dumpty, when I use a word (or phrase) it means exactly what I want it to mean...BEP/.

The Plonker, of course, goes back considerably before your Mark I. A Late Victorian ad (reprinted in the Baker Street Journal) offers:

"THE HARMLESS PISTOL ((Ho, Ho, Ho!!)) Patent. With India Rubber Arrow, which will adhere to the Target and indicates the score. Will not break glass or mark furniture. A new Lawn and Parlour Game. Bronze Pistol with Arrow and Target 2s. Nickel-Plated Pistol with Arrow and Target 3s. Postage and packing 6d. extra. Size Size of Pistol, 8 inches. It is highly amusing and perfectly harmless. It brings happiness into every family, and is a most suitable present for young and old."

It might be mentioned that these were of the stamped metal variety which were standard up until the beginning of W.W. II. They fired a plonk with a thin dowel or "sucker stick" shaft, which was held in place by a spring tooth arrangement. This might be designated Plonker Complex Mari -II. The Mark -I Plonker (which fired the Mark -II plonk) was the bulbous "Buck Rogers" model of the 1936-38 era. This diabolical device accompanied the plonk with a loud buzz and sparks of Cosmic Flame, emanating from a flint-and-steel arrangement behind a red celluloid window. The latter mechanism, by the way, required winding.

My, my, my! So the Sapsites had trouble with my poor Pointless News Item. I don't suppose that I can let such a thing pass, so here are TWO POINTLESS NEWS ITEMS On a Single Theme



GAMBLER MURDERED IN BRAWL

Memphis, Sept. 3 (AP) William Lyons, notorious local gambler, was shot and killed by ***** in a Beale Street barroom last evening, while his sister pled for his life. The murderer was later shot and killed by Sheriff George Spelvin who was forced to battle him single-handed.

Witnesses report that Lyons lost on a dice throw which ***** had backed to win. ***** then drew a .45 caliber revolver and shot Lyons to death over the protests of Lyons's sister, who reportedly pled on bended knee. The total amount ***** lost was said to have been 75¢.

On hearing the reports of the witnesses, Judge John Doe ordered Sheriff Spelvin to capture ***** dead or alive. The reputation of ***** as a deadly shot caused the immediate resignation of all Sheriff's Deputies then on duty, and Spelvin was forced to go after the murderer alone. Sheriff Spelvin killed ***** , but was himself critically wounded.

The Reverend Joseph Doakes of the Pillar of Fire Baptist Church, to which both men supposedly belonged, said funeral services will be held for Lyons, but not for *****. "He can't get into Heaven," Dr. Doakes stated, "and he'll probably clear the devils out of Hell."

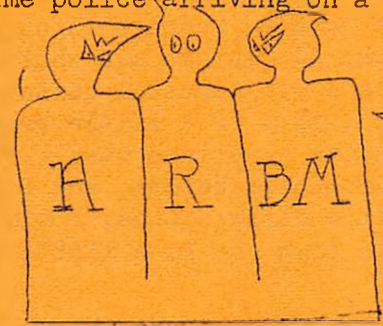
DICE GAME CONTINUES AFTER MURDER

GAMBLERS UNDETERRED BY FATAL SHOOTING IN SALOON

Memphis, Sept. 3 (UP) Billy Lyons dies last night of a gunshot wound, but his death failed to halt the progress of a dice game at the Black Jack Saloon on Beale Street. At press time, ***** , whom several witnesses identified as the murderer, had not yet been apprehended.

John X. Doe, who told reporters that he had wandered into the saloon while walking his dog, said that Lyons held the dice and ***** accused him of miscalling the throw so that he, ***** , would lose a side bet on Lyons. ***** accused Lyons of being in league with a group who had won not only his entire bankroll, but his new hat as well.

Some witnesses were of the opinion that the shooting was in self defence, but others state that although Lyons had drawn a knife, ***** had drawn his pistol first. Lyons was shot at such close range that the bullet penetrated his body and shattered a glass in the hands of bartender Mike Murphy. Murphy, rather than being angry at the murder or at his own brush with death, was primarily angered by the presence of Lyons's blood on the polished floor. With the help of some customers, however, the blood was mopped up and the dice game continued until morning, at which time police arriving on a complaint of disturbing the peace discovered the murder.



