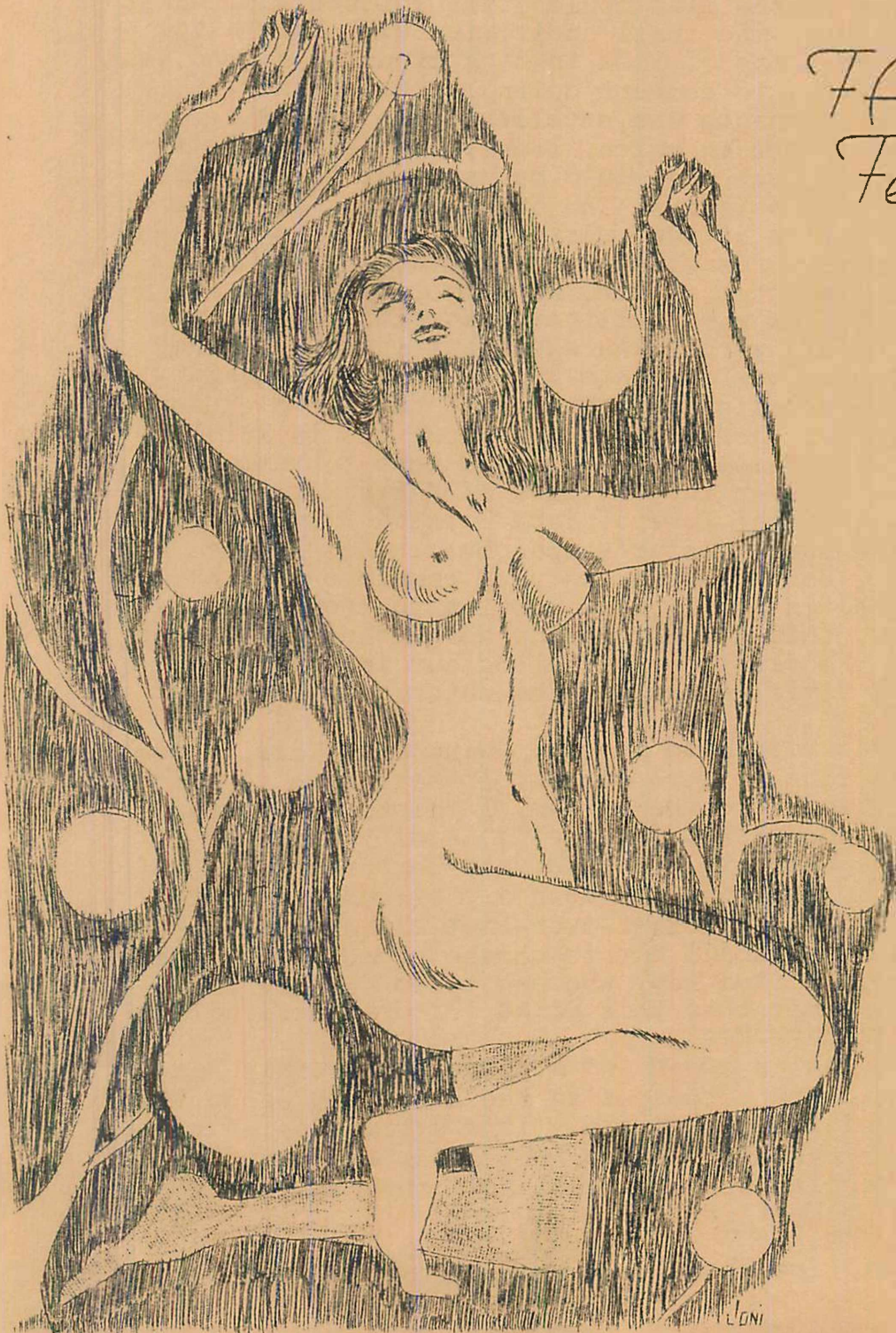


ANKUS 3

FAPA 98  
Feb. 1962



LONI



# HOWDAH

SAVOY FOREVER On the 13th of January, two carloads of Gilbert & Sullivan enthusiasts headed south from LA to San Diego; to see a performance of The Yeomen of the Guard at San Diego State. When we got there, our inside man, Ted Johnstone, informed us that the performance (the last of four) was sold out, and he had not reserved tickets as he hadn't known how many would be coming. The show was to start at 8:15, so I haunted the box office from 7:00. The only person waiting ahead of me wanted only two tickets, so the nine that I wanted were collected from cancellations by about 7:40, and the rest of the line could start collecting theirs. As it was, we sat in back of the small auditorium with only a row of temporary seats and the line of SROs in back of us -- a good thin thing, since we are inclined to comment during a performance.

In general, the performance was excellent. Two of the leads (Point and Elsie) were perfect in voice, looks, and acting. Fairfax had the first and last, but one would be hard put to say why he would be attractive to the ladies. The other members of the cast were good, with the exception of Dame Carruthers, who sang flat and off-key, and mispronounced words constantly. Her acting was based quite obviously on the character of Mme. De Farge, which was not a bad idea, but she overdid the part. Wilfred Shadbolt was a trifle too hammy. The chorus of six yeomen was excellent in voice blend, and the chorus of villagers was adequate in both size and quality. (Leonard Meryll, who looked slightly faggot as a result of clumsy makeup, joined the villager chorus after his short bit in Act I.)

