



This is SAVOYARD 11

Published by Bruce Pelz
Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza
Los Angeles, California 90024

For OMPA, Mailing 40
June 1964

"If you'll give me your attention..."

I have spent most of this evening preparing apa mailings for binding, and in the midst of struggling with about five OMPA mailings that have accumulated over the last year and a half or so, I suddenly realized that I had better get to work on another SAVOYARD for the June mailing, or I would again be an Ex-OMPAN. So... .

I have probably mentioned several times that I have my fanzines bound, but I don't think I've gone into the mechanics of preparation -- which sometimes get involved. I have been dealing with a bookbinder in St. Augustine, Florida, for the past nine years or so, and even here in Los Angeles I am unable to find a bindery that can match the prices and workmanship of the one in Florida -- it is actually cheaper to ship the volumes across the country and back to have them bound than to have them done here. So once every few months, a box of bound volumes comes back to me, and I ship another off to take its place. Each shipment contains about ten volumes altogether, but some may be comics or prozines rather than fanzines. At present I have 105 volumes of bound fanzines.

Most of these 105 are SAPS and FAPA mailings, but there are mailings of almost every current APA, and about 23 volumes of general fanzines. OMPA is represented with only 3 volumes (one contains two mailings), and though I have 7 or 8 more ready to go, other APAs usually take preference, because OMPA mailings are very difficult to work with.

The primary problem in binding OMPA mailings is the variety of paper sizes. If a pile of fanzines that is to be bound is predominantly one size of paper, with only a few odd ones -- say mostly 8.5x11, with a few 8x10 -- it can easily be bound to the larger size, and the few "dips" in the height and width don't bother the trimming; little problem. When the proportions are about half and half, and the two heights are interspersed -- mailings are bound as listed in the Official Organ -- they cannot be trimmed, as there is no primary size to guide the trim. And when you add such zines as THE BUG EYE, or CONVERSATIONS 19 and 20 -- or any other oversized zine, then you really have a problem. My usual solution is to staple an oversized zine to a stiff backing (usually a piece of cover stock), putting it on sideways, and folding up the bottom; when the zine is 16+ pages, this makes quite a lump, but I haven't found anything better yet.

So, the preparation goes like this: (1) Make sure the entire mailing is accounted for, checking the contents against the OT, and the postmailings against the following OT. (2) Check to make sure you don't have any blanks. (3) Type up a binding sheet, listing the color of binding, the color of lettering; OMPA is bound in maroon, with gold lettering. List what you want on the spine, such as "OFF-TRAILS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION" "37" and "September 1963." List the contents, in the order you want them bound, just in case the bindery gets the stack out of order at some time or other. (This way, you can complain if the volume comes back bound in the wrong order.) Where you have stapled a zine to a backing sheet, note beside it that the backing sheet is not to be removed. (Zines smaller than 8x10 usually go on backing sheets, too, unless they have a wide left-hand margin.) (4.) As you type the binding sheet, adjust the paper sizes of the zines as you

come to them. (5.) With the binding sheet on top of the stack, tie the whole mess up, throw it in a box with the others, and send it off. (6.) Wait anywhere from one to three months. (7.) Pay about £1/8/7 per volume, plus postage. (\$4.00)

It's a nuisance, but it's worth it. Oh -- as for the difficulty of preparation, though OMPA is difficult, there is a worse one: The Cult! With the number of "unofficial" and "semi-official" Cultzines -- and the ridiculous amount of "inclusions" (getting 19 of something is a lot easier than getting 50), the Cult is a real terror to bind. I've been putting off the 10th Cult Cycle for over six months, now -- ever since it ended back in July. Maybe tomorrow I'll get to it...maybe....

BRIGHTLY DAWNS...

For the benefit of those of you who don't subscribe to either STARSPINKLE or SKYRACK, Dian Girard and I were married on 1 February. The cover of this issue, also used on my FAPazine in the February mailing, was obtained through the courtesy of Don Fitch, who lithographed it from a rush photo we obtained from the studio.

Right now, 8 March, we are in the process of buying a house in the hinterlands of Los Angeles -- a small burg called Pacoima, which is sort of a wide space in the freeway. Ordinarily we wouldn't have been house-hunting this early, but as we received a special wedding present, we decided to do so immediately after getting married. Said special present was an eviction notice from the new landlords; it seems they're tearing the place down. We were supposed to be out of here by 2 March -- here being the small (very) rented house in Santa Monica I moved into last October -- but as yet no one has come to check up. Inasmuch as we are in the midst of a 60-day wait for clear title on the house we hope we're buying, we think we can get away with staying here for a while. (The eviction notice wasn't a Legalistic one -- wasn't even notarized. It should take them another 60 days or so to throw us out, after they serve a Legalistic notice -- stay tuned to this fanzine. By the time I send this off it ought to be settled; if not, then at least by deadline.)

