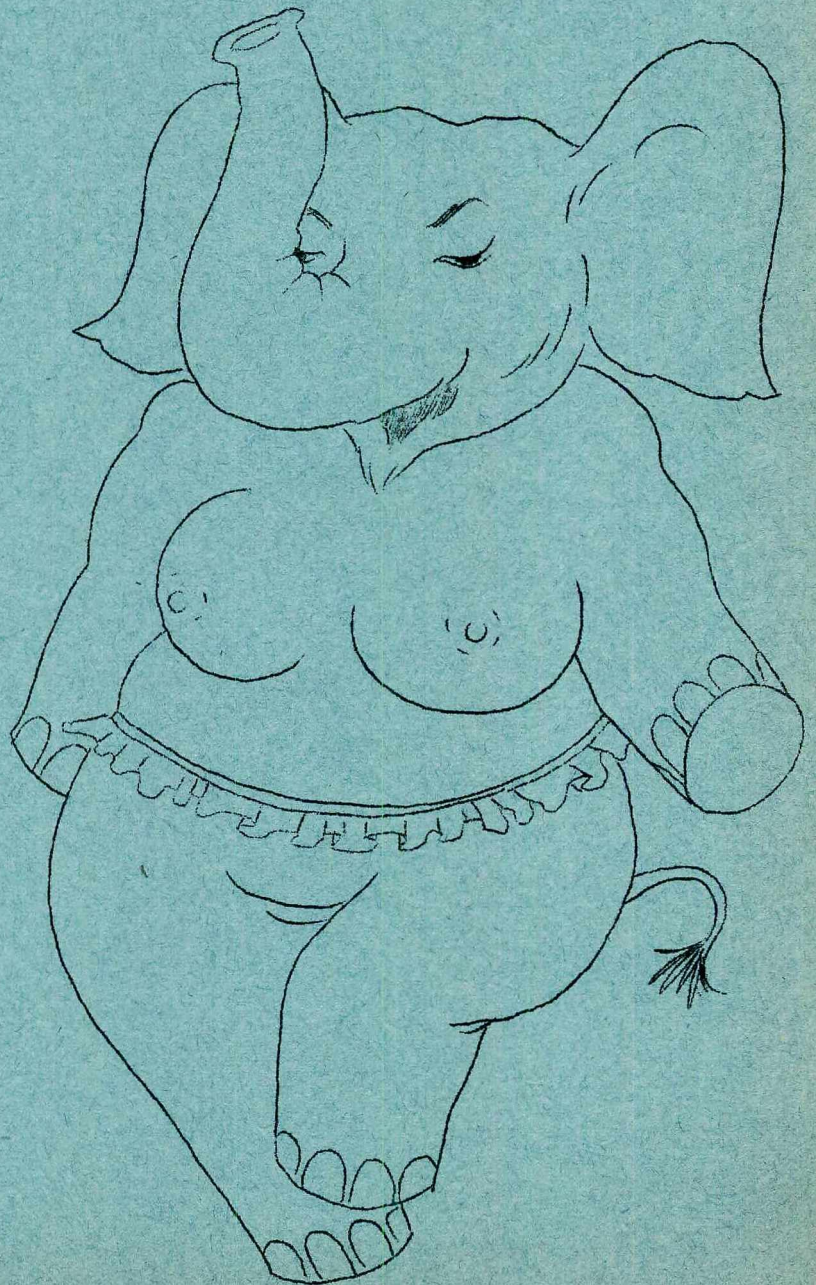


ANKUS 15



Elephant Goad

mailing comments

DAN MCPHAIL: Don't be too hard on George Metzger. I will grant your premise that beauty and interest is in the eye and mind of the beholder, and that there is probably some of each available in any geographical location on Earth, if one is willing to look for it. However, everyone is a product of his environment, and his interests are fashioned as a result of that environment. If one is used to the availability of the Metropolis, as one is when he lives anywhere near either Los Angeles or San Francisco, it would indeed seem like exile to Nowhere to be stationed anywhere in the Southwest -- or, for that matter, anywhere in the Central States, midwest, or South, with a few exceptions like Miami. My own idea of Nowhere At All is the state of Nebraska, which seems to consist of miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles, besides stinking of alfalfa most of the time -- but this is a result of several trips across the state in a hurry to go somewhere else, and a native Nebraskan would undoubtedly take all kinds of umbrage at my comments. Natives generally take umbrage at any down-grading of their home territory. New Yorkers and Angelenos have been sniping at each other constantly, and neither side is likely to convince the other that his own area is better than his opponent's. All one can say is that he does or does not like an area, and give the reasons why or why not. Tolerance, as you say, is the best idea. Do you have any for George Metzger?