One more chorus of "A Young Married Couple Named Kelly", Johnstone, and

Harness

ROBERT BLOCH

TOASTMASTER SPEECH

NEWYORK CON 1956

You know, I wonder if you folks realize just how much time and effort went into putting on this convention? When it came to assembling a program, the committee went all out. Months ago, for example, I know they sent off letters and invitations to virtually every big name in the science fiction field.

I know, for instance, that Dave Kyle personally wrote to H. G. Wells and Jules Verne...but he tells me they didn't answer his letters.

That's the only reason they're not here tonight.

Anyway, he tried. And as a result, we have guests from England, Canada, Cuba, and New Jersey. In their efforts to get people to attend, your Committee left no stone unturned. And after looking over some of the crowd, I think maybe they turned over a couple of stones too many.

But when this Convention was still in the planning stage...that is, around Thursday night...it was decided that we must have a very special guest speaker...for the people who attended the banquet.

Naturally, this being a science fiction convention, the first person who came to mind was Mr. Irving Schlepp, of 711 Mosholu Parkway. Probably no man has ever done as much for the field of science fiction as Irving Schlepp -- the man who will go down in history as the inventor of the helicopter beanie. Well, we tried to get hold of Mr. Schlepp, but when we got to his place we found out that the local police were holding a party there. The party they were holding turned out to be Mr. Schlepp.

Well, this discouraged your chairman, Mr. Dave Kyle, very much. Finally he said, "Why don't we get hold of Marilyn Monroe?" And I said, "Just what has Marilyn Monroe got to do with science fiction?" Kyle said, "Who said anything about science fiction? -- I'd just like to get hold of her."

Finally, as you all realize, we had the great good fortune of having, as our very special speaker, Mr. Al Capp.

Now you know, one of the difficulties about being a Toastmaster is that you must always be so polite and diplomatic. Toastmasters seldom get a chance to tell the truth. When a Toastmaster introduces one speaker as a "distinguished social observer" he really means the guy is a Peeping Tom. When he tells you that the next speaker is fond of "pursuing his hobby"...what he's trying to say is this guy is always chasing women.

Well, I'm happy that in this instance I won't have to indulge in such evasions. There isn't a soul in this room who doesn't know who Al Capp is and what he's done.

Mr. Capp, of course, is a cartoonist. But he's a very unusual cartoonist -- in at least two ways. The first is personal. I may be guilty of a little breach of etiquette here, but I can't help but tell you I was quite surprised when I first saw Al Capp here tonight. You see, I've never met a cartoonist before, and I was interested in seeing him talk. When he did, I was a little disappointed. I kind of figured that when a cartoonist talks, the words should come out in a little balloon

over his head. You know?

That didn't happen, so I guess Mr. Capp is unusual in this way. And the other way in which Al Capp is unusual is that he draws funny cartoons.

Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? You and I, we're modern, up-to-date citizens of the Twentieth Century. We know a little something about what comic strips should be like. When we open up the newspaper to the comic page, we expect to see real cartoon strips -- DIXIE DUGAN being attacked by a gorilla, MARY WORTH suffering from leprosy, LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE dying of old age. You know, real cartoons: cartoons with real people facing real-life problems in this great big wonderful modern world of ours today.

But Al Capp is curiously oldfashioned. He has a quaint notion that the purpose of the comic strip is, first and foremost, to make people laugh. And on top of that, he has dared to suppose that readers are willing to think a little. He has indulged in low burlesque and high satire. And in so doing, he has created characters that are a part and parcel of our times and our way of life. He taught us the difference between a shmoo and a shmoe. Very often Al Capp has used science fiction themes in LI'L ABNER. Even more frequently he has used fantasy. But always, he has used the techniques of extrapolation and exaggeration to do the kind of job which science fiction and fantasy can do best -- the job of social commentary. In his work, and in his approach to life, Al Capp is very much a part of our field.