There's only one thing I regret about this marriage-and-house-buying bit: it rather throws a monkeywrench into any plans to attend the 1965 Loncon II. I'll miss a convention for the first time since Detention...how unfannish..... I guess we'll have to go to Disneyland or something, instead.

2250-032864

I considered writing a Discon Report for OMPA -- for that matter, I considered writing one for FAPA and SAPS, too -- but even though I have tapes I recorded during the first two weeks of our three-week trip, and could probably write a long (boring) report from them, I have given up the idea in favor of a brief highlighting.

Las Vegas was dull -- it would be dull, I think, even if one were winning money there. The only worthwhile things we found in Utah were George Barr's artwork and the funicular ride to the top of Bridal Veil Falls. The latter was discovered by accident, when we took a side-route; the view from the top is beautiful, and well worth the seemingly exorbitant price of the ride. The former, seen in situ in Salt Lake City, made up for the rather depressing Mormon museum in the same city. The museum has so many artifacts of its founder Joseph Smith that we expected them to be displaying his mummified body alongside his set of false teeth.

An overnight stay at the Heinleins' was one of the highest spots of the trip -- Ted Johnstone and I may have been the first fans to sleep in the Heinlein Fallout Shelter (it's extremely well-equipped and comfortable). A very difficult place to leave -- or even to want to leave.

Ruth Berman's hospitality, and that of her family, was most gracious -- even if her little sister did win all the card games. Most appre-

ciated Berman: Tiger, the overstuffed cat. All the fans in our group (Fred Patten, Dian, Ted Johnstone, me) are ailurophiles. We got our first chance to see a play on board a genuine showboat; Ruth had reserved tickets for us to "Camille", which was playing on a showboat on the Mississippi, docked at the University of Minnesota. Very nice.

A quick visit to Windsor (Canada) culminated in a minor smuggling job when I found the duty on a bottle of Captain Morgan's Black Label Rum would be more than the cost of the booze. Detroit was rainy and its streets poorly marked, but the Detroit Mob (Devore, Sims, Broderick, Prophet) is fun to talk to, even until the far-too-late hours of the morning.

Cleveland is almost as too-big as Los Angeles. We delivered the Invisible Little Man Award, presented in absentia at the Westercon, to Andre Norton. She is very hospitable, extremely friendly, and a complete agoraphobe; she also refuses to allow photographs. A pity -- she'd be an excellent Guest of Honor. She has excellent libraries in several fields.

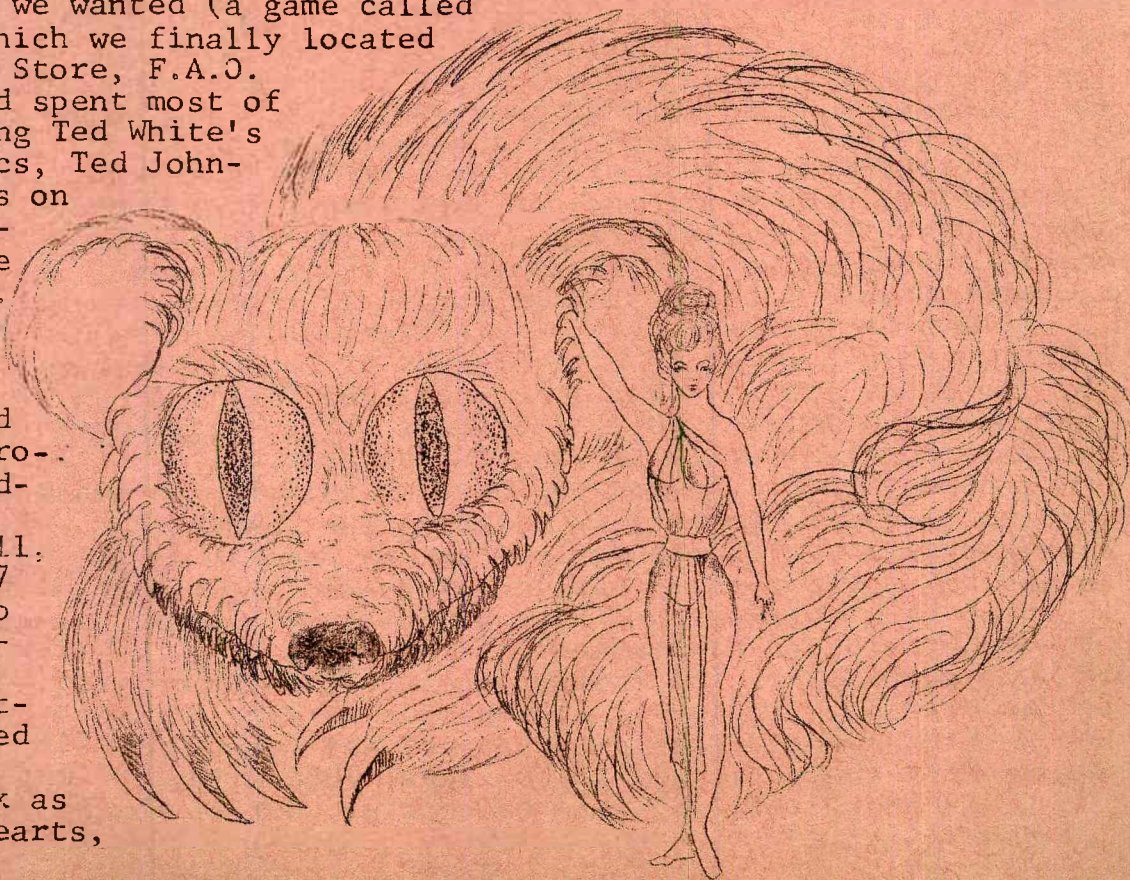
During our three-day stay in New York, we were indebted to Ted White and Sandi for a place to stay, as well as Terry and Carol Carr for the party they threw, and Esther Stanton Davis for another party. One day of the three I spent visiting old haunts and relatives in New Jersey, discovering that my old haunts are duller than they were when I lived there in 1950 (which wouldn't have seemed possible then), and also discovering that my New Jersey relatives, like my parents in Florida, don't like my beards. The rest of the time was spent showing Dian some of New York: The Bronx Zoo, with its excellent display of nocturnal animals shown under night lights, and its present lamentable lack of Giant Pandas; an Automat; the subways, which Dian had to deal with by herself a couple times (once by accident, when we got separated); the Statue of Liberty, where I heckled and cajoled her into climbing to the top; the Staten Island Ferry ride at night, where 5¢ gets you a half-hour ride and a beautiful view of New York City; the big department stores, none of which had what we wanted (a game called