The costumes were extremely good; I would love to have one of the yeomen's rigs -- or even the costumes of Fairfax or Sir Richard Cholmondely (Lt. of the Tower). Jack Point had two costumes, starting with the usual jester's spangles in Act I, and switching into a richer, more vibrant costume, complete with purple velvet cape (unlined) in Act II. In addition to indicating his improvement in finances, this Act II costume heightened the impact of Point's entrance in the finale, as it stood out immediately among the lighter, less vivid colors when he entered at the back of the set.

Even the acting was very good indeed. Point and Elsie, especially during the Act II finale, were superb. I shall have to see the D'Oyly Carte production to compare them, I think. During the argument between Point and Wilfred ("Stone!" "Lead!") they had invented a bit of business which they varied from performance to performance (according to Ted, who had seen a previous show): to settle the argument they used the fist-over-fist bit on Point's bauble as one would use a baseball bat to choose sides. (The other show, they flipped a coin.) Even Ted, who had tried for the part of Point, was forced to admit that this Point (Fredric Berling) was better than he would have been.

The accompaniment was an organ and a piano, noticeably bad during the overture, but soon forgotten in the excellent production. Perhaps next year they will do Ruddigore. (It's a favorite of mine.)

I know of no performance of G&S scheduled for the next few months, but they keep popping up so I shall have another report in the next ANKUS, in all probability.

AMENDMENTS. I said last time that I was opposed to the amendment

to raise the number of blackballs required to bump off a Wler. I am still opposed to it, and for the same reasons. I see no reason to assume that ten FAPAns would get together and plot against a Wler for spite or for any other unjustifiable reason. Such plots would have to be worked up for some time, giving opportunity for friends of the 'victim' to talk the 'plotters' out of the idea. To drop some of the pussyfooting around, this amendment was seemingly drafted about the time there was a rumour of a plot to blackball Walter Breen. Right now, no one takes any sort of bledit for the rumour, but it did circulate. It circulated to me, and the reasons for action seemed good enough at the time that I agreed to go along. Shortly thereafter, I heard reasons against the action which were even better, and I changed what passes for my mind. I am occasionally tractable. But I still maintain that ten members should be sufficient to decide on a blackball.

PRESIDENTIAL SUGGESTIONS: #1, the art show trophy: I think it is a very good idea.

The prestige of the award would definitely be enhanced were it presented by FAPA, and even if FAPA doesn't really need egoboo, it would, as Marion suggests, be an opportunity to display noblesse oblige. I for one would be perfectly willing to kick in an extra two bits to go to the award, but since the Treasury is over-loaded (well...reasonably well-supplied) right now, I am in favor of using some of the surplus for an art show award. Yes.

#2: fanzine acknowledgement by OE. I don't really care, one way or the other. Were I the OE, I'd be willing to do it, but I can see that some OE's might object to the extra work.

#3: WL fees. On this I vote yes, on the same grounds that the system was inaugurated in SAPS: It will further get rid of people not really interested in FAPA, but just interested in being on the WL for a while.

THE CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE include two items originally intended for my genzine PROFANITY. Buz sent me the manuscript for "The ~~Analogue~~ Analog Man" back in 1960, when I was still hoping to get #8 published. I stencilled it and ran the last page, but that was as far as I got. I was planning to put it through OMPA, but I got dropped before being able to do so. The same goes for Rich Brown's "Ichabodings," one of a series on parodies of Don Marquis that Rich did. I have been slowly using them in various fanzines, and am very glad to have them. Rich, if you come across any more of Ichy's writings, I'd still like to have them. The illos for Bug's story are by Harness, the one for Rich's piece is adapted from Herriman by Joe Lee Sanders.

The other item filling out the zine is a piece of music I wrote last summer, shortly after John Trimble dragged out a copy of From Unknown Worlds, pointed at the verse and said someone should set it to music. The chording is a bit too basic to suit me, but it will do until someone better than I tries chording it.

This is ANKUS #3, from Bruce Pelz  
738 S. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif.  
FAPA 98, February 1962.

INCUNEBULOUS PUB. #65.

# IVORY HOARD FAPA 97

PHLOTSAM 18 I dunno what the rest of the unattached male members of FAPA think about the "gynecological dissertations" that show up in the mailings, but I, being extremely nosy, enjoy them. Most anything that is well-written and mailable is grist for the FAPA mill, and subject only to individual likes and dislikes.

One doesn't really have to be drinking to sing such things as the "Orcs' Marching Song" -- most any filksing will get around to it, even if the participants were stone sober. Seattle was a bit short on filksings, but wait for Chicon! And this seems like a good place to put in a plug for the projected FILKSING MANUAL I hope to have ready for Chicon: anyone who has suggestions for inclusions is requested to send them in, together with the words and music, if the tune is not well known. If nobody suggests, the thing will be overloaded with Anderson, Gerber, Johnstone, and myself.

Your remark to Alan J. Lewis on the subject of fan archives, "People who have such faith usually need it," is excellent! I happen to agree with him that there should be archives, but I think he put the cart before the horse in saying that the records are mulled over by generations.

I'm with you -- the FA should be entertaining.

The issue of GERIZINE you want is 4/29, from the 8th N'APA mailing, and I'll see if I can get you a copy. But the "attack" is about 2/3 of a column, and not too noteworthy.

Offhand, and with a quick check of my fantasy collection in the kitchen cabinets, the other light fantasy (besides the Coles volumes I mentioned in ANKUS 1) I can recommend are rather old: Thorne Smith (most anything, but especially Rain in the Doorway, The Night Life of the Gods, and The Glorious Pool); James Thurber (The 13 Clocks, The White Deer, The Wonderful O); and John Kendrick Bangs (The Houseboat on the Styx, The Pursuit of the Houseboat.)

