

Ankus 16



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Dian Pelz, in case
you can't read art
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For the 112th mailing of FAPA, August 1965

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HOWDAH

So comes to an end my second year as OE of FAPA. All in all it hasn't been too bad. There was one 500-page mailing (and I think this may well be another) that strained the mailing envelopes quite a bit, but most of the FAPA problems came under the jurisdiction of the other officials. My thanks to Bob Pavlat for stencilling his S-T report and otherwise helping the OE-ST combination to work very smoothly. With all respect to Charles Wells, I hope Bob is returned to office again this year.

THE WORLD OF HYPERFAN Through the three and a half years I've been working for UCLA, there have been quite a few other fans that have passed through the hallways of this branch of the Multiversity. Bob Lichtman was here when I came in February 1962, as was Adrienne Martine. Fred Patten got his Master's Degree in Library Science during these years; Ted Johnstone spent several semesters as a graduate student. But the Bumper Crop of Fans appears to be coming this fall. Part of it is my own fault, as I got Bill Glass, who had previously been active only in genzines like YANDRO or D:B, interested in the LASFS. Bill in turn recruited several of his friends from the dorm: Mike Klassen and Ed Rosenzweig, both active, as yet, only locally. With me, and Dian, who has one more semester to go on her B.A., that makes 5 possible attendees at the daily lunchtime confab. Then Ed Baker got a job at the UCLA Law Library, and Henry Stine began working for the Med Center's radiology lab. Seven. One of the Cal Tech LASFians went to a concert at UCLA, picked up a girl friend, got her interested in LASFS. She'll be here again next semester, too. Eight. Len Bailes announced a couple months ago that he had got some financial assistance from UCLA, so he'd be attending in September. Nine. And Durk Pearson writes that he's coming out here as a graduate student in Physics. Ten. That may be too many.... I'm sure there'll be a couple more who haven't announced their intentions yet. Anyone else want to join the menagerie?

WE DIDN'T GET TO LONDON. In fact, few Angelenos did -- Ackerman, Al Lewis, and the Squirrel being the only ones I can think of. Funds just wouldn't stretch that far, so we went all-out for the Westercon (at least in the way of costumes, artwork, and the like.) It was rather a relaxed con, but we enjoyed it very much -- even if I didn't see more than about three items of the program (banquet, masquerade, and the panel I was on.) The rest of our 1965 vacation has been spent taking small half-day trips around the LArea, seeing some of the things that the tourists see but the natives hardly ever notice -- like the Southwest Museum, which is excellent in the field of the American (North and South) Indian. With luck, some more money, a new car, and yet some more money, we will see you next year at either Cleveland or Syracuse, whichever.

THE FAPA TREASURY keeps getting bigger and bigger in spite of increases in postal rates and all the other things for which it has been said that we need a big backlog of money. I think there should be a limit, above which the Treasury need not go. When that point is reached, we might cancel all dues for a year -- not the token \$1 reduction Evans gave us a couple years ago. There would still be dues from new members and sales of surplus and the like to bring in some money, and with so much money in the kip we could probably cancel dues right now and have enough for a couple years.

NO TIME FOR MAILING COMMENTS this time -- have to go loot a mimeo supply house in Watts.

THE BRIGHT LAND PART A3

BY *Walt Willis*

"But westward, look, the land is bright."

Saturday, 8th September 1962 (ctd.) At 10:50 pm we awoke to find ourselves unexpectedly in Idaho. 'Unexpectedly in Idaho' sounds like a fine musical comedy number, and we have already provided the choreography.

A glance at the map and timetable had told us that not only did Idaho in fact thrust up a finger between Montana and Washington, but that, true to its policy, Greyhound had once again provided an adequate mealstop when only the Post House would be open. After our grim experiences at Livingston and Bozeman, we were determined to foil them, and as soon as the bus had stopped we were out and marching along a cold deserted street to a distant neon sign. Our momentum carried us through a door and along a carpeted corridor into a dimly lit lounge, where we came to a standstill in belated self-doubt. It was only too obvious that we had gatecrashed a private party, either a high-class orgy or the exhausted remnants of a wedding reception. People were lying about on sofas eyeing us bemusedly, and a sophisticated-looking receptionist was bearing down on us with a cold stare. Simultaneously we realized that the door behind us was still open, admitting a blast of cold air and the remainder of the busload of passengers. They had obviously followed us like sheep behind a Judas ram, assuming that anyone who made his way so confidently through nighttime Wallace, Idaho, must "know a place."

