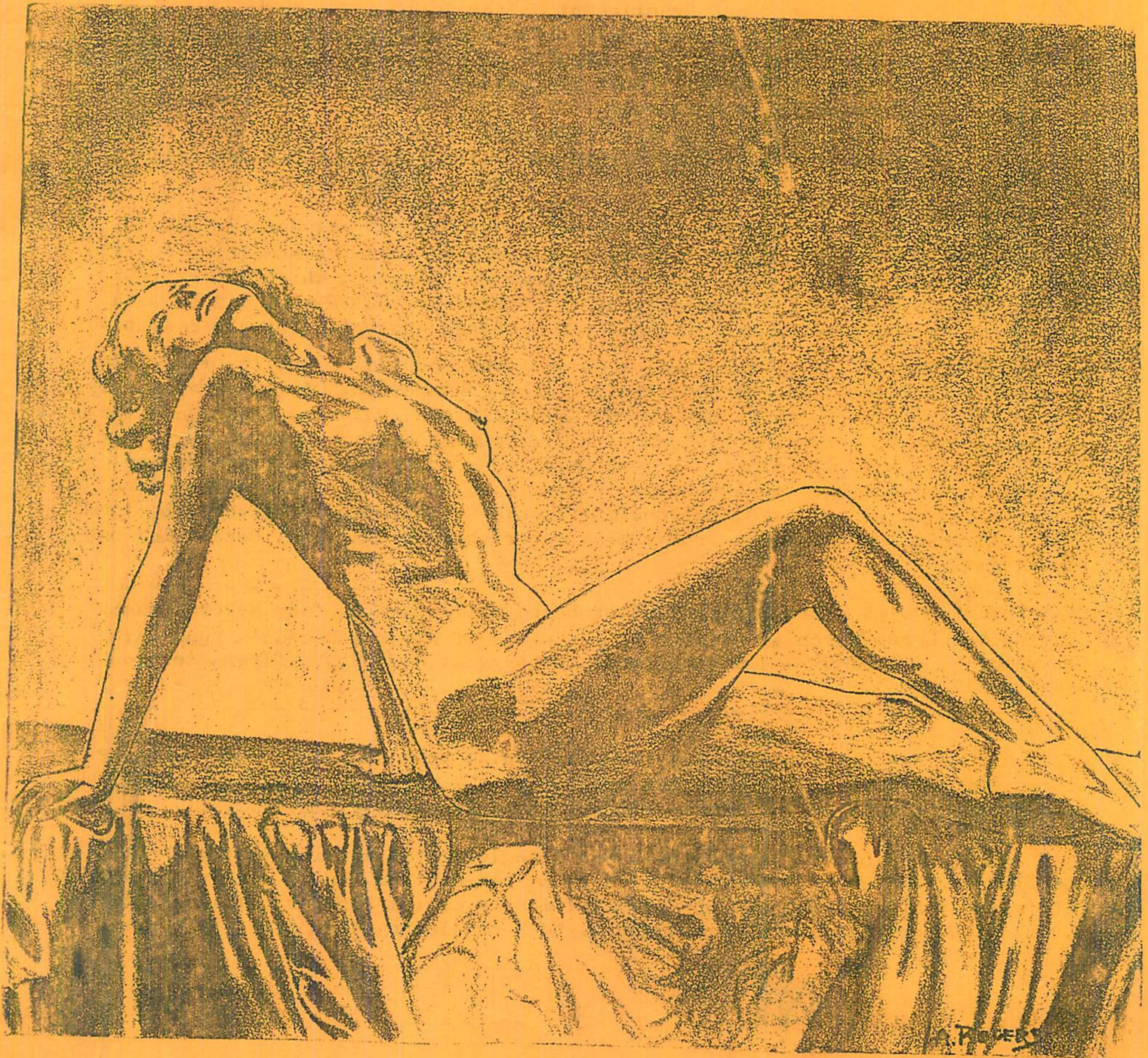


Ankus 6

NOVEMBER 1962



In spite of what the cover says, this is intended for the February 1963 mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Even so, it is still

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Carousing on Carousels
Ivory Hoard (mailing comments)
Back cover by Dian Girard (depicting the CULT Pin-up girl,
Helen A'Bucket)

The heading for "The Theory and Practice of Chicon" was done by Howard Miller, who has several times expressed an interest in doing something for the FAPA. These expressions were made during parties, however, which generally leads to doubts as to the sincerity of the expresser. But Howard did do both this heading and one for my SAPSzine, and I should apologize for those doubts.

The eleven illos of the Justice Society were copied by Bjo to provide the L.A. crew with something to base their Chicon costumes on. Of the eleven, only the first six (Dr. Fate, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Hawkman, Flash, and the Sandman) made it to the con (along with Dr. Midnite and the Black Canary, for which no illo had been drawn). A more detailed account of the selection and execution of the costumes is scheduled to appear in ALTER EGO 6 (\$.50 from Ronn Foss, Wagon Wheel Apts. #5, Suisun, California) with photos of several of them. The illustrations are taken from comics copyrighted by National Periodical publications.

Ted Johnstone, as Green Lantern, after being batted in the face several times during the Grand March at Chicago by the wings of Karen Anderson's Luna Moth costume: "Just watch -- I'm gonna make the biggest damn green flyswatter you ever saw!"

Disneyland cartoons in this issue by Bjo. I know she has a bunch more of these things kicking around in her notebooks, but the problem is to find them and then to find time for her to stencil them. Eventually, maybe... .

On re-reading my con report, I see I neglected to mention that the music to "Thunder and Roses" finally showed up at the auction, and I eventually walked off with it after being bid up several times by Elliot Shorter. It is a photo-stat of the original manuscript, and maybe I can learn it in time for Discon.

L. A. ONCE MORE IN '64

THE THEORY ^{AND} PRACTICE of CHICON by BRUCE PELZ

One of these years I will find a way to take convention report notes without making a tedious job of it, but as yet I've been unable to do so. I get a few notes written on the trip to the convention, and maybe a half a page on the first day there, and the rest of the time I am caught up in a whirl and the notes are non-existent. Chicon III is as bad an example of this as any -- I got notes on the first two days trip, and then nothing else. But even so, there are some views and comments on the con and its aftermath that I want to make, so a sketchy con report is in order.

Ted Johnstone and I had the questionable honor of going both to and from Chi on Greyhound, as there was no room in either of the two cars going from this area, and even if we'd been able to afford plane tickets we had too much luggage and junk to take. So with Dian Girard providing early morning taxi service before she went to work, we caught a 9AM bus the Tuesday before the con. We checked a couple suitcases each, but there was still a lot that had to be carried: a guitar, two helmets (one for my costume, the other - Don Simpson's "Drachenhelm" - to be entered in the art show), Ted's attache case and my brief case (known as "the bucket" and "the albatross," respectively.) We managed to take over the entire back seat of the bus, stashing the helmets and guitar on a shelf in back of the seat, until Las Vegas, when some woman and 3 kids got on and plonked herself and 2 of the kids in the extra seats. From there to Chi it was usually crowded.

At Vegas I dropped about \$1.20 in the nickel slots at the Post House, then wandered over to a casino across the street and started feeding nickels into a four-wheel slot, in spite of Ted's efforts to hurry me back to the bus. The 3rd nickel hit a 23-1 pot, and I quit. We dashed back to the bus, but it was still waiting; by the time it started loading I was down a total of \$1.50. Inexpensive amusement, though, considering what it could cost.

While I either slept or stared out the window, Ted struck up a conversation with the girl next to him, eventually leading into his standard lecture S-29 on being a radio-TV major at San Diego State (includes "Happy Hideout" show, does not include fandom.) By the time we stopped for supper in Utah, he had her name, destination, and most other fact -- except age. We agreed she looked good except for a face too full of nose, and that it was a shame she wouldn't be able to lay over in Chi. The age came out during further conversation that evening, and the San Quentin Quail Syndrome had struck again -- most every unattached girl we meet turns out to be 16. Pfui.

One fannish public service that needs doing is the compilation of a list of recommended places to eat along the main arteries across the country. I had been eating at the Post Houses out of sheer laziness, although I knew the food wasn't very good, and the prices were too high. But when we stopped for lunch in some town in Iowa, the PH didn't even have any hamburgers, so I got disgusted enough to go looking for somewhere else to eat. I wound up down about a block, at what looked like a greasy spoon bar-and grill type place; they have the best cheeseburgers I've eaten anywhere -- they make them with a much better

cheese than the usual bland rat cheese. But at this late date I can't remember the name of the city, let alone the name of the grill.