"Diplomacy," which we finally located at an A#1 Game Store, F.A.O.

Schwartz.) Fred spent most of his time reading Ted White's duplicate comics, Ted Johnstone spent his on

dates with various femme-type correspondents.

The con itself was a very good one, though I missed a lot of the program. Sword-and-Sorcery ruled the costume ball, with 3 of the 7 awards going to S-and-S characters. Several costumes regretfully overlooked in the awards: Harriet Kolchak as The Queen of Hearts,



Paul Zimmer as Conan (Larry Kafka had him outdone in weaponry, but Paul looked more like a barbarian ~~hero~~); Steve Tolliver as Turan the panthan. Only one comicbook character showed up this year, compared to about a dozen in 1962. The masquerade was followed by an invitation from Nicholas van Rijn (Randy Garrett) to a party whereat songs were sung and drinks drunk (So Ted Cogswell likewise) in a much more enjoyable atmosphere than at the overcrowded, overheated open party the LA-Berkeley crew threw on one of the other nights. Most raucous quartet of the evening: Dickson, Garrett, Piper, and Pelz doing Poul Anderson's translation of "Three Kings Rode Out," and managing to sound as bad together as Poul does alone.

An excellent Art Show was well-attended. Barbi Johnson had three more illustrations from The Enchanted Forest (she had one in Chi and about a half-dozen at Seattle), two of which were in the style of the three I already had, and I wanted them. But she'd been warned that I was collecting them, and the prices had been hiked up; I said I'd haggle with her after the con, if no one had bought them. They hadn't, so I got them at about \$10 less than the asking price. Digression: Barbi has two different styles she uses in illustrating The Enchanted Forest, with the one I like being used for all illustrations of the little elfish character called The Encourager of the Interrupter. All five of the paintings I have are of The Encourager, and I am looking for the one painting in this style that did not feature him. Why the one called "Marso flees the Marsh-Light Fairies" wasn't done in the duller, less crisp style of the other paintings entered at Seacon's Art Show, I do not know. End of digression.

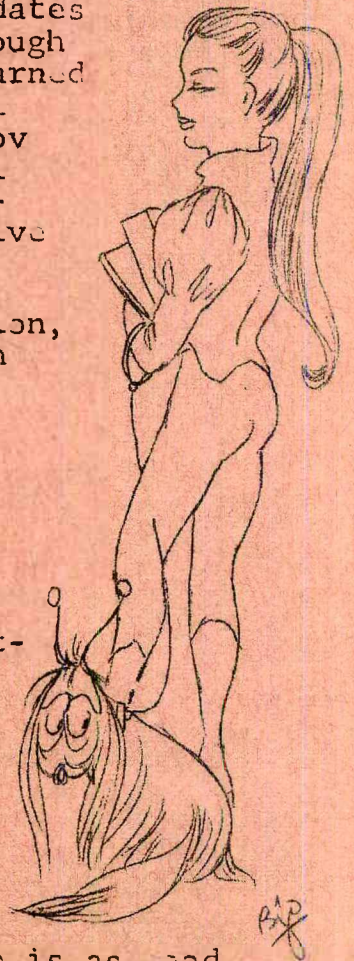
The banquet was nothing special, but the food was decent and the price not too high. The Hugo Awards were given to candidates who had earned them, as far as I was concerned, even though I didn't vote for all the winners. (F&SF may not have earned a Hugo, but...) I object to the presentation of Special Awards that look like Hugos -- even though I think Asimov and Miller are both highly deservant of an award. I feel that such presentations dilute the value of the Hugos -- the same going for the "extra" Hugos some conventions give out, such as the one for "SF Book Publisher" this year. (I'm supporting "No Award" for that category.)

