

At long last, ANKUS has something worth reading again: beginning this issue, I will be running Walt Willis's 1962 trip report, as Walt would like it sent through FAPA. He feels that HYPHEN's publication schedule won't allow very rapid publication of the report, so I luck out again. The chapter in this issue is brief, as the decision to run the report this way was made rather close to deadline; next time, the chapter should be longer.

We have, then, the case of Rich Brown and his Postmailings. The first of these -- the "Unofficial" PRA -- was marked Unofficial for lack of copies furnished to the OE. A total of three copies arrived here, one of which was obviously for my own mailing. That left two. And, as the heading said that it was also being "illegally postmailed" to SAPS -- something called OPEN SEASON ON ELEPHANTS, another "illegal post-mailing" to SAPS, was included, I assumed one copy was for my SAPS mailing. This left one copy for the FAPA surplus stock where there is supposed to be three. (Rich also forgot to send the "illegal postmailings" -- SAPS edition -- to Dian.)

Now the currently postmailed PRA 19 is a strange case -- I could claim it unofficial if I were the crook Brown is trying to make out I am, in spite of the fact that he sent it Special Delivery and Certified Return Receipt Requested. You see, the Post Office works in wondrous ways, and Rich has no proof, other than this writing, that the PRAs actually arrived. It happened like so: On 16 December I got a note in the afternoon mail, which I pick up around 4pm from the UCLA P.O., saying there was a Special Delivery waiting at the Westwood Village branch of the P.O., where I'd have to go and sign for it. (The UCLA branch is a contract, rather than a regular branch, and they can't handle certain things.) When I got off work at 5 I went to the Village branch, and found they were closed -- closed at 5:00, of course. Dian and I would be leaving the 18th, early, for Florida, to spend the holiday with my parents. The 17th was to be taken up with packing and carting stuff all over the place, and I wouldn't have time to get into Westwood Village (which is a shopping and residential district adjacent to UCLA -- about a 20-minute walk from the Student Union area where the UCLA P.O. is.) I went around to the back of the Village P.O. and asked if there was any chance of getting this Special Delivery, in spite of the fact that they were officially closed, and after a few dirty looks, complaints, and such, they chased it down and gave it to me. I signed the little white slip of paper that the P.O. keeps as its record of having delivered a Special, and they handed me this stack of folded-in-half PRAs. It wasn't until I was in the car and driving away that I realized: they had not got me to sign the Return Receipt which should have gone back to Rich. In fact, the thing was still attached to the stack of zines. And it is still there, taped to a page which is killer-cancelled with all kinds of rubber stamps -- "First Class" -- "Special Delivery" (3) -- "Return Receipt Requested" -- "Deliver to Addressee Only" (2) -- "Received 1 A.M. Dec. 16 [etc]" (2) -- and a few others. In spite of my penchant for collecting the best possible copy of a zine, I may keep this copy instead of one of the inside ones. This has the \$1.25 postage metered stamp on it, too. And this copy is much more amusing to me than the other three.

Lessee...there's also the case of Gregg Calkins's edited Prexy Report. Briefly: I got word that Scithers was to be reinstated on the WL

from S-T Evans, the Authority on the WL status. I was about to stencil the Prexy Report, so I called Calkins to tell him the change and ask about dropping the now irrelevant item from his report. Gregg wasn't in, but the person who answered the phone agreed to take a message and have him call me when he got back in a couple hours. I put aside the Report until later. The next night, I gave it up, stencilled it and cut the items myself. As Official Editor, I sometimes Edit. People who write long Reports, reporting Absolutely Nothing Happened, merely fill up the FA, waste my time and the FAPA's money.

And while we're on the subject of wasting my time, etc.: It is fairly well known that I run off zines for people; of late, it is becoming too well-known. This past month, I ran about 1/3 of the entire SAPS mailing. This time I have run only a couple FAPazines -- Caughran's and Ruth Berman's, besides my own and the FA. But I am not the Gafia Press, the QWertyuiopress, or any other such thing. I'm not a commercial mimeographer or even a semi-commercial mimeographer, and I'm running too many zines. In order to cut down on business, I'm broadcasting rules and regulations:

I can use stencils with any kind of head, as long as they are typed the equivalent of Lines 2-60 on a standard 4-hole stencil. (If you use Wide Rex-Rotary stencils, that means starting a couple inches above Line 1.) If you crowd the edges they're going to get runsloppily, as I am not a Boggsian perfectionist mimeographer. You can't dictate the kind of paper for the zine beyond a limited range. I have to go into downtown Los Angeles on a weekday (i.e., take time off work) or get someone else to do so, in order to get paper and ink, and I will not make a special trip for you. I use Fibreprint red, canary, and green almost exclusively, and hardly ever have any white paper. Covers, with nothing on the reverse, will probably get run in some shade of Truday (18#), and you can designate the color; if I have it, OK, if not, I'll use what I think looks good. I absolutely refuse to run any stencils that are either (1) shorter than 18" long, or (2) sent without the backing sheets -- which stunt a number of people have been doing, to save themselves postage on the stencils.