Ted had been snapping photos, with a camera borrowed from Dian, at several of our stops, but I took my first shot as the bus lumbered across the Mississippi River into Illinois. I figured we had about arrived — Illinois is just Chicago and its suburbs, anyway. We pulled into the Chicago terminal Thursday, in the mid-afternoon, stood around for a couple hours waiting for our luggage to be brought up, and finally gave it up as a bad job and walked the mile or so to the Pick-Congress, bucket, albatross, guitar, helmets, and all.

Our room was on the main floor of the convention, just off the elevators (which have been justifiably damned by almost all attendees). There were also escalators and stairs in the same area, and since the former generally weren't working any better than the elevators — if that well — we used the latter for most communication with the first two floors. Stashing everything but the albatross in the room, we headed for the lobby wearing name-tag-sized cards that said "L.A. Once More in '64" in blinding black-on-red. Don Fitch had printed the cards on his press as a last-minute rush job, so we could advertize the L.A. worldcon bid. As the registration desk hadn't opened, the fans used our cards as name-tags for a day or so -- we passed out over 100 of them, complete with the plastic holders.

After a couple hours of meeting people and gabbing, Chuck Hansen dragged us back to the third floor corridor for a folk-sing. There were 30-some copies of a preliminary edition of FILKSONG MANUAL (12pp.) in the suitcase that hadn't arrived yet, but we went ahead on repertoire numbers. Eventually this broke up, and the LASFS held a meeting (since it was Thursday night, and the LASFS meets every week on Thursday night.) The Director thought it was rather stupid to try to hold a meeting in Chi while another, chaired by the Senior Committeeman (Dian Girard, who had to work through Friday, then flew to Chi) was going on in L.A. But under the bullyragging of the Secretary, Fred Patten, the Director eventually agreed to conduct the meeting. There were more guests than members, but we did have three of the five officers. I still think it was stupid.(but enjoyable.)

Bypassing Friday, from which I remember only the retrieving of our luggage and some sort of a party in Al Lewis's room, there was the NFFF breakfast Saturday morning. It was well-attended, though I'm not at all sure what it proved; those who wanted to talk to other N3Fers could have done so at the hospitality room. (Me, I'm a joiner, so I went to see who else showed up. Maybe they were all there to see who else was?)

The Fan Art Show opened Saturday, and I deposited "Drachenhelm," along with two beautifully-engraved glass goblets that I'd carried, extremely well wrapped, in the albatross from L.A. to enter for Don Simpson (they took a prize, tho the "Drachenhelm" didn't.) The Fan Art Show was extremely good this year, and I spent quite a bit of time there during the con. There were a number of excellent paintings up for bid or for sale outright, and I wound up spending about \$48 for some of them. I particularly approve of the bid system, as I think I've found a sneaky way to beat it. In any case, the quality of the fan art was many times better than the professional stuff up for auction, and I suspect it will continue to do so as the fan artists get better and the prozines get worse (and maybe less willing to part with their art — like Ace and its Krenkels? Or has someone succeeded in latching on to any of those?)

I found little of interest in the huckster room -- the only thing I bought there during the whole con was a copy of Bloch's Eighth Stage of Fandom. There was one character selling comics for what I considered ridiculous prices (I have since discovered that they're reasonable by the standards of comic fandom).

I went to the opening of the program, but if the Introductions are going to

drag on interminably (as they did at Chi) while everyone in the audience is introduced, I'm going to cut that part of the program, too. I presume those doing the intros are afraid of offending someone by not introducing him, but the neo won't know the names of all these characters anyway, and the BNF (or even WKF) doesn't need the intros. Introduce the pros and the very well known BNFs, and let it go at that.

I cut the rest of the program for Saturday, getting in on the last bit of the reception for Ethel Lindsay and the Willises and part of the auction. After dinner I headed out to find an open barber shop, in preparation for a switch of identity during the costume ball. When I eventually found one -- at the Greyhound station -- the barber was slightly crogged at my request for a flattop haircut. I can't really blame him; at the time I had a six-months beard and a month and a half worth of hair. The LAREans were starting to suggest using my picture for a mascot for SHAGGY. But I got the flattop, then went back to the hotel and up to my room. There I got rid of the beard and climbed into the Dr. Fate costume. The final step was the abandonment of the classes and the substitution of contact lenses, but here the plans went awry. The helmet for the costume fit too tightly to allow the constant blinking demanded by the use of contacts (I'd only had them a couple weeks). So I had to go in my non-lens state -- semi-blindness. The idea was to make a complete character change, including a switch from my usual black outfit to a light tan and white one, right after the masquerade, and see how long it took people to recognize me. But the word got out, somehow, and people kept looking under the helmet (which covered the full face and head) to verify the rumour that I'd shaved. Still, it did surprise quite a few people -- even Dian, who knew beforehand what I was going to do, walked right past me several times later that night without seeing me.

The masquerade itself was a mess. There were all sorts of costumes there, but it was so crowded and disorganized that no one had much of a chance to show off (with the exception of the femmes, of course.) Worse, there was no opportunity to announce the titles of the costumes, and I'm almost positive the judges hadn't the slightest idea what some of those costumes were. The L.A. crew had come as members of the Justice League of America -- eight comic characters from the old ALL STAR COMICS -- and there wasn't even any chance to let it be known we were a group. Pffui.

With the Grand ~~March~~ Shuffle over and the winners announced, the masquerade broke up. I had no complaints about the winning costumes with the exception of the one for female anatomy -- I wasn't even aware that sloppy-looking broad was even in costume; I thought it was her natural beatnik outfit. It was later announced as a "wood nymph." uh-huh. Even so, I thought Sylvia Dees's Polychrome the Rainbow's Daughter (or Dian Girard's Wonder Woman, Bjo's Firebird, or any of several others) should have beaten her. In any case, with the raucous music of a twist filling the room, I left quickly, and in company with Dick Schultz and several of the other Justice Society members headed for the bar.

Later, there were parties. I remember watching Dian and Peggy Rae McKnight attack George Scithers. ("He goes 'Eep!' when you tickle him" ...Dian) Dian was after George's Hyborian Legion medal, but he clung to it tightly. (She had tried earlier, during the masquerade, to get Eney's Hyborian Legion medal -- but Eney clung to her tightly. A much more sensible defence.

I slept through the business session, getting up barely in time to wander through the exhibition of Powers's artwork. I looked at the paintings, then at the prices, then went and admired the fan art again. Again skipping all the program but the auction (I wound up with about 20 foreign-language comics), I got dressed for the banquet and wandered down to see where the SAPS table was.

SAPS had Reserved Table #1, which sounded good — but wasn't. It was at the far end of the speakers' table, and nearest the clattering kitchen. But there were ten SAPS there — Breen, Berman, Johnstone, Girard, Eney, Harness, Patten, Meskys, myself (OE), and Hannifen, who was coöpted at the last minute to take the place of Bruce Henstell who hadn't shown up. When the speeches started I kept jumping up and taking pictures (most of which were overexposed from so many other lights on the speakers), but managed to enjoy Tucker's remarks and most of the rest of the speeches.

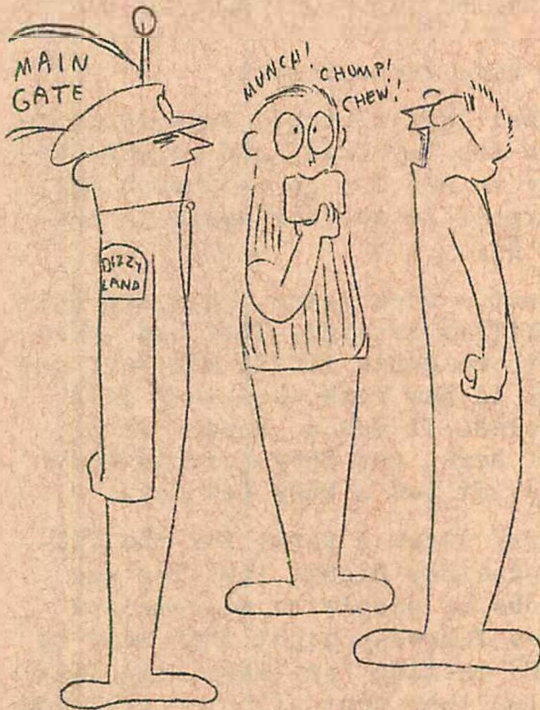
Though it be treason to say so, I consider Sturgeon's speech very disappointing. It was charming, it was light, it was entertaining. But it wasn't very good, and it damn sure wasn't "A Function For Fable," as had been advertised (and listed in the Program Booklet. I frankly do not care what was in the ultra-hilarious paragraph that only Bloch, Davidson and Boucher got to read; I would much rather he had said something. However, I admire Sturgeon's writings very much, and I willingly join in the applause for him. After the banquet, torn between staying to talk to Heinlein (who is due to make another last-minute appearance to accept a Hugo in 1964 — it happens every two years) and running after Sturgeon, I did the latter, catching him just in time before he escaped. I asked about the music to "Thunder and Roses" — would there be some time at the con when he might sing it? He replied that (1) he couldn't sing it, as he had written it out of his range, and (2) he had donated one copy of the music (which is copyrighted and not commercially available) to the auction. After checking with Al Lewis, boy auctioneer, to make sure that the music hadn't come up at a time when I wasn't there, I headed for the Florentine Room for my first real part of the program: Fritz Leiber's talk on "Fafhrd and Me." This was highly enjoyable, and I was very glad I had arranged with Fritz to reprint the talk. (In case anyone is interested, it appeared in my recent SAPSzine, SPELEOBEM 18, and there are a couple extra copies left.)

