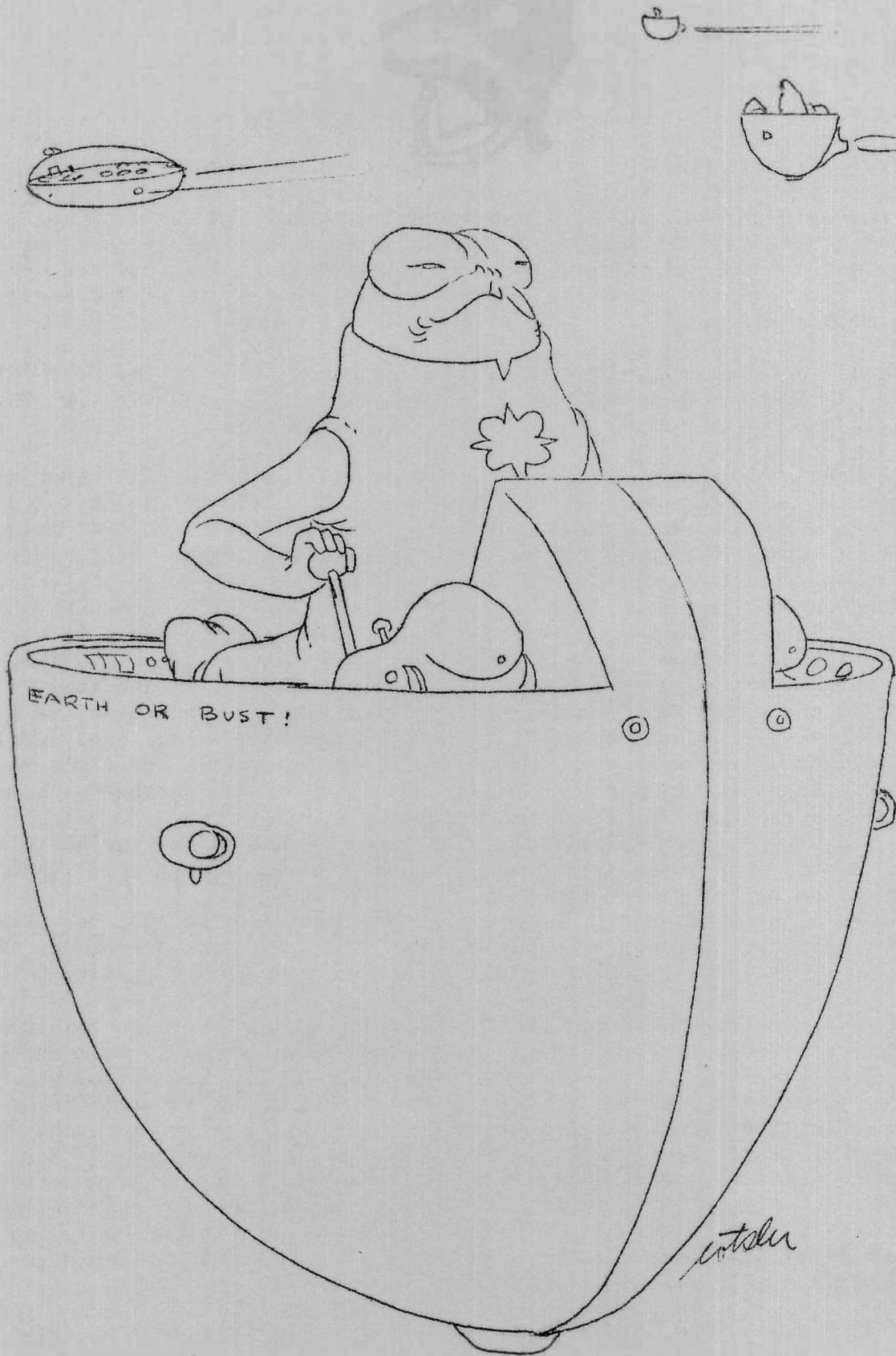




ANKUS 5

FAPA  
100

AUGUST 1962  
BRUCE PELZ



# Ivory Hoard

FAPA 99

VANDY 15 If you'd like to see a purple fanzine, Buck, I'll see if I can find a copy of the one I did for N'APA back in June 1960 — it was run in white ink on dark purple Tru-ray paper, and had to be held at a certain angle to the light in order to be read. There were complaints from members for several mailings afterwards.