Somehow this seems little return for a very enjoyable 30page PHLOTSAM.

RAMBLING FAP 28 Thanks for the OOPSLA checklist -- it will keep me from binding until I get even the unnumbered parts, to complete the run.

Rather than keep important FAPA publications separate from the mailings, I generally try to get a second copy for my general file -- there are a couple non-collectors in the area.

SALUD 8 I for one do not like Tolkien and Peake equally; the former has it all over the latter, as far as I am concerned. Like you, I can participate more in the Tolkien works, having little or no identification in the Peake novels. With Tolkien, by the way, I have a single identification: Gandalf.

SERCON'S BANE 8 NC on the contents, but that Season-voices-dimly-heard cover is too good to let go without comment.

THE CRY IS VOICE OF SEATTLE'S NAMELESS ONES Thanks for including this, Ted White.

LE MOINDRE 24 I have been in the habit of using "kiwi" as the New Zealand equivalent of "Yankee" or "Aussie," and am more or less glad to see it's an OK thing -- but I really had no idea you were quite as bitter about NZ as you would seem to be from the definition of the kiwi. Query: why the identification of NZ'ers with the kiwi?

Hell, from the way you came on a couple years ago when you discovered the SONGS OF THE BOSSES ARTISTS, IZB should have known you didn't know any dirty songs when you were younger. But your reply to her is enjoyable reading, so maybe it's better she didn't know.

LIGHTHOUSE 4 OK, Pete, get your survey started, and let me know if you need help in whatever local area I am living in at the time. I think sociology is a crock, but I'm nosy too.

I wish you'd define "mental masturbation." It's a fine term as a put-down, but it gets used for so many different things that it loses any actual meaning it may once have had. In the present case of the CHICON III's IQ test, I think the term is invalid. As I see the test, it is meant as merely another part of the entertainment the committee has arranged for the convention. Those who take part will be those who are curious as to exactly what that elusive thing called IQ actually is, with relation to their own selves, and it will give fans a common basis for comparison of IQ -- again, more to satisfy curiosity than for any other reason. I don't think anyone is going to use the test as a criterium for deciding whether or not they will like fandom; while it is conceivable that one could dislike a fan for stupidity, I doubt that it would take an IQ test for a basis of just how stupid he would have to be to be disliked. I have every intention of taking the test if it is offered, as I have no idea at all what my own IQ is.

Extending this bit a short distance, and taking in your comment about the "generally human, friendly aims of fandom," it leads to the absurdity that you would not give a damn how smart/intelligent/ a fan was, as long as he was friendly and witty. In which case there are a number of fans you can have, and welcome to them, beginning with NG Wansborough. Myself, snobbish and inhuman though I may be, I set a (variable) standard of intelligence for fans (or anyone else) with whom I wish to associate.

Terry, I wouldn't think of boring you with the Silverlock exigesis, so I have decided not to run it through SAPS and OMPA. It will be restricted to FAPA -- and to whenever I have time to get some more work done on it. OK?

The only panelist on "It Pays to Be Ignorant" I can remember is Morey Amsterdam ("monkeys is the craziest people"). The theme went "It pays to be ignorant, to be dumb, to be stupid, to be ignorant --

It pays to be ignorant, just like me!" It was sung, as I remember, in as mor-  
onic a voice as could be managed. ... Hey, wasn't one of the other panelists a woman named Ella with a raucous Bronx-accent voice? I remember one program that the discussion took its usual devious turns until they were talking about an elephant, at which time the MC demanded "How did an elephant get in here?" To which 'Ella' retorted "I walked in!" Ella McConnell? Something like that. Lulu Ann McConnell? That's it.



I was reading through Terry's column on chitterchatter and the like, having little to comment except that LA Fandom, while not the best at chitterchatter, will contest any punmanship title. Then my reading spilled over into the bit on Salinger (for whose works I do not care at all, and about whom I do not usually care to read) and a 1-line paragraph hit me: "And I am Marie of Roumania." As I happen to be very partial to the verse of Dorothy Parker, and even very fond of quoting that particular one ("Life is a glorious cycle of song/ A medley of extemporanea; And love is a thing that can never go wrong --/ And I am..."), I recognized it, and I make a note that you use quote-battles in writing, too -- appreciations, like.

Speaking of puns, there has been a suggestion that Chicago should take advantage of Willis's attendance, and hold a punel discussion: representative punsters from all over battling puns back and forth, and a MC who is a non-punster. Who would you have represent New York?

HORIZONS 88 Doc Weir was not very well known in US Fandom, but Anglofandom has a DR. ARTHUR WEIR MEMORIAL FUND in the name of the BSFA (Ref: SKYRACK 31 p.5). I don't think Doc had enough in the fan press to merit an anthology -- a half-dozen or so, maybe.

According to Trimbles, who talked with John Myers Myers, the title character in Silverlock has no literary identification.

I am tempted to refrain from any comment on "Whatever Happened to Charlotte" on the grounds that I'm not precisely sure I'm right about it's being fiction. But I'll take a chance on it. It's a marvelous job, Harry, but Charlotte's speech is overcrowded with fan-sprache for the type of characterization you are trying to put across. She uses it in places that the most hardened FIAVOL type wouldn't. But as I say, it could still be an article instead of a story -- it's that good.

A BIRD TURNED AN EYE

Poetry written, published or not,  
Contains of the poet some portion, some jot  
Of emotion he hopes to convey --  
But sometimes it goes astray  
And a stranger makes off with the lot.

Go on dropping feathers, and wait for the  
sound;  
Even Grand Canyon's a bottom, I've found --  
And the echo may yet show up while you're  
around.