Fritz was followed by Bloch's speech, illustrated with slides, on "Monsters I have known." Part of it was serious discussion of the early weird films and their stars; part was hilarious commentary on Hollywood; part was digs at Tucker. All was excellent. Bloch is one of the few people who could successfully follow Fritz.

The rest of the evening was spent talking with a very pooped concom, and then party-hopping. Eventually I wound up in Neissen Himmel's room on the 14th floor, where Dan Curran and I were the only fans for a time — the rest of the room being filled with pros. From what I hear, I left way too early from that party — but at least I got some sleep.

Monday morning I made it a point to get to the fan art show early so I would be there to make final under-the-wire bids on a couple paintings I wanted. It wasn't really necessary; I conceded the two Cawthorne Tolkien drawings to Chuck Hansen, and found that my opponent in the bidding for Simpson's "Flying City" was nowhere in sight, so that was no contest. The rest of Monday I remember not at all. It was filled with preliminary preparations for departure, and I would as soon not remember those.

On Tuesday the LA crew started to leave. We had the additional problem of a character who had decided he would go back with us on the bus (there were six returning by Greyhound) when he hadn't been invited — or wanted. To balance this we had the enjoyable opportunity to escort Ethel Lindsay back with us. We pulled a couple of ploys, and the unwanted addition wound up on a early bus with one of the crew as decoy (Fred Patten had to go back early to register at UCLA anyway.) The rest of us went on a tour of the Museum of Science and Industry for a couple hours, and found that Johnstone was quite right in saying that it was impossible to see that Museum in so short a time. We'll have to go back one of these days and see the rest.



"JACK! IF WE CAN'T GET OUR LUNCH THRU CUSTOMS, WE DON'T HAVE TO EAT IT ALL NOW! RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST?"

Wednesday and Thursday after the con we spent on the bus. There were six of us: Ellik, Johnstone, Harness, Dian, Ethel, and myself, and in spite of the Greyhound Company and its "hurry-up-and-wait" game, we had a pretty good trip. We soon learned not to eat at Post Houses, but go a block or two to some small restaurant which usually had better food, prices, and atmosphere.

Friday was spent with the Tacketts in Albuquerque. Roy and Chrys took us on a tour of Old Town (the Indian quarter), fed us prodigious quantities of excellent home cooking, and just generally turned their place over to a half-dozen nutty fans. I slept the better part of the afternoon to make up for the lack of sleep on the bus. That night, Chrystal drove us back to the station and we caught a bus for L.A.

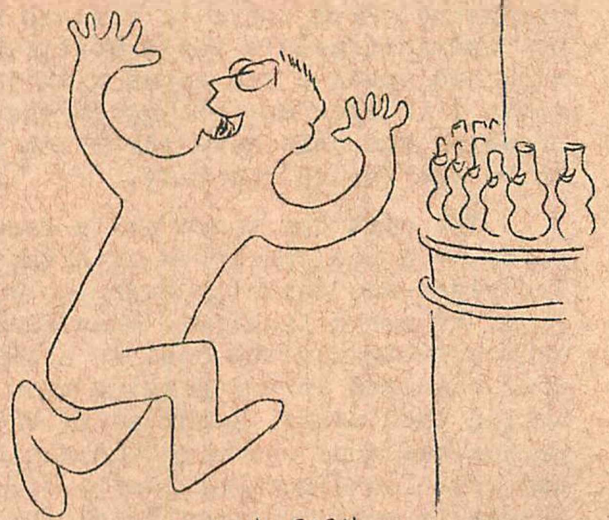
We got in late Saturday night, and all went our separate ways. Ethel was staying with the Moffatts (who, along with Rick Sneary, had come to meet us at the

station), and a party in her honor was to be given the next day. We staggered off to get some sleep.

Sunday evening we assembled at Len's and Anna's. It was a small party, but an enjoyable one, as various local fans filtered in and out, and the more hardy ones sat and gabbed, filksang, and had fun. Dian played "Tease-the-Squirrel," a very popular game among the femmes at parties. As Director of the LASFS, I presented Ethel with the accumulation of loot in the Pun Fund, which was only about eight or nine dollars, I think, and Len added a Magic Kingdom Club card which Continental Can had unwittingly donated to the Cause of entertaining a TAFF winner. And the next day we went to Disneyland.

There were four Certified Dizzyland Addicts, plus Len Moffatt who didn't quite know what he was letting himself in for, and Ethel. Three cameras (Dian's, borrowed by Ted; Ethel's own; and mine) clicked almost constantly from the moment we got inside the gate. (The first one was of Ethel with Mickey Mouse -- Ethel seems to be exactly 5/8-scale like everything else in Dizzyland!)

It is impossible to see all of Disneyland and go on everything in one trip, but we did as much of the Grand Tour as time allowed -- the train trip around the perimeter, the Matterhorn bobsleds, the Monorail, Submarine, Flying Saucers, Peter Pan Ride, Mad Tea Party ride, and a number of others. But still it was over too soon, and we had to leave. On the way home we stopped at Knott's Berry



"HEY! WOW! LOOK! GOSH, A COLLECTION OF COCA-COLA BOTTLES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD! BOY!"

Farm to ride the carousel.

Ethel left a couple days later to go on to the Bay Area, and we were very sorry to see her go — though most of us expect to see her again in London in '65.

About a week later, Walt and Madeleine Willis arrived. They had taken the Northern Route first, and were going back to New York when they left Los Angeles. It was a Monday when they got here, and they were to leave Saturday. It was a busy few days.

Forry threw a party for the Willises Wednesday night, inviting the usual mobs of people to welcome our visitors. Thursday night they went to the LASFS meeting (one more, and Walt

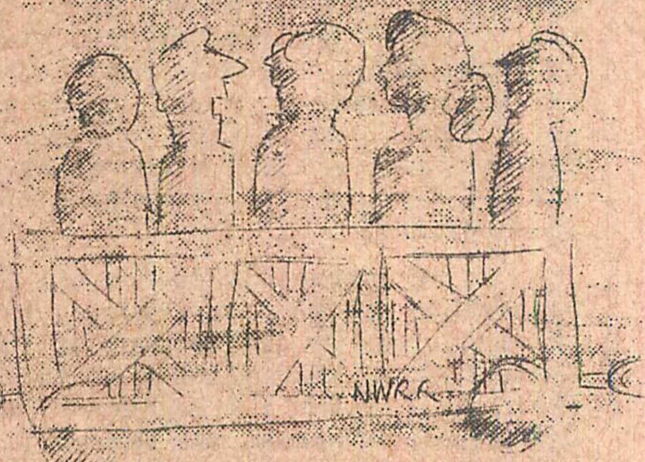
"WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING, BJO — YOU'RE A LOT MORE FUN TO TAKE ON THIS RIDE THAN JACK!"

will have to join the club!) And during the daytime they went all over visiting people and places. Came Friday, and we again went to Disneyland.

This time, there were ten of us: The same four Certified ones (Dian, Ted, Jack Harness, myself) plus Bjo, Fred Patten, Ed Baker, Forry, and the Schultheisen. What a menagerie! Again we tried the Grand Tour, making it a bit different from the one we had taken Ethel on, but not much. Instead of the mule train, we took the mine-train — and Madeleine discovered a disadvantage of wearing shorts on a hot day at Dizzyland: there are metal parts of the ride seats that get awful hot. When we went on the Monorail, Bjo pulled "Foreign Tourist Rank" on the attendants, and got enough of an advantage for us when the gates were opened that we got the Willises into the copula of the Monorail train, where you can get the best view. I had managed to get Ethel there, too, but it was a much cruder job — running interference against the rest of the crowd. We went on the Flying Saucers several times; it's one of the best rides in the park, and Walt enjoyed it quite as much as we did.

