

The Folksong Manual

Part 2
July 1966



SLIGHTLY LOCAL

The next few pages contain songs that refer to the doings of Los Angeles fandom. "The Fan Hill Chantey" gives a brief history of the 1960 LA group that became known as the Fan Hill Mob: Pelz, Trimbles, Wheatley. "Umbraak'm" presents the Objectivist Mutated Mouse Musician, invented by Jack Harness. It came in four varieties: Voh-Mouse, Krager-Mouse, 'Tzpon-Mouse, and the more recently invented M'nalt-Mouse. They carry M'tah horns taller than themselves; it takes two or three different kinds together to achieve Umbraak'm; and taking off a helmet is regarded as obscene. Now you know about as much about them as anyone else. "The Slanshack Called Lab Duquesne" refers to the fourth slanshack in a series occupied by Jack Harness and Owen Hannifen (and various others). Previous ones had been the Labyrinth of Space, Labyrinth III, and Labyrinth of Valeron. And if you aren't aware of Jack Harness's scientological tendencies, just ask him about them some time --as soon as he gets back from Saint Hill, England. The assumed singer of this song is Barry Gold, attendant, previous to his stay at Lab Duquesne, at Cal Tech.

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THE FAN HILL CHANTEY

BY BRUCE PELZ

Tru-fen, lis-ten un-to me, And keep the ne-os still; I'll tell you
what be-fell me, When I moved up on Fan Hill. To my Hey! You bas-tard!
Let's get plas-tered! Oh, you ac-ti-fans, can't you crank Ge-stet-ners!

When we moved in, the three of us,
We fanned with little cease;
But one was fanning overtime,
Just down the road a piece.
...CHORUS

We rented from a Slavic priest,
Who'd fled the Commie tides.
This Poor Old Priest owned half the block,
And two blocks more, besides!
...CHORUS

A very fannish romance
Soon bloomed for all to see.
They made a handsome couple:
Old Ern and the Big G.
...CHORUS

We then took in a Dirty Pro --
A rather stupid hick --
Though he wrote zilch-stuff by the ton,
Our porno made him sick!
...CHORUS

Reprinted from
SPELLBEE 9,
October 1960

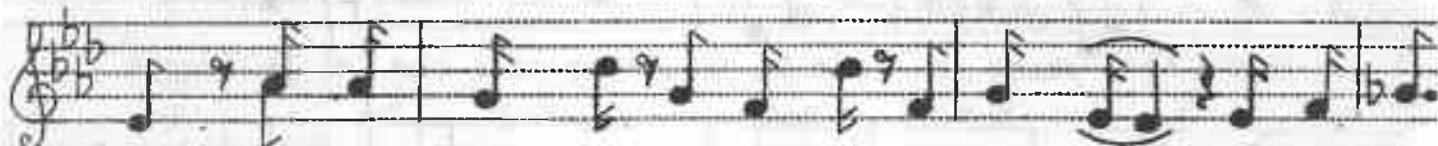
UMBRAAK'M



By a bro-ken M'-tah horn, a Mu-ta-ted Mouse Cried "'Braak-'m, Um-



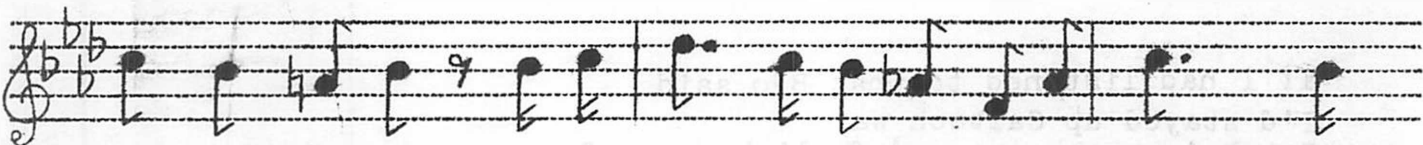
braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!" Then it took off its hel-met in front of the



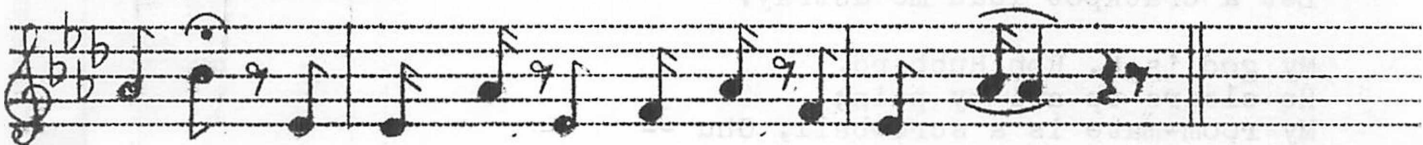
house, Yell-ing "'Braak-'m, Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!!!" Said I, "If



you be-have in this man-ner in-sane, You will get the High Kr-'zat to



say you're In-Ayn!" But it cared not at all, as it screamed through



its pain: "Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m, Um-braak-'m!!!"

It lifted the pieces of horn in the air,
Crying "'Braak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!"
There was nought I could do but just stand there and stare.
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"
Then it jammed the M'tah bell right down on its head,
And collapsed on the roadway quite thoroughly dead,
And these were the very last words that it said:
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"

Now I'm perfectly sure that a Mouse wouldn't go
Yelling "'Braak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!"
If 'twere Krager-Mouse stable, or smart as a Voh.
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"
So I'm forced to conclude that, in spite of the price --
Which includes lots of extras, and is rather nice --
The M'nalt is the Edd'sl of Mutated Mice! --
"Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm, Umbraak'm!!!"

Music: WS Gilbert
Words: BE Pelz

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Het Время '69
APA L Dist.69

THE SLANSHACK CALLED LAB DUQUESNE

WORDS BY LEN BAILES

Musical score for the song "The Slanshack Called Lab Duquesne". The score is written on two staves in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written in treble clef. Chords are indicated above the notes: Dm, A7, Dm, C7, F, A7, Dm, Dm7, (Dm6), (Bb), Dm, A7, Dm. The lyrics are: "There is a shack in old L. A., they call the Lab Du-quesne. It has been the ru-in of man-y a young fan, who left with-out his brain."

If I had listened to what Bjo said
I'd stayed up Caltech way
But being so young and foolish, poor fan,
Let a crackpot lead me astray.

My god is L. Ron Hubbard,
He clears up all my pain;
My room-mate is a screwball, Ghu --
Lives down at Lab Duquesne.

The only things a pre-clear needs
Is a Theta and a MEST
If he can't get them from Jack H.,
He'll get them at the Nest.

He'll fill his mind with worthless junk,
Which smart-asses attack
He will also learn to communicate well --
And tomatoes can't talk back!

Go tell the neo-LASFans:
Don't let life go down the drain,
But shun that shack in old L.A.,
The Labyrinth Duquesne!

DEFENESTRATION

BY TOM DIGBY

G D7

If some-thing has you down, Makes you wor-ry, fret and frown,

G

And caus-es lots of pain and ir-ri-ta-tion; You'll be rid of it right

D7 G

quick If you know this sim-ple trick: Just use DE-FEN-E-STRATION.