VANDY 13 Well, if I absolutely had to get the music to "We are Sons of Old Aunt Dinah," I could do so on my next trip to Disneyland -- said trips being reasonably frequent. The record shop there has all the Disney music. They even came up with the answer to Ernie Wheatley's question of "Who was the original movie voice of Snow White?" (Adriana Caselotti). Maybe I will go get the music, and put the song in FILKSING MANUAL. OK?

I second your suggestion that TCarr write "Peter Fan." And while we're suggesting such things, I've been trying to get someone to do a fannish version of "Germelshausen" for a couple years.

The Silverlock reference to Pike County is probably more basic than a reference to the folksong -- try a book called Pike County Ballads (and if Ellick would return my exigesis notes I'd be able to give you more information.)

Enjoyed the notes on singing, Juanita, from my even more amateurish standpoint than yours. One thing: don't try to take lessons from IZB on range. I have a fair range of scale, which includes a reasonably good falsetto -- but I tried to follow Mez on several numbers of her "Rivendell Suite," and found I couldn't match either the top or the bottom notes! Yma Bradley.

ANKUS 2 GILBLE 3 got finished about five days too late for the FAPA mailing, but rather than have it lying around for three months I put it through SAPS -- in spite of the fact that the zine itself says it was put through FAPA. Anyone interested can have a copy by writing Ted Johnstone or myself.

EOS Your review of "Atlantis" sounds exactly like the reviews we (Harness/Johnstone/Pelz) gave it at LASFS and the one Fred Patten did in his N'APAZine. A highly pannable movie.

In defense of Alan J. Lewis's use of the phrase "bought up," I think it gets across the idea of thoroughness more than it would without the adverb ('aufkaufen' statt kaufen.)

I wish to hell you'd get a duper that turns out legible print.

CATCH TRAP While your comment that G&S operettas demand no dramatic subtleties may be true of some of the operettas, it is definitely not true of all -- especially not of "The Yeomen of the Guard." And a bad performance certainly can spoil any of them (depending, of course, on what you call a bad performance.) More G&S comments under the editorial remarks.

Greatly enjoyed the Tolkien comments.

DAY\*STAR Mr. Wells, the FAPA waiting list is still growing at a ridiculous rate. According to my records, there have been 81 people on the WL during the last 6 mailings (92-97). Of these, 11 became members, 13 were dropped, and the other 57 remain on the list. An advance look at the S-T report for FAPA 98 shows 61 on the WL in spite of another membership and at least one drop. Just where do you get the idea that FAPA applicants are so limited that they wouldn't overburden the WL again if the membership were expanded? As for voting WLers in, I for one am 101% against the idea, as being completely unfair to the WLers -- as well as a big waste of time trying to get FAPAs to vote. While I approve of the blackball to rid FAPA of extremely undesirable characters, I don't agree with the idea of preferential treatment of desirables.

NULL-F 22 Walter, the SF story about restrictive city rules was "Teatray in the Sky." Galaxy; I believe.

#23 was sort of a waste of postage, huh, Ted?

THE LURKING SHADOW II:2 As one who joined the club of GMC's-so-much-nicer-in-person at the same time you did - Seacon - let me welcome you. The only thing about my joining was that GMC had the same feelings about me. See you at Chi!

Over the years, the relentless hand of Time culls the lists of science fiction tales, again and again sifting through the interminable piles and accumulating a small selection of Stories Which Have Withstood the Test of Time.  
This one didn't make it...

# THE ~~ASTOUNDING~~

## ANALOG MAN

BY F. M. BUSBY

The situation, thought Jondubel, was not good. With his friend Bobsel Ferberg spiralling to his doom on the great starship, trapped in the unfeeling grip of the Cold Equations, there was very little to be done.

"But something must be done!" Jondubel whispered. "The 'Xi Onyx' must be saved, whether the universe forgives mistakes or not. And Bobsel is a friend of mine -- many is the issue that has been settled only with his assistance. Never let it be said that Jondubel Ucanbull ever quit while ~~there~~ there was still a chance."

He checked his data once again; yes, it was still the same: the red jack would not play on the red king without the elusive black queen. And the great ship "Xi Onyx" was still spiralling to her doom in the grip of the Cold Equations. "Unless something can be done," he thought desperately, "all is lost."

He rallied the last dregs of his insuperable will. "I will not give up," he thought. "I will not abandon the 'Xi Onyx.' I will not allow Bobsel Ferberg to be lost to us forever. Something can be done; it shall be done."

He drew a deep breath. "If necessary," he thought, "I will rewrite that whole last chapter, myself."

\* \* \* \* \*

Hours later, Jondubel was forced to admit defeat. It was clearly impossible to rewrite that chapter so as to save Bobsel Ferberg. Too many unforgivable mistakes had been made; the Universe was adamant. "But still," Jondubel insisted, "There must be a way. The Universe can't be all that immutable. What about Outside Intervention?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The alien ship, by immutable happenstance, touched down just outside Jondubel's study. The Alien Ambassador left the ship, tromped through Jondubel's prize petunias, and entered Jondubel's study without knocking (outré pipples, outré mores.)

"Just the Thing I was looking for!" cried Jondubel. Quickly he outlined the



predicament of the "Xi Onyx" and of Bobsel Ferberg. "And now," he asked, glowing in anticipation and perfect Land-process 2-color, "what do you suggest?"

"Well," said the Alien, and explained at some length what would be necessary to save Bobsel Ferberg and the "Xi Onyx" from the grip of the Cold Equations, the immutable unforgivingness of the Universe, and the unsalvageability of the last chapter.