I felt quite inept to explain the situation, grabbed Madeleine's arm, and retreated hastily and silently through a door marked "toilets," leaving the rest of the bus to explain itself as best it could. Another corridor and another door let us out into another street, with another distant neon sign, from which came convivial chinking sounds. We went up a flight of stairs and found ourselves in a smoky bowling alley. Peering intently round, we eventually concluded there was nothing to eat here but pretzels, so we left again, passing on the way the vanguard of the busload. Leaving them transfixed on the stairs, we scurried round the next corner, and, to our relief, saw another sign which definitely committed itself to offering food. Quite pleased at this hard-won success, we sat down and ordered, realising only then that we had come in by the back door of the Greyhound Post House from which we had started. However, the food was not too bad, and the service was excellent, possibly accounted for by the fact that the place was virtually deserted except for a puzzled-looking bus driver. We ignored him, and the questioning stares of the remainder of the passengers as they straggled in in small harassed-looking groups. I tried to assume a worldly sophisticated air, as of one who had taken a few minutes to revisit old haunts in the underworld of Wallace, Idaho.

Eventually the bus left, somewhat late, and full of passengers clutching half-consumed items of food, but gradually resuming its normal nighttime tranquility as it sped west through the darkness.

Sunday, 9th September Except for one sleepy glance at Spokane, Washington,

THE BRIGHT LAND...2.2 -

I slept until sunrise. We were floating through a dreamlike landscape of mist and trees, with golden disembodied mountain tops on either side. I nudged Madeleine awake, a thing I would do only in the rarest of emergencies. "Wake up, dear," I said, "We have come to a pretty pass." It turned out to be Snoqualmie, and it led down to Seattle.

From the map it seemed we might get a glimpse of Mount Rainier, but when I started peering through the opposite window, the lady sitting there explained kindly that this was not so. From this road you couldn't see Mount Reneer, as it was pronounced. She gave such a helpful account of the various other places from which you could see it that when, five minutes later, Mount Rainier hove clearly into view over her head I had to draw Madeleine's attention to it in a furtive manner more appropriate to the display of filthy postcards than snowy mountains.

There was another glimpse of it from the exciting floating bridge across Lake Washington, but this body of water itself was worrying me. The question I had to decide was whether or not Lake Washington counted as the Pacific Ocean. It was, I saw from the map, connected with Puget Sound, and the question seemed to boil down to whether the tide made its way up that far or not. The whole situation seemed to me most unsatisfactory. As I had designed the American continent in my head, the traveller from the East breasted a last ridge of mountains, and saw spread out before him the whole wide expanse of the Pacific, all breakers and coral sands. This present quibbling about Lake Washington wasn't at all the sort of wild surmise Keats had led me to expect, this piecemeal doling out of the Pacific in drips and drops surely not what Cortez had seen. Indeed, from the point of poetic truth, even Puget Sound could not count as the Pacific, and I might not see it at all from Seattle. And in fact I didn't. I had to chase after the Pacific Ocean for days yet, and over thousands of miles, before finally hunting it down.

However, I dismissed all this from my mind, for we were now in Seattle, and very exciting it was. About the same size of a city as I had expected, but somehow more casual, informal. The buildings were lower, but built on unexpected hills. The whole place had a vaguely timber camp air about it. It was about half seven in the morning when we ended up in the ultra-modern bus station, half an hour early. We didn't want to phone the Busbys before schedule, so we had cups of coffee from a futuristic machine which gave you every variety of beverage except the one I wanted, coffee with milk and three lots of sugar. Then I phoned up Buz, and he said, among other joyful and welcoming words, that they would pick us up at the north entrance to the bus station. I stepped outside to check from the position of the sun which one that was. On the way back I was asked by one lady to work the coffee machine for her and by another to direct her to the north entrance, and when I rejoined Madeleine I found her deep in conversation with a lady who had come from Belfast, so all in all I began to feel quite at home in Seattle. Besides, the air, moist and cool, was very like Ireland, after the dusty aridity of the rest of America.