As for rates: it works out to 1¢ per sheet (2 pages) per copy, as the basic rate is \$1.50 for 50 copies of 6pp. 1-sided sheets cost .8¢ per sheet per copy. Added charges: anything that arrives less than 5 days before the mailing for which it is intended gets charged an additional 20% Nuisance Fee, as I'm going to be busy those last few days on my own stuff. Postage, for mailing the extra copies to you (if they won't fit into a SAPS or FAPA envelope with your mailing, or if they are for some other APA), or for mailing the APA copies to the OE (if it is other than SAPS, FAPA, or N'APA) is also extra. I'll send a bill when the job is finished. From here on in, any FAPazines' stencils will have to follow these rules or get returned to sender, no matter if they arrive on Deadline Day.

Now to circulate the Rules and Regulations to SAPS and N'APA.

Next item: Does anyone know the source of and/or the story behind a 1-sheet, half-size thing that purports to be a program/menu for a banquet of the Milwaukee Science Fiction Society "To celebrate its survival as an organization after two whole weeks. Wednesday, April 4, 1962, at the DeWeese Auditorium, 3407 North 22nd Street, Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin"? It is printed on slick stock, and is a delightful item, but I can't tell who is responsible for the thing. The menu features such things as "Roast Ellison (We hope)"; "Soft-shelled Crab (A la Moskowitz)"; and the program features such things as "ADDRESS: Why I Love Fans, by John W. Campbell, Jr."; "PANEL DISCUSSION: How Fandom Promotes Brother-

hood, with Dr. Christine Moskowitz and Ted E. White," and "MUSIC: Love Songs Rendered by Samuel Moskowitz." "Doors open 1:00 P.M.; close five minutes after the commencement of Mr. Moskowitz' performance." ---Does anyone know where this thing came from? Coulsons? Devore? ???

HERE THERE BE MAILING COMMENTS:

ELEPHANT GOAD

HELEN'S FANTASIA 15 (Wesson) I enjoyed Crane's "Salome and Her John." The meter I recognize as that of "Thais" or "Bluebeard" -- the same meter the Sherlockians use for their verse canon. At the end of the verses in Crane's, however, there is an added comment -- sort of an aside.

So you name your sewing machine? We haven't done that yet, but most of the typers are named, as are both the mimeo and the duper. This here typer is Calamity Jane, which Dian bought several years before we were married. My standard Everst is Johnny Inkslinger because it cuts deep stencils, and they take up a lot of ink. The duper has a bad habit of over-fluiding, so it is called Puddles; and the mimeo is Sadan'. DisCon sol' it to me in 1963.

DESCANT 12 (Clarkes) Hey, Jim (or Greg), I liked your old ~~faan~~ hoog-fiction or whatever. Where do I get a Broadaxe?

CADENZA 10 (Wells) The point to making it easier to amend the FAPA Constitution than to pass a Special Rule is that, ordinarily, it is next to impossible to get 33 FAPA members to vote, let alone to agree in their voting. The ease of amendment penalizes only those who don't vote. The Constitution may have to be amended to ensure the (hahahaha) smooth operation of the organization, whereas a Special Rule is not so general or far-reaching.

HORIZONS 100 (Warner) I see you're still kicking about there being an available listing of fans' telephone numbers, using the same old lame line about a hypothetical bunch of drunk fans wanting to "rouse fannish households all over the nation but hanging up before the sleepy household has aroused enough to answer." Did it ever occur to you that drunken fans capable of dialling the phone can always get a listed phone number with no charge whatever, simply by calling the information number in whatever city they want. Anyone who is drunk and stupid enough to try this nuisance tactic is bound to be determined enough to get the number whether or not a list is published.

DEADWOOD 1 (Locke) I doubt that it will be of much concern to you, but the title of DEADWOOD was used a couple years back by one Ron Wilson, in N'APA. (Also, Burnett Toskey used it in the January SAPS mailing, and got told of both your and Wilson's use of it.)

VANDY 23 (Coulsons) Regretfully, Buck, the Farley File thing I was doing got the gate when the Physics Library stopped using IBM for its circulation system, and I lost access to the machines.

GODOT 4 (Deckinger) After four issues of this thing, I find, regrettably, that GODOT wasn't worth waiting for.