DICK ELLINGTON: Parties vs. card games. (You said 'poker' games, but we generally play other money-losing games.) The current situation in the LASFS is that a planned party always includes at least one card game, preferably in a separate room from the rest of the mob. After the weekly meetings on Thursday nights, the card players retire to the Labyrinth (local slanshack housing Harness, Johnstone, and various other denizens) for cards. They are accompanied by others who simply want to talk, or to discuss "Diplomacy" or APA L, etc. If the two groups aren't separated, rank confusion soon spreads -- card games, especially the currently played Bourree, take some concentration, which is almost impossible to achieve with three or four sideline conversations going on between players and interlopers. So it would appear that, for either planned or unplanned parties, it is a good idea to set aside an area for the card players and another area for the non-players.

If Rick Sneary were to ask Don Bratton about anything, he should ask what The Easter Fund has been doing lately. Hopefully, the answer would be: "Nothing." Or were any FAPAns aware of the fact that Mr. Don Bratton, recently turned loose from the funny farm, did in 1960 write up (and, in a few cases, duplicate) a number of Open Letters and the like, under the heading of The Easter Fund? Addressed to various famous like President Eisenhower, these lovely things detailed the workings of the Things that were After Him (him being DB.) As I was involved in the couple pieces of mimeography he did -- it being before we found out exactly how screwy he was, I have a complete file of The Easter Fund's correspondence. Maybe one of these days, if I have the time, I will publish the whole stack -- assuming The Centralized Pestilence, which was After Bratton, doesn't get me. The last we saw of Mr. Bratton was when he showed up at LASFS one time in 1961, sold off some books, and distributed copies of his mimeographed 1/2-sized booklet of verse called NEW VOICES. I don't know who did the mimeoing this time, but it was a mess. Further issues were supposed to be available for 50¢, or two typewriter ribbons, or..... I wonder what The Easter Fund is doing...?

As a matter of fact, Dick, my editing of Gregg's report was an attempt to get all kinds of people into the mood for running for OE to get rid of my kind of Rotten Administration...and substitute their own, of course. I'm sure we'll have five or six of them applying for the job.

Okay, so you've Anglicized the Maria Louisa... . Anyway, good to hear the nickname bit might get dropped eventually.

GREGG CALKINS: No, FAPA isn't an amateur publishers association as you say. It is, according to the Constitution, an amateur press association. However, once we have disposed of one irrelevancy by countering with another, let me say that I was quite interested in your comment that you are in FAPA for the entertainment that comes from publishing your own zines. This could, of course, be obtained equally well by running off four copies, putting two in the files, sending one to the Library of Congress, and giving the fourth to any library interested in such things -- such as UCLA. You would be assured that the zine would be kept in a collection, and you would have had the entertainment of doing the publishing. Assuming that you don't care about the writings of the other members -- and consider the 'you' to be general, as at least one other member (Warner) said the same thing -- this is all you would need. It is therefore a waste of time and money to produce 68 copies of a zine when only a couple would do. Are you (specific) sure there isn't a better reason for staying in FAPA? I know you mentioned a general feeling that you were entertained by FAPA over the years, but.....

My original statement was that I stayed in FAPA as a collector and self-appointed historian, Jr. Grade. That statement still holds, and the inclusion of Uncle God's memorial to Morojo this mailing gives me another example in support of this reason for membership.

LEE: "According to the puff, ... " you say. Would this be Mutter Goddam's Puff in Mandalay?

JACK SPEER: As I doubt that Hulan will have anything in the FAPA mailing to answer your question: SFPA is the Southern Fan Press Alliance, begun in 1961 as an adjunct of the Southern Fan Group. Though the SFG is now defunct, the SFPA still goes on, gradually getting less provincial about its membership and attitudes. It has about 20 members, quarterly mailings that average several hundred pages each, and a constitution that greatly resembles the rules of SAPS. There are no FAPA/SFPA biapans, though there are SAPS/SFPA, N'APA/SFPA, OMPA/SFPA, Cult/SFPA and TAPS/SFPA biapans. (The Terran Amateur Press Society is a recently formed Cult-imitation, with rotating publication. There is one FAPA/TAPS biapan: Rich Brown.)

