





# HOWDAH and

## Ivory Hoard

This is ANKUS 10,

Published by Bruce E. Pelz,  
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza  
Los Angeles, California 90024

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for FAPA 106, February 1964.

As you may have heard (unless you a 102-percent FAPAn who doesn't admit the existence of any other fanac), I was married on 1 February 1964 to Dian Girard, who is currently No. 35 on the fapa wl. The wraparound covers on this issue, made available through the courtesy of Don Fitch, show both a scene from this latest costume-event of ours and a ticket of admission to it. In the following pages you will find an account of the event chronicled by Dian -- chronicled much better than I could do it, since I considered the whole thing far too much bother and fuss. Buck Coulson probably won't like it though -- it's sort of a con and trap report.

On with the mailing comments; I've got to do something to prove this is my zine.

LAREAN 10 (Ellik) As one half of Santa Monica acti-fandom -- I refuse to consider Barney Bernard in the group -- your idea of the IFNLA ["I'm From Near LA" -- not from LA] appeals to me. It is a bit difficult to believe that I can now join the ranks of the many fans who have declaimed loudly that they were NOT Los Angeles fans, they were----- But once I do manage to believe it, it isn't worth the effort to do it.

ALEXANDRIA TRIO (Eney) My ignorance may be showing, but who is Joe Mayhem? His cover is very reminiscent of Ron Cobb's work -- and that's a compliment, son. Compliments also on FTL & ASI -- to both you and Alva. I was, as I think I mentioned, working on getting some taped memoirs from Forry and Walt Daugherty. I got a couple hours' worth from Forry, and loaned Daugherty my ASI material, and got no further. I do not have the time to transcribe tapes and run back and forth across town several hours each week to do it. There is a possibility that Walt can tape all of his by himself, and I could transcribe right to stencil, so that may still come off. Otherwise, I have bitten off more than I could chew and will have to back down, much as I hate to do so. Pity -- these things would have gone well with the stuff you've done.

KIM CHI 1 (Ellington) "Our Own Town" is an excellent job and a fun thing.

We've found a better deal than trading stamps at gas stations: there is a car-wash-and-gas-station near us that gives a drinking glass (sensible pattern, weighted bottom) with either a car wash or \$3 worth of gas. Price is as low as any other Shell station in town, too.

Good grief, I guess the "(disclaimer)" bit really has caught on. Considering all the objections there were to it in the early stages, I didn't think it would make the grade, in spite of the fact that it is a useful way to forestall Clever Comebacks.

I shall have to visit the Tilden Park carousel one of these times I'm up in Berkeley. Haven't had a chance since I found out about it a year or so ago.

One question: When are you going to give the kid her name back and stop calling her Poopsie? The longer you wait, the harder the switchover for you and everyone else who knows her. To name a girl after two Empresses and then call her Poopsie....Pfui.

AMBIVALENT AMOEBA (Harness) Since you bring up the subject of the game of "Diplomacy," I'll use it for a hook to hang some comments to Lichtman.

In the latest FRAP [3] Bob has finally caught onto the fact that Diplomacy is the latest LASFS kick, rather than Freddie the Pig as Benford suggested in the previous issue. He has, however, only caught on to part of the reason for its popularity with the Gosh-wow Crew of the Club (you, me, Johnstone, Hannifen, Patten, Baker, Castora, and others who tend to go overboard on a New Interest.) He thinks it's a retrogression from the

Fantasy World kick prevalent last year, and to some extent I suppose it is. But it is also a chance for the participants to (1)Indulge their Power-Drives; (2)Take out their aggressions on the other players; (3) Plot, scheme, double-cross, and etc. I find it very enjoyable. It should be pointed out to Bob, though, that Switzerland is not one of the Great Powers, and that the reason for my listing myself as Hermann Gessler of Switzerland when editing the second-game publication should be obvious to any college student knowing a little about Swiss political affiliations around the turn of the century and a little about Classic Literature of Switzerland. If Bob doesn't know anything about either of these, should we tell him who Gessler was and why he would be an appropriate name for a non-participant in a Diplomacy game?

Oh, yes -- maybe the FAPAns would like to figure out why the first IASFS game is being published under the title of "WORLDIP" and the second under "WITDIP."

APROPOS DE RIEN 11 (Caughran) Mr. Caughran, I appreciate the fact that you mathematical types are Above It All, but I cannot agree with the idea that one should attack the question of "Do Blondes Have More Fun?" with Scientific Detachment. Where Blondes are concerned, I much prefer Attachment, scientific or otherwise.

SERCON'S BANE 18 (F.M. Busby) I applaud your artless artwork cover loudly and long; when it first showed up I cackled and snickered for several minutes, and it still draws a chuckle when looked at anew. Just one question, if you don't mind a cheating comment on SB #19 -- do you really think my verse in ANKUS 9 is that much worse than your cover on the same subject?

The LA Times has gone downhill lately as far as its comics are concerned. In order to make room for a serialized version of James Bond (On Her Majesty's Service) they eliminated both Sir Bagby and Pogo. Pfui.

BOOZE IN THE NIGHT (Seattle Amateur Press Club) Your drunken one-shot was almost as good as the Canuck one this mailing -- yours had better lines, too. Linos, I mean.

FANTASY AMATEUR (me) I've improved my average of FAPAns met -- 54 out of the 65 memberships this time, or 61 people out of 74, since there are 9 joint memberships.

His trouble is that someone gave him an erection set for Xmas...

