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# HOWDAH

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This is a rather slap-dash issue of ANKUS, as I have spent most of the time I should have used for ANKUS trying to get GIBBLE 3 ready in time for the mailing. As there are four pages yet to go on GIBBLE, for which the illos have not arrived, it looks like it won't make the deadline (this afternoon is deadline.) Next time, perhaps.

I am including the first two pages of a Bjo cartoon, "Duperman," in the hopes that enough people will like it and write to Bjo asking her to finish the thing! These two pages and a just-begun third are all that exist, besides the actual idea.

There is an amendment up for consideration this time, to raise the number of blackballs needed to eject a waiting-lister from 10 to 22. My lobbying is against the amendment, as I figure that any waiting-lister who can get 10 FAPAns mad enough to blackball him probably deserves it. Or do you who are in favor of the amendment really have so little regard for the rest of the members as to think that they'll use the blackball — 10 of them — out of pottiness? Hell, if they did, I'd probably never have got into FAPA myself.

## SAVOY FOREVER

Last night Ron Ellik and I took our dates to see a performance of H.M.S. PINAFORE, presented by the East Los Angeles Stake Music Committee, Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints. I collect G&S performances, and will attend most any I can get to. This one was, generally, quite good — but it was good in spite of some wild shortcomings.

The overture was extremely slow — like a record being played at 30RPM, and it more or less set the pace for the rest of the music; the singers had to follow the orchestra instead of vice-versa. When the curtain opened on the crew of the Pinafore, they had on such make-up and costumes that they looked like they had been borrowed from the Italian Navy — the lipstick in particular was far too heavy, as though they were playing to a huge amphitheater. The set was very good, though the lighting lagged in spotting solos. When Ralph Rackstraw showed up, he had a marvelous voice (in spite of a tendency to slide from high notes to low ones), but he was a short, stout man who looked quite out of place as a romantic hero. Captain Corcoran, on the other hand, was tall and handsome (even a bit "pretty," I fear, in his makeup). Dian, my date, suggested that perhaps the Captain and Ralph really had been switched — or maybe Ralph was being "dubbed," like in foreign films. Little Buttercup was quite good, except for makeup. Josephine was a very pleasant surprise in that she could sing, act, and looked beautiful. Must have been imported from another company. Dick Deadeye had fairly good make-up; he looked atrocious, as he should — and he was one of the worst scene-stealers I've ever encountered in a G&S show. Sir Joseph was another pleasant surprise — he looked like a Punch caricature, probably by Spy, and was just perfect for the part. He flubbed "When I was a lad" by repeating a verse, but picked it up flawlessly and went on, and only the girlot-eyed snobs who know PINAFORE backwards and forwards would have known it was a goof.

The chorus of sailors didn't have enough volume to be heard over the orchestra consistently, a problem shared by Deadeye and Corcoran. Josephine and the rest had ample volume and range, though I thought Ralph was going to crack on a high note once or twice (he was a baritenor, Corcoran a tenor -- more evidence of switching.)

When Sir Joseph and his relatives came on board, three of the relatives were dancers who did a three-step sort of dance around the place during the ensemble songs. It could have been worse -- a high school performance of PINAFORE which Ted Johnstone and I saw in the spring of 1960 throw in a troupe of modern dancers in several places about the show. The primary trouble was not make-up with the relatives -- it was costume. Someone had stuck the costume department with several bolts of the loudest gaudiest cloth I have ever seen, from chartreuse to black-and-white stripes (wide ones), and they'd used it to costume the relatives. Urk!

There was some adlibbing, as when, at curtain of Act I, Buttercup, who has been dancing with the relatives, gets dizzy and faints into the arms of Deadeye, who has been standing behind the relatives trying, with a broad leer, to grab one of them. And Sir Joseph comes on stage during Josephine's "A Simple Sailor," serving no use but distraction, as he has to exit before she finishes, so that he can enter again with the Captain.