An idiot Farleyfile is a listing of fans, their interests and attributes, as viewed by Buck Coulson. And who is to say he wrong? Nothing has been proved in court yet... .

Tut-Ankh-Aten , as such, means nothing. It's a typo for Tu-Tankh-Aten, and refers to Aten's capacity for holding his liquor.

A Great American Story about Hitchhiking? How about On the Road? No? Well, then I guess there might not be....

Now there's a reasonable response to add to Calkins's motive for maintaining FAPA membership -- to publish and read reactions to what you publish.

RICHARD BERGERON: Why certainly I will explain why I bother with being FAPA OE when I don't find FAPA especially entertaining. In this way I can assemble the most presentable copy of the mailing -- and although the majority of fanzines are of equally good reproduction in all copies, there are definite exceptions such as Speer. I

also get first chance at the Surplus stock, if there are extra copies of any of the fanzines for which I collect a duplicate run outside of the mailing itself -- and this includes almost all zines that are a numbered series, even SERENADE. Additionally, I have until the 11th hour, the 59th minute to get my own contribution into the mailing. And I must be sent a copy of all postmailings for them to be legal, as opposed to the member who must wait until the FA saus there was a postmailing, and then, if he did not get one, write to demand a copy, etc. And finally, I get to keep closest watch, short of being S-T on the additions and deletions to the roster and waiting-list. It happens that I greatly delight in observing the changes in membership, and in seeing the list of those who have dropped out from the last refuge for the almost-gafiate -- in fact, there are a number of names I'm deliberately looking for on that list, and as OE I'll see the list earlier than I would otherwise. Who knows, one of these days, perhaps your name will be on the list. Perhaps, too, my own will get on the list, though I expect it to get on an obituary list first. Let's wait and see.....



ELMER PERDUE : Thanks for including the memorial volume in FAPA -- in part, thanks because it gave a few of a once-important person on the fan scene, and in part because it gave a view of Forrest J Ackerman. Sometimes I would give quite a bit to know what makes that man tick like he does.

A little over a year ago, I started a project of getting Ackerman to do Fan Memoirs. I went to his place with a taper for an hour a week for a couple weeks. But then things started interfering, partly with his time, but mostly with mine, so the project got discontinued. I hope to hell someone on the local scene finds the time to continue the project one of these days -- they are welcome to the couple hours of tape I already have, if they will continue.

And speaking of fan memoirs, Mr. 0328, what about you? Will it take another death or two to get you to write of the fan scene of the last couple decades? I hope not.

TERRY CARR: Yes, I stay in FAPA as a collector of crud and a historian of the antics of a bunch of people I regard as untalented -- in the field of entertaining me, at least. There are, of course, fanzines and FAPAns who do not fit these categories, and I am amused by a number of things that show up in a mailing -- but I am amused at the time I first read it, and after that it drops into Limbo. Perhaps I have too limited a retentive memory, but what I retain are small and minor items such as Bjo's squirrel cartoon on WHY NOT, the title of the Giant Queebconshot, and such things (not necessarily minor) as Elmer's memorial. Remember, Terry, I said I couldn't come up with specific items from memory, but could probably do so on searching the mailings. I consider fandom interesting in toto; FAPA is a part of fandom, therefore I collect FAPA stuff even if I am not that entertained by it. It is my considered opinion that FAPA 1963-65 has been cruddy in general. I do not derive amusement from the things that a large number of the other members seem to find funny -- specifically, the Burbee Story type of humor, where a line is repeated many times until it becomes funny from the fact that it has been repeated many times, does not usually amuse me. This eliminates quite a bit of humor from FAPA for me. My favorite humor is that of satire-parody, followed by incongruities, then word-plays. Mostly these are out of fashion in FAPA now, and when they're used, as in Gina's

"Good Clean Fellowship," they tend to be too heavy-handed. Orwell, maybe I am getting Old and Crotchety. Several years ago, at the Fan Hillton, we asked SaMosk why he stayed in FAPA. He had three reasons, one of which was to get some material not available elsewhere, and one of which I forget. But the third was to annoy the rest of the membership. Maybe that's why I stay in FAPA and collect crud -- though I do have a faint, faraway hope that it won't stay cruddy. If a few tedious members would drop some tedious subjects that would be a step in the right direction. Or maybe if FAPA dropped a few tedious members.....no, they'd drop me...