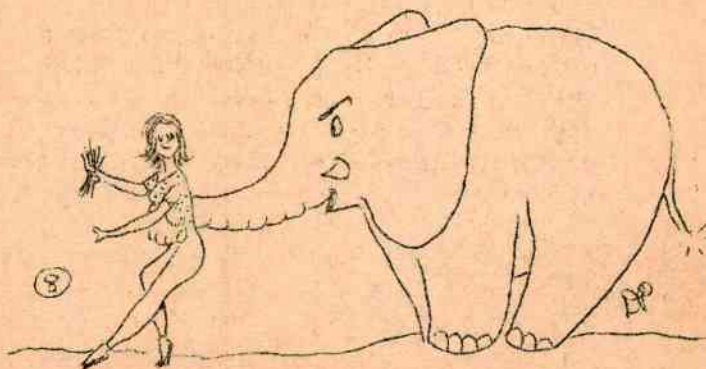
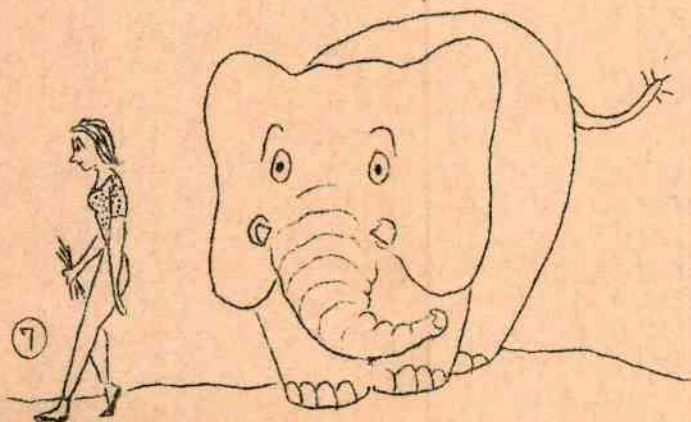
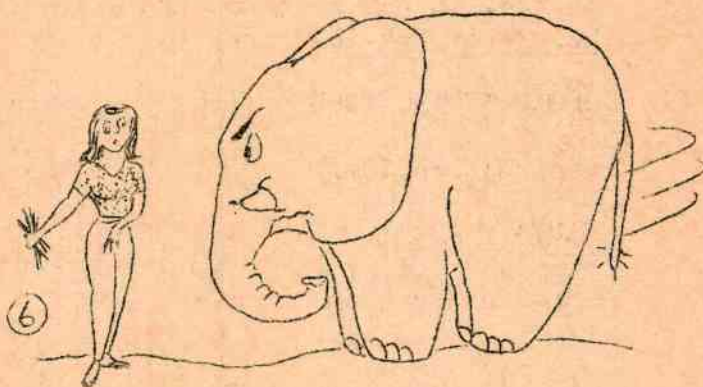
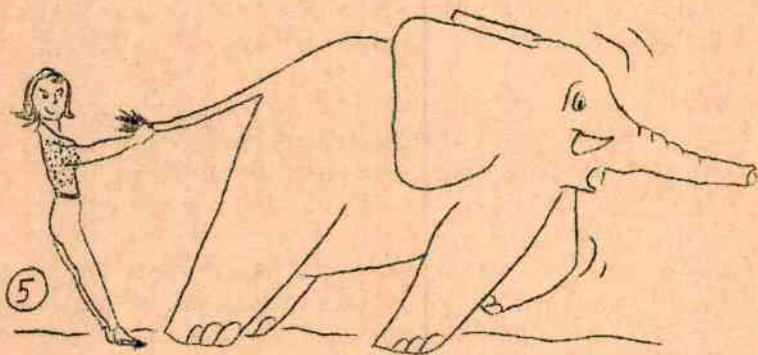
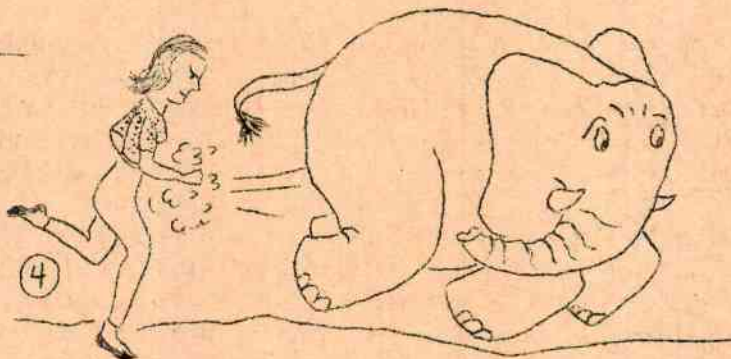
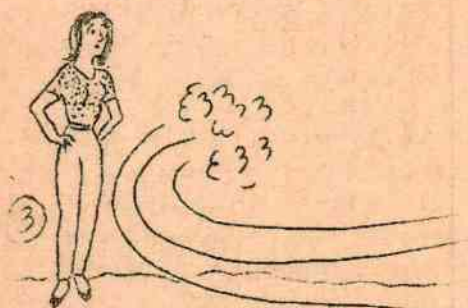
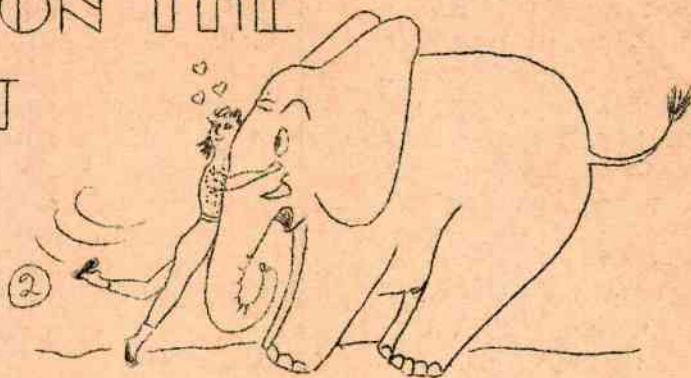
As should be obvious from the table of contents in the FANTASY AMATEUR, the mailing was not put out on the deadline date. It wasn't until today, 10 February, that the final parts of the Official Reports arrived, as a result of a phone call last Wednesday. Also, in today's mail were two more zines -- neither of which was necessary to save a membership. So much for that argument, if any of the droppees tries to petition for reinstatement. Unless there are a lot of simultaneous mailings or petitions there will be quite a turnover in FAPA this time.

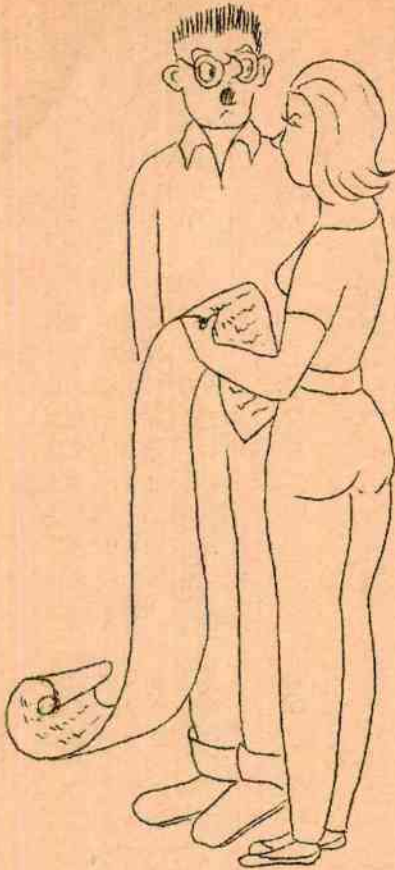
... and it went off early.