2. If a friend's electric shaver
Ruins your radio's behavior
With static so you cannot hear the station,
Just tell him that you're feared
He will have to grow a beard,
And use DEFENESTRATION.
3. If the TV-watching crowd
Keeps the volume way up loud
And blaring without pause or hesitation;
Just tell them, "That is all,"
Pull the plug out of the wall,
And use DEFENESTRATION.
4. If your in-laws all drop in
Time and time again
For a month or two or three of visitation,
They will bother you no more
If you're on an upper floor
When you use DEFENESTRATION.



LITTLE TEENY EYES

by TOM DIGBY

Am Dm

Oh, we got a new com-put-er, but it's quite a dis-ap-point-ment,

Am E7

'Cause it al-ways gave this same in-sane ad-vice: "OH, YOU NEED

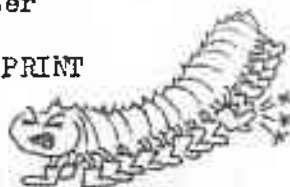
Am Dm

LIT-TLE TEEN-Y EYES FOR READ-ING LIT-TLE TEEN-Y PRINT LIKE YOU NEED

E7 Am

LIT-TLE TEEN-Y HANDS FOR MILK-ING MICE."

2. So we re-read the instruction book that came with the computer
But it kept on printing crazy stuff that reads
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY SHOES FOR CENTIPEDES."



3. So we got an expert genius and he rewrote all the programs
But we always got results that looked like these:
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY LICENSE PLATES FOR BEES."



4. Then we tested each resistor, every diode and transistor,
But our electronic brain just raves and rants:
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE BRANDING IRONS FOR BRANDING ANTS."



5. Now we're looking for a buyer for a crazy mad computer
That will only give out crazy mad advice
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY HANDS FOR MILKING MICE."



THE COWARD'S SONG

words by Ron Ellick

O! to be in Sal-a-pan-ta, That's where I'd rath-er be, Than be
break-fast while the De-mons drag the Lake of Rav-ar-y. Sing a song
of trep-i-tude, Blith-er-ing in-ept-i-tude; He who quails and runs
a-way Will on-ly die an-oth-er day.

2. O! to be in Nottingham,
That's where I'd rather be,
Than be guest of Robin Hood
And pay him for his knavery! CHORUS:

3. O! to be a fearless wench,
Like my sis, Antigone;
But it's death to serve my kin
With the rites of gravery. CHORUS:

4. O! to have a swifter mare's
Son than that that's under me!
Death is always close behind
A knight yclept Breuce Saunce Pitie. CHORUS:

From MELANGE 3,
FAPA, Nov. 1961.

TEDRON'S SONG

WORDS BY TED JOHNSTONE

MUSIC BY BRUCE PELZ

Wood-cut-ter, wood-cut-ter -- have you seen my heart? For I had it
in the for-est as I rode a-mong the trees, with a song on my lips
and a soul that rode the breeze -- but I lost it as I trav-elled,
and I can-not rest at ease. mark our ren-dez-vous.

Chords: F, C, G, F, G7, C, F, G, F, C, F, G, G7, Am, G7 v.5, C

Sailor, oh sailor -- oh, have you seen my heart?
For I had it as I sailed on the green sea foam
With the creak of the ropes and the curling comb --
But I lost it as I travelled, and I cannot find its home.

Stonecutter, stonecutter -- have you seen my heart?
For I had it in the mountains as I wandered on the height
With the sunshine on the dazzling snow so beautiful and bright --
But I lost it as I travelled, and I cannot sleep at night.

Merchant, oh Merchant -- oh, have you seen my heart?
For I had it in the city, where the music whirled,
And I held to it tightly while my wealth away I hurled --
But I lost it as I travelled, and I seek it 'cross the world.

Horseman, oh horseman -- oh, have you seen my heart?
For I had it in the grasslands where the warm winds blew,
Where I met my true love walking -- the love I gave it to --
And I left it as I travelled, there to mark our rendezvous.

THE SONG OF THE WSFS, INC.

WORDS BY NICK FALASCA

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple, using quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: Bm, Em, F#m, Bm, Em, F#m, Bm, Bm, A, Bm, F#7, Bm. The lyrics are: "The WS-FS was a good cause, it pro-~~tect~~-ed le-gal rights. It saved us from cor-~~rup~~-tion and fis-cal ov-er-sights. Just one ma-jor flaw: No one knew the law."

The WSFS, Inc. had principles, integrity, and style.
It also had two suits in court and three more in the file.
Justice shall prevail: throw the fans in jail.

Most Brittifen were neutral; they all stood on the fence.
The one exception to this rule was His Ebulence.*
He hollers loud and strong because he's never wrong.

"Now, listen here," says Anna, with gavel in her hand**,
"This is just a meeting of independent fans."
"This is how we think: the hell with WSFS, Inc."

You either were a trufan, levelheaded, brave and wise,
Or else a brainwashed victim of Falascafandom's lies.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