I took Madeleine and the luggage to the north door, and very shortly Buz and Elinor drove up, with a dachshund. We got in, and I said "Wie geht's?" to the dachshund, addressing it in its own language to ingratiate myself right away with the really important member of the household. I had never studied a dachshund before, and was amazed how well it moved with such inadequate means of propulsion. Only because I know Elinor is a Beatles fan would I dare repeat one of the Beatles' remarks about one of these dogs at a boarding house where they stayed before they became famous: "It had no legs," said Paul flatly, "and every morning the landlady took it out for a slide."

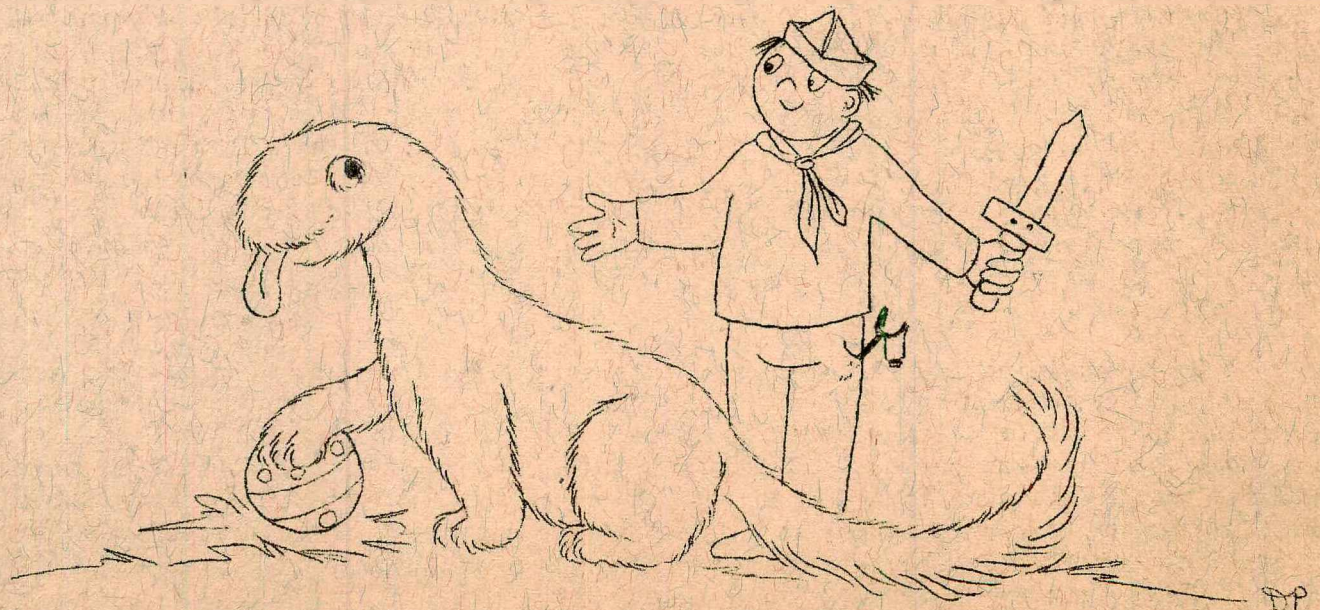
Another dachshund extruded itself from the door of the Busby bungalow when we arrived, and, pausing only to reassure it that they had not in fact deserted it, the Busbys efficiently and with great sensibility installed us on the back lawn with cool drinks. There we passed a very pleasant relaxing morning, getting the Greyhound Bus Company out of our system. Not quite completely, however, because on trying to get back to the garden after lunch, Madeleine tried to open the door by pulling at the chromium towel rail, which unfortunately resembled the bar they have on the glass bus depot doors, and which, not being meant to be attacked by hardened Greyhound travellers, promptly came away in her hand.