Would you please go over that bit about new fan-publishers not having any contact with other publishers? How about some examples, for instance? The only ones I can think of are a few disjointed Monster-Movie fanzines.

For the rest, I have no comments — only applause, particularly for Buck's comments on HUAC and Juanita's on male egoism. I'm sorry to see in YANDRO that Buck will be dropping FAPA, and I hope that Juanita will be able to con him into some participation, so that it doesn't wear out the eyes but still gives us the comments. Maybe she could read parts of the mailing to him, or something.

TIDMOUSE 1 Jock Root has been describing your new house to us. F\*A\*U\*N\*C\*H!  
These people who have to take their names seriously.... Oh, well, I'll see you Silverburglers at Chi.

LIGHTHOUSE 6 Terry, my doggerel in reply to your poetry was intended to convey appreciation, if nothing else. I'm not about to explain verse, even doggerel, but I will point out a Marquis quote (which I misquoted slightly) to which the final bit refers: "Publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-petal down the Grand Canon and waiting for the echo." (from The Sun Dial column.) I liked the verse in A BIRD TURNED AN EYE.

Rike's cartoons are quite enjoyable — and would probably be even more so if I could figure out all those portrayed instead of only a few.

Graham, try reading p.35 of SILME again, and you'll find that Ed Wyman sent in the entry form for the Speleological Photo Salon to act as a guide for category selections in the Fan Art Show Photo Salon. (And purely as a sidelight, I've seen one of the National Speleological Society's Photo Salon's displays, and it was a beautiful selection of photography — some of the entries would have qualified as fantasy, too.)

Yes, that's the "Germelshausen" I meant — I've heard various other versions of the thing, one from France, and of course, the transposition of it to Scotland by Lerner and Lowe.

You might also read Marquis's "The Old Trouper," (p.109, The Lives and Times of Archie and Mehitabel) which indicates that the overuse of "they haven't got it here" was in the original, not just in Rich's parody.

ALIF 15 As a supposed erudite bastard, I'll see what I can do with your references, Karen. Saying "Beak-Wock" to a Sirian is from the de Camp Viagens stories, and the Sheewash Drive is from "Witches of Karres." The one-eyed man who went to Eriu was Ingcel, and Widsith sang him to Brodir's men (in Silverlock.) All your other references are Sherlockian, from The Valley of Fear, The Sign of the Four, "Silver Blaze," Valley of Fear again, "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot," and "His Last Bow," respectively, for the country of the saints, the Agra Treasure, the dog not barking, Porlock serving his master, the devil's foot being seen in Cornwall, and the identity of Altamont. Good enough? Now who the hell did Kuwarbis get tight with, and what were the stakes Setna played for?

NUYL -F 28 Sorry, Ted, but I don't know "the names of those who, for malicious, petty, and false reasons tried to organize the black-ball" against Breen. I know who suggested the idea to me, but at the time the



arguments sounded reasonable -- and continued to do so until I talked with a few others.

HORIZONS 90     Though several others have already said it, Harry, I find the idea of all the FAPAns in either New York or Los Angeles acting concertedly to remove a waitlister -- or do anything else, for that matter -- highly laughable. They're usually too busy feuding among themselves. On which grounds I intend to vote No once more on the amendment to raise the number of blackballs required to evict a waitlister. Ten is sufficient.

The "Return Receipt Requested" service is not available for anything but First Class and Airmail. For 3rd Class, insurance is the best bet -- that way, if the package of fanzines doesn't make it, and you get thrown out of FAPA, at least you can have \$50 or so as some consolation.

I would say that a historian has no right to be shying away from facts in order to spare one or two people's feelings -- Evans episode, FTI's private life, or anything else that's known should be grist for the historian's mill.