See you next mailing -- and let's both of us be early for a change, huh?

BRUCE PELZ, O.E.

# NUMBER ONE ON THE WEDDING LIST





would the gift they'll probably  
give us be worth putting  
up with them?

Hello there! My name is Dian Pelz. Now, that wasn't always my name, and the story of how it was changed is sort of interesting. In the summer of 1961 I, who should have known better, joined the LASFS - that the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society folks; you know, the one that ... Oh well, I digress. There, at the LASFS meeting, was a genuine, filksong-singing, fanzine-collecting, trufannish, determined-upon-bachelorhood ELEPHANT! This was, of course a challenge no girl could pass up.

The first step was to attract his attention. As there were only about six femmes around the club this proved to be rather easy. Most wild elephants have a pretty good eye for a pair of tight capri pants. Having once gotten his attention I responded gently to his advances - listening admiringly to stories about the history of the LASFS, laughing heartily at his collection of pornographic verse, joining the current imaginary world, and listening wide-eyed to the explanation of what an apa is, and what it has to do with science fiction. By Christmas of 1961 I knew I was being noticed - he gave me two reams of ditto paper for a present.

About this time another animal ventured on the scene. This one was a hobbit and, being intrigued with the concept of furry feet, I turned around for a closer look. The elephant, seeing his chance, bolted and ran. Dismissing the concept of furry feet from my mind, I set out on the trail. It was an easy one to follow - empty Coke bottles, collections of knives, Blue Chip stamp books, etc. Now, anyone who has ever been elephant hunting will know what strange and wily animals they are. Being accustomed to listen for the sound of typer keys and discussions of secret apas, their ears are very keen. Their eyes, grown extremely sharp from looking through camera view-finders and staring at pretty girls, are quick to sight a trap. About the only way to catch one is when he is relaxed and unconscious of danger - like just after SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, or N'APA deadline. I planned carefully, and chased him through conventions, BSI meetings, Gilbert and Sullivan shows, filksong sessions, trips to see carousels, and endless drives to visit fans. By late '62 I was getting sort of tired.

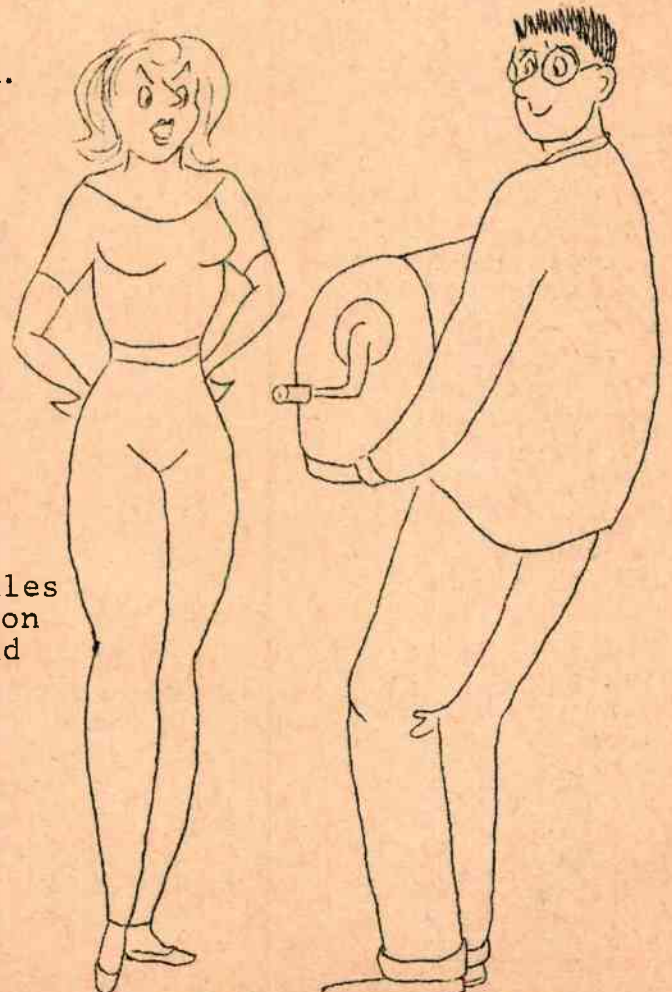
I hit upon a new plan of action just in time for the Chicon. In case you don't know it, costumes are to an elephant what a black lace nightgown is to a wolf - and adding a sword to the costume is like putting a luscious blonde in the nighty. By working feverishly I managed to finish three costumes for the convention. They didn't win any prizes, but they hooked the elephant. By gently hinting that there might be more costumes forthcoming I set the hook. Unfortunately it turned out the elephant was perfectly capable of considering me in the capacity of captive seamstress and nothing else. I changed my tack and informed the elephant that, after the Discon there would be no more costumes forthcoming. There was a long, agonizing wait. When I got tired of waiting I started to pack up my thread needles, imaginary world, apa mailings and leave. And then, I heard the magic words - "I've changed my mind.". Glowing with pride and satisfaction, I looked at my elephant.

That was in April. For the next few months we kept quiet about the whole thing. We were going to get married the following April, but as time went on we began to move the date up. Bruce was determined to find a date we would be able to remember. We considered the 29th of February for a while, but I figured this would be a bad deal as I'd only get an anniversary once every four years, with presents correspondingly. Bruce then thought of the 7th of December thinking, I suppose, that it would be rather appropriate from the grooms point of view. We had already decided to go to Hell together.