As before, when the park closed at six we headed for Knott's Berry Farm, this time to ride the mine train, which is considerably better than the one at Dizzyland. From there we went to nearby Westminster, to visit Dottie Faulkner, and spend a few hours with the only woman I've ever met who gives the impression she considers the Birch Soc. to be too far to the left.

The next day there was a farewell party — a pool party — at BJohn's. The place was actually swarming with fans; it was delightful. Madeleine went swimming in the pool in a bikini that resulted in her getting even more ogling than usual. Eventually, when everyone was done swimming and eating, and Walt had signed all sorts of autographs, a small caravan drove the Willises to the bus station, and the rest of us settled down to try getting used to the normal hecticness of things. The Chicon and its epilogues were over...BEP.



"I'M NOT SURE OF YOUR CUSTOMS HERE, JACK — BUT WOULD Y' MIND TERRIBLY TAKING YOUR HAND OFF MY KNEE? DIAN IS ON YOUR OTHER SIDE!"

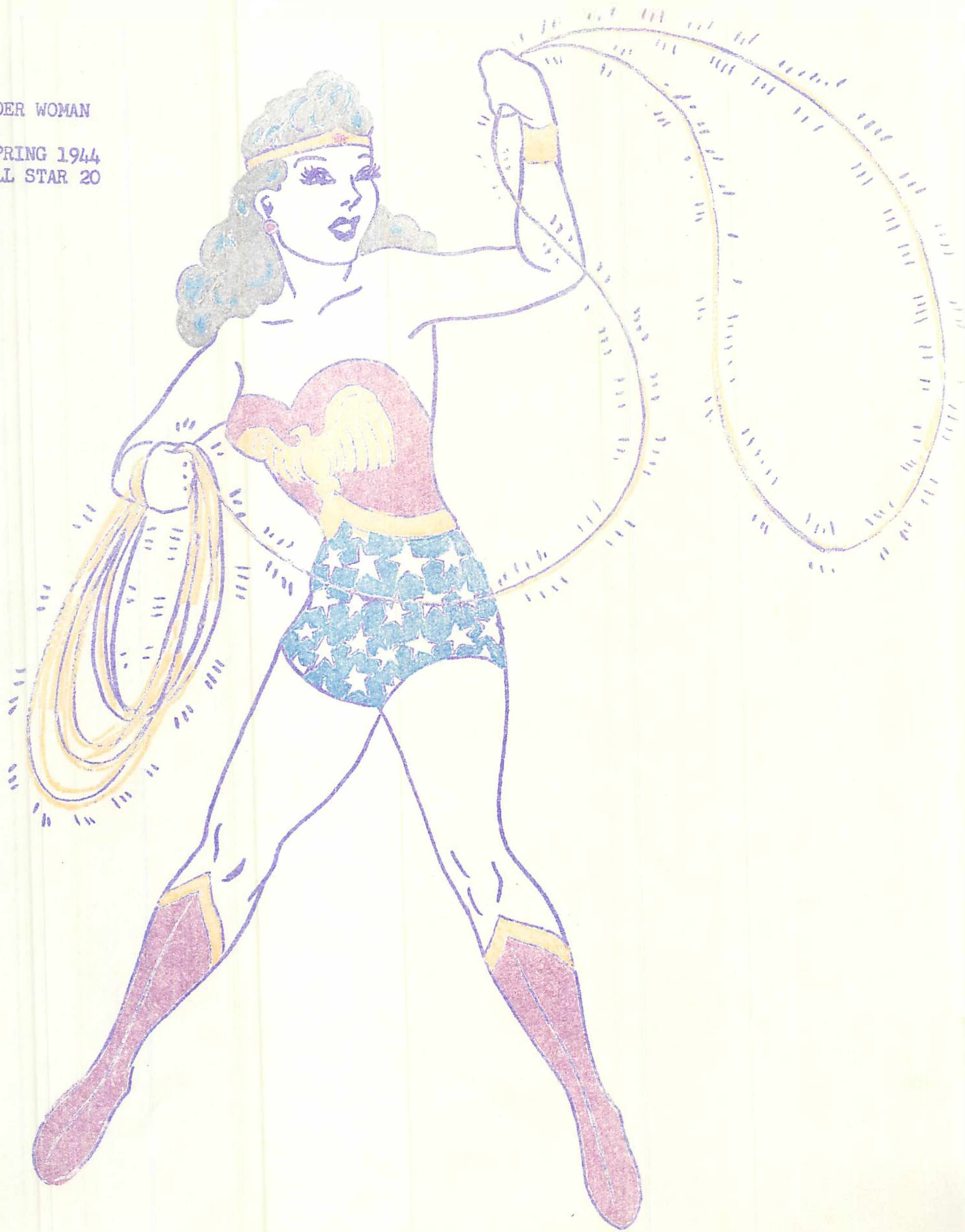


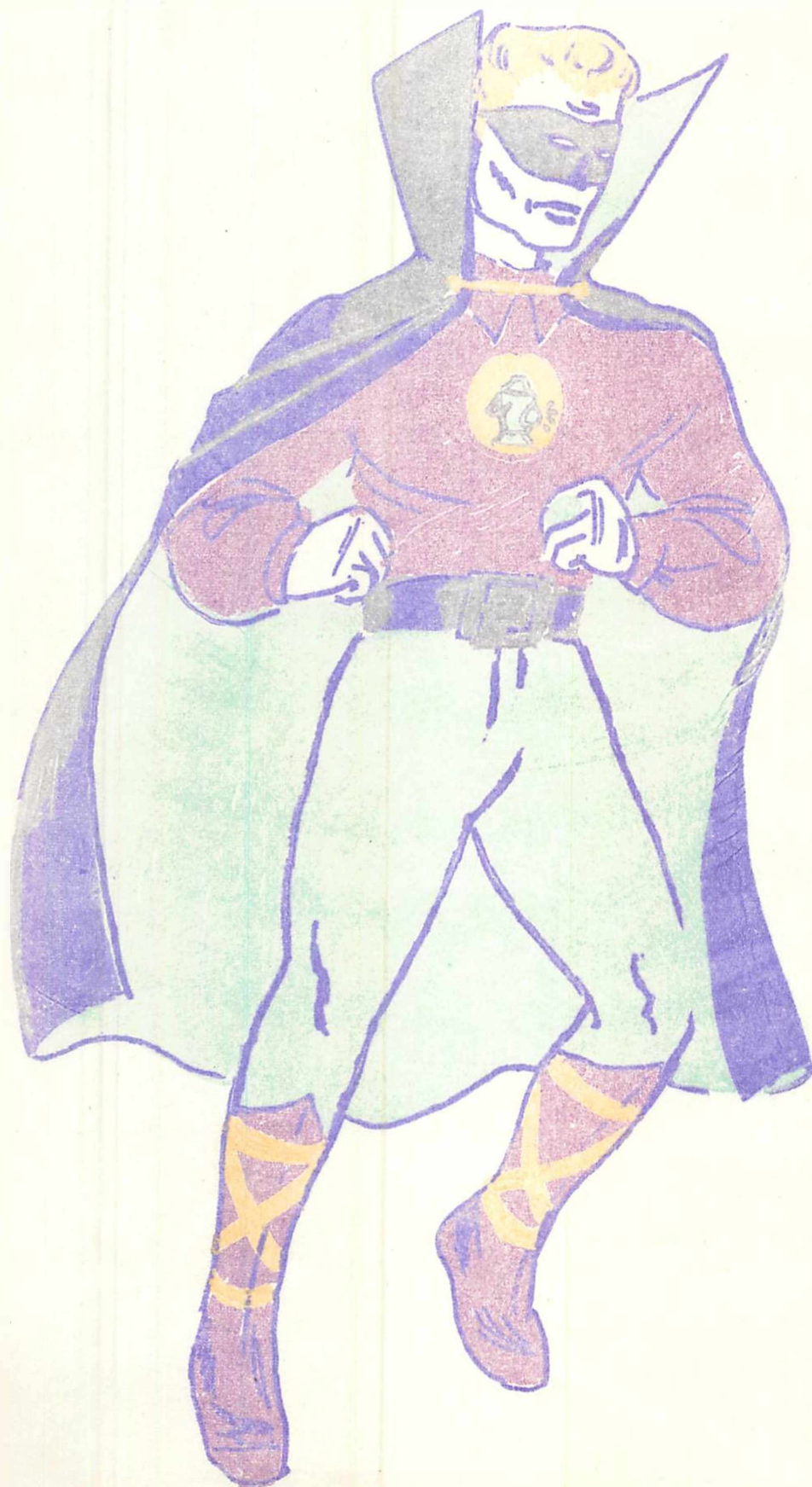
DR. FATE

OCT-NOV 1941
ALL STAR 7

WONDER WOMAN

SPRING 1944
ALL STAR 20





THE GREEN LANTERN

OCT-NOV 1941
ALL STAR 7

THE HAWKMAN

OCT-NOV 1941
ALL STAR 7





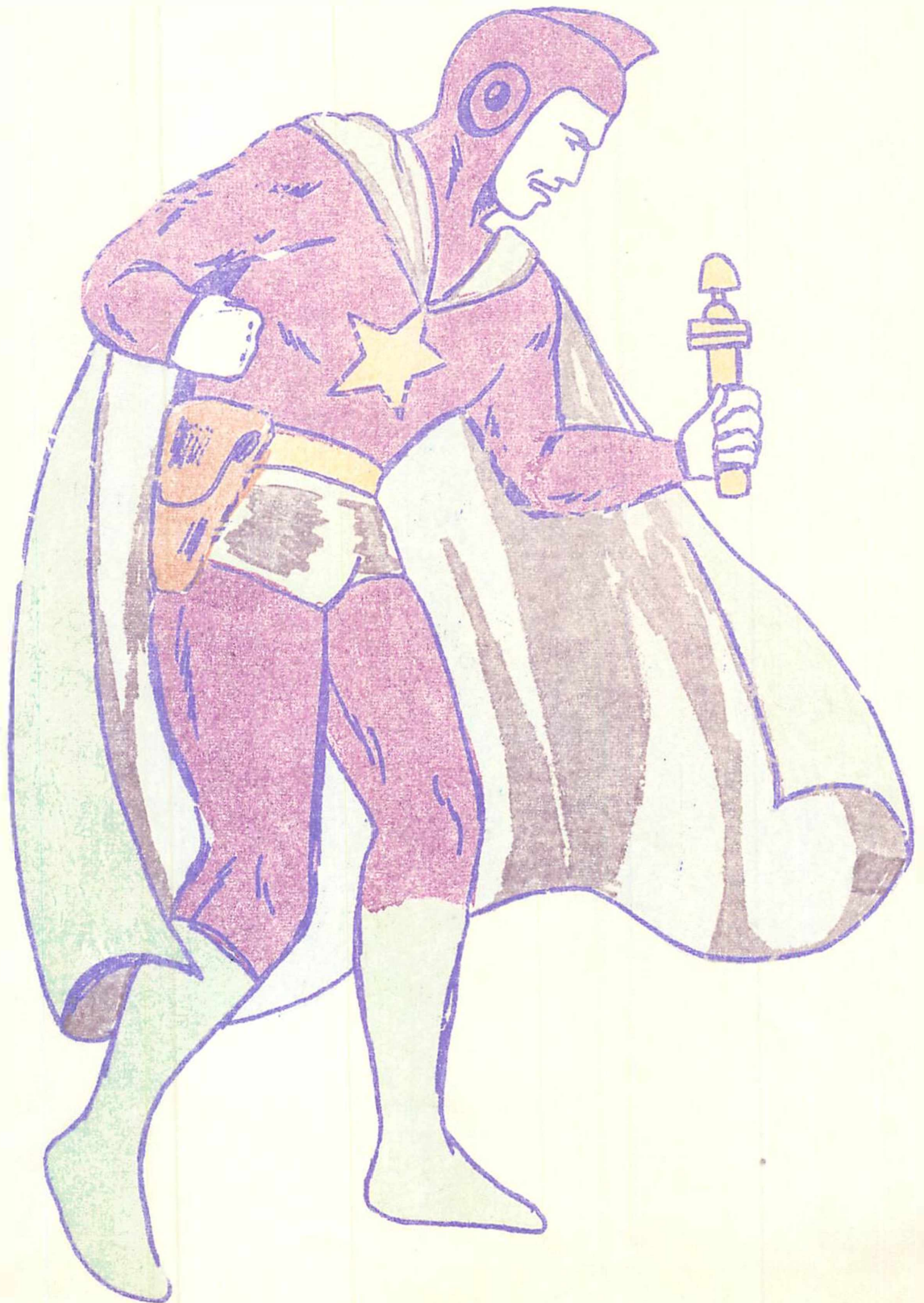
THE FLASH
ALL-FLASH 5
Summer 1942

THE SANDMAN
OCT.-NOV. 1941
ALL STAR 7



THE STARMAN

SPRING 1944
ALL STAR 20



THE HOURMAN

OCT-NOV 1941
ALL STAR 7



THE HARLEQUIN

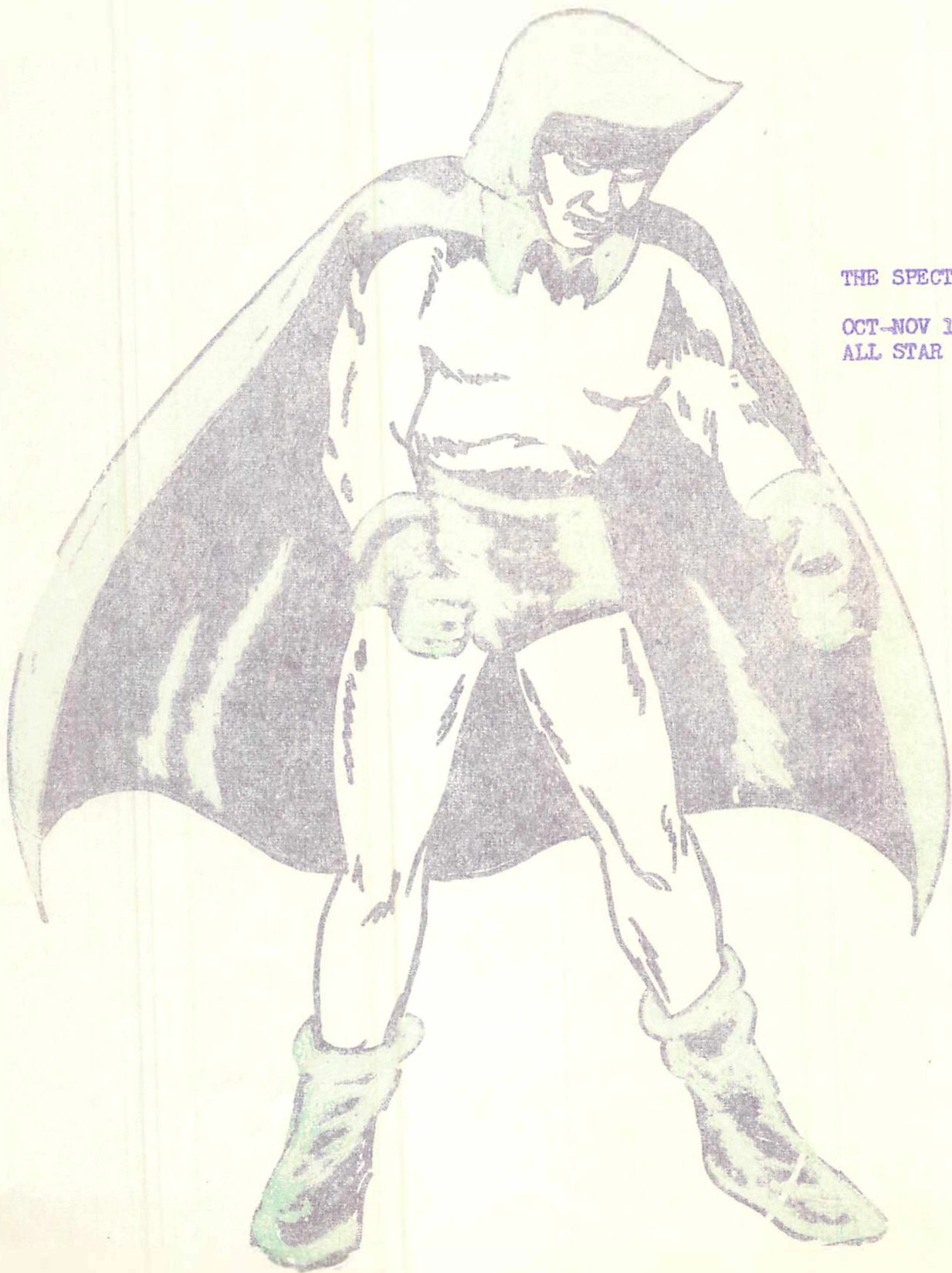
DEC.-JAN. 1947-48
GREEN LANTERN 29





JOHNNY THUNDER

SPRING 1944
ALL STAR 20



THE SPECTRE

OCT-NOV 1941
ALL STAR 7

"When Will They Ever Learn?"

by BRUCE PELZ

On the way home to Tampa, Florida this past Christmas vacation, I spent the better part of a day in Gainesville, at the University of Florida, mostly just wandering around and talking with friends who were still there for some reason or another. The longest talk was with a couple members of the Florida Speleological Society, of which I was once President.