I think here would be as good a place as any to comment on what gets into the FA as postmailings. I've been assembling the lists of postmailings, legal and illegal, since the 97th mailing, so if something doesn't get to me it doesn't get listed -- no one else in the area seems to have his collection in reasonable enough order that he can lay hands on Pmlgs when necessary. (Except maybe Rick Sneary, and I don't think anyone ever bothered to ask him.) Anything that says it's published for FAPA gets listed, and if it says that the editor is not a member, or that it is not going to all members, then it's an unofficial postmailing. This routine is a result of trying vainly to make sure that all the pm's are present in some old mailing before I send it to the bindery -- when it took several FA's after the mailing to list them, and they still didn't get them all. So far I've found only one omission: CAMPAIGN LIAR #3 from White, Carr and Graham was postmailed to #96, but I didn't get a copy -- until I found Trimble's copy when they moved from Mathom House, and he gave it to me. Why didn't someone else say something when it was omitted from FA 97? Or was Trimble the only one to get a copy?

RECEIVED MAY 12, 1962     This blackmail idea has possibilities, particularly when you add in the fact that Avram Davidson is on the waiting list. I wondered howcome TCarr was selling stories to F&SF so quick. Do you think we might be able to get Campbell and Goldsmith on the Wait list? Especially Goldsmith -- she has two magazines.

NUM. -F 29     "Fiction" was written on my chord-organ, which doesn't give any choice in how the chords are voiced. I do thank you for the comments, Walter -- every once in a while I wonder whether it's worth putting music through an APA, but as long as I send copies to you and Harry Warner for comment, I guess it is.

As for abrogating the stay on the waitlist, I would say No, even if it were Bloch and Willis. There are many current members who would lend, sell, or even give their mailings away to anyone of that fannish stature, should they be interested in FAPA again -- as Pete Graham sending his mailing to WAW. And of course there are innumerable members quite willing to include the writings of such people in their zines. Even ANKUS, last-minute job though it usually is, is open for the writings of anyone interested in FAPA -- most anyone on the Waitlist at all, in fact (subject to time and length of writing.)

Assuming that Jacobs won't get around to telling you, a "hidden wheel" in loball poker is Ace-2-3-4-5, and "sixty-four" is Ace-2-3-4-6. Generally a wheel is a straight, I think (not positive here), and other hands in loball are named from the highest card or cards. I'm no poker expert, but none of those who are do much in the way of mailing comments.

And right about here I run out of time, space, and most ambition to type more comments. Meskys should get at least a page of comment on Gandalf some time.

# THE BIG RED CHEESE

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

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

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

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

Written by Sandy Cuttrell, with some assistance from Bruce Pelz. It has been offered to Lupoff for XERO several months ago, but no word on whether or not he's going to print it. It will appear in THE FILKSONG MANUAL, as one of the four parodies of the "Jesse James" meter and rhyme-scheme.



# ichabodings 8

dear boss i see  
where mr pelz is running  
my column thru the fapa  
now i guess you didn t  
know that when i  
was a fan i was a very  
active member of it  
of course  
i can t tell you who  
i was because  
quite frankly i don t  
remember and  
wouldn t want to live  
in past glories  
even if i could

what i have to  
say is not going to be  
very pleasing it  
might even make a few fapans  
mad at me  
which is why  
i mentioned having  
been a member once  
myself i can well  
remember that fapa does  
not like outsiders  
telling it what to do  
well i m going to  
say it anyway  
fapa is going too damn far  
and if it  
does not soon mend  
its ways i fear  
comes the bloody revolution  
i am referring  
of course to the way the  
fapa is beginning to  
act towards the people  
on its blasted waiting list  
it is one thing  
and quite moral  
to require the waiting  
list to respond  
to fa s but it is all  
too croggling  
to assume that the wl  
is there to jump  
through a hoop at the  
snap of some  
high and mighty fapans  
fingers i certainly agree  
that the fapa  
has the right and perhaps

the duty to protect  
itself in things like the  
g w  
matter and i m not going  
to argue about  
higgs but the idea that  
the wl should  
produce publication requirements  
to get on the  
wl or that they should  
be made to publish  
some sort of minimum while  
there or that they  
should be made to pay for  
fa s they receive  
is too croggling for this  
little cockroach to  
put into useable words  
but suffice it  
to say that the idea  
is highly revolting  
to me and you know when  
something gets to  
be too revolting for  
a cockroach it is  
getting pretty damn bad