Corcoran flubbed the second half of his duet with Buttercup ("Things are seldom what they seem"), forgetting the lines entirely, and killing the time by flirting with Mrs. Cripps. A reasonably good recovery.

The Bosun turned out to have a Southern drawl, and couldn't pronounce final consonants worth a damn. He also turned out to be the friend of Len Moffatt through whom Len had got the tickets he sold us. We met him after the show and also his wife -- Josephine.

My ranking of the performances gives Josephine first place, then Sir Joseph, Buttercup, Ralph, Hebe, Bosun, and Captain Corcoran takes booby prize. And like I said, in general, it was enjoyable.

Next issue: San Diego State College's performance of THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. Got to have someplace to report on G&S productions, now that I am out of OPA and my zine THE SAVOYARD is temporarily suspended.

DEPARTMENT OF UNCOMPLETED PARODIES: Anyone actually interested in seeing a completed parody of "The Ballad of East and West," which starts off:

Oh, fans are slans and pros are schmoos, and never the twain shall meet  
Save once a year when blog and bleer convention time do greet,  
But there shall be neither fan nor pro, fugghead nor BIF  
When two loud mouths stand face to face, tho the rest of the world turn deaf.

Henstell is Out, with 40 fen, for raising bloody hell,  
And he has stolen the Garrett's drink, and Garrett's flask as well;  
He has stolen them out of the pro-hack suite, between the dawn and the day,  
He has turned to Calkins to brag his feat, and hidden them far away.

Then up and spake the Ellison, who lod a troupe of the hacks...

I've bogged down about there. Is it worth finishing? No? Oh, well....

EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF !!!

D.C. IN '63

L.A. ONCE MORE IN '64 !!!

And isn't anyone bidding for cons beyond 1964?

-- -- Bruce Polz



# DUPERMAN!



BY JOHN & BJO TRIMBLE



NO! NO! NO! WHO? IT'S A DIRTY NEW YORK TRICK! NO! MAYBE NO! GOOD! LET'S CAPTURE! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS? POOR BRUCE! DONAHU IS BEHIND ALL THIS! NAW, NO SCHEME IS BIG ENUF TO HIDE DONAHU! WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS? ERNIE, BE REASONABLE! THEY CAN'T HAVE MY GESTETNER! NO! NO! NO!



DUPERMAN



# IVORY HOARD

H O R I Z O N S Your essay on Hagerstown reads like a delightfully crotchety commentary on the foibles of change and the atrocities of architectural hybridization in an average American town. Somehow, you ought to make sure the local library gets a copy of the essay, even if it has to be marked "Not for use until after death of author." (It shouldn't have to be so marked, but I don't know how you feel about letting your opinions of Hagerstown out locally.)

"The Undermen" makes a good case for the use of ignition keys on vehicles, even in the future.

C H U R N Woodford's suggestion that a writer make his characters realistic by basing them on people the writer knows is likely to break down when the people the writer knows are quite unbelievable themselves -- like, for instance, fans? The other interesting side to this suggestion is that such characters have to be based on what the writer thinks the people he knows are like -- and eventually the people he based them on find out... .

Ha! Didn't make it publishing that SAPSzine, did you? Pfu!

T H E V I N E G A R W O R M You, Ed Cox, and John Trimble come up with the most outrageous names for characters and pseudonyms that I have ever seen. Why this compulsion toward ghodawful proper names? Would the stories be any less amusing or effective without them, I wonder?

There have been many travesties of the Lovecraftian story in fanzines, but "Horror Unparalleled" is about the best (or worst) I've read. If the genre can survive things like this, it's hardier than I had supposed.

Would you care to elucidate on the subject of why a genuine FIAWOL attitude is unhealthy? And to whom? If it's "unhealthy" to the individual with the attitude, isn't that his business alone? Or does it impinge somehow on "Society" -- if an individual decides he likes the micro- better than the macro-cosm? (And please don't quote John Donne at me; no man is an island, but a good number of them do all right as peninsulas.) While you're at it, define the "real world."