- o000o -

Is Harry Altshuler in the audience? Would you please stand up for a moment, Harry? I'm not going to ask you to do anything, Harry -- just stand up. All right. Now, folks...can we have a little bit of applause for Harry? Not too much...just a trifle?...That's it. You can sit down again, Harry.

Thank you very much, friends. You see, Harry is my agent. I wanted you to give him a little applause, because he thinks he's entitled to ten per cent of anything I get.

Friends, you know it's customary for the Toastmaster at these affairs to say a few kind words about how happy he is to be here, and all that sort of thing. Well, I'd like to do so, but actually I have a few complaints to make.

First of all, I'm the type of person that needs at least eight hours sleep. That's what the doctor told me -- be sure you get at least eight hours sleep, every week. Well, at a convention like this, it's just impossible. The first night I arrived at the hotel I lay down and tried to doze off, but it didn't do any good. I couldn't sleep at all. In the morning I went up to the room clerk and complained. I said, "How do you expect a person to rest with all that noise going on -- people running back and forth, keeping me awake talking -- coming in and out all the time? How can I rest?"

So the clerk says, "Look, bud, why don't you quit sleeping in the lobby and rent yourself a room?"

So I did. Last night I got a room. It didn't help. All night long I kept hearing a rumbling and a roaring -- the walls were trembling. I came downstairs in the morning and got hold of the room clerk again. I said, "Why did you give me a room right next to the Third Avenue El?"

He says, "What do you mean? I didn't give you a room next to the El. Don't you know the El has been torn down?"

So I said, "Well, if there is no El, then what was all that rumbling and roaring?"

He says, "Oh -- that was Sam Moskowitz rehearsing a speech."

No kidding, these conventions are rough. After this one, the management will

have to put up a whole new hotel. Then they can call it the ReBiltmore.

Come to think of it, after what they charged for the banquet, they can afford to put up a new hotel.

But we shouldn't complain. It's exactly 17 years and 3 months ago today that the First World Science Fiction Convention was held here in New York. Science Fiction was in its infancy. Just think of the changes since then! Well, I guess it's only natural -- when you have an infant, you've got to expect a lot of changes.

But at the time of the First Convention, things were really rough. There were only a few magazines in the field...not one legitimate anthology of science fiction stories had been published yet...nobody was putting out science fiction novels in book form...there were a few science fiction movies, but nothing on radio or television... editors and publishers were trying to scrape along, and the authors were starving... but now...

Just seventeen years later...the number of magazines has more than tripled. Science fiction anthologies have come out by the score. There are hundreds of science fiction novels. Today there are scads of science fiction movies...you hear science fiction dramas on the radio, see them on television. Editors are prospering. Publishers are getting rich. And the authors are still starving.

Starving? What am I talking about, after the meal I just got through eating. Boy, what a meal that was! I keep forgetting about you folks up in the balcony that just came in, though. You don't know what I'm talking about, do you? Well -- that makes us even -- neither do I. Anyway, you people up there really missed something. This hotel actually did things up proud. I mean, I've heard about the chefs at the Biltmore for years -- but I never thought they'd put on a spread like this. When they brought out the crottled greeps I was really impressed. Then, when it was time for dessert, they wheeled out this huge tray. They turned out all the lights first, just to make it dramatic, and when the lights went on again, two things had happened. Judy Merrill slapped somebody's face, and my watch was gone.

Well, anyway, there was this perfectly huge pie standing right down here in the middle of the floor. One of the waiters cut it open, and out popped Lee Hoffman... doing a fan dance. She used Dick Ellington and Don Ford for fans. You really should have been here.

- o000o -

Before continuing, I'd like to get in a little plug here. Last year, Marty Greenberg decided to start a fan magazine called SCIENCE FICTION WORLD. He came to Bob Tucker and myself and asked if we'd serve as joint editors. I said "Good -- I suppose you want us because we know a lot about science fiction." And he said "No. I want you two to be joint editors because you've been in so many joints together." Anyway, we took over the job and it's worked out very well. Tucker and I write what we please and Greenberg never knows the difference, because he can't read.

It's the truth. The last three issues we've been running a serial called WILL SUCCESS SPOIL LUCKY LUCIANO?