Bob Smith and Dick Warren live about a block from campus, in a house that looks like the most decrepit structure in shacktown from the outside. Inside, it is considerably better, and fairly comfortable. As Bob and Dick have been officers and Wheels in the F.S.S. for many years — at least since I joined in 1957 — the club tends to use The Shack as its headquarters. When I had got tired of walking around the two-horse town, I holed up in The Shack and read a book until the residents got off work and came home. Both of them are now working for the University, and going to school only part-time. When they did get back, the gab session started.

After the preliminaries of trading information as to what each of us was now doing, the talk turned to what others we had known were doing. I was in the F.S.S. for only a little over a year, but it had been a busy year and possibly one during which the club was at its peak.

None of us knew exactly where Stan Serxner was; the last I heard, he'd been in Guatemala, but I hadn't heard from him for a couple years. Presumably Dotty Faulkner might still know, as she kept in correspondence with Stan for many years, but I hadn't thought to ask Grandma the Demon about him when we visited her in September, along with the Willises.

Several of the Crew had moved to California, and I had Bob scramble through his records and come up with the addresses of a couple in the Bay Area that I might visit over New Year's.

So-and-so was married; had to. So-and-so was going to get married; didn't have to, but was desperate. So-and-so got divorced. The names flowed in one ear and out the mouth, and were soon forgotten. Duff Brown was remarried; we wondered how long it would last.

I ran through the other names I remembered from four or five years ago. Where were the Millers? Turkey, still working as biologists. "How about Dover, Bob — I haven't heard anything about him since I left."

Smith looked a bit surprised. "You mean you didn't...no," he added reflectively, "I guess that happened after you moved to California." And he proceeded to fill me in on the story. It was nothing particularly shocking, but it was sort of a damn shame, as Dean had evidenced a helluva lot of talent and ability to use it back in 1958.

I guess I'd better recap what I knew of Dean while I was still in Florida; I was in the club when he joined, so I guess I'd be able to claim that I saw the beginning of the story.

The F.S.S. had quite a reputation for being a bunch of non-conformists — screwballs, if you will — both on campus and off. The National Society hadn't been too bothered by us because we seldom got out of the South in a group to do any of our caving, and those members who showed up at the National convention were usually the fairly serious, scientifically-inclined types who read papers on various aspects of caving. Papers on things like the blind cave salamanders we'd found in Northern Florida caves, or some of the projects the club went in for occasionally.

The Regional Association, on the other hand, was frequently bothered — in particular, the F.S.S. carried on a sort of running feud with the Atlanta club

and their Chief Wheel, Dr. Tom Engels (known as "Dr. Angles") over various matters — speleological, organizational, scientific, and miscellaneous matters. In addition, the annual Cave Carnival for the Southeastern region was an excellent opportunity for the entire F.S.S. menagerie to get loose among the other clubs of the region and make themselves known as a bunch of screwballs. In general, the other clubs (or Grottos of the N.S.S.) were considerably more staid than we were.

It was during the spring semester of 1958 that Dean Dover showed up at the University of Florida. He got into the F.S.S. via the most open route — the listing of organizations in the Handbook all new students get gave the meeting night and time, and he simply walked into the Florida Union room in which we met and introduced himself.

He was a transfer student from Jacksonville, and had attended Jax JC for his first two years of college, majoring in Journalism. Also, he had been a member of the National Speleological Society for about a year, having done some solo and unorganized small-group caving in the Jacksonville and southern Georgia regions. Now he was interested in organized group caving. We laughed rather rudely, I'm afraid, at the idea of the F.S.S. being organized, but he still joined up, and became a very good caver.

He was also a useful member. Serxner, who was editing the FLORIDA SPELEOLOGIST at the time, latched onto Dean for his assistant on the zine. I was new to the fanzine (or speleozine) game at the time, and Stan was the only one who knew much about the editing and publishing of such things, as well as what kind of writings were needed. So a journalism major was a natural target.

The SPELEOLOGIST published numerous survey reports and a couple scientific papers, but it was better known for whacky humor and jokes — trip reports like "Der Marianner Trippen" and a slew of limericks by "Omar Chasm" (Serxner, most of the time) were standard. The zine was exchanged for the publications of the other Grottos, whether said publications were badly dittoed semi-annuals, or offset-printed bi-monthlies (like Atlanta's GEORGIA SPELUNKER). There are many parallels between the SF fandom world and that of cave fandom.

By the time I left the University in August of 1958, the SPELEOLOGIST was coming out reasonably regularly each quarter, and two features had been added, both by Dean Dover: editorial cartoons (usually Stan wrote the editorials, but occasionally Dean added one of his own) and reviews of other Grotto publications.

I got about two issues of the SPELEOLOGIST after I graduated — by the expedient of going up to Gainesville for a visit and swindling Stan or someone else out of copies. The mailing list to individuals never did improve from the erratic one it started with, and letters were useless as means of acquisition.

Once or twice during the various trips to Gainesville in 1959 I saw Dean with the rest of the Crew. I was never any particular friend of his; we just said hello and made small talk as to what had happened since I'd been up last. Then in December I moved to Los Angeles and didn't hear much of anything from the F.S.S. — Smith went into the army, and the rest of them weren't in the habit of writing letters. (Smith and I were bad enough, taking several months to get an answer in the mails.)

So it was from this point that Bob Smith took up the story, filling me in on some missed details and running it to Dean's graduation.

Dean's cartoons and reviews had quite a bite to them, and he could be both subtle and plonking in them. He had started out by poking holes in various items in the GEORGIA SPELUNKER, after talking with several of the F.S.S. bio and geo majors to get his facts straight. The holes were poked with a sort of explosive

needle, and the resulting explosion only made Atlanta look worse. Stan (and Dean) started getting letters from the other Grottos, complimenting the SPELEOLOGIST on its new features and Dean on his wit.

Next step in Dean's development as a speleowriter was a switch in attitude in his reviews of the other publications. He would pick one speleozine that was obviously a haphazard job and review it in a satirical style obtained from exaggerating the mistakes in its own writing. Everyone (except the victim) thought this was delightful, and Dean would get cards from the Grottos, and even from individuals not associated with the Grottos directly, complimenting him on his biting satire and his very clever reviews.

The GEORGIA SPELUNKER came in for the heaviest fire, reaching a peak with both satirical reviews and several half-page cartoons based on the fact that Angles and Co. usually brought a good supply of 190-proof alcohol to conventions (Angles worked for the federal government, in some branch that had the stuff available for its labs). The 1959 Cave Carnival proved that the needle was getting home: Atlanta ignored Dean as much as they possibly could. They were frigidly polite when they found themselves in a position where they had to speak to him.

Dean shrugged and mixed with the rest of the cavers. And the next SPELEOLOGIST pictured Angles and Co. crawling through ice caves: "If I remember right, the meeting room's just through the next crawlway and up the ice pile." Atlanta, in one of its few sensible moves, made it a policy to ignore Dean even in the SPELEOLOGIST, which took the fun out of attacking the GEORGIA SPELUNKER.

There were lots of other victims at hand, and Dean singled out the Ohio Grotto for the next one, and went to work on it. In addition to the SPELEOLOGIST columns, he was now sending material to other Grottos for their publications -- all on the same order: biting satire and very clever commentaries.

Dean graduated from the University of Florida in the summer of 1960, and his parents gave him a trip to the National convention at Carlsbad Caverns as a graduation present. He had his own car, and they agreed to finance the gas and other necessities for the trip over the Fourth of July weekend, so he took off in mid-June and drove leisurely to New Mexico -- by way of several days in New Orleans and a couple in Houston.