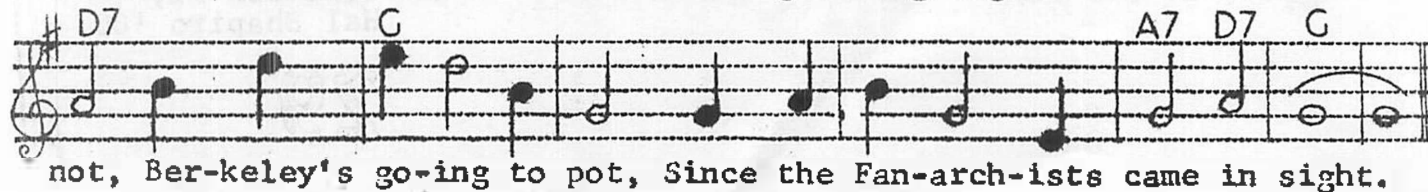
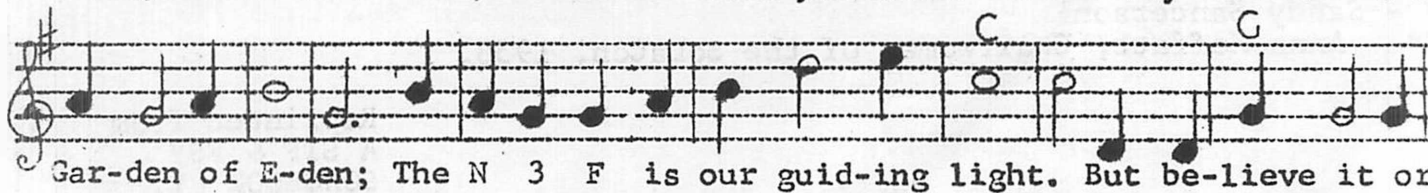
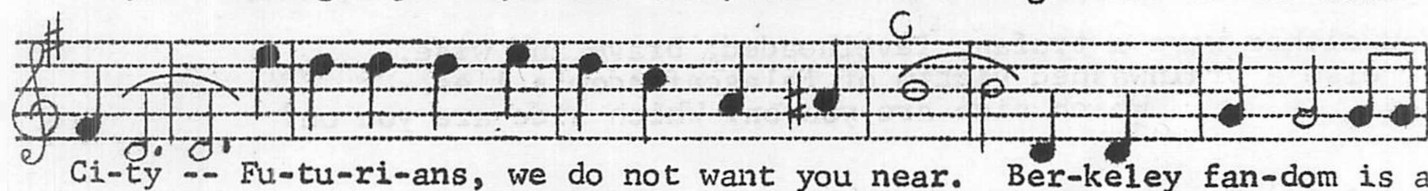
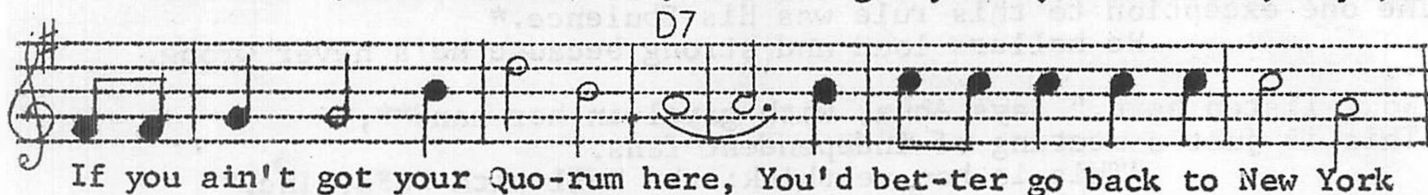
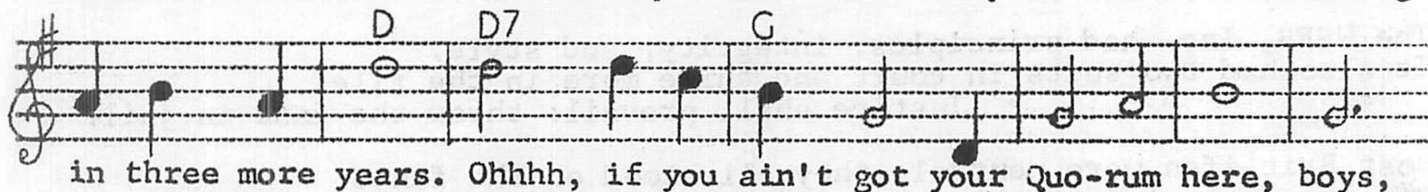
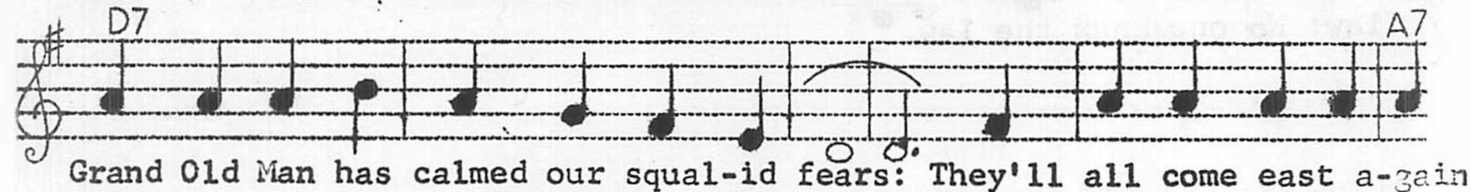
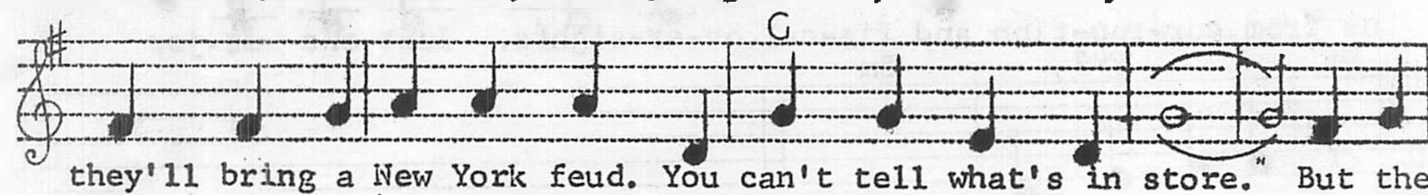
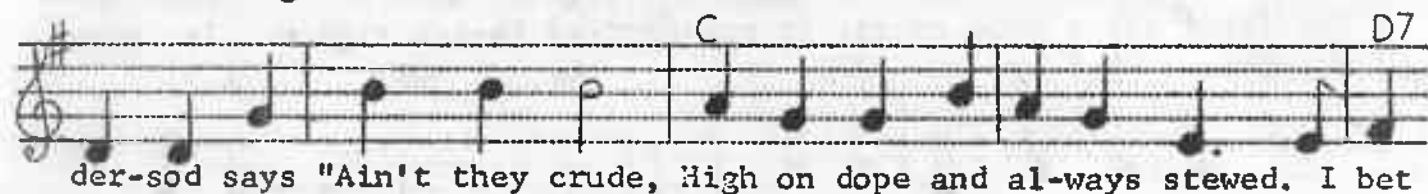
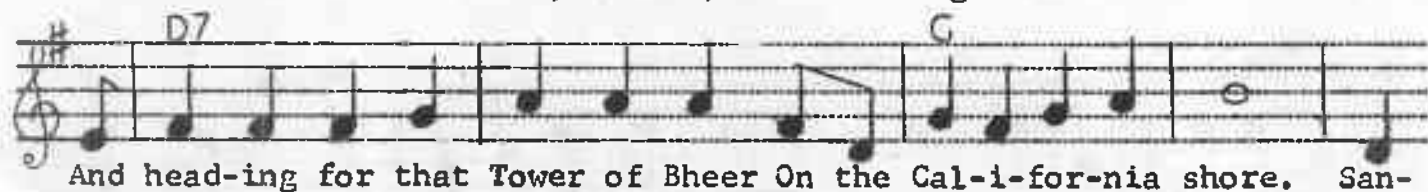
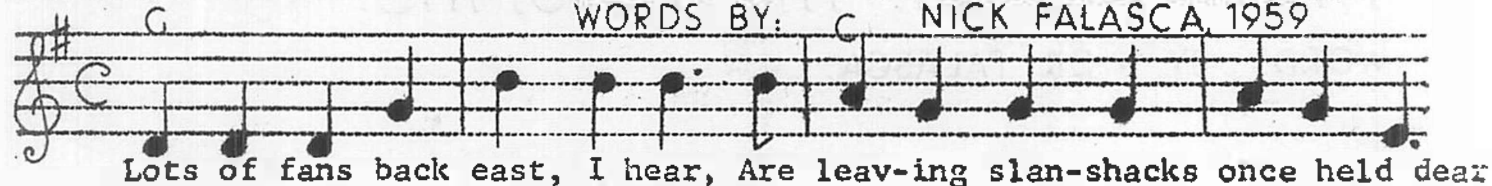
* - Sandy Sanderson

** - Anna Moffatt, Chairwoman of the SoLaCon, 1958.

Reprinted from
A STF & FSF
SONGBOOK #1,
Hal Shapiro '60

LOOK BACK TO THE FUTURIANS IN ANGER

WORDS BY: NICK FALASCA, 1959



Trufandom Is a Way of Life

WORDS BY BRUCE PELZ

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics 'Tru-fan-dom is a way of life, It's full of fun or full of strife;'. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, 'Which-ev-er you put in De-ter-mines what you win. Think of this'. The third staff concludes the melody for the third line, 'when you join Tru-fan-dom!'. Chord symbols (C, F, G7) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

Trufandom is a milieu strange --
Continues on in spite of change.
For each who gafflates
There's one to take his place.
Think of this when you join Trufandom!