people of the fapa  
lend me your ears  
those fans out there do  
not want on your cruddy  
old waiting  
list they want in the  
fapa most of you as  
ex-wlrs yourself  
should know that why  
i remember myself  
that i didn t really give  
a damn for the fa  
i was not on the list  
for the sheer  
pleasure of sending post  
cards to the then  
then current secretary  
treasurer and i wasn t  
about to pub  
anything for the fapa  
until i got  
in it and got something  
in return and even  
today i know  
i would damn well  
not publish  
anything to be on a

wait list  
no matter how much  
prestige that  
apa might have  
which is to say  
even if it was the fapa  
i might trade  
whatever i was currently  
publishing to  
anyone who would send  
me their fapazine  
but not one  
damned fardle more by  
foo even if it  
meant i would never  
get a membership  
in fact i  
would not even subscribe  
to the fa  
for five years or  
however long  
it currently takes to  
crawl up the long road  
to fapa  
because there are so many  
more entertaining zines  
worth the price  
that it would be  
ridiculous to even try  
to list  
them all here

my point is that the fapa  
waiting list is  
not a monkey show and that  
members of fapa  
are neither monkey-trainers  
nor spectators  
if the people on the wl did  
not want to  
be in fapa they would not  
be on it if  
fapans fear that they  
might get in and then  
try to sluff  
they might get something  
into a ruling to have  
the eight pages  
come due in the first or  
second mailing  
or change it to read  
eight pages within any  
four mailings  
instead of eight pages  
a year fapa has  
a right to instruct its  
own members

fapa may have a duty to  
protect itself  
from violence but i say  
fapa has no real  
authority to regulate  
the activities  
of those who are outside  
its confines  
until they get in  
and any idea  
to the contrary is  
if i may be permitted  
the word  
fuggheaded and if not  
at least so  
utterly ridiculous and  
funny as to  
presuppose being  
laughed right out of  
existence

so in the name of those  
who can not  
speak but who if pushed  
too far may  
act i issue to  
the fapa  
this most solemn warning  
beware  
for someone on your wait list  
may be less a monkey than a clown  
and with your words for grist  
he ll laugh your foolish godheads  
down

ichy

RICH BROWN



# HOWDAH

## EDITORIAL

SAVOY FOREVER This summer, The LArea is making up for years of drought in the field of Gilbert and Sullivan opera by bringing on a small flood, and getting both bigger and better as it goes along. This quarter there were two performances on which to report, next quarter there will be four. (They will be given in the two weeks following this mailing.)

The first presentation was the much-publicized "H.M.S. Pinafore" of Sir Tyrone Guthrie and Company, which was played at the Greek Theater in LA and then at Pasadena Civic Auditorium and a few places around the area. James A. Doolittle, who directs the Greek Theatre Association, had the entire company -- orchestra, sets, and all -- flown here from London. The production was first performed at the Stratford Theatre in Ontario in July 1960, and it has been much ballyhooed in the press as a New Innovation. So four of us went to see it: Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Steve Tolliver, and myself. Ron and I were biased against it to begin with, as we had recently read the reviews of the show in THE GILBERT & SULLIVAN SOCIETY JOURNAL, and the reviews were negative. Al grotched at us as "supercilious snobs," and told us to shut up and see what it was like. By the end of the first act there were four supercilious snobs.

The set was quite good; so were the costumes. The overture was a bit too fast, as was the opening chorus -- but the latter was rousing and the men had good voices. Buttercup entered over the rail, in a sort of wrestling match with the two sailors who were trying to help her, but still she managed her song well in spite of the vaudeville routine. All went fairly well until the entrance of Capt. Corcoran. He began with a full resonant "My gallant crew---" then, dropping to a rather insipid speaking voice: "Good Morning!" From this point I felt a bit sorry for anyone sitting around us on the benches, as we kept up a running session of complaints. Sir Joseph looked like Charlie McCarthy without an Edgar Bergen to help him along, and he chanted the patter song ("When I was a lad") after announcing the introductory song ("I am the Monarch of the sea")! In addition, he generally acted like he was slightly queer -- to the point of accidentally copping a feel on the Captain in Act II -- and I'm sure he hasn't been in Hollywood that long.