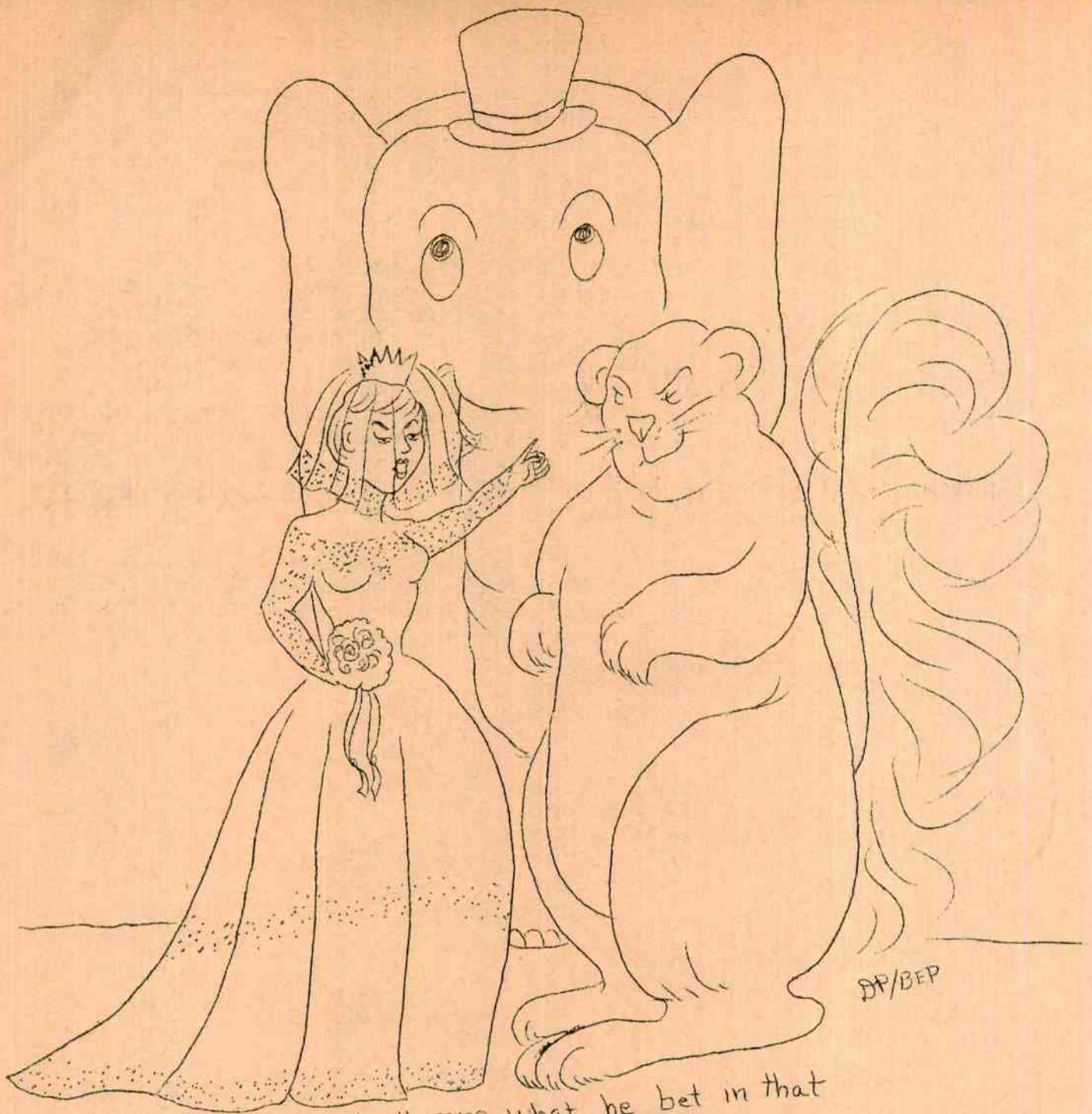
Hell is a small desert town located on Hwy 99, about 180 miles from L.A. It first came to our notice during the awful heat wave in 1963, when one of the newspapers gleefully produced a headline reading "IT'S HOTTER THAN HELL!". I checked newspapers, and atlases, and finally found the place with the help of that old standby - Triple A. My parents accepted this proposed trip ~~thru~~ to Hell with mixed emotions. Basically, I think, they were relieved at the prospect of getting me and my collection of fanzines out of the house - although mother would no longer be able to read my copies of THRU THE HAZE. It was my aunt who rebelled finally. It seems that she and my parents couldn't find Hell on their map. So, the plans were changed and my mother and Aunt Frances went dashing out to case wedding chapels.

Bruce and I had resigned ourselves to fate and went out looking for wedding bands. Bruce's main objection was that they all looked like oversized washers, and I told him flatly that I would not have one the looked like an oversized piece of rickrack. We finally found something that we both liked at Bullocks. It was a combination of yellow and white gold, the white being in the form of a narrower faceted band over the other. We found one right away that fit me, but Bruce was told that one would have to be sized for him. So, we took mine, and had his sent out to the San Fernando Valley to be sized. A few days later we got a call from Bullocks - So sorry, but the ring cannot be sized and the style is no longer being made. We debated over taking my ring back, but finally decided to wait a while. In the meantime we went looking at bands again. Most of them did, indeed, look like oversized washers. One nice set was Florentined, and I decided it looked just like the nerling on the handles of my fathers screwdrivers. Eventually we ended up at May Co. and there, in the case, was a ring just like mine. The sales man informed us that the item in question was most certainly still being made, and took our order for one in Bruce's size. We canceled our order at Bullocks, and three days later picked up the ring at May Co. - an exact mate to mine, and in the right size.

Then there was the matter of invitations - but before we get to that I had better mention the chapel. My mother and aunt had flown up and down the streets of the city and finally located a place they both liked in Pasadena - the suburb where all the



