

ANKUS 8

FAPA 104

SERCON'S BANE 16 (FM Busby) I can't let this pass without at least a small gesture of appreciation toward the means of fitting a flat hat to the pointed head of that Texas chiropodist who recommended carving one's toes to fit the shoes. It was one of those remarks that just happen to catch me right and set off a minute or so of cackling enjoyment. VFB

If you thought that beard-switching at Chi was a neat trick, stay tuned for the fun and games at DisCon -- if this one works it'll be even better!

And while I'm appreciating, I rather like the frequent throwaway punch-lines you use -- like the "whoever said I was neat?"

VINEGAR WORM II:5 (Bob Leman) Please congratulate your daughter Nancy for her delightful report entitled "My Vacation." This makes up for the general lack of interest in the rest of the mailing, as far as I am concerned, and the more items like this you can get to publish in VINEGAR WORM, the better!

Poultice Danby does pretty well with her "Ballade on the Sorrows of Fan Publishing," too.

I am sorry that the delightful humor of this issue is quelled somewhat by the news of Dorcas Bagby's death. I'm sure that most of FAPA is sufficiently familiar with at least one or two of her works that they will regret her death. Here in Los Angeles, there are several very ardent Bagby fans, and a few of them are also in FAPA. Even so, it is difficult for the news of Dorcas Bagby fandom to circulate -- Bob Lichtman, a very impassioned Bagby proponent, hadn't even heard of the publication of the second issue of the Bulletin until I had received my copy and brought it to review at a LASFS meeting. After that, of course, he immediately send Scithers 25¢ for a copy. Who among the cognoscenti of Bagby fandom wouldn't rush to read such articles as "Sherlock Holmes and Dorcas Bagby's Detection Genius"? I myself would like to reserve a copy of the memorial volume which Mr. Ben Hannifin is preparing, and I trust you will notify me of its cost and availability when it is finally ready.

And remind me to write to you about the Bombay reprint of Each to His Tether that I discovered in a small bookstore in El Monte a couple weeks ago. Some very strange changes were made in the opening chapter, and there are one or two other things about the volume that make it a very odd variant edition.

NULL-F 33 (Ted White) I seriously doubt that you've seen the Rogers cover that I used for ANKUS 6 prior to that, though I suppose it might have been used in the mid-40's without my (or Alva's) knowing it. It was in a batch of stuff that turned up in the LASFS auction a couple years ago, and I checked with Alva before using it. And how do you figure it was a copy of a photo? The original I have is a pen and ink sketch -- or rather, the original Sid Rogers now has. What photo? Please excuse the ignorance.

I fail to see the problem in the matter of FAPA officials "covering" for members delinquent in their dues if said delinquent members are ones the officials like. It's simply a question of having two hats, and, under the Member Hat, lending a friend the dues money to pay the guy who resides under the Official Hat. Why not? (And in the name of all that's ridiculous, don't pull the bit about "All FAPAns should have equal opportunity." The fact remains that outside the guarantees of the Constitution, "some are more equal than others.") And I suppose, after this expression of opinion, it's a good thing I decided not to run for S-T this year.

I have re-read Sturgeon's Chicon speech in the Proceedings (which I consider an excellent job and one that should be emulated by other cons), and

I still think he didn't say anything. I think he blithered, jabbered, and generally soft-soaped the audience into thinking he had made a Great Speech. I, for one, expected to hear him talk on "A Function for Fable," and I don't see that he did so, by any stretch of the imagination. A function for hogwash, perhaps. Waddideesay, Ted?

That sounds like a very rational attitude towards Scientology: some of its processes for working with people can be useful, but there are too many nuts in the organization. There are also too many "squirrels," if you'll pardon the pun, who are in it to pick up one or two ideas they can rework into something supporting their own tenets. In spite of the fact that I'm not interested in Scn. at all myself, I've seen both the nuts and the squirrels get into the L.A. organization to the point where they're harmful. (They also got into the LASFS -- or were there to start with -- which is why they come into my field of vision at all.)