I do agree with your comments on fandom and communication. Whereas there are groups that may be able to communicate very well on one subject or another (such as the local chapter of the Gilbert & Sullivan Society on the subject of the G&S operas), fandom in general can communicate in a large number of different subjects of mutual interest. Some crackbrain in a recent fanzine was jibing at your remark about expecting people you talk to to know that when you said Rosinante you meant Don Quixote's horse. I don't see what's outre about that -- it seems a reasonable example of information one would expect a fairly-well-read person to have. And one does expect fans to be fairly-well-read people.

Ha! Here you go and list The "Silverlock" Sourcebook among the books on your desk, and when I wrote to you about borrowing a copy of the thing, you swore up and down you never owned a copy. And here I am trying to do an exigesis, and the Sourcebook would be such a help. You're selfish, Leman.

But you do publish a swinging fanzine, here -- up to and including the lettercolumn.

A L I F The words to "Young Man Mulligan" and "Great Fantastical Bum" have been written by about seven or eight people by now. The most recent count was 13 verses of the former and 12 of the latter, and as soon as corrections and additions are in, George Seithers (who started the whole thing) will publish them complete. The night of 26 October, I did the entire group of verses for LASFS, then had a test (dittoed) on the references. Nobody got all of them -- there were quite a few I didn't know myself in



the verses George Heap came up with. When we went over them afterwards, of course, all the references came out, so now I just have to keep up with new verses' references, and not go hunting for the old ones. The last verse ("When Rhysling sang...") was finished on the way to the Baycon, as I had a copy of Scäthers's proto-verses and the first few lines to the last verse were on it. Try this one: ("Great Fantastic Bum")

I toured the Towers of Gormenghast while hiding from the Law,  
I shipped with O. Van Cortlandt when he left Communipaw,  
I saved Boxer from the pigs when they'd have made him into glue --  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do!

"'64 Frisco or Fight"? Okay, if that's how you want it...

DAY \* STAR As much as I hate to give the anti-MC crowd an example to shoot at, I want to put in that I very much enjoyed your dream-writeups -- particularly "Ores and Elfstones," which I would like to add to the growing stack of MZB material for I PALANTIR -- and David's filk songs.

LIMBO On the subject of reading aloud, Bill, I used to think of it as a sort of declamation -- showing off, mostly -- when someone read aloud to others. But I now find that reading a story aloud is an excellent way to share it with people who haven't yet read it. Admittedly, there is still a lot of the show-off factor, and I prefer to read aloud than have someone else read to me, but I've even got to the point that I enjoy the latter. Coming back from the SEACON, Ted Johnstone was reading Poul's The Broken Sword aloud, and even though I'd read the book just a few weeks previously, I was listening quite attentively. Reading aloud should be strictly limited in time, tho, or you lose your audience. A couple chapters at the most for one sitting.

Re: the letter in GERMZINE you say sounded like Clod Hall -- I think Clod has been too far out of fan-nish things to write such a letter. My own guess was Shapiro -- if GMC didn't make it up herself.

While agreeing that "Threepenny Opera" will probably be a survival in 2000, I would expect some of the Rogers and Hammerstein musicals to make it more than either "West Side Story" or "Candide." Query: Do you think "Threepenny" will survive in the English (Blitzstein), or the original German for the longer time?

TEARGET: FAPA As I haven't had time to get another complete chapter of Silverlook exigesis ready for this mailing, I'll just identify some of the things you ask about, though I'm not sure whether you are asking for the sake of gaining information or for the sake of testing the knowledge of others. You're wrong on the count of its being all pre-1900 references, by the way -- the jury which tried the case of "Grundy vs. Bacchus, Dionysus, and Barleycorn" includes Clem Hawley, who was spotted by Ted Johnstone as Don Marquis's character The Old Soak (ca. 1925).