"Unthinkable!" cried Jondubel Ucanbull in ringing tones. "Don't you see what this would mean? It is implicit in your solution that you are schmardter than we are! -- I can't print that!"

The Alien did a perfect Land-process double-take, and returned to his ship. It was noticeable that he tromped a lot more of Jondubel's flowers on the way back than he had on the way out. As the ship prepared to leave, he was heard to mutter "Unforgiving, huh? The Universe is an amateur, compared to me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, ~~damn~~ darnit!" said Jondubel, "--double darnit! There simply has to be some way to beat those Cold Equations (even though I wrote them myself, I who am even less forgiving than the Universe)." He pondered; a cold unforgiving light flickered in his eyes, and he played the red jack on the red king anyway. Then, flinging the pasteboards aside, he aimed a length of copper wire at Faber's "Life of the Ants" and screamed "DIE, hexapod swine!"

With a hardwon calmness, he clutched the two remaining tranquillizer-pills. His thoughts raced. He sighed; it was a dead heat. But somehow, ~~somehow~~, he thought, someone could solve the problem. Elementary, thought Jondubel. Since I can't solve it, and the Alien didn't have a workable (i.e., saleable) solution, and since flies are stuck all over the Hieronymous machine, there is only one solution. And, setting the corflu aside, Jondubel set out in search of the only other solution that could obliterate a mistake.

\* \* \* \* \*

The counterman was affable. "Hiya, Mr. Ucanbull. What'll you have?" Jondubel smiled to himself; this poor clod would never believe him, even if he announced his real purpose. "Cuppa coffee, Jack," he temporized.

Jondubel kept a close watch on the trade, and observed closely as a customer approached the cash register to pay a check. Jondubel slid forward to the edge of his seat to watch.

"Wadd'ya mean, a buck-thirty-five?" the man asked. "We on'y had t'ree hamburgers an' four coffees! Can'cha add?" He towered superbly over the counterman.

"Oh, sure," apologized ~~Jack-the-counterman~~, "my mistake." And the party exited.

"Aha!" thought Jondubel. "Perhaps this oaf could be the man I am looking for -- the Man who Counts!" He called. the counterman.

"Jack," he asked, "who was that man? Who was that commanding individual whose very presence caused you to doubt your own logic -- whose challenge paralyzed you, so that you willingly abdicated your own Right of Decision and allowed him to conclude the transaction on his own terms? I suppose," Jondubel reflected, "that his name will go down in history, from sheer impact. By the way, Jack," he added, "what is his name?"

"Chee, Mr. Ucanbull," Jack mumbled, "I dunno. But his brother is on the cops."

\* \* \* \* \*

Appearances are not everything, thought Jondubel. There are people who by their very natures mold the course of the Universe itself. (And it can forgive, or not, he thought resentfully; it's not maying my salary.) He settled back over a fresh

cuppacoffee, watching the customers come and go as the "Xi Onyx" plunged toward doom.

"Waiter!" shrilled a voice. "This cup has lipstick on it, and it isn't mine!" Jondubel roused himself from a Dull-A dream of Dionics, to observe a scrawny female child of some fourteen years waving a cup, slopping the contents on the floor at every step. "I don't have to pay for this," she pouted, "and I won't. You better get you a new dishwasher, Jack." She set the cup on the counter and flounced out.

"Jack!" called Jondubel in subdued tones. "Who was the dynamic little snot? She's undeveloped, certainly, but perhaps she is the One who can best the Universe on its own terms. Who is she?"

"Chee, I dunno, Mr. Ucanbull," Jack answered. "Her ol' man is on the Board of Health, and that's good enough for me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jondubel seethed, inside. The coffee seethed pretty well, unassisted, if it came to that (he was determined that it shouldn't). **It was intolerable that the Man Who Counted should continue to evade him.** He watched, waiting. Patron after patron entered, ordered, consumed, and went away without showing any signs of Innate Superiority. Jondubel asked Jack-the-counterman, "Don't you agree that some people are simply More Commanding than others, Jack?"

"Why, sure they are, Mr. Ucanbull," Jack responded. So Jondubel stayed, watched, and hoped (always thinking of poor Bobsel Ferberg spiralling into the doom of the Cold Equations in the proud ship "Xi Onyx.")

Finally he saw a tall rawboned commanding-looking individual enter with a free stride and non-conformist flair, leading a party of eight, who ordered the most expensive meals offered by the establishment. The leader proffered a credit-card. Jack bowed and shuffled, showing considerable embarrassment as he left to relay the orders.

Jondubel's mouth watered as Jack brought the carefully-balanced tray of steaks. Jack was at his best -- he served the platters carefully, skillfully placed the side-dishes, and was bringing a precarious armload of accessories when the tall significant man shouted, "Where's the catsup?" Bedlam ensued, as Jack involuntarily dumped condiments at random.

Much later, Jondubel pressed a glass of cheap wine to Jack's lips and asked, "That man? He has his faults, but he's got the Presence. He can stand up to the Universe itself and tell it to go to hell. Who is he?"