Trufandom is a testing ground
Where men and ideas can be found
In trial of their strength
Or will, or use, or length.
Think of that when you join Trufandom!

Reprinted
from SPELEOBEM
#9, Oct. 1960

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← ← "Look Back To the Futurians In Anger" is reprinted from THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT 2, 1959. It deals with "The Great Trek" of New York Fans to Berkeley in 1958-60. The Futurian Society of NY, reorganized in 1959, included as officers a Grand Old Man, whose duty was to smoke a pipe, and a Quorum, whose duty was to be present and sit on anyone suggesting a business meeting. The original holders of these offices were, respectively, Larry Shaw and Bill Donaho.

Young Man Mulligan

By the members of the Young Man Mulligan Society:

GHS: George Scithers

JB: John Boardman

GRH: George Heap

RE: Richard Eney

JC: Jim Cawthorne

KKA: Karen Anderson

BEP: Bruce Pelz

TAJ: Ted Johnstone

RDE: Ron Elik

LC: Lin Carter

This song is really two in one: "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years From Now" consists of science fiction references, while "The Great Fantastical Bum" consists of fantasy references. The two are sung alternately, and verses for the former are listed with odd numbers, verses for the latter with even numbers. Additional submissions must include a verse of each. Most verses reprinted from AMRA II:21 ('02)

The musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. Chords are indicated by letters G, D7, and C above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and the page number 32.

I was born a-bout ten thous-and years from now; When they land up-on
the moon I'll show them how. And with God-dard, Ley and Camp-bell, on
an in-ter-stel-lar ram-ble, I'll be the guy who caught and cooked the
chow. Well, I'm just a lone-some trav-'ler and a great fan-tast-i-cal
bum; High-ly ed-u-cat-ed, from mys-ter-y I come. I built the Road of
Yel-low with bricks all bright and new, And that's a-bout the strang-
est thing that man will ev-er do!

3. With Jommy Cross I took it on the lam,
I'm the guy who went and woke up furious Sam,
And I planned the First Foundation
Just before the fragmentation
Of the Empire that had ruled the Sevagram. [GHS]
4. Empire? Well, I knew a cold-eyed Emperor, who ruled the Commonwealth;
When I drank the spring of Hippocrene, it sure improved my
health
I built the towers of Carcè for good old Gorice II --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do! [GHS]
5. I designed a time machine from pith-flah crates
And I took Doc Wornug back to Stone-Age dates,
But we made a loop-the-loop
And missed meeting Alley Oop --
Just the Flintstones and the Rubbles trading mates. [JB]
6. I taught archery to Conan with the short Hyrkanian bow;
I taught the Mouser knife-play where the River Hlal doth flow;
I taught parry, lunge, and counter to the young John Carter, too --
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GRH]
7. If you want to know who made the bow, 'twas me;
I first trained the wolf to domesticity;
But I lost the approbation
Of the whole Cro-magnon nation
When I tried to introduce monogamy. [RE]
8. When Tarzan met King Conan, he got himself stripped bare,
For Conan swiped his lioskin -- I know, for I was there;
It was while I played left throwback for Miskatonic U. --
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GHS]
9. Yes, I hunted blue giraffes with Athel Cuff,
Went "Galactic" when the Dreeghs were acting tough,
And in company with Joe
I saved Vox-View Video --
But playing chess with Martians? Man, that's rough. [JC]
10. When I came into old Middle Earth 'twas many years ago --
I took a trip with Gimli and with Sam and old Frodo;
Then I followed hearts and lions upon a field of blue --
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [GHS]
11. I patched the holes in Ike Laquedem's shoes,
And helped pay Rhysling's Spacer Union dues;
But when all the roads were struck
I went riding on a buck,
And became a solar hero -- who'd refuse? [JB]
12. I taught King Thowin Oakenshield to play upon the harp,
But then I had to leave New Crete for catching sacred carp.
So I hid out in Yahoo-land until a mane I grew --
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [JB/GHS]
13. Once GEC confirmed the Seldon Plan,
I checked the future of the Lords of Han,
And was met at a convention in the fourteenth Chorp dimension
By a whole damned roomful of the dread Si-Fan. [RE]

14. I borrowed Gollum's magic ring, and thus avoided Chun,
And with its aid I swiped the golden apples of the sun;
But I gave them to Queen Freydis for a torrid night or two --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]
15. I've been out with Wild Bill Williams on a spree, --
And Sibley White got all his plots from me;
I helped Gannel be Thrale's tyrant,
And when Cartiff was aspirant
To sell jewels, why, I gave him two or three. [KKA]
16. I went with Bilbo Baggins out to Erebor and Dale;
We did a stretch for vagrancy in King Thranduil's jail.
Then I followed horse on field of green and swan on field of blue --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GRH]
17. I helped Derringer to build his time machine,
I've solved lots of little mysteries for O'Breen.
When the labyrinth got mislaid, I
Gave old Verner fancy red-eye
Called Drambuie, then the case was just routine. [KKA]
18. Well, I was in Darjeeling on that well-remembered night;
It would have been quite different if old Oz had not been tight.
I'm the man who saw no shadow, guessed the secret of Nellthu --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]
19. I've helped Verkan Vall and Nick van Rijn get tight,
But if Gosseyn drinks, I've never seen the sight;
And I've told tales of the right sort
At Gavagan's and the White Hart --
And I'll zotz the man who says that they're not right. [KKA]
20. Learned my trade in Cirdan's shipyards, e'er Thangorodrim's doom;
My galleys sailed for Ishtar, plowed the Throxus on Barsoom.
I built the ships for Faolan at the city of Crom Dhu --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GRH]
21. Ships? I've shipped with Jocelyn and with Jordan too,
Turned pirate once with Runt Hake and his crew;
I've been seasick on the Sunqar
And I've manned the mains'l's top spar
On the longest voyage 'cross the oceans blue. [KKA/GHS]
22. Piracy?
Why, I once signed on with Amra, and I damned near lost my skin,
For the blood it flowed like water when the fighting did begin.
I'm the only tar who's e'er jumped ship, of Vanderdecken's crew --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]
23. Lest darkness fall o'er sands of old Barsoom,
I gathered darkness and dispelled the gloom.
Then with John (the Warlord) Carter
I ran off with Gosseyn's daughter,
And on a picnic watched old Earth go boom. [GHS]
24. I spied a hammer on a wall and summoned mighty Thor,
Then I escaped from deep dark caves to hear the trumpet roar;
But when I met a Darfar cook, I almost joined the stew --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB/GHS]