The choreography was terrible. The chorus of sailors moved about with deliberately mechanical steps, as though they were all supposed to be robots; at one point, Sir Joseph jabs Ralph in the shoulder, Ralph twirls around in a tight circle like an automaton, and Sir Joseph is so delighted that he pushes the button again and Ralph twirls once more. Pfui. This gag is overly "cute" and belongs on a stage with the Three Stooges, not G&S. The movements of the Captain and Buttercup during "Things are seldom what they seem" are ludicrously contrived, and even include an arse-bump in which the two back toward each other from opposite sides of the stage -- peering around every once in a while to make sure they're "on target." The movements during "Ring the merry bells" generally involved Sir Joseph bungling attempts to catch Josephine and catching others, like the Captain, or even a cannon.

Then there were the encores -- which were obviously written into the scripts, as they did them whether or not they were deserved from the applause. There were several encores for "Ring the merry bells," (it didn't deserve any, even from the applause of the largely non-Savoyard audience) and they did the exact same business each time.

At the finale a large arch-shaped frame comes down, with electric lights spelling out "God Save Our Queen," and Sir Joseph throws the switch held by a sailor, turning on the lights. Tricksy and over-cute to the end. (The second act set, by the way, had the Pinafore festooned with large Japanese lanterns, as it was supposed to be night. It looked like they'd switched to "The Mikado.")

In all, it was a horrible flop esthetically, though evidently a success financially, with sell-out performances. There were a few good voices, such as Marion Studholme as Josephine and Howell Glynne as Dick Deadeye, but the only



thing that saved the rest of them was a loud, good chorus ("I know the value of a kindly chorus..." Yeah, it did what it could to save the show.)

Ron had taken his camera, but had been forced to check it at the gate; no photos allowed -- this in spite of the fact that there were flashes of light from several different sections of the audience during the performance. But we wanted pictures of the set and characters, even if the performance had been below what we expected from a professional company, so we left notes for the PR department of the Greek Theatre telling them that we would be interested in purchasing any publicity photos they might have available. We signed the notes as members of the G&S Society, and I added a title of Official Editor of the Spectator Amateur Press Society for good measure. The notes worked, and we each got four 8x10 b&w photos mailed to us -- and only one was duplicated in the two lots. Good, bad or indifferent, I like to remember the performances of G&S I attend. And this was definitely a bad one.

But things improved. On August 4th a group of us went to Occidental College for a performance of "The Pirates of Penzance." Al stayed home, but Steve, Ron and I were joined by Sue Hereford, Dian Girard, and Ted Johnstone, and later Ed Baker. The admittance was \$1.50 (against the \$4.50 for Guthrie), and again it was held outdoors -- though in a much smaller audience-capacity area. This was the third annual G&S performance that Oxy has presented, starting with a fairly good "Iolanthe" in 1960 (the two Lords, Mountarrarat and Tolloller, couldn't sing worth a hoot, and they had to cut a song or two), and an excellent "Ruddigore" last year.

There were no sets, the stage being the front steps of one of the buildings, with large drapery-like curtains in the back. But almost from the first, we could see it was going to be a good performance, in spite of it being an amateur one -- or maybe because it was an amateur one.

They played it straight, not vaudeville, and only stepped out of line in a very few spots. Frederic was a bit too flairingly dramatic, but he had a good voice, and a good sense of contrast between the nonsense he was speaking and the sense that it was supposed to be making in context, and it came out quite well. Ruth did her best to upstage anyone else, usually by waving around whatever she happened to be carrying at the time -- like a sword at the end of Act II, or a flagon in Act I. Mabel had an excellent voice, and carried "Poor Wandering One" off quite well. And the Major General was almost perfect in makeup, costume, and interpretation. He even sounded somewhat like Martyn Green did in the part.