RAMBLING FAP 35 (Calkins) So, OK, who won the bonus for the biggest order of your For-Sale stuff received by the February mailing? I rather hoped it would be me, as I could use a couple of those titles.

LIGHTHOUSE 11 (Carrs, etc.) Carol, we've never had any trouble with redemption stores when we want to get something for trading stamps. In the couple years I've been in California, I've got: a bathroom scale, a light-weight suitcase, a movie film-editing gizmo, and an Instamatic camera (as a gift for a relative). Never took more than about 15 minutes for any transaction, whether it involved the S&H stamps or the California-based (I think) Blue Chip ones.

SYNAPSE F109 (Speer) The notation next the TUCKER HOTEL item in FA 108 said: ~34th Appreance. NOT: 34th Appreance. I must assume, then, that you do not recognize the symbol for "approximates." I've seen that bloody pair of drawings of the Hotel in so many places since Eney ran them for FANCYCLOPEDIA II that I am by now rather tired of seeing them. I should think even Tucker would be tired of seeing them. Try re-transliterating the Cyrillic of the second comment in ANKUS 12 -- you'll find it comes out, after the first phrase, "uats nu on le" etc. I will admit to mistaking the "l" and "d" for the "le" and "dove".

MASQUE 15 (Rotsler) Thanks, Bill.

DEAR FELLOW-FAPAN (Rich Brown) I assume, now that your blackball-the-entire-waitinglist deal has gone through, you will circulate this little gem to the rest of FAPA instead of the 15 or so who got it originally. I think FAPA as a whole may be interested, particularly in the last paragraph:

"When & if this goes thru, we must work to undo the damage. First, a Special Rule to reinstate the WL to its original position--ahead of any "later" applications. Then a revision to Section 9.2. I don't think there's any doubt that we'll get that Special Rule -- who in his right mind wouldn't vote for it? I think we might get that revision to Section 9.2, too... but if not, well, there's always next year, and the next -- when FAPA gets tired of having its wl blackballed year after year, I think it's safe to say that Changes Will Be Made. Here's Hoping They're Soon..."

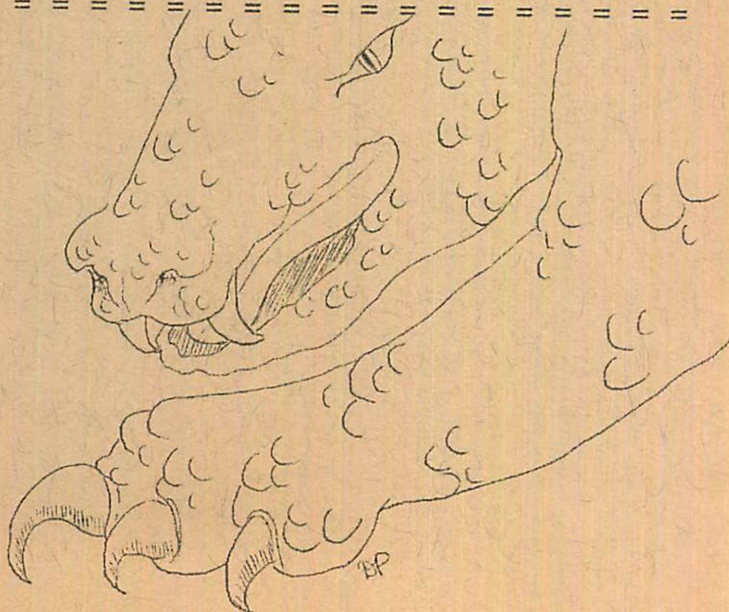
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This has been ANKUS 14,
from Bruce E. Pelz,
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza
Los Angeles, California 90024.
It is intended for FAPA 110,
February 1965, and is
Incunebulous Publication 332.

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Cover and illo by Dian Pelz.

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THE BRIGHT LAND

- Walt Willis

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

Friday, 7th September, 1962: I'm not quite sure what time the bus for Seattle left Chicago, except that it was far too early in the morning: among the items lost with our luggage was one of the world's finest private collections of Greyhound timetables. However, after a terse breakfast Rosemary and Dick Hickey got us to the depot in good time. At least it seemed good time to us for any bus that left before the world was properly assembled, but almost as soon as we arrived we heard it called over the public address system. It was now loading at Gate 3 downstairs, the omniscient voice proclaimed, like Jupiter announcing a departure by Charon.