25. Oh, I kissed the Queen of Zamba on a bet;
 I'm so tough I keep a Coeurl for a pet.
 I've gone soldiering with Rico
 And dug foxholes under Pico --
 Boys, the wars I've seen you've never dreamed of yet. [KKA]

26. I carried heads for Athamaus in old Commorion;
 Unholy Names promoted me for killing Grendel's mom
 And they sent me and Pete Brodsky on a raid to Xanadu --
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]

27. Oh, I sat and watched while Jegga's Empire burned;
 When the Kalkars conquered Earth I was concerned.
 So I took a trip to Mesklin
 Just to get a little rest in --
 They were fighting Boskone's hosts when I returned. [GRH]

28. I tried to teach Diana Prince to have some fun with males;
 I helped to save Kent Nelson from old witch-hunt Salem's jails.
 I taught Johnny Thunder diction so that he could say "Cei-U" --
 And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do. [BEP]

29. I taught Carter Hall he shouldn't drink and fly,
 Told Al Pratt he boozed too much for one small guy.
 I got blind with Doc McNighter:
 He blacked out, I just got tighter;
 And drank rings 'round Alan Scott with rock and rye. [BEP]

30. Oh, I went out hunting lions and met Iphicles's twin;
 With fifty lovely ladies he had just begun to sin.
 Then when he got tired I helped him out by taking one or two --
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [GHS]

31. Well, I tended Redwoods' chickens for a spell,
 And with Cossar hunted rats when darkness fell.
 Then I figured I would sit
 With the giants in the pit,
 But I left when Caterham began to shell. [JC]

32. I toyed with T'saïs and T'sain in fair Embelyon,
 Then I lost a round to Hisvet on the oceans of Nehwon.
 So I settled down with Arles when the Coven's power was through
 (But Medea, witch of Colchis, how I might have reigned with you!) [GRH]

33. I have smuggled hunkles for the London zoo,
 And I peddled marcane to a favored few.
 Then when Fu Manchu was swearin'
 At the law of Pat McCarran
 I disguised him as a slan and got him through. [JB]

34. Well, I toured the towers of Gormenghast while hiding from the law;
 I shipped with O. Van Kortlandt when he left Communipaw;
 I saved Boxer from the pigs when they'd have made him into glue --
 And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [BEP/TAJ]

35. O, I kissed Innelda Isher on a dare;
 That's a queenling that gave me a royal scare --
 I was almost the beginning and the end of all her sinning,
 On the biggest see-saw you've seen anywhere. [RDE]

36. I patched up Fafhrd's backside where the dogs had gnawed his brawn;
I stood by when Greta Forzane bore two centaurs and a faun;
I prescribed a sssegyn diet for the ill of Gru Magru --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [JB]
37. I have ruined every Midwitch teen-age girl;
I stole Captain Nemo's precious giant pearl
And went on a six-month binge
On the far galactic fringe.
The news caused Isaac Sigmen's beard to curl. [JB]
38. I sold ten thousand condoms to Duke Barganax one year,
Invested all my profits just to bail the black-balled seer,
Then used that sphere to spy a smile, but all it said was "mew" --
And that's about the strangest thing that cat will ever do. [JB/GHS]
39. Oh, I sang a song of hairpins on the strand,
And bombed Manhattan with the Vaterland.
When Bert Smallways' gun made mince
Of the "blood and iron" prince,
I'm the bloke who scraped him up and spread the sand. [JC]
40. When I missed my coach at Borgo Pass one night in '89,
A Transylvanian nobleman invited me to dine;
But I found him incompatible with Rh D-sub-U --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [RE]
41. Eight months back I taught a Shambleau how to pet;
It was nothing but a crazy, drunken bet.
It was nothing but a gamble --
Then we started in to scramble.
And a month from now she'll have to see a vet. [RDE]
42. When Kitty caused the trouble while the Red King snoozed away,
I tumbled down a rabbit hole one bright and rainy day,
And I finished all the marmalade before my fall was through --
And that's about the strangest thing a gal will ever do. [RE]
43. I rode a bike that used up all my brew,
So old Northwest set up a drink or two.
I guess we looked like slickers:
We were dared to drink strong licquors,
And the Hokas still recall that night with rue. [KKA]
44. I ventured from Voormithadreth and sailed across Hali;
I prayed to Issa, Jurganeth, and ebon-toothed Kali;
I sought the Hall of Iblees and I spoke to Dwananu --
And that's about the strangest thing a mann will ever do. [LC]
45. I rode up from Mexico with Martin Sair;
It was I who made the Master's sister care.
While I tamed the Urban fire
Poor Evanie's wrath burned higher,
And the Peri plundered shipping everywhere. [Dian P]
46. With Holly, Job, and Leo, I roamed Amhaggar land;
I saw the hair of Ustane with the mark of Ayesha's hand.
Then I fled the wrath of Atene, and her husband's hell-hounds too --
And that's about the strangest thing a man will ever do. [Dian P]

47. I taught Victor Frankenstein biology;
I smuggled bentlam to Capella III.
But, escaping from Buzz Corey,
I ran into the wrong story --
And that's how I ended up in Coventry. [TAJ]

48. Oh, I sailed the Baranduin with Captain Trigger Smyle;
I went to Miraleste and I stayed a little while.
I beat W.T. Dauringa and Doc Destrukto too --
And that's about the strangest thing a fan will ever do. [TAJ]

(Ultimate verse; currently 49.)

When Rhysling sang about the hills of home;
When Gully flamed upon those steps in Rome --
Why, I've been there or I'll be there;
If there's action you'll find me there --
From Centaurus to the Luna City Dome. [GHS/BEP/GRH]

(Alternate last line to ultimate verse:)

And I'll add another verse onto my poem. [BEP]

Further verses should be sent to George Scithers or Bruce Pelz. Sources
of references in verses 1-44 and 49 are published in AMRA II:27.

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Highlights from

My Fair Femmefan

Prologue: "My Fair Femmefan" opened at Brandonhaus early in 1957 and became an overnight success. The amusing story of the gauche neofanne who was tutored by a BNF and became a successful BNF herself has proved to be the most popular production of the Slan Shack Players since "The Fannish Revival Hour" in 1954. We present it here with running notes to clarify the background for each musical number.

by Carl Brandon

with the assistance of Peter Graham

and Terry Carr

I. The opening number takes place at a world convention, Iggens and Bickering, two BNFs, are walking through the convention hotel. In the background can be heard Sam Moskowitz. They are bewailing the miserable state of fandom when they come upon Martha Coznowski, who is hawking NFFF memberships.

IGGENS: Listen to her, mark the way she stutters,
Appalled by every horrid phrase she utters.
By rights she should be drummed clear out of fandom
For mispronouncing fannish words at random.

MARTHA: ...ess-tee-eff fans...

IGGENS: What a horrid thought!
This is what the serconfan foundation
Calls a truly fannish education.
Listen to this neo here, dropping aitches out of Bheer,
Using fanspeak any way she chooses.
You, girl -- ever heard of Rapp?

MARTHA: Whattaya take me for, a Sap?