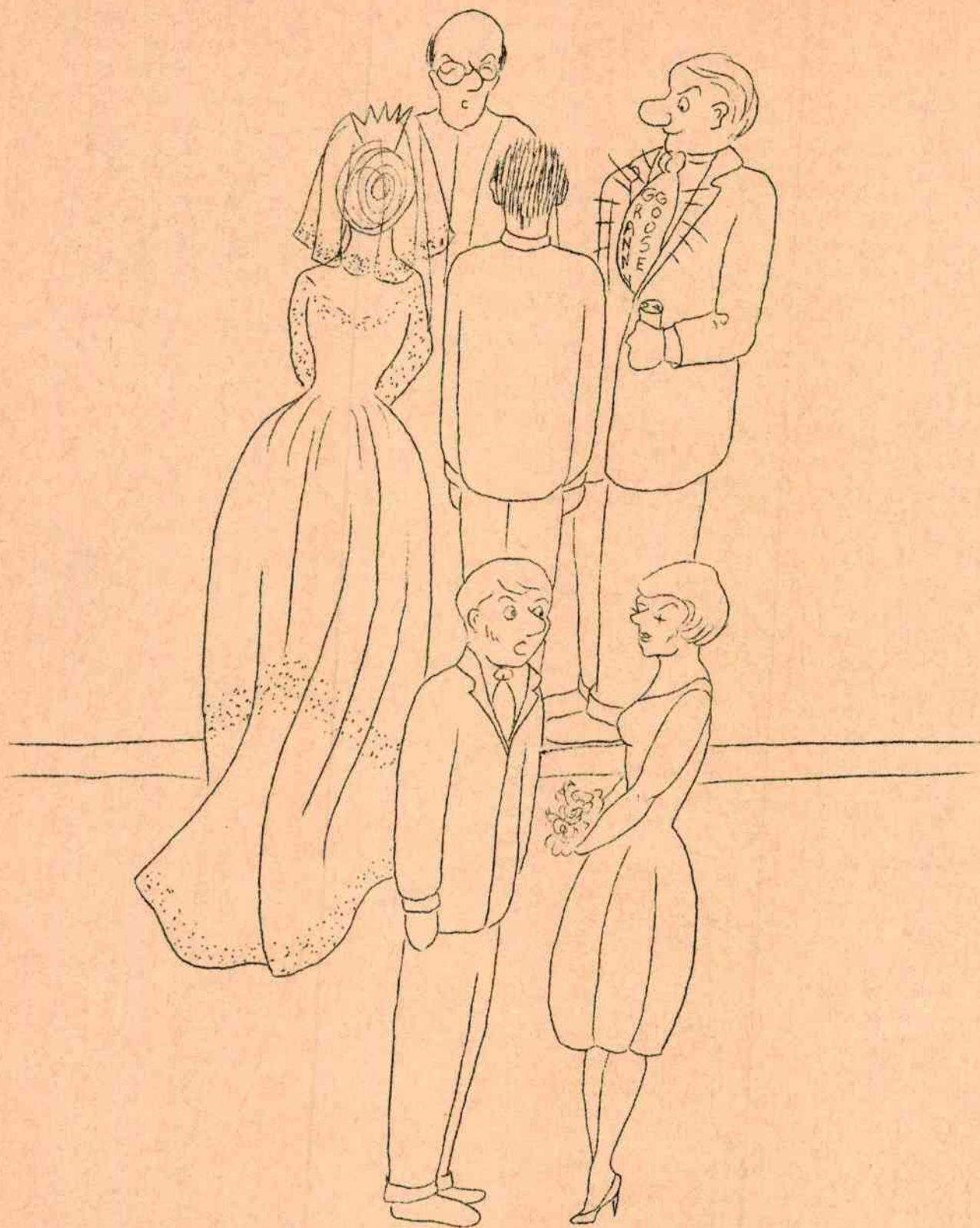
you're going to do what on our  
Honeymoon?



well, I don't care what he bet in that  
Brag game last night— he's going  
in there with me, not you!

little old ladies live. It looked like a real nice place, but the picture on the brochure showed it as being a nasty shade of petal pink. Upon checking, I found the place had been repainted since, and was now in the way of being a nice subdued beige. I think what decided Bruce was the fact that the reception hall boasted a double throne in gold with red plush cushions. "That", he said, "looks positively Coventranian!" My only trouble then was to talk him out of getting married in costume, with a sword. So we set down a definite date, the 1st of February, and made arrangements to be married at the Chapel of Roses.

Knowing where we were going to get hitched was a big help in ordering the arrangements. The chapel recommended a florist, and a