The Balboa Park carousel in San Diego still has its brass ring contraption, which they operate on weekends. I still have one of their "Gold Ring tickets" which they give the people who catch the brass/gold ring, and which are exchangeable for a free ride.

Another case of disagreement in tastes: I am one of the ones who think "The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao" worth a Hugo. There were scenes in it that would have been worth the award all by themselves.

KAREN ANDERSON: Thanks for the John Myers Myers verse -- a delightful bit indeed.

Here's to good old FAPA --

The home of the Warner and Speer.

Where the deadwood takes turns being God-like

(And God does eight pages a year.)

Following, you will find another chapter of Walt Willis's 1962 trip report. This chapter, like the last, is regrettably brief. The Willises are moving -- send mail care of 27 Clonlee Drive, Belfast 4.

This is ANKUS 15, from Bruce Pelz,
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza
Los Angeles, California
90024

It is included in the 111th Mailing
of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association,
May 1965.

It is IncuNebulous Publication 358.

Cover and interillos by Dian Pelz
Bacover a long ago Rotsler.

THE BRIGHT LAND

-- Walt Willis

"BUT WESTWARD, LOOK, THE LAND IS BRIGHT."

Friday, 7th September, 1962 (Ctd.): Back in the bus again we sped north-west from Minneapolis, spending a forgettable 45 minutes in Fargo, N.Dakota. This was about 10pm, and all I remember about it was that we sent a postcard from there to our ten-year-old son Bryan. He is a follower of Wells Fargo, and we thought he might imagine it had been brought out by stage coach. En route again we found the bus almost too warm for sleeping, and Madeleine asked the driver to turn down the air conditioning.

Saturday, 8th September: At 1 a.m. we were awakened from a sound sleep and ejected into Bismarck, N.Dakota. We had missed the Missouri. We spent a frustrated hour hanging round the depot waiting for the bus to be serviced, realising more clearly now that Greyhound gave adequate meal stops only when everything but the Post House was closed.

Back in the rejuvenated bus we fell asleep again quickly, and when I awoke again it was dawn at the Montana border. We had slept through the badlands. All I could see in the ghostly light were grey clumps of grass, and between them something lighter which I could not identify. It certainly wasn't ordinary soil, and I thought it must be sand or gravel.

But by the time we arrived at Glendive, Montana, the growing daylight and the waning neons between them revealed the mystery: it was snowing. "Now look what you've done," I reproached Madeleine, who woke up when the bus stopped. "You would complain about the heat."

After pressing on through a snowy wilderness populated only by depressed-looking Christmas trees, we arrived at Miles City at 7:40. We had breakfast there, running through the snow to a drugstore in our light summer clothes. It was very cold, there was a strong wind, and the snow lay half an inch deep on the sidewalk. It was curiously unreal. How could it be snowing when we had been sunbathing only the day before yesterday?

The drugstore was peculiar too. There were several men there who looked so much like real cowboys that I wondered if I'd missed the horses tied to the parking meters. What really disturbed me was what they were reading. I could accept cowboys driving Chevrolets instead of riding horses -- I could visualise them leaping into the driving seat with a cry of "Hi, ho, Chromium" -- and even sitting in drugstores sipping chocolate malts and reading pocketbooks. What did worry me, for some reason, was the fact that all the pocketbooks were Westerns. I felt vaguely that I was faced with some profound philosophical problem, to do with the effect of the observer on the thing observed. When an authentic cowboy thinks of himself as an authentic cowboy, is he still an authentic cowboy?

It was snowing less violently when we got to Billings at 11:15 a.m., with half an hour to spare. Madeleine went back along our route to case a dress shop she had noticed, and I prowled around for a gas station. In 1952, travelling by car, I had rapidly accumulated a sheaf of free gas company maps, but buses never seemed to stop near filling stations. However, I found one now and looted it. With maps covering every mile of the way to Seattle I felt oriented and more secure.