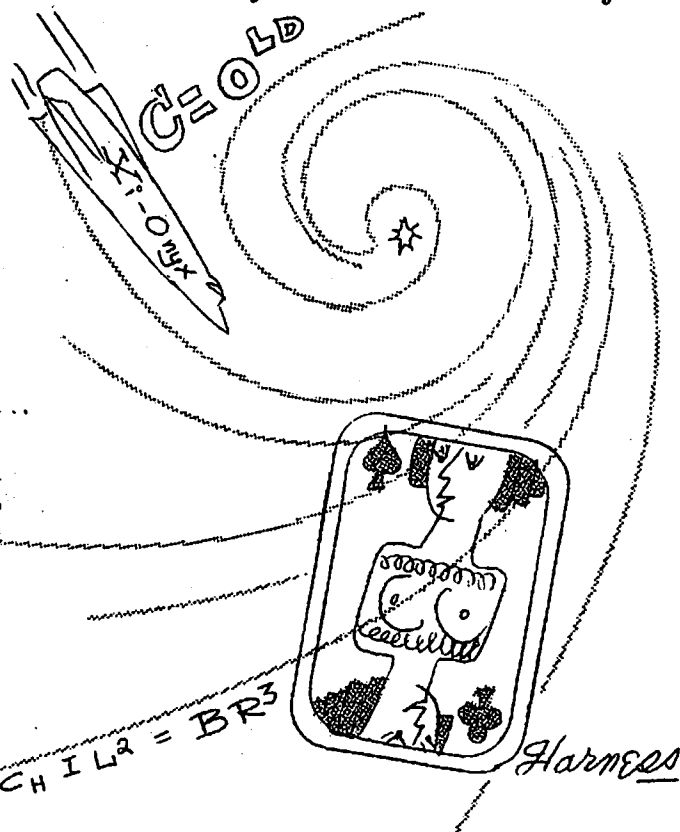
"Chief of Police, Mr. Ucanbull: the Governor's cousin."

Jondubel writhed. "Look, Jack!" he shouted. "I told you what I was looking for -- a man who can sway the Universe itself. I need to save my friend Bobsel Ferberg and the great ship "Xi Onyx." You know how desperate I am. Why do you fob me off with these cynical substitutes?"

Jack shook his head, mournfully. "Mr. Ucanbull?" he stammered. "You really want me to tell you?"

"Certainly!" roared Jondubel Ucanbull.

"Well, it's like this," said Jack. "Sure, some people can always clobber other people, and maybe even the whole damn Universe, if you say so. But" quickly, before Jondubel could interrupt, "the public just



isn't quite ready for it all."

"Nonsense!" snorted Jondubel Ucanbull.

"Nossir," pleaded Jack-the-counteraman, "it's true. There are people who can mold other people around their little finger, just like you been saying."

"So?" gritted Jondubel, "then where are they?"

"Well," answered Jack, "it's like this: you scared them all away."

"Impossible!" flared Jondubel.

"Nossir," answered Jack, "it's true. You are the Man Who Counts. You are the man who can wrest the prizes from the unforgiving Universe. You are the joker with the two-headed coin. Mr. Ucanbull, if you can't trick the Universe and make it do things your way, then nobody can!"

"Ridiculous!" Jondubel exclaimed, after a long soul-searching pause. He eyed the counteraman suspiciously. "You're covering up, Jack!" he exclaimed, "but now the stakes are too high. You must admit the Truth!" He tensed his whole entire being as he threw the all-important question.

"Who's behind you, Jack? Who's the real Master of the Universe?"

He waited tensely for the answer, watching the counteraman closely for any clue as to the identity of the Secret Master lurking in the background. Finally, Jack spoke.

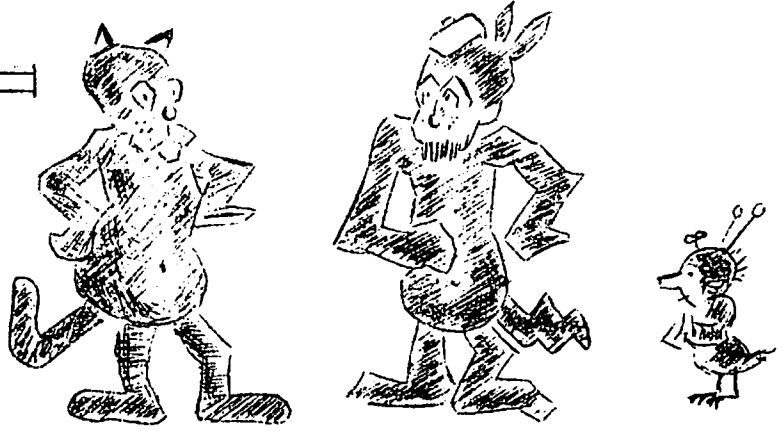
"Oh, gedoddahere, willya!" Jack screamed. "Just gedoddahere an' lemme alone! I do'wanna hear no more outa ya!" Jack's voice raised further: "Geddout!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jondubel Ucanbull stared at the black queen, nudging itself at his fingers. He considered, fully, the implications of his involuntary transference to his own apartment. Then, unflinchingly accepting the loss of his friend Bobsel Ferberg and of the great starship "Xi Onyx," Jondubel Ucanbull slipped the black queen between the red jack and the red king, and ESP'd, politely, for a hamburger "to go."