I took care of the Great Silkie and his swimming, and the island of Emne in the last issue, so I'll start with Adamastor's Haunt: Adamastor was the spirit of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Broceliande Forest is from Faerie Queene; Pike County from American legend, and specifically, Pike County Ballads, and modelled on a Pennsylvania county.

Madison Tensas was the pseudo of a character who wrote Memoirs of a Louisiana Swamp Doctor.

As for what Jack Wilton did at the house of Pontius Pilate, he relieved himself against it (ref: Thomas Nashe, "The Unfortunate Traveller.") RonEl found this one, which is one of several facts that Puok brags about knowing. We have all but two of the brags: who Kuwarbis got tight with, and the stakes Setna played for. The others are: what Geri and Freki feed on (as the Wolves of Odin, they feed on everything given Odin, as he eats nothing); why Ilmarinen didn't have much fun with his second wife (the Kalevala says Ilmarinen the Smith

made the heavens of blue steel, and when his wife died, he built another of gold and silver, but she was so cold she froze anything that got near her); what the Dagda said to call his harp (a long invocation, starting off "Come, Daur-dabla...", which caused the harp to fly through the air to him after flying around the room and killing nine of his enemies).

Johnny Quae Genus and Don Rodrigo Monks Ravan still throw me.

C E L E P H A I S Re: hoaxes, known or unknown. Seeing that Sec-Treas Evans has turned the problem of Leslie Norris over to V.P. Evans, to rule on as a constitutional matter, I think right about here would be a good place to comment on the matter. For some time now, Donaho has been grotching about Leslie Norris occupying a place on the FAPA waiting-list, especially one ahead of him. Donaho has been yapping that LesNor was actually one Bruce Pelz, who would then be holding two memberships. Now the L.A. crowd and a good many others have known for a year or more that LesNor was the work of Ted Johnstone and Rich Brown, the former doing the writing and the latter the illos. Eney, as SAPS OE, was told this, and I verified it when asked; my part in the fanatic of Leslie Norris consisted in running off one of his fanzines. Period. I haven't got time for hoaxes, dammit! Some time last spring, someone linked to Evans, and he got in touch with Johnstone, explaining that Ted would have to give up the LesNor bit once he, as Johnstone, got into FAPA. Until then it would be all right. I saw that letter, and it is still available for electro-stencilling, if necessary, because there was no further communication between Evans and Johnstone; if he changed his mind about the advisability of keeping LesNor on the list, it would seem the thing to do to write and say so -- or at least talk to Ted at Seacon, where all the principals were present and could present their arguments. Instead, when we get back I hear that LesNor is in danger of getting dropped without giving Ted a chance to simply take his place or even present an argument. What gives? -- I may quite easily have misinterpreted the information I was given, but from here it looks like a lack of communication. My own biased opinion is that Johnstone ought to be able to take over LesNor's place on the WL -- as he was the one who put LesNor there in the first place and kept him there by acknowledging the FA. If you want affidavits as to who LesNor is/was, Bill, we'll see what we can do about getting them.

V A N D Y Why don't you and the rest of Indiana fandom get together and see about trading Ray Beam for Jim? He ought to be an asset to, say, Dallas fandom. Ray Beam:Indiana Fandom::George Young:Detroit Fandom? No, I guess that's not accurate, even if I do get somewhat of the same kick out of your digs at Ray and Devore's at George.

I note by the Goldfinger reference that you dig James Bond. What fascinates me about the Bond stories is the usual blow-by-blow game which must be played in each book -- bridge in Moonraker, Golf in Goldfinger, baccarat in Casino Royale, etc. Shortly before I moved I rounded up a set of the Signet editions, and began to read them in chronological order. (Ted Johnstone touted me onto them by loaning me Goldfinger.)

Enjoyed

"The New Frontier" and Buck's comments on WHY IS A FAN?.

THE NEHWON REVIEW Well, this ought to settle the question of whether or not you were joking in OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS. Evidently you weren't, and 'tis a pity. It would have made a great joke.