In Livingstone at lunchtime (which could be the title only of a very sick song) it was still snowing out of a leaden sky, and a bank sign admitted that the temperature was 40 degrees. We had a horrid meal in a squalid Greyhound diner, without even pretensions of being anything but the greasiest of spoons. The best that could be said of it was that it was better than the one at Bozeman, where the food was, if possible, even worse, and the only toilet was overflowing on the floor. There, if you were so foolish as to eat the food, you were stuck with it.

But from there on, things began to improve. For one thing, we found that everyone's feet were swollen. For weeks before we came away, Madeleine had some kidney disorder which caused her ankles to swell, and this swelling had begun to happen again on the bus. But in the universal gossip about the toilet conditions at Bozeman, it emerged that all the women were finding their ankles swollen, and it was just from sitting so long. So that was a serious worry gone. Then, during the afternoon, the snow stopped, and the sky began to clear, revealing ranges of wonderful mountains. Our spirits expanded with the horizons. This was the real West, we thought, our sense of wonder reawakened.

We were climbing steadily now, how steeply I realised only from the way our driver kept changing through a seemingly inexhaustible supply of gears. I counted at least six. In brilliant sunshine we were threading our way upwards through narrower and narrower valleys, all rocks and fir trees. Then, in a particularly tortuous defile, we came unexpectedly upon the most thrilling notice we had ever seen, the most exciting single moment since that first sight of Manhattan from the air. It said, simply, "Continental Divide. 6418 feet." We were on the other side of the American continent, in the watershed of the Pacific. We blessed the people who had put up that sign for the joy they had given us. That stream by the side of the road was on its way to the Pacific, and so were we.

The driver shifted up a couple of gears, and we began a breathtaking descent towards the West Coast. Straight below us, so straight below I could have dropped a stone onto it, was our road, circling its way down among the trees and rocks. The driver hauled us round a succession of hairpin bends, and soon we were speeding through western Montana, all fertile green plains with snowcapped mountains in the distance.