# icabod = sings 4 by rich brown



george harriman (playgrounded by joe sander:)

i ran into mehitabel again  
last evening  
she is inhabiting  
a decayed bookcase  
in greenwich village  
in company with the  
most villainous tom cat  
i have ever seen  
but there is nothing  
wrong about the association  
ichy she told me  
it is merely a plutonic  
attachment  
and the thing can be  
believed for the tom  
looks like one of pluto s demons  
it is a stf bookcase  
ichy mehitabel told me  
and tom is an old fannish cat  
he has given his life  
to fandom  
he claims that bob  
bloch once  
kicked him out of the way  
and then cried because  
he had done it and  
petted him  
and another time  
he says in a case  
of emergency  
he did minimum activity  
requirements to keep  
his master in fapa  
fandom is not what it  
used to be tom says  
and he puts his front paw  
on his breast and says

they don t have it anymore  
they don t have it here  
the old days are gone  
there s nobody can fan  
anymore  
they are all amateurs nowadays  
they haven t got it  
here  
there are only  
a very few of us  
oldtime fans left  
this generation does not know  
what fannish presence is  
personality is what they lack  
personality  
where would they get  
the training my old friends  
got at oneshot parties  
i knew mr tucker very well  
says tom  
there was a trufan for you  
i used to sit on his knee  
and purr when i was  
a kitten he used to tell me  
how much he valued my opinion  
finish is what they lack  
finish  
and they haven t got it  
here  
and again he laid his paw  
on his breast  
i remember mr rapp very  
well too  
i was with mr rapp  
for several years  
there was art for you  
there was teamwork

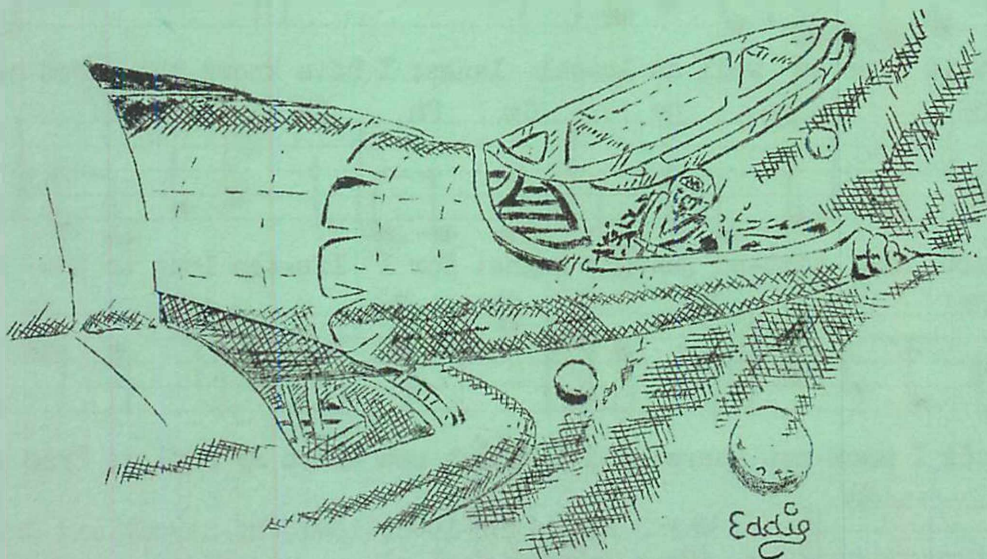


there was fanac  
they knew fandom  
and they all had it  
here  
for two years mr rapp  
would not mimeograph  
unless i was there  
to count his stacks  
they are amateurs nowadays  
rank amateurs all of them  
they just haven t got it  
nowadays  
they haven t got it  
here  
rapp had it he had it  
here  
i come of a long line  
of fans cats  
my grandfather  
was with moscowitz  
he had it he was a real fan  
my grandfather said  
he had a voice  
that used to shake  
the hotels conventions  
were held in to their  
foundations  
once he ripped the pad  
on his mimeo  
and my grandfather  
dipped himself  
in mimeo ink and they

used him for the  
rest of the issue  
you don t see any fannish  
cats that could do that  
nowadays  
they haven t got it they  
haven t got it  
here  
once i posed for  
a rotslerism  
i sat on my hind legs  
and crooked my nose  
like a rotslerism does  
and made spots come  
out of my mouth  
rotsler was a real  
trufan he knew how to pick  
his models i would like  
to see any of these modern  
fannish cats pose for  
a rotslerism  
but they haven t got it  
here

mehitabel he says  
both our professions  
are being ruined  
by amateurs

ichy

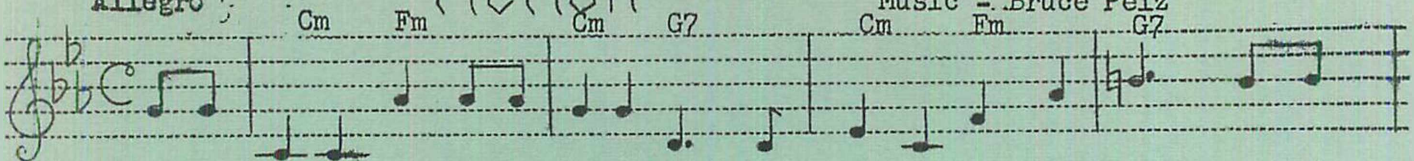




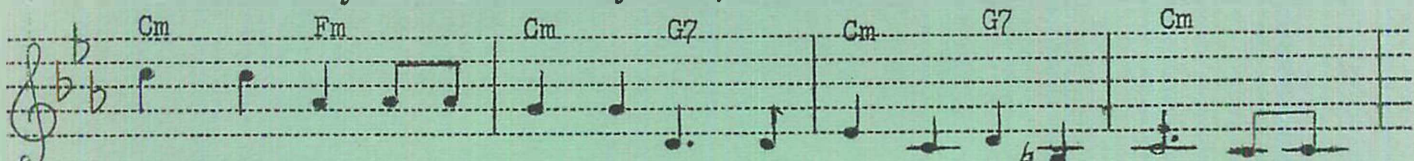
# "fiction"