Seeing as how we can get away with almost anything, we even decided to run some material by Isaac Asimov.

The only trouble is, Asimov insisted on getting paid for his work. You know, Ike is just a wee bit on the mercenary side. I said to him "Look, Ike -- why are you always so interested in money? Don't you know you can't take it with you?" Asimov just shakes his head and says "Brother -- if I can't take it with me, I won't go!"

What a mercenary character! You know, some people say that Romeo and Juliet is the world's greatest romance. I disagree. The world's greatest romance is the love story between Isaac Asimov and the United States Mint.

So I ask him for some material for the magazine, and he says "Okay, I'll write something, but you'll have to name me an attractive figure." So I say "Jayne Mansfield."

But even this doesn't interest Asimov. All he does is complain about the high cost of living. I asked him if he was coming to the banquet here and he says "I don't know. Last year I was the Guest of Honor. But this year I'd have to buy my own meal." Well, he finally decided to do so.

But in spite of all the ribbing, there's no need to tell you that this just wouldn't be complete as a Convention without a word from Asimov. Whenever there's a banquet I like to see him up on the platform. Whenever there's a public meeting, I like to see him up on the platform. Whenever there's a public execution, I like to see him up on the platform --

But I said I'd stop ribbing Asimov, and I will. But I guess I'll never stop admiring him for his serious achievements in the field of science. I'll never stop admiring him for his novels and stories. And I'll never stop enjoying him for the wonderful way he has with an audience.

- o000o -

The last time I was in New York was way back in 1939. The good old days. Things were different then. Everybody was so much younger. Ted Sturgeon was only a minnow. And William Tenn called himself William Seven. Basil Davenport was just an armchair.

I didn't get to meet many people that first visit. For example, guys like Cyril Kornbluth. I'd read all the Pohl and Kornbluth books, of course...and I always had a sneaking idea that Cyril Kornbluth was just a pseudonym for Fred Pohl's wife, Carole. You know, Carole Pohl -- the gal with the legs at the masquerade ball? One of the nation's ten best undressed women? Well, this trip I finally met Cyril Kornbluth and I find he isn't like Carole at all. Carole is stacked. Cyril is just sort of piled up. But he doesn't have to depend on his looks -- anybody that can write a book like NOT THIS AUGUST has his own claim to fame.

Naturally, the new faces aren't the only attraction at these conventions. It's nice to meet old friends, too. For example, there's Doc Smith. I'm always glad to see him -- for two reasons. The first reason is that he's so respectable. He's always polite and courteous. He doesn't drink. He doesn't gamble, like so many do at conventions. And he goes to bed at an early hour...uh, in his own room.

So you see, he provides the perfect smoke-screen. Whenever the fans start talking about the "dirty pros" I can always say "What about Doc Smith?" And I keep reassuring them that E. E. Evans will behave in the same respectable way...in about another forty years.

Well, that's one reason I like Doc. The other reason is very simple. He happens to be one of the two nicest people in the world. The other is his wife, Jeanie.

Another reason why it's fun to come to conventions like this is that you hear all the latest news in the science fiction field.

For example, yesterday afternoon I ran into SF's answer to Elvis Presley, Ted Sturgeon, down in the tailor shop. He was having his beard dry-cleaned. We got to talking about the success some of the gang is enjoying out in Hollywood.

Ted was telling me about how they'd just made a movie out of Richard Matheson's book, THE SHRINKING MAN.

Well, I was glad to hear it, but ever since then, one thing kept bothering me. You know how Hollywood is -- they always insist on a happy ending. And in Matheson's book the hero just keeps on shrinking and shrinking and shrinking.

Well, that happens in the movie, too, of course. But they found the answer for their happy ending. The hero keeps shrinking and shrinking and shrinking...but finally he goes out and gets himself sanforized.

Friends, this is not the first time I've had the pleasure of introducing An-

thony Boucher. And in spite of his many achievements as an editor and a critic, I've always been most impressed by his ability as a writer. I've often marvelled at the fact that he writes under so many pseudonyms.

You know, Shakespeare said "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." And that's true. No matter what name he writes under, you can smell a Boucher story a mile away.