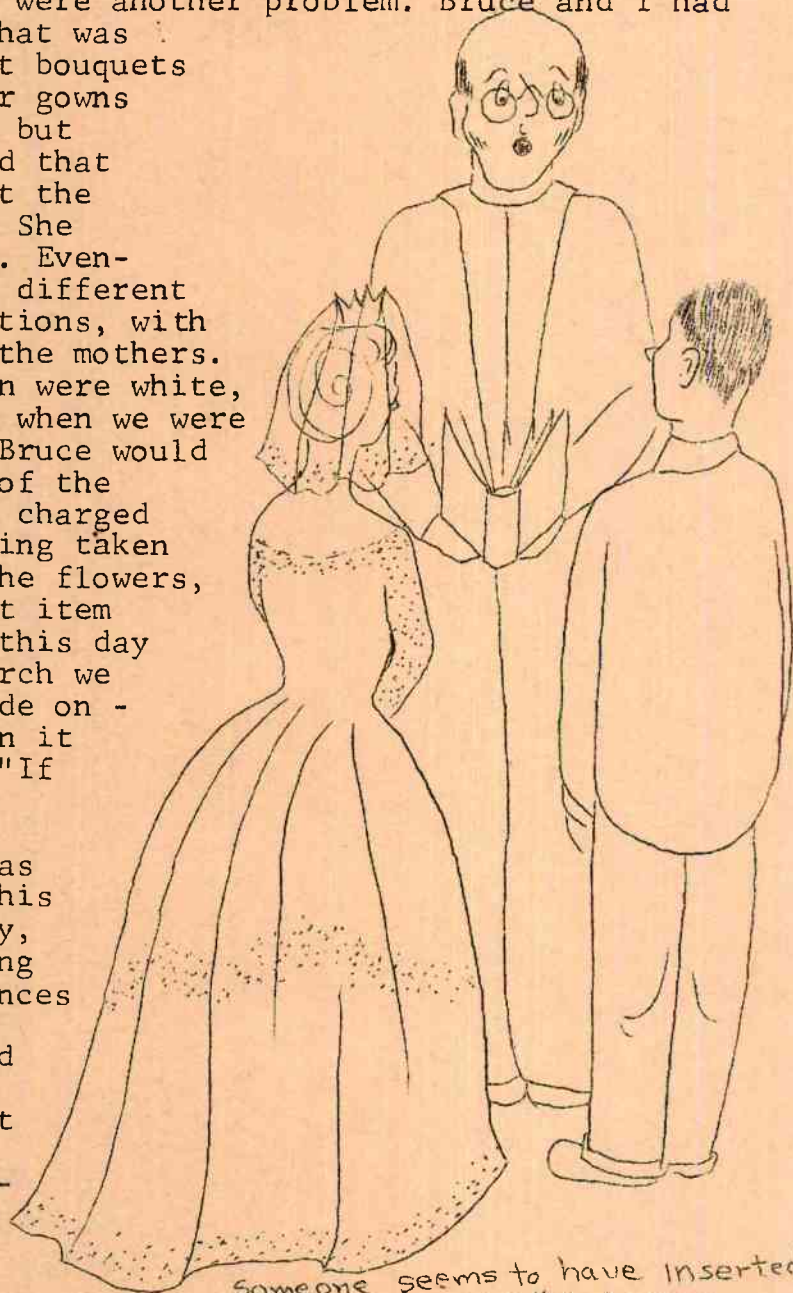


I don't know either—  
but one of them said  
something about an  
"air of authenticity".

photographer, both of which we used.

After settling on the chapel, the next order of business was the announcements. Bruce, who knows a devil of a lot more about printing styles than I looked suddenly vague and wandered off to the rear of the store to look at mimeo supplies, leaving me to choose the darned things myself. Please refer to back cover. I don't even remember what it was called. I decided on separate cards to be included announcing the reception largely because ... I dunno. I started addressing the announcements over Christmas, while Bruce was with his folks in Florida, but the majority of the work had to be done when he got back as I couldn't locate 90% of the fans addresses. When Bruce got back things started to roll, and got correspondingly hectic. We had to go see an uncle of mine who bakes as a hobby, to see about having him do the cake; and also had to find a bakery supply shop to get the ornament for the top of the cake. Being somewhat prejudiced against cupids and doves, I picked a simple arrangement of bells.

The flowers were another problem. Bruce and I had decided on white roses for me, that was simple enough. I had thought that bouquets of carnations dyed to match their gowns would be nice for my attendants, but the florist gave me to understand that this was a very bad idea and that the dye might ruin the dresses, etc. She didn't flatly refuse, but almost. Eventually, as their dresses were in different colors, we settled on gold carnations, with matching gold rose corsages for the mothers. The single carnations for the men were white, and I was rather mildly startled when we were told that the white rosebud for Bruce would be complimentary. At this stage of the game we were all expecting to be charged for the use of the sunlight. Having taken care of the announcements, and the flowers, the cake, and the rings, the next item on the agenda was the music. To this day I don't remember what wedding march we decided on. On thing we did decide on - Gilbert and Sullivan had to be in it somewhere. We zeroxed a copy of "If We're Weak Enough To Tarry" from Iolanthe, and had it played as a sort of overture. I thought it was rather appropriate. During all this running around My girlfriend Emmy, my Aunt Frances, and I were having fittings for the gowns. Aunt Frances was my Matron of Honor and Emmy was Bridesmaid. I chose coral and pale blue for them, respectively, as I have never cared for vibrant colors at a wedding. The whole affair was going to be informal - with the men in business suits - so their dresses were street length. The gown I chose was floor length, with a chapel train. I kinda like it, but then, I'm prejudiced. My veil was lace trimmed, and attached to a pearled crown.



Someone seems to have inserted-  
eh - "SLIPSHEET" between  
"honor" and "obey!"



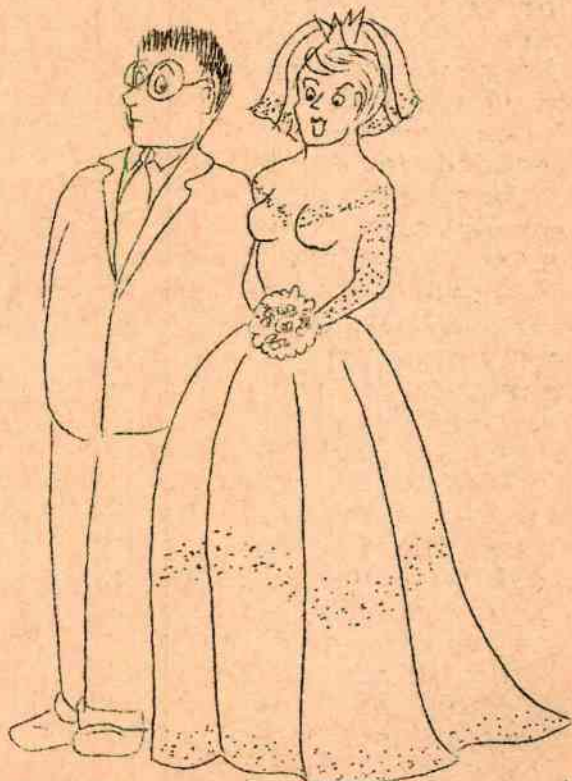
Look, I told you I'll be back in  
plenty of time to publish STARSPINKLE.  
Now quit bothering me!

was my considered opinion that no one would notice, but I know how little things like that will worry someone. Aunt Frances, for example, was terribly upset over the fact that the dress maker had a hard time getting one little fold on her bias-cut chiffon skirt to hang just exactly right.

That night Bruce's father took us all to dinner at one of the International House of Pancakes that seem to grow in the area. He told Bruce and I to pick somewhere, and that was about all we could think of. After dinner we went over to the chapel for the rehearsal. By this time I had a case of sore throat and laryngitis so bad that I could hardly croak. I think it was largely nerves, but that didn't keep me from sounding like I was making a gravel collection in my throat.