One of the first people he spotted at the convention hotel was Smith, who had managed to get to the convention at the end of his Army stint and before he returned to school. They talked a while, with Dean chuckling gleefully over the success of his cartoons and writings, then Smith headed for the bar and Dean went to register.

That afternoon, the two met again. Dean complained that Atlanta was there in force, and were still not speaking to him. Smith shrugged and told him that there must be others around, and he might as well ignore the Atlanta characters right back. Dean nodded and wandered off again.

The next day, the convention started, and Smith walked into the meeting room for the opening session. Shortly after he sat down, Dean arrived and sat down in the next seat. His complaint was the same: "Now no one will speak to me -- they can't all be from Atlanta! Angles has spread some sort of lies about me."

"You're exaggerating," said Bob -- and then he noticed that the rest of the row they were sitting in, as well as the row in front and behind them, was now empty. There had been a number of people there when he came in. Dean saw where he was looking, realized the reason for it, and walked out of the room.

Smith said he didn't see him the rest of the convention, nor has Dean been heard from since. One of the Grotto Presidents at the convention, when Smith asked him about the treatment of Dean, said, "No, Tom Engels never said anything about it. But each of us decided it wasn't a good idea to let someone go

(4)

on making fools of everyone without some indication that we don't like it and we don't want to have anything to do with the person who's doing it. I know we laughed and applauded at first, but there were second thoughts when he went on to attack everyone. We decided we don't need anyone like that to point out our mistakes — there are enough people around who can do so without being snide and grandstanding. Oh, yes — if you're going back to Florida, why don't you start something other than the SPELEOLOGIST for your articles?"

"I think Dean's graduated," replied Bob, "so the SPELEOLOGIST should be all right now."

"Perhaps," said the President, "but it will have a bad taste for some time to come."

"Maybe you're right. I'll buy you a drink to offset the taste."

Dean Dover didn't go back to the University of Florida for any graduate work, and nothing was heard of him after that summer, even in the publications of other grottos. His name disappeared from the 1961 roster of the N.S.S. The only sign of him had been when Blake Dowling reported seeing Dean in a car with a "Press" sticker in Jacksonville sometime in early 1962.

As I said, it's a shame. He did have some talent.

I wonder whatever happened to John Deam...I'll have to ask Smith next time I write.

----- Bruce Pelz

ELEPHANT FOLIOS

book reviews

As a member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles, I recently received a complimentary copy of the Ballantine edition of A Princess of Mars. This, the first book of ERB's ten-book Martian series, is also the first of the "authorized edition," published under contract with Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. The idea, of course, is to put the skids to Ace Books, which is reprinting ERB books as fast as the copyrights expire. Ace cannot publish the Mars books in proper chronological order; Ballantine can.

I see no reason to review the content of the novel, but I would like to compare and contrast the different editions, as several will be duplicated within a few months. (Ace has already published Thuvia, Maid of Mars, and The Chessmen of Mars, and will soon bring out Master Mind of Mars — books 4, 5, and 6 of the series.)

The first differences are in size and price: Ballantine charges \$.50 for its 18.1 cm. high book, where Ace's price is \$.40 for a book 16.3 cm high. This gives Ace two counts of advantage — the books may more easily be carried in a pocket, and they are 20% less expensive.

In the matter of cover artwork, there is not yet enough to make a good comparison. Roy Krenkel has done some very good covers for Ace, most of them in the J. Allen St. John manner, but his cover for Thuvia, Maid of Mars is too much of a monstrosity to be countered by his Chessmen of Mars cover, which is good. Offhand, I rather prefer the Robert Abbott cover for A Princess of Mars to either of the Krenkel ones. (Admittedly I wouldn't have known who the artist was without the GRADLEY WAVE announcement. Ballantine really ought to give the artist some credit.) In typography, Ballantine comes out on top; evidently Ace is in need of some good proofreaders, from the many typos in their editions. Also, Ballantine uses a running chapter heading system, Ace only uses a running book title. The former is much more convenient.

rule of wearing only a single ring, and wear two — one on each hand. Nutty though it may be, I greatly enjoy using the rings to keep time by running them up and down the deep-cut spirals on the pole of the horse I'm riding. But then, Disneyland is a very delightful and enjoyable place for me, anyway, and I tend to act even nuttier than usual when I'm there. However, to get back to the carousel, there is another interesting feature, at times: on the weekends, the Disneyland band wanders through the park, playing at different places as they go. When they get to Fantasyland, they ride the carousel — or at least the brasses do — and with the orchestrion turned off, they provide the music for the carousel. It's much fun.

There are two carousels that have various animals, instead of just horses. The first of these I found was at Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town, near Disneyland. Knott's has probably the most beautiful orchestrion of any carousel in Southern California (in fact, I remember someone mentioning that only three of these things exist in the U.S.) It's known as a triple orchestrion, and is kept in excellent condition — presumably by the same crew that take care of the antique music box and barrel organ collection at Knott's, all of which are in working order. The carousel is again outdoors, and costs 20¢ a ride. The length of the ride varies; on the several occasions that we have more or less closed up the place at 9 PM, the rides get quite long. The different animals are in pairs, and there are some with little added touches: one of the two cats has a fish in its mouth, the other has a bird. Each animal has a number on a little flag attached to the pole, and the numbers correspond to other numbers on a big wheel-of-fortune in the center of the carousel, which is spun during each ride. If the wheel stops on the number of your animal, you win a free ride. (The stationary carriages are also numbered for this.) When we take someone on the Grand Tour of Disneyland, we almost always stop at Knott's before going home, just to ride the carousel (or perhaps the mine train ride, which also beats D'land.)

The best of all carousels I have yet discovered in southern California is the one in Balboa Park of San Diego. This one I have been on so many times that they know me at the ticket booth. I don't get to San Diego very often, but on each occasion I manage to find some time for a few rides on the Balboa Park carousel. The rides are fast, long, and cheap: 10¢ a ride. It is open only on weekends, and only during the day, so I sometimes wonder how they can afford to keep in operation. Possibly it is partially subsidized by the city park department. I hope so. Regrettably, the orchestrion is worn out, and the music comes from a tape recorder, but this is a minor consideration. This carousel still works the brass and gold rings! There are two gold rings each ride (as long as at least 5 people are participating, and they are exchanged for "Gold Ring Checks," good for one free ride each. I still have one of these checks from a time last fall when the L.A. crew was winning them with a fair amount of regularity, but the best story of the rings dates from last spring some time. Dian Girard and I had gone to San Diego to visit Ted Johnstone, and we'd both dressed in black (though we both like black, it isn't too usual for both of us to show up in black at the same time). We talked Ted into wearing black, too, just for kicks, and we went to Balboa Park to ride the carousel. There were about five others on the outside animals, trying for the rings, and the three of us were in a row, one behind the other. The law of averages should have given us the prize at least once in the three or four times we tried, but it didn't. In fact, there was one ride when the gold ring came up right in front of Ted, and he missed the grab. Dian, who was next, also missed, and so did I. At this we decided to give up. "I guess," remarked Dian, "that gold rings and black riders just don't mix." We laughed and agreed. The carousel itself was built in 1906, and has all the frivolities on it: scenes painted inside the top outside boards, ornate saddles on the animals, etc. And the animals! They have frogs, cats, pigs, spaniels, ostriches, giraffes, a lion, a tiger, a deer, plus two pair of eohippi (and they're not just small horses; the structure is different) and an actual basilisk! There's also a rocking boat called the "Let's Go," and a few other strange animals. It's a fabulous carousel; if there's one to beat it, let me know — I want to ride it! ...BEP

IVORY HOARD

MC'S ON
FAPA 101

WITH LOVE AND COOKIES
(Bradley)

As a general comment, I am against deadwood in any part of FAPA, whether it be the waiting-list or the membership. Therefore, I favor the attitude of not allowing a split-marriage membership to become two memberships unless both halves have contributed minimum FAPActivity (8pp/yr.) and the "Instant FAPAn" has worked his temporary WL position (assigned when he becomes part of the dual membership) up into the membership ranks. Also, I favor the continuance of the acknowledgement system for the WL, as it tends to weed out deadwood more than a yearly sub to the FA would — and also on the ground that a \$1/yr sub to the FA is ridiculous in its expense. Two bits for a copy of the FA? With the FAPA Treasury at such a height as it is, we certainly don't need the money, and 25¢ is too damn much for four sheets of paper informing a Wler that he has moved two places up on the Interminable Road to membership.