Of course, this is no way to talk about a writer as popular as Anthony Boucher. Why, did you know Boucher's stories have been translated into 8 languages -- including English?

Actually, as a writer, Boucher is second to none. And this is not an empty statement, I assure you. In order to prove it, I took a little vote yesterday here at the Convention. I asked the fans to fill out a little questionnaire. My question read, quote, "If you had to make a choice -- would you read a story by Anthone Boucher or none at all?"

Well, believe it or not, 18 people said they would rather read a story by Anthony Boucher...and only 1,462 said they'd prefer to read none.

So when I tell you that as a writer, Boucher is second to none, you know I really mean it.

Of course, I'm kidding. I really love the guy. I mean it. I love the guy. If this man Boucher were starving...literally starving to death...if he came to my house in rags...famished...and begging for the swill that we throw to the pigs..... I'd give it to him.

That's what I think of Anthony Boucher. I also think he is a fine writer, a brilliant editor, a superb critic...and a real friend. I've known him in all these roles, and he carries them magnificently.

- o000o -

Now, in my capacity as toastmaster -- which is generally about two quarts -- I'm going to have to introduce our Guest of Honor, Arthur C. Clarke.

You know, this Guest of Honor business is a funny thing. It's so temporary. I've already mentioned how it worked with Asimov, and it's that way with everybody. I was a Guest of Honor once, in Toronto, in 1948. Actually, I was only half of the Guest of Honor. The other half was Bob Tucker. We made sort of a team -- Beauty and the Beast. Anyway, after the convention I knew enough not to come around the next year. I stayed away until 1951. Because I knew that afterwards there's always a letdown.

I guess I'm not the only one who figured that out. Take John Campbell, for instance. John, you were the Guest of Honor in San Francisco, in 1954. Remember when I introduced you -- that big standing ovation you got? Well, you were smart. You didn't show up at the 1955 convention at all. If you had, you'd have been an outcast. A pariah. You'd have been a has-been. You'd have been ignored. You'd be lower than a dog -- and if you'd wanted to go out to dinner you'd probably have ended up eating with Damon Knight.

So, Arthur C. Clarke, I'm warning you. This is your hour of glory, but comes midnight and it's off with the glass slipper. Of course, with you, it doesn't really matter. You don't have to depend on conventions for egoboo.

You know, folks, this man Clarke is brilliant, talented. He can do anything. Look -- he even makes his own suits.

No kidding, folks -- this man Clarke is really versatile. I remember meeting him back in 1953, at Indian Lake. He'd come out there for the Midwestcon. That's the annual affair held by Doc Barrett.

Anyway, it was Doc who introduced me to Arthus C. Clarke. He told me how talented the man was -- he's been an astronomer, a scientist, an auditor, an officer in the RAF, an engineer, a mathematician, a radar expert, and once had the honor of contributing material to Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS. There's just no end to the man's ability.

Well, back in 1953, he started to tell me that he was going to take up still

another hobby. He wasn't satisfied with writing books like The Exploration of Space. Now he wanted to become a skin-diver.

Well, I was skeptical. He didn't look like the skin-diver type to me. To tell the truth, he didn't look like he had the strength to dive for his false teeth in a glass of warm water.

But sure enough, he showed up at Indian Lake again in 1954, and he had all this skin-diving equipment with him -- you know, the helmet and the goggles and the spear.

Well, I still didn't believe it. So Clarke says "Come out here to the dock and I'll give you a demonstration." So we went out to the edge of the lake and he put on all his skindiving equipment and dived in. And sure enough, less than a minute after he dived in, he came up with a handful of skin. He'd scraped it off his nose when he hit bottom.

You see, the water was only 3 inches deep. The whole lake is like that...it's shallower than a George O. Smith plot. And not much cleaner, either.

But you know, that skin-diving story still sounds fishy to me? In 1954, Clarke was supposed to have taken his goggles and fins to Florida. And I notice that this was the year they came out with that picture "The Creature From the Black Lagoon."

In 1955 Clarke was rumored to be skindiving in Australia. Right after he came back, what happened? Out comes "The Return of the Creature." This year Clarke says he's been skindiving in Ceylon. Maybe so...but he's here now...and I'd like to remind you that they just recently released "The Creature Walks Among Us."