After the rehearsal I went home, took a tranquilizer and went to bed. Believing that one ought to start off early my parents bounced me out of bed at seven the next morning I was only half awake while I was dressing, and concentrated mainly on making my eyes up to show through my veil. For some reason, whenever I am nervous I sit down and fiddle with my makeup. We were all due at the chapel by 10:00AM,

Friday, the 31st of January, Bruce and I picked up his parents who had flown in from Florida. They got it at about noon, and we drove them to a nice motel in Pasadena, which was only four blocks from the chapel. I had been looking forward to this with rather mixed emotions, as I had never met them before. I had spoken to Bruce's mother about three times on the phone, and once to his father. I was most delighted when they turned out to be friendly, funloving, and very easy to get along with. Bruce's mother had had a bit of bad luck with her dyed shoes - they had come back with a dark gray on one, surrounded by marks showing someone had tried to get it out with cleaning fluid. She was quite upset about it, and we drove her out to get a new pair of pale pink shoes. It



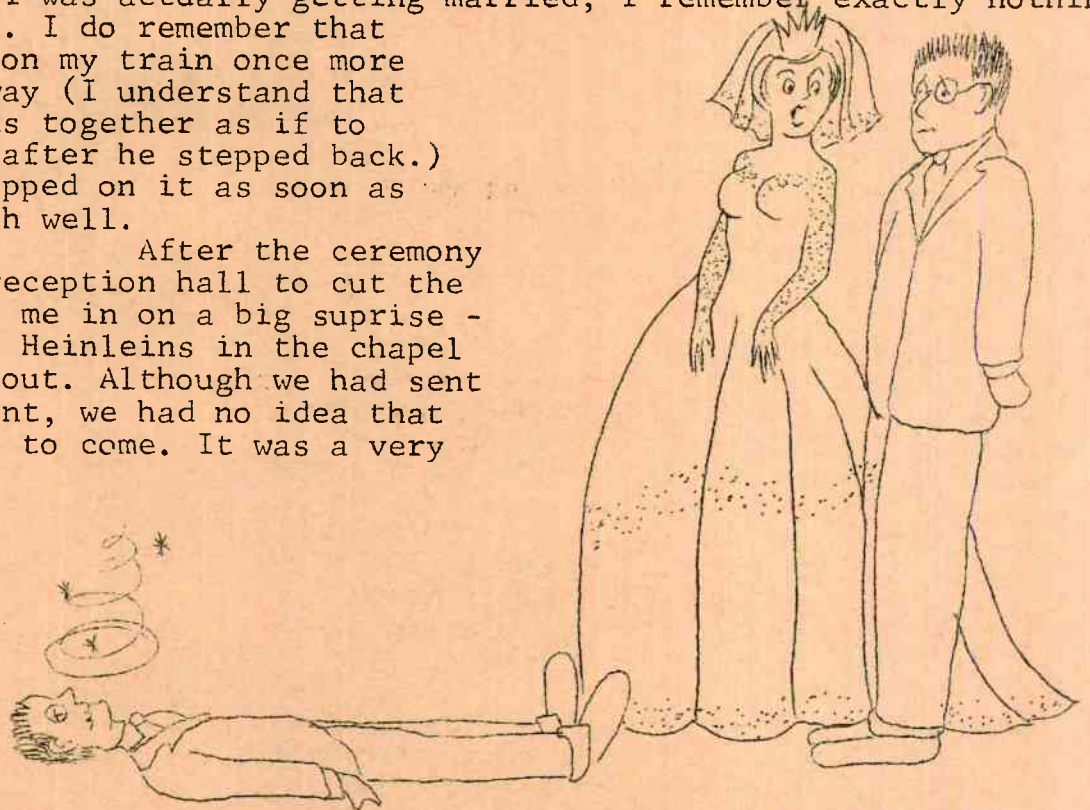
I sent a wedding announcement to FANAC - it'll make a nice memento on our first anniversary.

but we got there in plenty of time, in fact, we had to wait for them to open the place. I went on up to the brides room and met the florist delivery man just leaving. The corsages and bouquets were still ice cold, and for the first time the smell of flowers didn't make me think of funerals. My aunt and mother came in about then, and set about the task of getting me dressed. After coping with the fact that there was one more button than loop on the back, they finally cinched me into it and then disappeared into the next room. Since they were both dressed I haven't the vaguest idea what they were doing. Bruce's mother came up while they were setting my veil in place, and sat down in a chair looking like she thought she really ought to be doing something. Emmy was late and dashed in like the hounds of hell were at her heels. Since this was how she had always dashed into the dressing room at L.A. City College when we were both in the Theatre Arts Dept. together, I didn't really think too much about it. My father told me later that she, her sister, and her sister's boyfriend had gotten off the freeway for some reason, and then had managed to get back on it going in the wrong direction. I guess that too was to be expected.

At 10:45 the photographer showed up, and took innumerable pictures of me with everyone who was there. Finally things got underway, and the chapel sent a nice young girl up to help me get safely down the long curving staircase in my full gown. And that little photog was with us all the way - snapping, always snapping. My father took my hand, passed it under his arm, and promptly stepped on my skirt. I stood still, let him get ahead of me and together we went into the chapel. Upon seeing Bruce at the front of the chapel, my first reaction was "Well, he didn't oversleep after all" which was kind of silly, since I had called him at 7:30 to make sure he didn't! Aside from the fact that I was worried my voice might come out a hoarse croak, and the absolute unbelievability that I was actually getting married, I remember exactly nothing about the ceremony. I do remember that my father stepped on my train once more while giving me away (I understand that he dusted his hands together as if to say "That's that" after he stepped back.) and that Bruce stepped on it as soon as my father moved. Oh well.

After the ceremony we went into the reception hall to cut the cake and Bruce let me in on a big surprise - he had spotted the Heinleins in the chapel as we were coming out. Although we had sent them an announcement, we had no idea that they would be able to come. It was a very nice surprise.

There was the reception line, and lots of folks eating cake and talking. I was pleased and surprised to find that the relatives and the fans seemed to mix so well - but then we had been a bit careful in our guest list. One of my aunts was simply entranced with one



He said "Well, I guess you're a member of N'APA now," so I slugged him.

of the male fans, which I thought was sort of nice, and my father was delighted to meet Bob Heinlein. Mother was happily meeting Forrest J. Ackerman whom she had talked to on the phone so many times. Another aunt was just overwhelmed about Forry, it seems she had just read an article about him and his monsters in the newspaper. All in all they were happy together.

To my surprise we didn't have to fill out any other papers at the ceremony, and were soon running down the walk amid a shower of multi-colored rice (my aunts idea) and tiny sequins in the shape of stars; with Ron Ellick and Jack Harness (?) yelling "STARSPINKLE!". You can't say that wasn't a fannish send off.