HORIZONS 92
(Warner)

I hope you eventually get around to distributing that final fanzine issue that's stashed away in the attic. Speaking as a rather grabby-type collector, I'd probably settle for having one issue in my own collection, but I guess it would be better to distribute all of them. Even after 20 years, there may be someone still around whose egoboo is being withheld — and that would be a pity if it were to continue for another 20.

If you decide to quit FAPA, may I suggest the Friendly Apa — SAPS — would be quite happy to have you as a member. Hell, you must get almost half the mailings now.

Harry, you're using a double standard: You complain about the treatment Martin got on the grounds that it was a type of Spoils System — that friendship instead of legality was used to decide on throwing him out. Then you go ahead and ask that the Wlers be advanced according to popularity/friendship instead of "obiesance to the great god queue." Or can you reconcile these different views?

Add one more to the list who won't sign reinstatement petitions for a dropped FAPAn unless the circumstances are extremely special: me.

While it is generally admitted that a few fans do all the work of the N3F, the 350+ membership provides a background of various interests and talents that can be drawn upon — not to mention the money to support the various activities such as the FANDBOOKS that the "few" do.

"Utopia, Ltd.," has been recorded commercially, though as yet I haven't heard the recording. The Los Angeles Savoyards (a splinter-group formed to combat the L.A. Branch of the London G&S Society) plan to play the recording at their meeting on 9 February, so maybe I'll hear it then. I haven't joined either local group, being content to go to meetings of both once in a while, and belonging to the London group. "The Grand Duke," however, hasn't been recorded at all, and if you do get the tapes I'd like to know — maybe we could get round to Hagerstown before or after Discon and hear them?

I am greatly in favor of accepting free paperbacks or other books as review copies or for any other reason. This is a rather greedy attitude, I admit, but then I don't get many such review copies or free books. I've tried to think up ways to get them, though — maybe one day....

"Redemption Center" is quite well done, though the personality traits of the two antagonists seemed to get mixed up once in a while. Very enjoyable reading. Wonder what would have happened if that had been a fan advanced out of the neo stage? Care to try again...?

LE MOINDRE 28
(Raeburn)

As Bushy probably won't be answering your question: The issue of OBLIQUE in the 100th Mailing was run off by Gould when he was

in FAPA -- back in 1957 -- and was intended for FAPA then. Ron got the runoff pages, assembled them, and stashed them, around 1958. He had mentioned the fact to me that they were around, during discussions of fanac that got dead-ended, and eventually I got him to drag the things out and distribute them. Next target is Harry Warner....

How many fans has she been to bed with, and she still doesn't know what FIJAGH means? . . .TAJ

COCKATRICE 2 I applaud your attitude of doing constructive things about matters on which you have a complaint. I will therefore assume that either the Martin bit will be dropped from your complaints or you will circulate a petition for his reinstatement. In either case -- or neither case -- I see no reason for me to mention it again. Stet.

LAREAN 9 As a chronic list-keeper and bibliographer, I appreciate this -- as well as the fact that Ron turned over the 3x5 card file to me to keep up and publish a second edition in another 25 years or so. Frankly, I'm not at all sure that the WL listing I added proves anything, but I'd been keeping it for several years and decided it might as well be put in.

SALUD 11 If you have seen Tolkien's Adventures of Tom Bombadil, what do you think of the Baynes illustrations for Tom, Goldberry, etc.? As illustrations per se, I rather like them, but as for portrayals of the characters, I can't agree with them at all. Baynes should stick to things like the Narnia Chronicles, I guess. (If you haven't seen the book, would you like to borrow mine?)

Further thought on the constructive criticism kick: Would you and Sam Moskowitz like to get up a by-law or whatever is necessary to have FAPA send a copy of the 100th Mailing to Wollheim? It may be my own give-a-dog-a-bad-name-and-hang-him attitude, but I didn't consider Sam's suggestion "magnanimous" -- just stupid. And possibly sarcastic, knowing Sam's past commentaries on DAW.

WRAITH 19 "The Big Red Cheese" won't fit to the tune of "Pecos Bill," I'm afraid. Lines aren't the same size, even if the emphasis could be shifted in the song. But certainly someone ought to write a fannish parody that will fit "Pecos Bill." For one thing, "Jesse James" is overused -- there are at least four parodies to it so far, and it has got to the point that I can't listen to the original without getting several of the parody-words lines mixed up with it. Usually either "Jesus Christ" or "Orc's Marching Song."

I wish to pick a nit with your FAPA election promise that you would vote for me if the Busby, Warner, White slate canceled out. As Harry did cancel out (because Evans was running), I tend to cast aspersions on your promise. Unless I missed some postmailing which announced that Bill had replaced Harry on the same slate. nitpickingnitpickingnitpickingnitpickingnitpicking.....

NULL-F 31 I knew there was something in the 100th Mailing I wanted to answer: (White) Eney's accusing Harness of setting up his SICK, SICK, SICK ET NON and your SICK, SICK, SICK right after it in the bundle. I hereby declare that it was I who did the Dastardly Deed. I was handling the mailing assemblage, and Burbee handed me Ted White's letter stating that his zine was to be included only if Eney's had been sent. Burbee didn't know what Ted was talking about; I did. As I considered that (1) Eney's refutation was unnecessary and invalid at the same time, and (2) Ted's answer to it was quite appropriate, I put the two of them nacheinander to see what would result. I must say that Eney -- on whose side I generally find my own opinions -- rose to the bait quite nicely. Even I didn't

expect Eney to try blaming Harness, though -- hell, that would have taken an effort on Jack's part, and as far as I know Jack doesn't consider the Eney/White bit worth any effort. And I would object loudly to being called, in derogatory tone (or most any tone at all) a "buddy" of Ted White. And I suspect he, White, would object equally vehemently.

Boy, Gary, you sure can write biting satire! Very clever indeed.

MELANGE 5 Y'know, Bjo, it's not too difficult to understand why Pete Graham (BJohn) mistook your word "speleological" to be "scatological." For one thing, if you've ever been through a wild cave with bats, you'd get the impression that there is no difference in the two words. For another, "speleological" is hard to get into one's head, for some people.

Gee, you never mentioned that bit about wanting to pull a Samson-Dalilah-&-Philistines bit on Breen at a convention to me -- it sounds like a great idea. In fact, it's almost as good as the one we've been wanting to play on him: invite him to a luncheon of the Kiarians, along with Horace Larkin and his partners, and watch the fun.

MELANGE 6 Of the various types you list as wearing all black, Bjo, which would (BJohn) you say I am: Marlon Brando or "lurking menace"? If the latter, then which sub-division: Hamlet, Dishonest John, or Eviel and Sophistocated Lucifer? You may be right in these classifications.

I liked that Kley-ish cover on DRY MARTOONI very much. Bjo, if you ever get influenced by Kley again, let me know, and I'll send stencils.

FANTASY AMATEUR 101 Dick, how about listing the Shadowzines in some unofficial (OEney & others) section, for the benefit of the collectors? In gathering the miscellaneous WL zines for the 101st mailing, I almost missed PARIAN, which was hidden away in a corner. For mailing 100, the following were WL postmailings:

1.Serenade 3 (Bergeron) S,m	12p
2.Rubber Meatball 3 (Stiles) S,d	6p
(2a. Dry Martooni 1 - Patten - not sent to members)	
3.W'basket 3 (Demmon) S,d	4p
4.Pantopon 6 (Berman) S,m	3p
5.Idle Hands 9 (Metcalf) S,m	6p

Any I've missed?

TOTAL: 31p

W'BASKET 4 I wonder if you actually spent the \$4 to get this thing copyrighted. (Demmon) If so, I'd say you were out \$4. If not, the L.C. Copyright Div. will be after you.

PARIAN Please to answering a couple of bibliographic question? Like, is this (Fick) PARIAN 3? And when was #1 sent out? And to whom? I have a copy of #1, but can't figure out where to put it in the FAPA file.

"The Patter of Little Feet" is delightful, and I would like to see more of your writing than I have seen in the couple issues of PARIAN and the various NAPazines such as SHAMBLER which have come my way.

Next question -- are any copies of THE DREAM WEAVER available, and if so from whom and for how much?

Pfui. I see you do admit this is #3; Missed the line on first reading.

+ + + + +

So much for the Ivory Hoard of the 101st Mailing. As a number of people have said about the large SAPS mailings, it's a lot easier to read and do MCs on a small mailing. The 100th Monstrosity completely turned me off of wanting to do anything for FAPA at all -- even read the mailing. Back to normal now, I hope.

- - - - Bruce Pelz, 26 January 1963



Helen A. Buckett