Actually, of course, we're here tonight to pay honor to this man -- and that isn't easy, because in the course of a long and distinguished career, Arthur C. Clarke has already won many honors.

He has been honored for his work in electronics, in mathematics, in astronomy, in astronautics. He has been honored for his pioneering achievements in the serious development of theories and techniques pertaining to space-flight.

And as you all know, he has been honored as a writer -- a writer of technical papers in science and a writer of science fiction. His stories have appeared in the leading magazines of this country and abroad; his books are internationally known, and he has attained the distinction of having his work selected by the Book of the Month Club. The name of Arthur C. Clarke carries prestige in the field of radio, television, and motion pictures. In fact, it's hard to think of any medium for a writer in which Clarke hasn't won his share of fame and applause.

Arthur, I know this is no novelty to you -- to sit at a banquet table and hear yourself extolled as Guest of honor. You've been in this position many times before. You've won prizes, you've received awards, you've heard testimonials of praise. But there is one thing, Arthur, which makes tonight just a little bit different.

Tonight, you're not just being honored by a society or an organization. Tonight you're being honored by people who know you...who have known you through the years... from way back in the days when you yourself were a youthful fan. In a way, your career represents a sort of ideal progress and we're proud to know that in doing the things you've done, in bringing honor to yourself, you've always brought honor to the whole science fiction field.

But there's more than just that to remember. Out in this audience tonight are editors who have bought your stories...and are happy to have printed them. Out in this audience tonight are writers who have studied and admired your techniques and who appreciate your skill. And above all, out in this audience tonight are your readers...the folks who have enjoyed your work through the years.

You see, Arthur, in all the world, we're the people who really know you. We know you as more than a scientist or a writer of science fiction. We know you as one of us...as a friend. And it's as a friend that we're honoring you now.

- o000o -

The time has come, now, to stop handing out insults and to hand out a few awards. As you know, the Annual Achievement Awards for the best work in the science

fiction field of 1956 are based on the votes of the convention membership. Now the votes have been counted, the trophies have been bought -- if not actually paid for -- and the time has come to meet the lucky winners.

Now these trophies in themselves may not have very much cash value. In fact, I'm quite certain that they don't, because Isaac Asimov told me he only got a dollar and forty-nine cents when he hocked his.

But our Achievement Awards do carry prestige. To the science fiction field these Awards are what the Oscar is to the motion picture industry...what the Edgar is to the Mystery Writers of America...what the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval was to Polly Adler.

Truthfully, tonight's winners can be especially proud...because in every one of the eight categories there was some mighty tough competition and some mighty close races.

The first presentation tonight goes to the author of the book selected by members of this convention as the Best Novel of 1956.

In our field, of course, the novel-length work, either as a magazine serial or as a book, is the showcase -- both for the author and the reader. The reader often forms his impressions of science fiction from the novels -- and the author generally strives to present his best work, his most mature concepts, in a full-length vehicle for expression.

Such is certainly the case with the winner of tonight's award. As the best science fiction novel of 1956, you have selected ...Double Star, by Robert A. Heinlein. Honorable mention to Call Him Dead and The Long Tomorrow.

Our next Award is for the Best Novellete of the year. Actually, this is a very difficult category, because there is some argument as to just what a Novellete really is. One group says that a Novellete is really what's left of a novel after the editor gets through with his blue-pencil. Another group insists that a Novelette is merely a short story written by an author who knows how to pad his wordage and get away with it.

But in science fiction, we have no reason to be ashamed of the Novelette form -- a form which has produced such stories in the past as Wyman Guin's "Beyond Bedlam," Theodore Sturgeon's "Baby Is Three," and many others. This year's crop of Novelettes was long on quality as well as wordage. The winner -- and it was close -- was Murray Leinster with "Exploration Team." Honorable Mention to "Under Pressure" by Frank Herbert, "Legwork" by Eric Frank Russell, and "Home There's No Returning" by Kuttner and Moore.

Of all the changes science fiction has seen in the last dozen years, I think the greatest is the featured articles.