There were some perfectly fabulous bits of business. The daughters, who were all lined up on stage facing stage right while Frederic sang "Oh is there not one maiden breast," swivelled their heads one at a time, in succession to face stage left for Mabel's entrance. And when the pirates started singing "Although our dark career," they begin marching around, and the King marches down to the audience level while two pirates carry a British flag and a pirate flag to opposite ends of the 'stage.' When they reach "Hail, Poetry," all the pirates and daughters are arranged as a choral group, and the Pirate King turns his back to the audience and leads the group in the "Hail, Poetry" chorale. It was delightful, and done quite straight -- no hamming it up.

The Policemen were the epitome of fear-quaking men as the daughters sing "Go ye heroes," and the acting reminded me of the Keystone Kops -- serious nonsense. The finale used a huge picture of Victoria, instead of British flags, to induce the surrender of the pirates, and once more -- as in the last amateur production of "Pirates" that I saw -- Samuel brought a genuine life-preserver out of the pirates' burglary kit instead of the cosh that "life-preserver is slang for." The one they used had "H.M.S. Pinafore" written on it, and when we checked backstage later, the prop man said they knew what was supposed to be used, but liked this gag too much not to use it. So okay.

The backstage-jaunt afterwards was mainly so Ron could get some more pictures (he had taken several during the performance, by available light,) but



we also ran into the Director, who turned out to be one of Dian's instructors at LA City College, and we talked for a while about the production -- and about future productions. Their main problem is that they use substantially the same cast for all four of the summer productions (which include one G&S, one Shakespeare, and two miscellaneous, usually), and the cast is mostly actors rather than singers. They'd be delighted to have some extra help...and they will be presenting either "Patience" or "Gondoliers" next year. I would like very much to play Colonel Calverley or The Duke of Plaza-Toro...

On a purely objective analysis, Guthrie probably had both better acting and better singing than Oxy's production, but somehow the latter was much more enjoyable. It was probably because the Guthrie group was trying too hard to be Clever and New (they even added several verses to "I am the Monarch of the Sea.") Oxy let the opera be funny, and the players be serious -- a much better idea. Also, the idea that a professional company should go about bragging that not only was this the first G&S production their director had directed, it was also the first one he'd ever seen -- that strikes me as being absurd braggadocio. (Also, only the Josephine and Deadeye had ever sung G&S before, and Josephine's first was the 1960 Toronto performance.)

When I first heard the schedule of the D'Oyly Carte Co.'s performances in Pasadena ("Mikado," "Gondoliers," "Pirates," and "Iolanthe") I was glad they were not duplicating Guthrie's "Pinafore" and sorry that Oxy had picked one of the four to duplicate. Now, I wish D'Oyly Carte would bring over "Pinafore," just to let us see what it should be done like. I also wish they had brought "Ruddigore" and "Yeomen," as these are two of my favorites, but that is beside the point. This Monday is the opening night, and there will be several fans in the audience to see "The Mikado." And even after D'Oyly Carte has gone back to England, there will always be some group performing G&S.

Savoy Forever. In spite of Guthrie.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND FUGGHEAD:

It was at the Zilchcon of 1975 that the N3F pushed their recruiting campaign to the heights of absurdity, attempting to enroll every member of the convention in their club, and pressuring those who refused in all ways possible. One of the last holdouts was Florence Helm, one of the most attractive femmes ever to attend a convention. The members of the recruiting bureau and other rapid N3F types had taken to cornering her wherever she went and giving her the spiel to join the N3F. There was no place that they wouldn't follow her, and she was even stopped at the door to the hotel by a group of four who yammered at her while they blocked the exit. At this point Ferdinand Fugghead came to the rescue. He had been able to hold out against the campaign by turning up his personal force-field so that the recruiters couldn't get near him to blather at him, and he now offered to extend this force-field to Miss Helm via a secondary unit he had brought back from 2048. There was, however, a price: she would have to go to bed with him (the force-fields would keep the room private.) She looked him up and down judiciously, and shrugged. "Oh, well," she commented, "better laid than Neffer."

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Cover by Rotsler, left over from some forgotten Rotsler publication of many years ago. Same for inside front cover.

The editor reserves the right to disagree with anything he published by someone else, including "Ichabodings," with which he only partially agrees.

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THIS HAS BEEN ANKUS 5, published by Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, #107  
Los Angeles 5, California. Incunebulous Pub 133.

LOS ANGELES IN '64!!!