This bus was going to be our home for two days, so we wanted to make sure of getting seats together. We said hasty goodbyes, too hasty to thank Dick and Rosemary adequately for their hospitality, and fled downstairs. On the way to Gate 3 we passed a bus labelled Seattle and taking on passengers, but continued trustfully on. No doubt it was a non-express service, or an alternative route. But when we got to Gate 3 there was no sign of life, mechanical or otherwise. In desperation I accosted a passing driver. He smiled at the idiosyncrasies of the people upstairs, rather like Moses explaining another minor plague to his Egyptian friends. It used to leave at Gate 3, he explained simply and clearly, but nowadays it left at Gate 6. We rushed back to Gate 6, in time to get two aisle seats several yards apart.

I think it was at this point I realized the far-reaching changes which had taken place in the Greyhound bus service during the ten-year period in which I had, as it were, been out of its clutches. Some of you may remember that in the course of my 1952 report I made passing reference to certain mechanical breakdowns which had occurred from time to time. In 1962 the buses were perfect, but the organization was breaking down. It was obvious that the head of the Greyhound Organization, a Mr. Ackerman, had obtained through some relative a copy of my 1952 report and taken a clear-cut executive decision. He had simply switched the staff around. I have to admire the majestic simplicity of this solution, but feel he eventually will be forced to find a home outside the organization for his other relatives.

All through the morning we edged erratically around Madison without ever arriving there. Poring over my inadequate map, I figured that we were by-passing it along the fragments of an uncompleted freeway system. We would speed along one of these stepping stones for a few minutes, and then turn off along a ramp marked 'Madison' and wander slowly through a maze of interchanges and ordinary roads until we found another ramp and another stretch of freeway. The changes in direction were quite bewildering, and at times I had the feeling that the driver was hopelessly lost. By a careful study of the signposts on intersecting routes, however, I realized we were in fact making steady progress northwest. This fact was, however, not so obvious to the lady next to me, who had, I gathered, been travelling on buses for the past six weeks virtually nonstop, but whom even this experience of Greyhound Post

Houses had not convinced that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. The bus was already a hundred miles past Madison when she began to complain it was an hour overdue. It was obvious no one was getting out at Madison, at least, and I wondered if Madeleine and I would be separated all the way to Seattle.

We rejoined the ordinary road system just past a place with the evocative name of Portage, without having to get out and carry the bus, and shortly found ourselves in a town which seemed to be called Wisconsin Dells. As a town it was undistinguished, but the countryside had gradually become more interesting than the flat lands of southwest Wisconsin and northern Illinois. There were wooded hills, grassy slopes, and occasional rock outcrops. And once or twice, glimpses of lakes, so unusual a thing to see from a bus that people pointed excitedly.

Somewhere in the region of Tomah and Black River Falls, which we passed through in the early afternoon, there was a great panoply of signs heralding a major tourist attraction. It was a museum of sea shells from all over the world. I was mildly surprised until I realised that we were just about in the middle of a great continent, and that, until recently at least, many of the natives here could have lived their lives without seeing a sea shell in its natural state. Certainly, if you happened to have a collection of sea shells, this was the place to take them. But somehow it seemed strangely sad to think of all those little marine skeletons exiled so far from their natural resting place.

National Interstate Highway US 94 sprang into existence again just in time to by-pass Eau Claire, and we sped towards Minneapolis like an arrow released. Only to thud anticlimactically into St. Paul, through which we threaded a laborious way for more than half an hour. I tried to follow our progress in a street plan in a guide lent me by Rosemary Hickey, but found it impossible to establish frames of reference. By the time I found on the map the street name glimpsed at the last corner, we would have turned another, so that various imposing buildings were only provisionally identified. However, the Twin Cities were strangely and impressively different from anything we had seen so far, their domed buildings and convoluted streets giving them a faintly Eastern European look. The Mississippi on the other hand, or what I took to be the Mississippi, was disappointingly narrow, and, having told Madeleine how impressive it would probably be even this far north, I felt vaguely ashamed on its behalf. However, at the St. Paul depot several people got off, and, having got a seat together, we didn't care if the Mississippi disappeared through a chink in the ground.

At 4:30 pm we finally arrived at the Minneapolis bus station. Outside there was a confusing intersection, and we were afraid to go far in case we got lost. Madeleine reconnoitred nearby restaurants while I called Redd Boggs at a curious sort of open-air phonebooth. I found D. W. Boggs in the phone book, not without a touch of awe, but it was Redd's father who answered, and he claimed Redd was in California. I rejoined Madeleine, and after some hesitation we bought a couple of hamburgers at what looked like an ordinary diner, until it turned out to have no place to sit down, and no plates or cutlery. After the phone booth, I began to speculate wildly that the local inhabitants suffered from endemic claustrophobia, but finally concluded the diner must have been for take-out orders.

(To be continued...)