IGGENS: Listen to these infantile abuses.
Hear this neofan or worse
Utter ideas so perverse --
I'd just as soon have Degler on the scene.
Neos blithering at a con,
Just like this one...

MARTHA: ELRON, ELRON!

IGGENS: I ask you now, precisely what's that mean?
It's ess-tee-eff and Elron that keep her in her place.
She might be very different with a sensitive fannish face.
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan,
Instead of trying to fit them into some great Cosmic Plan?
(to Bickering)
If you believed this hogwash, you'd soon be on the shelf....
Or have to join the N3F yourself.

BICKERING: Go to hell.

IGGENS: A trufan's way of thinking absolutely cubbyholes him;
He must be very careful when some rabblrouser polls him.
Why can't the Welcommittee teach new members how to fan?
The pros know how to write, and critics how to pan.
Drinkers always drink from birth (at least I'm told they can).
Oh, why can't the N3Fers learn....to....FAN!

II. Iggens and Bickering decide to tutor Martha Coznowski and make her a masterfanne who will be accepted in all fannish circles. As part of her early fannish education she joins the local fanclub. At a meeting of this Martha hears some fans daydreaming aloud:

FIRST FAN: It's rather dull in town, I think I'll take me to Belfas'.

SECOND FAN: I've got some homebrew here, I'll pour me out a glass.

THIRD FAN: Why wait for egoboo? -- I'll mail my mag first-class.

ALL: Oh...Oh...wouldn't it be lovely....

MARTHA: All I want is a hektograph,
And beside me, just plain Falstaff;
Fannags to make me laugh....
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely....
Lots of prozines for me to read,
What a trufannish life I'd lead!
Yes, that's the life I need....
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.
If I had my stf checklist all compiled and stencilled up,
I would be the happiest fan since Amazing was just a pup.
Someone there to slipsheet for me,
Sensitive and fannish as he can be,
Who likes to read ess-tee-
Eff...wouldn't it be lovely...lovely...lovely.

III. At the same meeting, Holloway, who is an old fan, tired and cynical, expresses his views on fandom:

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo
Because hektographic repro really stank.
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu gave fans the blasted mimeo, BUT
With a little bit o' luck,
With a little bit o' luck,
Someone else will turn the goddam crank.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck!

HOLLOWAY: The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration,
So that our zines would not be filled with crud.
The Ghreat Ghod Ghu made bheer for inspiration, BUT
With a little bit o' luck,
With a little bit o' luck,
You can drink your bheer and never pub.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

HOLLOWAY: Ghreat Ghu says we should always welcome trufans,
And give them food and lodging when they roam.
Ghreat Ghu says we should always welcome trufans, BUT
With a little bit o' luck,
With a little bit o' luck,
When they visit us we won't be home.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' luck we won't be home.

HOLLOWAY: Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fannag,
And fills subscribers hearts with grief and doubt.
Oh, it's a crime when a faned folds his fannag, BUT
With a little bit o' luck,
With a little bit o' luck,
The Better Business Bureau won't find out.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

HOLLOWAY: Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine,
Which is the right and proper thing to do.
Oh, you must work to help support your fanzine, BUT
With a little bit o' luck,
With a little bit o' luck,
Soon subscribers will be supporting you.

ALL: With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit o' goddam luck.

IV. As Martha's education continues, she is spending more and more time with Iggens, whose friend Bickering speculates that perhaps they are falling in love. Iggens protests to the contrary:

IGGENS: I find the moment I let a femmefan fall for me she becomes loving, attentive, and completely fuggheaded. I find the moment I fall for a femmefan I begin to gaffiate. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Bickering....

I'm an ordinary fan,
Who desires nothing more than do the others of his mold:
To fan exactly as he likes and drink as much as he can hold.
An average fan am I, of no insurgent whim,
Who pubs a fannish mag, not some rag
Concerned with receipes and silly frilled lace trim.
Just an ordinary fan...BUT:

Let a femmefan in your life, and your fannishness takes a nosedive.
She'll redecorate your room, sweep the place out with a broom;
When she's cleared out all the refuse she will give it to her nephew's
scrap-drive.

Oh, let a femmefan in your life, and fanning hasn't got a chance!
You've a deadline, but you find she has something else in mind,
So although you ought to hurry, you spend your evening in worry at a dance.
You were a fan of grace and polish
Who never spoke above a hush;
Now all at once you're using language
That would make Charles Burbee blush!
Oh, if you let a femmefan squeeze ya, then you're courting fannishthnesia;
You will join the nonfan rabble, playing games like bridge or scrabble!
I maintain it's less a pity to be on a con committee
Than to ever let a femmefan in your life.

I'm a quiet-living fan
Who, though he has a sense of humor, is content with silent laughter;
Who likes an atmosphere as restful as con-halls the morning-after.
A literary man am I, who finds stf quite a bore,
Who hasn't read a Utopian novel written since Sir Thomas More.
Yes, a quite conservative fan...BUT
Let a femmefan in your life, and you'll say goodbye to fandom.
In a line that never ends come her dull, plebeian friends --
Though they're her friends stout and true, very soon you'll find that you
can't stand 'em.

She'll have an opinionated family, who will decide that fanning's sin;
You will explain it's just a hobby, but plebeians,...who can win?

Oh, let a femmefan in your life,
Let a femmefan in your life....!
I shall NEVER let a femmefan in my life.

V. Following this, Iggens makes it a point to treat Martha as coldly as possible. Martha, a typical young fan, wants to become a BNF, so she tolerates his coldness and applies herself to her studies. But her indignation finds expression when she is alone:

MARTHA: Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait!
For hell hath no fury like a femmefan's hate!
When your old typer will not stencil,
I'll hand you a sharpened pencil!
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, just you wait.
Just you wait, Enry Iggens, till your bills
From S.F. Bookclub are higher than the hills.
You'll say "Mail this money order" --
I'll buy me a tape recorder!
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens, just you wait!
Ohhhh, Enry Iggens, just you wait till you're in Raeburn's Derogation.
Hah! Enry Iggens -- and you're stomping 'round the room in irritation,
Though you're full of indignation,
I'll be laughing with elation --
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; Oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens,
Just you wait!
One day I'll be famous; every fan will be stunned
By my beauty and wittiness; I'll win the TAFF fund.
When Don Ford counts the ballots, he will write to me and say,
"Your fare to England's shores is on the way."
Then an air-letter from the con-committee is sent:
"Anything on the program you want, we'll present."
"Thanks a lot, boys," I write back, "but as I've always said,
The only thing I want is Iggens head."
"DONE!" writes the chairman with a stroke;
"I'm sending you passage for the bloke."
Then you'll think that you're Big-Ponded, Iggens dear --
But you'll make no guest-of-honor speech, I fear.
You'll display your elocution
Only at your execution!
Ah-ha-ha, Enry Iggens; Oh-ho-ho, Enry Iggens --
Just you wait!

VI. Martha's education continues. Iggens, assisted by Bickering, is teaching her some of the finer points of fannish pronunciation:

IGGENS: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

MARTHA (hesitatingly): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: Again...