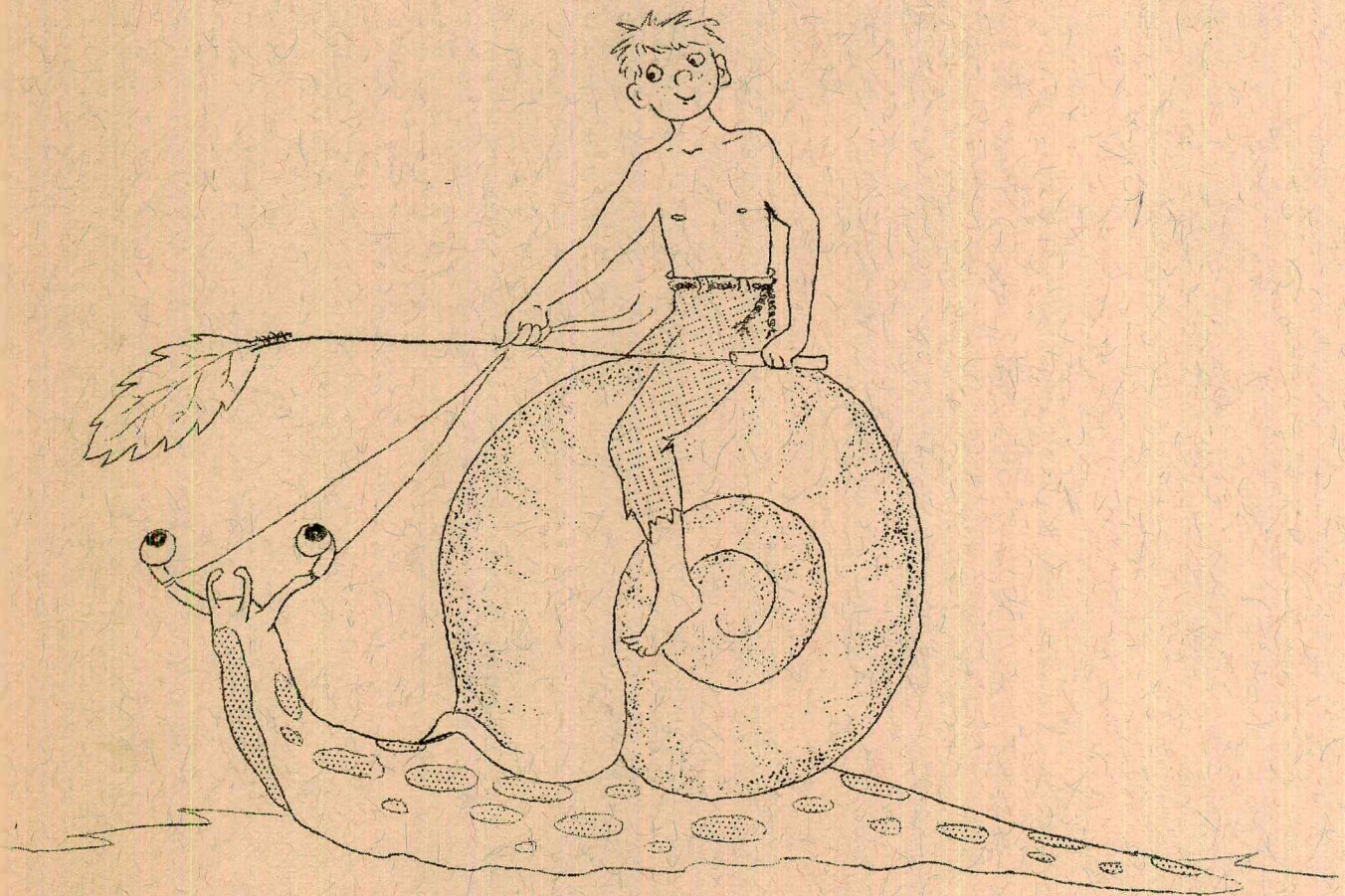
After lunch I diffidently suggested I might have a look later on at World Championship Golf on television, which I had noticed from the tv program magazine in the Grenells was on at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Buz pointed out I had better have it on now, on account of the time differential, which I had completely forgotten, and I sat down in front of the tv all agog at finally being able to see this great event. But I had overlooked some important points, the first being the nature of American television. This was a live transmission of only one match, and most of any golf match is the people walking between the shots. I should have realised it was impossible for commercial tv to waste all this air space, and what we had in fact was interminable commercials, with a few brief of Palmer, Nicklaus and Player swinging clubs. It wasn't my idea of golf at all. The other fact I had overlooked was that golf couldn't compete with the Busbys, live, in the adjoining room. I kept going in there to listen, and finally forgot about the golf altogether. What I say is that conversation is killing the art of watching tv.

When the sun had gone down, we sat in the living room with our swollen feet up, still talking, Buz treating a sore shoulder with an infra red lamp. "He won't go to the doctor with anything," Elinor complained. "He just comes home and curls up like a wild animal." "Like a wild animal with an infra red lamp," I amended.

Mentally we were happy and relaxed, but physically we were exhausted, and scenery still seemed to be flashing past our eyes, so quite early in the evening we retired for a twelve hour rest stop.

- - - - Walt Willis





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