Why croggle at Kemp's distributing WKSF? through SAPS? In general, the APA image is such that a SAPSzine will draw more comment than a FAPAzine. The image is probably erroneous, but it's there -- SAPS is mostly MCs in image, so a SAPSzine should draw more comment. Etc.

Increase in creativity needed in FAPA? Okay, with any luck there should be about 42 pages of GIMBLE, specialist-fiction zine, in this mailing. What good it does FAPA-as-a-whole, I don't know. For it to do the perpetrators any good, there will have to be a reaction other than apathy -- criticism, suggestions, or even side-angle takeoffs. Otherwise, there will be no incentive to put such zines through FAPA again, and that won't help FAPA-as-a-whole very much, I'm sure.

Just out of



curiosity, what do you consider worthwhile FAPA material? You've mentioned Marion's article on The Lord of the Rings, and WHY IS A FAN? as two items, how about others? And especially, what do you consider worthwhile of your own FAPazines in the last few years? I am not gretching at your zines, Redd, as I like to read them -- I am doing some second-level gretching. Do you think you will help the quality of FAPA by dropping out, more than you might be able to help it by staying in and contributing the kind of material you expect from others?(And how are you, ChrisMosk?)

On the other hand, Redd Coslet, if you do drop out, and consider selling FAPA mailings, let me know. I'll try to beat the other vultures.

### THE RUNNING, JUMPING, AND STANDING STILL MAGAZINE

Several cheers for your comments on Tolkien's poetry. MZB ought to say

just whom she considers a greater poet, so we can tell how she was comparing JRRT. If she was comparing him to someone like Eliot or Cummings, then I'm glad JRRT is far from great. One other point is that Tolkien was writing songs, rather than poetry per se -- and as Marion has put music to several of them, she should know they are eminently singable. But then I'm biased: I thoroughly enjoy Tolkien's poetry, and think it adds immeasurably to the books.

Add one more to the list of nuts who would rather buy books than clothes -- to the vast detriment of my wardrobe. Books I must have. This book-buying also results in my buying a minimum of food and kitchenware. When I moved from the Fan Hilton to an apartment, I discovered there was a huge amount of space in the kitchen cabinets, and my supplies hardly took up one shelf out of the four above the sink...so I moved my hardbound SF collection into the cabinet instead. I am now considering the possibility of stashing fanzines in some of the drawers under the sink.

Actually, we don't call our form of government "Capitol punishment," we call it in Congress. And I'm surprised to hear that you call yours "inept bumbling"; I thought it was always "muddling through." I guess things have changed.

All sorts of college-going fans have reported registering for college and listing their religions as "Druid" or something equally strange, but I usually felt that if I did something like that I'd be up before the Dean having to explain. But this semester is my last at the University of Southern Cal, and I was getting tired of receiving the bright cheerful notes the campus Presbyterian church sends out to anyone who registers under their religion. So come registration time, I put down "Pantheist," and figured they would leave me alone. Ha! The other day I got a letter from the campus Episcopal chaplain -- it seems they are circularizing the students of the extremely minor religions, and those with none at all, trying to get them together for sociological discussions ("The Nature of Race"; "Racial Discrimination in Los Angeles"). As the university has a horde of Asian students, the discussions will probably be well-attended. Not by this Pantheist, tho.

### LIGHTHOUSE Hello, Terry Carr.

ANKUS Ruth Berman writes that a small goof crept into her poem "Ballade While on the Jet-Propelled Couch." The second verse should read:

"Our dreams, from in our soft, still homes,  
Go reaching high,  
And in mind's eye..."

And Dean Dickensheet says he gave me the wrong title for his story; it should be "The case of the Incompatible Concept." So much for additions and corrections.

PANTOPON While I may wait a month or so to answer letters, Ruth, I always open mail as soon as possible -- I think it's because I got scared by Simak's "Eternity Lost." Never can tell what will be in the mail.

STEFANTASY This issue resulted in up to 10,000 laughs, especially for Frayn's "Miscellany." Get some more of these, please?