MARTHA (more surely): Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: I think she's got it; I think she's got it.

MARTHA: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957.

IGGENS: By Ghu, she's got it; by Ghu, she's got it!
Now, once again, where is the Blog?

MARTHA: In the Fog, in the Fog.

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the Fog?

MARTHA: They Snog! They Snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957! (Hoohaw!) Snog and Blog in the Fog
in 1957!

IGGENS: In Bhoston, Bhloomington and Bhelfast,

MARTHA: Bhlighters all enjoy a bheerbust....
I have a Cosmic Mind, what do I do now?

IGGENS: Now, once again, where is the Blog?

MARTHA: In the Fog, in the Fog!

IGGENS: And what do fans do in the Fog?

MARTHA: They Snog! They Snog!

ALL: Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957!
Snog and Blog in the Fog in 1957! (The number ends with Iggen's, Mar-
tha and Bickering joining in a wild
tango, amid boisterous cries of "Arriba!" and "Los Cuentos Fantasticos!")

VII. It is months later, and Martha has completed her fannish education. Iggen's and Bickering take her to the London Convention, where she scores a resounding success. All the con-goers wonder who the unknown femmefan is, assuming she must be a well-known fanne making her first appearance at a convention. After the last convention party is over, Iggen's and Bickering celebrate their victory:

BICKERING: Tonight, old man, you did it, you did it, you did it!
I thought your plan was shaky, yes indeed I did.
I doubted that you'd make it, I hoped that you'd forsake it,
But now I'm very thankful that proceed you did!
You should get a Hugo, or a Laureate Award!

IGGENS: 'Twas nothing, really nothing.

BICKERING: All alone you swept each difficulty from the board!

IGGENS: Now wait, now wait, give credit where it's do --
A lot of the egoboo goes to you!

BICKERING: But you're the one who did it, who did it, who did it!
Though our hopes at times were hazy, you were as reliable as Taurasi
There's no doubt about it -- you did it!
I thought my beanie prop would wilt,
The way you pushed things to the hilt.
At times I was quite sure you'd pushed it too far.

IGGENS: Shortly after registration, I discarded trepidation --
I left her by herself and went to the bar.

BICKERING: You should have seen them take the pause.
Everyone wondered who she was.

IGGENS: You'd think they'd never seen a trufanne before.

BICKERING: And when at last the Masquerade got started
And BNFs flocked round her by the score,
I simply said "You did it, you did it, you did it!"
They thought she was so fannish that at midnight she must vanish --
And they never knew that you did it!

IGGENS: Thank Roscoe for Goon Bleary -- if he hadn't been there I'd have died
of boredom.

BICKERING: Goon Bleary? Was he there?

IGGENS: Yes...that man's so adept at the art of fanmanship
That I knew Miss Goznowski would have to consort with him sans a slip.
Every fan at the con who was famous was under surveillance by that shamus.
Finally I saw it was fuggheaded not to let him have his chance with her,
So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.
Just to see what he could learn, he used fanspeak at every turn;
Every gambit he could play, he used to strip her mask away --
And when at last the dance was done, he grinned as though he'd made a pun.
He announced from the rostrum that he knew who she was!

BICKERING: No!

IGGENS: Quite so!
"Her manners are quite poor," he said, "that clearly indicates that she's
trufannish.
"Whereas nonfans have their social rules, we trufans don't, because
we're slannish.
"And although I've only spoken with her briefly and at random,
"I can tell at once that she is of -- First Fandom!"

BICKERING: But she's only twenty!

IGGENS: Quite so.

BICKERING: This evening, sir, you did it, you did it, you did it!
You said that you would do it, and indeed you did.
I thought that you would rue it; I doubted that you'd do it,
But now I must admit it -- yes, succeed you did!

VIII. At the London convention Martha has met Freddie Bunker-Hill, an American fan.
In the weeks that follow their return to the states, Freddie courts her in his fannish
fashion, but as Tucker could have predicted, Freddie knows nothing of normal romance.
Finally he gets up the nerve to propose to Martha:

FREDDIE: Your writing's the ultimate in humor, and there's a rumor
referring to we two:
They say our styles go well together; I wonder whether--

MARTHA: Egoboo!
Always egoboo! I get praise all day through,
First from him, now from you! Is that all you trufans can do?

Don't drag emotion through fannish mire --
If you're on fire, tell me!
Don't talk of budgies -- speak of the dove!
If you're in love, tell me!
Ever since I met you at the Londonvention dance,
You've only spoken to me of fans!
If you think that fanac makes you consumately glad,
Try sometime to kiss a hekto pad!
Has some unlucky love twisted your mind?
Can't you unwind? -- Tell me, tell me!
Don't talk of raising Twelfth Fandomites --
Certainly you must know how to tell me now!

IX. Meanwhile, the old-timer, Holloway, has decided to quit fandom, and in his honor the local fanclub throws a huge party on his last night as a fan, calling it the Gafianquet. Holloway arrives at the party feeling tired and not very fannish:

ALL: There's just a few more hours, that's all the time you've got;
You'll be a non-fan at midnight on the dot.

HOLLOWAY: My reputation's all over fandom, and I've got to live up to it just a
few more hours.....

I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life.
But this evening I must join in this bheerbust
And let my fan instincts run rife.
I'm gafiating in the morning,
Giving my crifanac the knife.
Neos, come and zap me -- everyone be happy,
And let your fan instincts run rife.
If I am drinking, pour me some more;
If I get sercon, kick me out the door!
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this fascinating life --
I'll be normal tomorrow, but tonight I'll drown my sorrow,
And let my fan instincts run rife!

ALL: Oh, he's quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life...

HOLLOWAY: I hate to leave it behind me, so everyone please remind me
That fandom's just a way of strife!

ALL: He's turning normal in the morning,
Giving his crifanac the knife...

HOLLOWAY: Though fandom is madness, ere I leave this sad mess,
I'll let my fan instincts run rife.
If I get plastered, put me to bed;
If I plan a fanzine, club me on the head!
For I'm quitting fandom in the morning,
Retiring from this tiresome fannish life;
Tonight is my last fling, so let's have the bells ring!
And let your fan instincts, those crazy fan instincts,
Oh, cut loose and let your fan instincts run rife!

X. At the Gafianquet, Martha suddenly becomes angry with Iggens and rushes out of the room crying. Iggens subsequently finds that she has moved away, leaving no word.

IGGENS: What in all of HYPHEN can have prompted her to go, after I had helped her rise to glory?
Hiding out in isolation...can this be a gafiation? I must say it's quite a perplexing story!
Women are mundane, that's all I have to say for that! Their reading matter's always non-fan rags.
Their lives are shaped by loutish, boorish, clownish, churlish, lowbrow, plebeian, proletarian mags!

BICKERING: Hmm?

IGGENS: Yes...why can't a woman be more like a fan?
Fen are progressive, with a free-thinking view,
More wise than Confucious, more strong than the Poo.
They've clear-thinking minds -- always know where they're at.
Why can't a woman be like that?
Why does every one do what the rabble do?
They dote on all that Billy Graham's said.
Their conversation's empty, and a babble, too.
Why don't they learn to think like Scientologists instead?
Why can't a woman just act like a fan?
Fen are so witty; I find that when I'm
With a fan I'm assured of a very good time.
A woman grows angry if just once you start to pettin' her.