You were speaking of the Pigeon Women that come to parks to feed the pigeons and know each one of them. Did you see anything in the New York papers about L.A.'s ducknappers? There were three people arrested for stealing ducks out of MacArthur Park (aka Westlake Park) and selling them. They claimed they simply transported the ducks to a friend's ranch where the ducks would be fed well, as the feeding at the Park was inadequate if not non-existent. The judge eventually dismissed the case, but not before one of the three -- an old woman at least in her 60's -- committed suicide rather than face a trial. Some laws seem awfully stupid -- or, more correctly, too inflexible.

(Walter Breen) I can give you one or two other reasons for avoiding bats, besides the fact that they urinate almost constantly while in flight (which is true, by the way): bats are not particularly clean, can carry rabies (and will definitely bite if annoyed). Still, I have several times sat in a bat cave (wearing boots, coveralls, hardhat) with all lights out, listening to the flutter of the bats and feeling the breeze as they fly by. It's an eerie feeling, but not unpleasant. I do draw the line, however, at wading through a chest-high water passage in a bat cave -- something about a half-dozen Florida Spelunkers did during one trip -- and a couple of them were on their first caving trip too! Talk about an Initiation trip! (The water was unusually high -- ordinarily Sweet Gum Cave's water passage can be straddled until you get into the bat room, but the water table had risen from a lot of rain.)

D.O.M. = Dirty Old Man. Kiarians and Horace Larkin, vide: Rain in the Doorway, by Thorne Smith.

Carousels. I have added one more to my collection locally, the one in Lincoln Park. Dian and I went over there a couple weeks ago, mostly to take some pictures of the Prak gates before they were torn down, as they will be one of these months. The Park used to include a zoo and many more rides, but only the Carousel is left. The gates are iron bars between concrete pillars and under concrete arches; the gates now lead nowhere. Behind them is now private property and one must go around them to reach the park and Carousel. The concrete pillars and arches were once beautiful friezes of animals, but now they are falling apart, which is a great shame indeed. The central pillar had a group of about seven elephants in a circle, all facing outward from a smaller pillar on top of which sat some monkeys. Now all but three of the elephants have broken trunks, and the monkeys are barely recognizable. The inside sides of the outer pillars have ledges on which were families of lions, but the weather (aided, no doubt, by local brats) has eviscerated them. The fronts of the end pillars still contain elephants' heads with trunks intact, and some other animals carved in relief up and around the arch. But in general the gates are ruined. We took several pictures in stereo from various angles; perhaps by the time we go back the entire gateway will be demolished (though at present there

is nothing but a field of weeds behind the gates and the fence that separates the private property from the park; perhaps they will last several years yet.)

The Carousel still stands, and although it is nothing special in itself, it has two working orchestrions -- a small one that they use during the week, and a large one for the weekend. The larger one was going the Sunday we went, and it has a total of about 14 different melodies, along with a sign-board on which little lights indicate which tune is playing. The rides on the Carousel are 10¢ each and 3 for 25¢. The outside ring of animals (stationary) are of various kinds, but the inside rings are all horses. We rode for a quarter's worth each, then, having seen a sign on the orchestrion to the effect that recordings of this particular orchestrion were for sale, we went into the refreshment stand and inquired. One of the girls brought out an old yellowed list of about eight records -- 78 rpm's, with one number on each side. I asked for one with a Straus waltz, and she went to get it, returning a few minutes later to announce that it was out of stock. A second try met the same result, but the third was successful. For \$1 I bought a copy of Vega Record #119: "Waves of the Danube" and "Always," played by Ross Davis's Lincoln Park Carousel. If I had had the money I would have bought a copy of each one they still had, as they won't be getting any more Vega's, I'm afraid. Perhaps this coming weekend -- FAPA deadline weekend -- I can get back and see what they have. But there is another Carousel around, two orchestrions still work -- one, at least, quite well. And the C.L.A. goes on in its search.

Ha! What Gerber w/ reinstatement petition? He evidently never got the thing off the ground -- no wonder he didn't acknowledge the FA.