Back in the old days, they were just called "fillers" -- something the editor put in at the last minute when he set an issue up in type and found there was a half-page hole left over.

This often happened, for various reasons. Sometimes Edmond Hamilton got tired and decided to destroy the universe in 19,000 words instead of 20,000. Sometimes the editor would get a 10,000-word story by Lester del Rey and decide to clean it up -- that left him with only 500 words to print.

He had to fill the gap somehow -- and so features were born. At first these were just fact-articles, mostly stolen rewrites from the technical journals, the Encyclopedia Britannica, and Confidential. These fillers were usually anonymous little things, bearing titles like "Science Discovers Thrilling New Use for Liquid Fertilizer" or "Do You Really Know What Goes On Inside Your Small Intestine?" or "Is There Life Inside Larry Shaw's Head?"

Then all at once the editors got smart...and the readers got lucky. Feature-writing and feature-writers came into their own. Intelligent, interesting, informative features now have a regular place in the leading science fiction magazines today.

They often out-pull the stories in reader response, and provide a sound speculative background as a counterpoint to the extrapolation of the fiction.

Selecting the winner of the award for the best feature writer of the year must have posed quite a problem to the voters. All of the candidates are well-known. All of them have contributed a worthwhile effort to the field as a whole. All of them have earned a deserved reputation as authorities in their special field...whether that field be scientific theory or science fiction fandom.

Honorable mention to L. Sprague de Camp, but your final choice and your final vote gives this year's award to Willy Ley.

You know, a while back I was talking about the way science fiction has been growing. Up until last year or so fans used to talk about the Big Three in magazines. This year, of course, they're talking about the Big Four -- you know, Astounding, Fantasy and Science Fiction, Galaxy, and Playboy. In case any of you have doubts that Playboy is really a science fiction magazine, I advise you to look at the next issue. You'll find that Playboy's Playmate of the month is Gertrude M. Carr.

Playboy's editor happens to be a guy named Ray Russell, and ever since the science fiction writers have found out he uses that kind of stuff, they keep trying to sell him their old rejects from Infinity.

But I think some of the boys are going just a little too far in order to make an impression. There's a certain writer in the crowd -- I won't mention his name because it might embarrass him and besides he's liable to beat up on me because he's over five feet tall. Well, anyway, I notice all during the convention he's been trying to make time with a cute little gal fan. He keeps trying to impress her by telling about all the big money markets he's selling his stories to...you know, that sort of thing.

Anyway, yesterday he happened to see Ray Russell, the editor of Playboy, wandering around. So he nudged his gal-friend, said "Excuse me a minute, honey," and got up and left. He went outside to one of the tables where the fans sell second-hand books. Right away he spotted the latest novel by Isaac Asimov on display there, and he bought it.

Then he walked up to Ray Russell and said "Pardon me, but would you pay ten cents for this book?"

Well, Ray Russell is nobody's fool, get me? He took one look at the book, saw it was by Isaac Asimov, and knew he was getting a bargain -- because a brand-new novel by Isaac Asimov is always worth a full 29¢ on any remainder counter. So he took the book and handed over a dime to the writer.

Well, as far as I'm concerned, this is all right. What I object to is that this writer walked back into the hall, sat down next to his girl again, and said: "Guess what, honey? I just sold a novel to the editor of Playboy."

But all of this has nothing to do with the winner of the Best Magazine of the Year Award. Your votes gave that honor to John W. Campbell and Astounding Science Fiction.

Science fiction owes much to its artists. In years past, the very character of our magazines was largely symbolized by the type of artwork.

I know that when I was a kid, if a magazine cover had a picture of a strange gadget, the artwork was by Frank R. Paul. If a magazine cover had a picture of a weird monster, it was by Hannes Bok. If a magazine cover had a picture of a beautiful blonde babe, I bought it.

So you can see how much artwork influences the field.

Today, science fiction artists are even more important. Their work has directly influenced...and often directly extended to...motion pictures and television. It can be found on hardcover book jackets, and often is commissioned for advertising pur-

poses. The time is long-since past when we have any reason to be "ashamed" of artwork in our field. And the winner of this year's artist award is indeed a worthy representative of his profession. Honorable mention to Ed Emsch and Chesley Bonestell -- winner, Frank Kelly Freas.