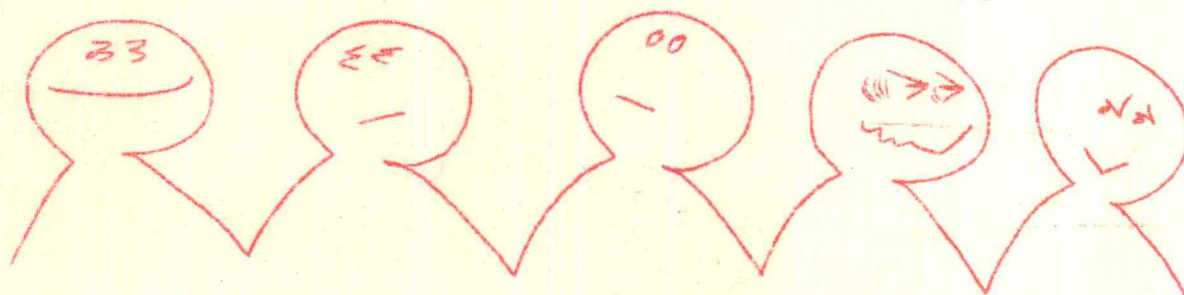
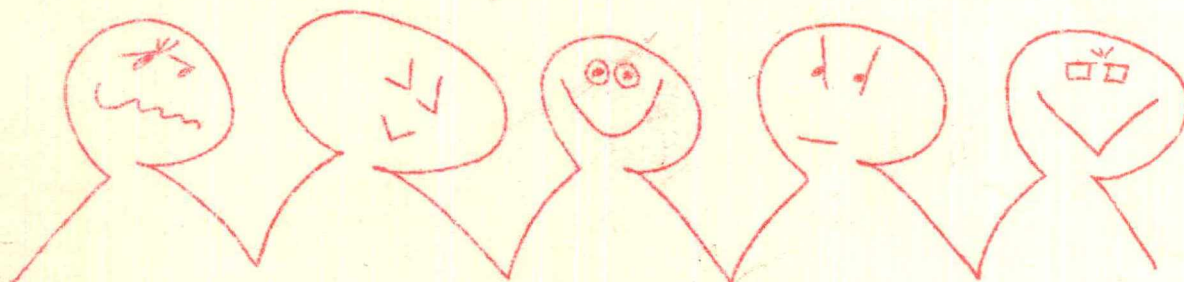
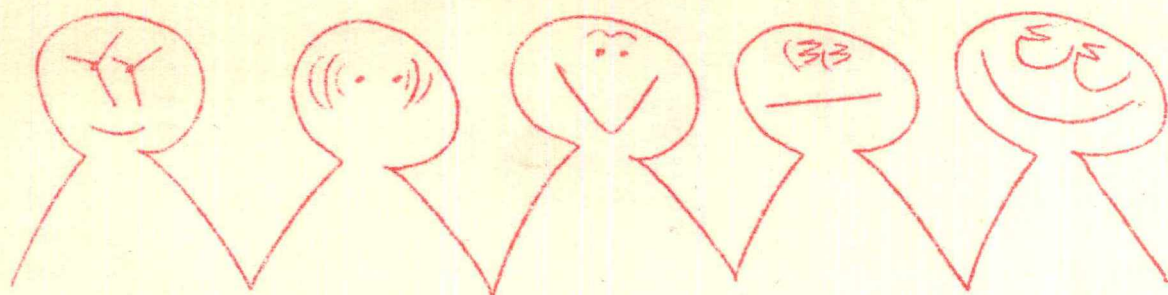
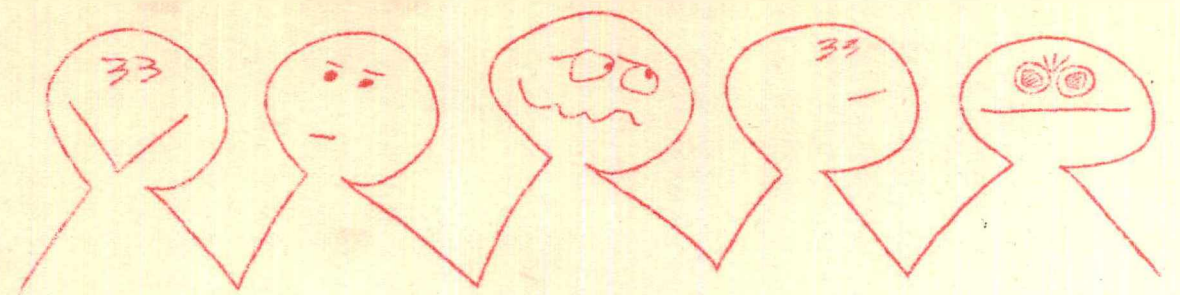
At 5 p.m. we arrived in Butte, an untidy conglomeration of wooden buildings, with shanty banks, shanty drugstores, and shanty bus station. There seemed to be only one permanent building, probably a saloon. However, quite a few people got out here, probably homesteaders, and we observed with interest the various techniques used by the remainder to settle themselves in for the night. Long distance bus travel, we noticed, had its own expertise. The most obvious examples were two English girls who had been sitting in the seat in front of us, where they could put their feet up on the windowledge. Now, coming back to the bus at Butte, they split up, spreading themselves and their belongings across two seats

each, contriving to give their environment such a lived-in look that you would have sworn they had been there since New York. During the day they had been getting friendlier and friendlier at each rest stop with a lone soldier, and he, following after them, hesitantly occupied a third double seat. Then the new passengers got on, a positive horde of them. Assessing the new situation with a rapidity which would have delighted his commanding officer, the soldier gallantly surrendered his seat to the first woman who got on, and joined the prettier of the two girls. Soon all the seats were occupied except one, across which sprawled an old lady, obviously fast asleep. The one surplus passenger, a pretty young dark girl who looked vaguely Spanish, stood helplessly in the aisle until the driver came to see what was wrong. Even he hesitated to waken the dear frail old lady, until a more cynical woman passenger behind said, "Give her a shove. She's only pretending." By a curious coincidence, the dear old lady woke up at that moment and moved over, and with a good grace helped the young girl to get settled in. In a few minutes they were chatting away as if they had been friends for years.

We continued steadily westwards, passing, shortly after seven, through a place called Drummond -- so hideous to look at that the sun immediately sank in horror. But here in the north the twilight lingered as it does at home, and for a long time we stayed awake, chasing the sun through the overhanging defile between Bearmouth and Nimrod, beckoned by a single star in the western sky. Tomorrow morning we would be in Seattle.

(To be continued)





THE ONE, THE ONLY  MASQUE