Words - Allen Grant  
Music - Bruce Pelz

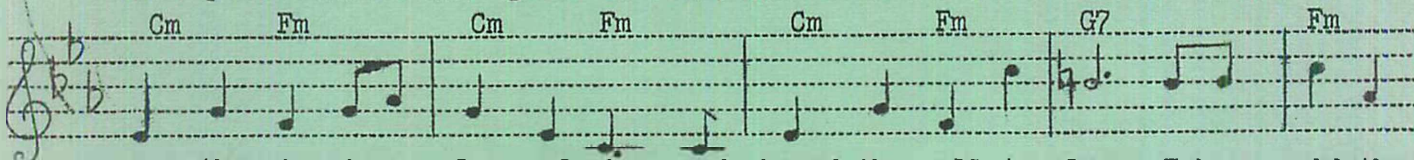
Allegro



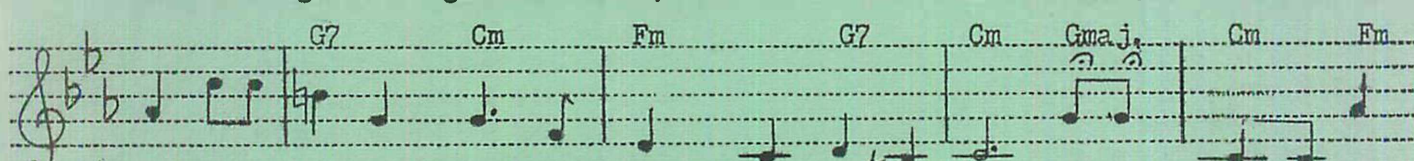
I have met my fate in an ic-y hate, and drunk a toast to death; And I've



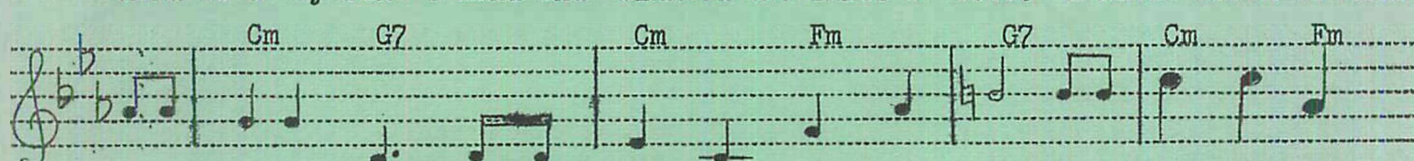
seen quite well of the gates of hell, and felt the dev-il's breath; I have



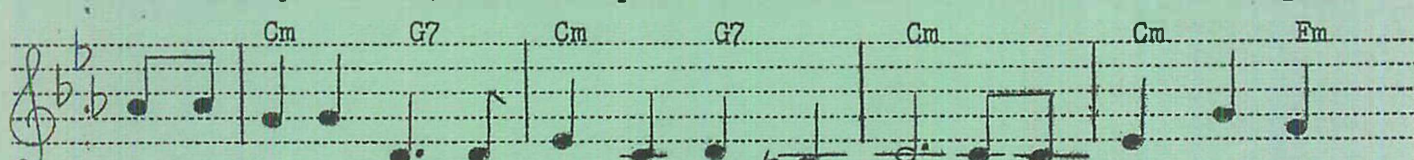
seen the sign in a glass of wine, and heard the call to love; I have rid the



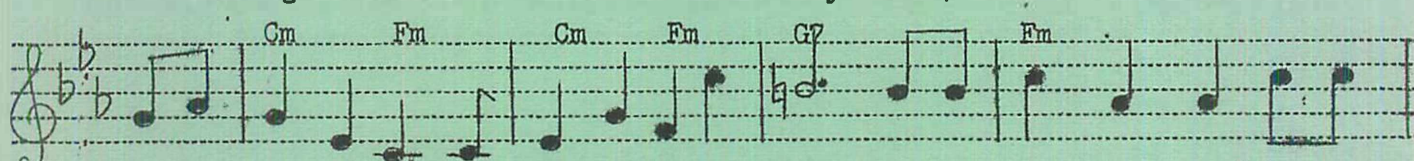
land of a ty-rant's hand and climbed the skies a-bove. I have known as much



of a fair-y's touch, and the spell that called her there as I have of gods



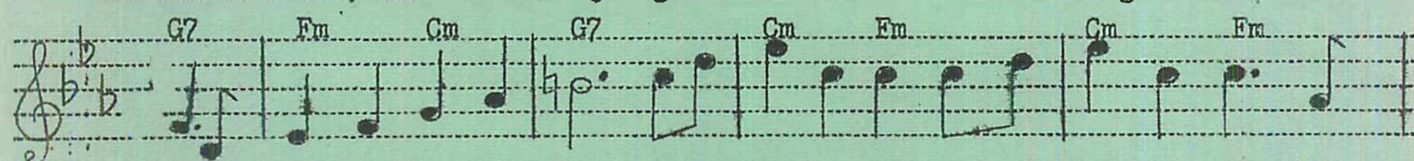
and the mag-ic swords of life and death they bear; I have known the stars



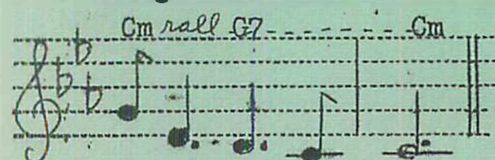
and the myst-ic Mars as well as lo-cal lanes; I have known the sport of King



Ar-thur's court, and tast-ed jun-gle rains: For I lis-ten long to the si-ren



song That leads I know not where; And I sail a sea where my soul is free - And



nev-er leave my chair.

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(From Unknown Worlds).

Music copyright 1962 by Bruce Pelz.