Now we come to the Fanzine award. I guess I don't have to waste anyone's time by describing what a fanzine is.

To those few present who are newcomers in the field, who know nothing of science fiction fandom as a whole -- and what a hole it is! -- I can merely explain that a fanzine is one of those stapled-together hunks of paper which various unscrupulous fans have been trying to sell you ever since you arrived at this convention.

Fanzines have many uses, and can be put to real practical purposes -- such as lining the bottom of a birdcage. Some folks claim to even go so far as to read them. If you read a fanzine, you'll have the pleasure of knowing that you're making at least two people very happy -- the guy who edits the fanzine, and your eye-doctor.

Actually, I'm the last person in the world who ought to be kidding about fan magazines. I think these publications have done more to hold science fiction fans and fandom together than any other media -- including the prozines! I really mean that. If every pro editor were to drop dead tomorrow (which God forbid!) fanzines would still go on.

As a matter of fact, some of the fanzines would take credit for it.

Seriously, though, there have been many fanzines through the years which would actually do credit to a professional editor. They have been a source of pleasure to thousands of readers...a source of information and inspiration to thousands of new fans...a source of assistance in the training of would-be writers, editors, and artists...and even a source of material for some of the professional magazines. They have helped to keep fandom alive and kicking...and if you've ever read one, you'll know they do plenty of kicking!

As a reader, as a contributor, and now as a reviewer of fanzines, I've spent many rewarding hours...and made many rewarding acquaintanceships. There are so many fine efforts. Of course there are clinkers, plenty of them.-- but one of the phenomena of fan-publishing is that the clinkers die out fast: they are eliminated by pure lack of reader-interest. And the best survive: titles like the ones from which tonight's winner was selected by your votes. The winner of this year's award for the Best Fanzine is INSIDE, edited by Ron and Cindy Smith. Honorable mention to FANTASY TIMES, which already has a Hugo.

- oCCOo -

You know, it's customary, at the close of a banquet like this, to ask the Convention Committee to stand up. Sometimes this is done so the audience can throw things at them.

Sometimes it's done just to see if the Convention Committee has enough strength left to stand up.

Putting on a convention like this is no easy task. I remember how worried Dave Kyle was last year when he learned that he would be chairman of the convention. He came up to me and said, "Bob, what am I going to do? People can't understand why I got mixed up in this. They keep telling me I ought to see a psychiatrist."

Well, I was happy to reassure him. I said, "Dave, just because you're putting on a Convention doesn't mean you ought to see a psychiatrist. Not at all. Man, what you need to see is a geologist. You've got rocks in your head."

But somehow he made it. And I'm going to ask him to stand up now -- and all the gang on the committee who have worked so hard to make this con a success. Friends -- meet your Convention Committee!

And now, as the setting stomach sinks slowly in the vest, it's time to say farewell to another convention banquet.

This may sound like a travelog, but anyone who attends a science fiction convention is a traveler. In a sense, we're visitors to another planet...another world. We make an annual trip out of space and time and so-called "reality" to our convention...a miniature world full of make-believe that springs full-blown, once a year, into a brief existence...complete with customs, tradition and sentiment all its own.

I always enjoy my trips to this very special world. I like the customs. I like the people. I feel at home here. It's the other 360 days, in the so-called "real" world that seem strange to me. People who only meet me at these affairs often ask: "Just what do you do during those other 360 days, anyway?" Well, I can tell you what I do during those 360 days. I spend them waiting for the next convention. And a chance to get together again with the people I know and like. People like you. Thank you, and good evening.

ROBERT BLOCH

THE FAN-HILLTON BY HARNESS AND BJO



I told a fan-nish se-cret just to you, D N Q. You must have passed it on
 to quite a few, D N Q. A let-ter in the morn-ing mail re-lated it in full
 de-tail. Guess what the fugg-head said when he got through? "D N Q.!"

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 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!!

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

The DNQ Rally Song

BY BRUCE PELZ