BICKERING: How prudish!

IGGINS: What's even worse, their conversation's quite dull, too.

BICKERING: Dim-witted!

IGGINS: Would you be shocked if I should swear at my Gestetner?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGINS: Well, why can't a woman be like you?
One fan in a hundred may watch TeeVee
(For after all, one might see Berry there!)
And you and I each have some small deficiency,
But by and large we are a marvelous pair.
Why can't a woman behave like a fan?
Fan-thinking is calm, open-minded and free.
We're never conceited; why, just look at me!
If fuggheads disagree with us, we just ignore them.

BICKERING: Naturally!

IGGINS: If we get panned by Claude Hall, do we make a fuss?

BICKERING: Of course not!

IGGINS: We don't start feuds with them -- we quietly abhor them.

BICKERING: Quite logical!

IGGINS: Well, why can't a woman be like us?

Why can't a woman be more like a fan?
 Why, only a fan (and I'm sure you'll agree)
 Would pub your last-minute FAPActivity --
 Now, take Dean Grennell, he's a typical fan.
 Why can't a woman be a Good Man?
 Why is thinking something women never do?
 Read GEMZINE and you'll see just what I mean.
 Thinking with their typer's all they ever do;
 I doubt they even keep their typers clean!
 Why can't a woman be more like a fan?
 If I were a woman who'd been to a con,
 Been made Guest of Honor, and such goings-on,
 Would I start weeping as though I had due cause for sadness?
 Act like I'd lost all rationality?
 Would I run off and not announce my change of address?
 Well, why can't a woman...be like me?

XI. Iggens finally finds out where Martha has moved to, and visits her. When asked why she left him, she delivers a tirade:

MARTHA: What a fool I was, what a dull, fuggheaded fool,
 To think you were the earth and sky!
 What a fool I was, what a bright-eyed, simple fool,
 What a neofannish fool was I!
 No, my trufannish-type friend,
 You are not the beginning and the end!
 There'll be cons every year without you;
 FAPA still will be here without you.
 There'll be good old J.D.,
 There'll be I.S.F.C.C.,
 Quinn will still send If free without you!
 SCIENCE FICTION TIMES will thrive without you;
 Somehow Forry will survive without you;
 And there still will be blog
 Where they snog in the fog.
 LassFass will meet in the smog without you ---
 We can do without you!
 You, mighty drinker who's always plastered --
 You're just a stupid Cosmic-minded crackpot!
 We'll have South Gate in '58 without you,
 (That con too will start late without you),
 And if you must know, dear, Milwaukee still will make bheer without you!
 Without your buying them, the prozines survive;
 Without your carrying them, the mails arrive;
 Without you lifting, drinkers all get high --
 If they can get along without you, so can I!
 I can still be well-known without you;
 I can pub on my own without you.
 So go 'way, little man, I can still be a fan without you!

XII. Iggens subsequently learns that Martha is to marry Freddie Bunker-Hill. Alone at home, he mixes himself a nuclear fizz, and reflects that it is nowhere near as good as the fizzes Martha mixes....

IGGENS: Fout, fout, fout, fout!
 I've grown accustomed to her fizz!
 She makes house-cleaning seem worthwhile --

I've grown accustomed to the aisles she's cleared through messy piles,
And I'm not bothered by the glare from polished silverware.
It's quite familiar to me now,
This cleaning-up and putting-away,
My home was so superbly fannish, quite a wreck before we met;
Sure, I could just mess it up that way again...and yet
I've grown accustomed to her typer,
Quite fond of her LP's,
Accustomed to her fizz.

Marry Freddie! What a starry-eyed idea! What a goshwowboyoboyish thing
to do! She'll regret it! She'll regret it! It's doomed before they
even reach the altar.

I can see her now, Mrs. Freddie Bunker-Hill, in a small apartment load-
ed down with stf.
Bunker-Hill turns out impotent, but his wife's a woman still, so she's
mothering the good old N3F!
Each member now becomes her son or daughter, and the Welcommittee's
her delivery room;
She'll continue this perverted life he's brought her till the day she's
laid to rest inside her tomb!

HAH!

But perhaps she'll see the error in her way, and she'll leave poor
frigid Freddie in the lurch.
Then she'll come to me and kneel to me and say, "You were right, you
should have stopped us at the church."

HAH!

Poor, dear Martha! How simply frightful!
How degrading! How delightful!
How gratified I'll be when she begs me to take her back,
When she huddles on her knees outside my door,
Maternally frustrated, all for Freddie's lack --
Shall I take her in, or send her right back home?
Should she live with me, or ever after roam? ...
I'm a most forgiving fan,
The sort who never could, never would
Get into a feud, then carry a life-long grudge.
Just a most forgiving fan...BUT
I will never take her back, though she be crying in the snow!
Let her say that from now on she'll do all assembly-work!
I shall very coldly tell her where to go!
Marry Freddie -- HAH!

But I'm so used to hear her play "The Planets" every day,
Its highs, its lows, the way the ending goes --
Of course, I could just buy the thing
And get all this off my mind....
I'm very glad she's not trufannish; I can treat her like a pet,
Rather like a lower form of life that talks -- and yet
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of....something....in this drink --
Accustomed to her fizz.

(Iggers disgustedly throws his drink into the fire. Martha enters; they embrace.
Curtain.)

EPILOGUE: The next day Iggers and Martha have an argument, and Martha leaves again.

She marries Freddie and lives happily ever after, Iggens remains a confirmed old bachelor, and George Bernard Shaw is content.*

*"In a long addendum to 'Pygmalion,' Shaw insisted for several pages that Higgins would always remain a bachelor and pupil Eliza would marry her young suitor, Freddie Eynsford-Hill. To assume that the heroine of a romance 'must have married the hero of it' is 'unbearable,' Shaw snorted."
- - - Time Magazine, July 23, 1956.

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"My Fair Femmefan" is reprinted from A BAS 10, 1957, with permission of Terry Carr.

SIR FAALOT'S LAMENT

BY BRUCE PELZ

If ever I should publish,
It wouldn't be in OMPA --
Reading what's in OMPA
Would bore me to tears!
Reluctant officials;
Ghod-awful AE's;
Turnover so rapid
It creates a breeze!

Music: "If Ever I Should Leave Thee," from "Camelot." Words reprinted from Het Время 70 February, 1966

But if I'd ever publish,
It couldn't be in FAPA --
Getting into FAPA
Takes nine or ten years!
I've seen waiting-listers
Grow old and expire
Ere they won to FAPA --
"Brilliant Deadwood"'s mire.

And could I publish reams of in-group-type SAPS MC's?
Or could I do whole fanzines full of trivialities?

If ever I should publish,
How could I publish genzines;
Knowing that from fen zines
Like this just get sneers?
To hell, then, with genzines,
FAPA, OMPA, and SAPS --
There's nothing left but GAFIA --
Or TAPS....