(Gary Deindorfer) I'm a bit curious as to what you think satire is written for, if it is not a put-down. I regret greatly that I have a tendency to consider almost all satire as attempts at putting down that which is satirized -- as opposed to parody, pastiche or imitation, which might be done because the writer admired the original. So please enlighten me: why were the satires in mlg. 101 written?

I rather like the idea of hiring neofans to do your writing as well as your publishing for you, if you are in fandom twenty-five years from now. In fact, why wait until then? Do it now!! (Unless, of course, you have done it already, and I am too dense to detect the difference.)

HORIZONS 94 (Harry Warner) I can assure you that most of the participants in the production of WESTWARD HOOG did not prepare for it in advance. I can't assure this for all of them, of course, but most of them sat around racking their alleged brains for something to say -- yours truly was about the last to squeeze something out onto the stencil.

I suppose I should go back and re-read the Busbixii statements about making sure that articles and such come out at the bottom of the page for CRY. I thought they were kidding somewhat, but everyone else seems to be taking them as dead serious, so I'm probably wrong again. Pfui.

I've had no problem with either the Ace or Ballentine Burroughs books coming apart at the binding. Generally, though, I find Ballentine more susceptible than Ace. I guess it depends on the climate and the treatment of the books by each individual. Maybe I bend mine different than you do yours.

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THIS IS A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO RUTH BERMAN FOR THE REMARKS IN ANKUS 7, AND FOR  
MISTAKING THE MOTIVES BEHIND HER PETITION. I JUST HOPE IT WORKS. bep  
+ + + + +

FANTASY AMATEUR LEAN-TO (Officialdom) Gee, only 25th Place on the Poll... I'd better put more work into my FAPazine, I guess. (This statement for the benefit of Alan J. Lewis, who believes such bits

implicitly.)

A late V.P. Report and Egoboo Poll, tsk. Boy, am I glad Gregg has made it so clear that he is a Whittier Fan rather than a Los Angeles fan, hi.

PHLOTSAM (Phyllis Economou) I'll miss PHLOTZ — and you. 'Wiedersehen.

MIMEO 2 (Sylvia Dees) Welcome back! I'll go along with the idea of abolishing the dual membership in FAPA, in order to assure participation by everyone listed on the roster. Like, we haven't heard from you in quite some time, and that's a pity.

One more exception (besides yourself) to the general statement that the members of the University of Florida SF club were originally members of the FSS: Stan Serxner, who also went the reverse route, from stef to spelunking.

Dian's cover for DRY MARTOONI 2 included an apple core on the desk because the illo was drawn originally to illustrate a Coventry story, and the Emperor's desk was described as just about that messy. Though no apple core was specifically mentioned, there was a half-eaten sandwich among the kipple. The illo, a reject from SALAMANDER, eventually found its way onto DRY MARTOONI.

Want to sell "World of Sesha" yet?

SHADOW FAPA (Menn E. Pipple) I read them, I bind them with the mailing, I think some sort of recognition of their existence should appear in the FANTASY AMATEUR, and I send trade copies of ANKUS for them. But as a general rule I can't find much to say about them — which means they will be quite adequate as FAPAZines. Anyway, thank you, Pipple.

ILLEGAL POSTMAILINGS TO THE 102nd MAILING:

Petition	Ruth Berman	1 pp
Blushing Credentials	Dick & Pat Ellington	21 pp
Lurking Shadow 7 & 8	Chuck Hansen	9 pp
Gradus Ad Parnassum 3	Don Fitch	6 pp
W'basket 5	Cal Demmon	6 pp

LEGAL POSTMAILING THAT ENEY MISSED:

Three-Ply	James Hevelin	1 pp
	TOTAL	44 pp

And does anyone have a copy of LURKING SHADOW 7 & 8 without the large spots of non-print on every page? Would appreciate same and will even p\*a\*y for it.

ANKUS 8, from Bruce E. Pelz  
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza  
Los Angeles, California 90024

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