And so we roared out of Pasadena and onto the freeway with me picking rice and starspinks out of my hair, passerbys yelling "Congratulations", and my husband happily opening the packages stashed in the back of the stationwagon. We changed at the Hulans (I guess I forgot to mention that Dave was Best Man, and Ron had been our usher.) and I left my gown there to be picked up at some indefinite time in the future. And so, We charged off on a new life all, well mostly, our own. As for the rest of it, weelllll ... I will say that we spent Sunday at Disneyland with Bruce's parents. Can you think of a nicer place for a honeymoon? We couldn't. Now, I suppose you are all going to ask why I married Bruce. Well, it's like this - you remember all those bound fanzines.....?

And so, I am,

Most sincerely his,

*Dian Pelz*

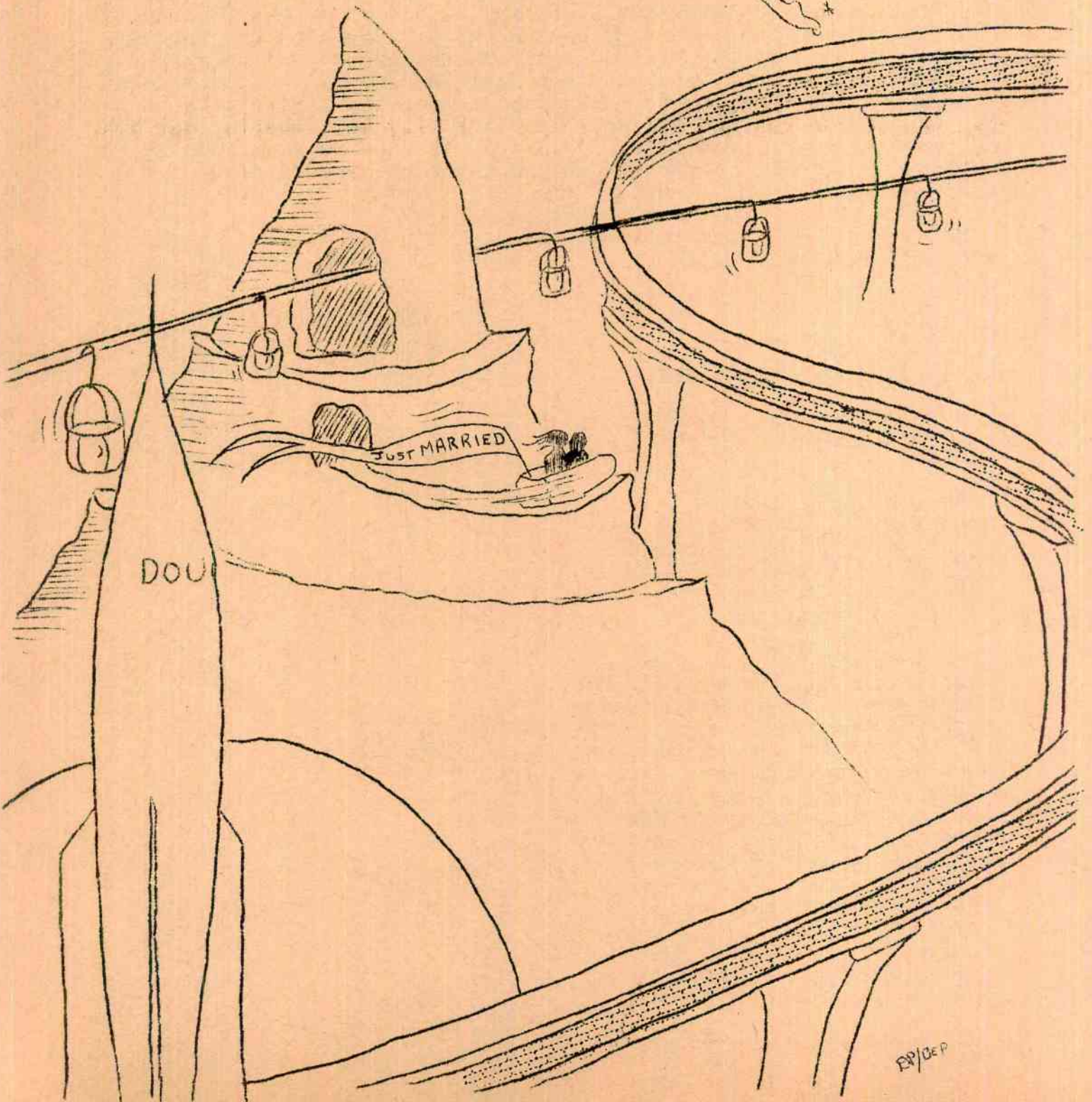
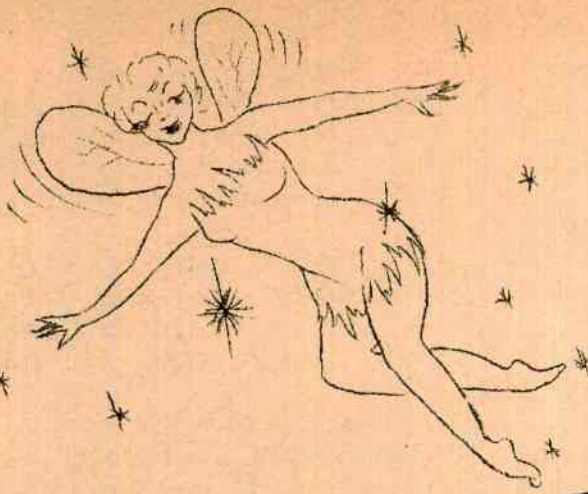
P.S. Don't all you waitlisters get over eager now. You won't be hearing from me again in FAPA for about two years - until my membership comes up.

PPS: Except for a few items of minor importance -- such as my seeing the Heinleins before the service instead of just as we were coming out -- the above account is certified as reasonably correct. (I say nothing about typos and spelling ~~for that~~ ~~she's a hit~~ ~~me~~.) The cartoons, of course, were thought up beforehand -- and we left a few others (the more insulting ones) out.

*Bruce E. Pelz*  
O.E.

you'll have to get used to  
eating all the Leftovers!





EP/DEP



*Mr. and Mrs. William D. Girard*

*request the honour of your presence  
at the marriage of their daughter*

*Geraldine Dian*

*to*

*Mr. Bruce Edward Pelz*

*on Saturday, the first of February  
at eleven o'clock in the morning*

*Chapel of Roses*

*Sixty-one North Hill Avenue*

*Pasadena, California*