There were a number of things I wanted at the auction, but I had to settle for one: an electric Gestetner which cost \$101 -- I was lucky that a few of the others who wanted it had no way to transport it, while we were travelling in a Corvair station wagon. Of course, it actually went from D.C. to L.A. in Steve Tolliver's Volkswagen, but we could have brought it back if we had to. The other items -- the Emsh cover for F&SF's Glory Road, and the Krenkel cover for Ace's Tarzan Triumphant -- went too high for me to stay in the game.

The day after the con we toured Washington -- visiting the various monuments -- climbing the Washington Monument in about 26 minutes and coming down in about 6½. An enjoyable evening session of gossip and backstabbing with Scithers and Eney at Scithers's house capped our stay in Washington.

We returned by the fastest route, stopping only at Tacketts Way Station in Albuquerque to pass on convention news and take advantage of the Constant Hospitality there. Total trip mileage: 7000 miles.

This year, the trip will be shorter, but if the con is as good, I'll be satisfied.



EGOBOO is a strange thing -- its value depends not only on the quantity, but on the person who gives it to you. A five-line encouragement from one person is likely to be valued far above an entire page of praise from someone else. So let's take a survey: What is the most valued piece of egoboo you have ever received? Who gave it to you, and under what circumstances? I suppose we ought to limit this survey to egoboo received in SF fandom, but I'll let you decide where to draw the line on that.



This question came up originally at the party in New York this past August, at Terry Carr's. I forget who brought it up, but I think it was John Koning. When he got around to asking me, I said that my own choice was something that Miri Knight, then Miri Carr, said when I visited the Carrs in San Francisco after the Detention in 1959. I had travelled to California from the con instead of going straight home to Tampa, Florida, and while in the San Francisco Bay area, I stayed with the Carrs for three days. ~~The Carrs~~ hadn't been able to attend the Detention, and we spent a good deal of the time talking about the con. When I left, Miri said, "Having you here made up for not getting to the convention." This stuck in my mind as one of the nicest compliments anyone could pay, and until the Discon it was Top Egoboo for me.

At the Discon, though, something topped it. After the masquerade -- I forget whether it was at the post-masquerade party, or the following day -- Randy Garrett came up and told me that Fritz Leiber had been very impressed with my Fafhrd costume -- fur-trimmed tunic and cross-laced boots, leather armlets, bleached-blond hair and full beard, and a four-foot broadsword with jewel-encrusted scabbard. According to Randy, Fritz had commented, during the masquerade, "Now I know how Fafhrd looked." It will be a helluva long time until this heady a bit of egoboo is topped.

Now, how about the rest of you -- what is your own Top Egoboo?

IT IS MY VERY HUMANE ENDEAVOUR...

MLG. COMMENTS

AMBLE 16 (Mercer) Your assumption that "The Sorcerer" has nothing to recommend it would only be reinforced by hearing the music. It's pretty much of a nothing. The patter song ("My Name is John Wellington Wells") is good, but there isn't enough else in the operetta to make it worthwhile listening to the boring parts.

I think I'll get even with you for the songs, and put in the various unfinished bits I've had kicking around in my "to be published" file for several years. Here they are, and welcome to them:

Und der Neo, der hat Hekto,
Und der trägt er auf die Hand';
Und Macheath, der hat ein Mimeo
Von der schön Gestetner Brand.

[from "The Three-Fanzine Opera"]

[apologies to anyone who really
knows German]

One day upon the fannish scene
Appeared a neofan
Who jumped right in and pubbed a zine --
Which started out the worst I'd seen --
As only neos can.

2. His typer was an awful mess,
His duper even worse,
And what he pubbed said even less
Than Mosherzines, so you can guess
How very bad the curse.
3. The comment letters that he got
Were seldom very kind.
They hinted he'd do better not
To pub at all than leave a lot
Of neocrud behind.
4. But then he had a visit from
A local fan of note
Who loaned a typer, fixed his drum
And spoke of better things to come
In what the neo wrote.
5. His zine improved just overnight,
As weaknesses were shed:
No longer did it sound so trite
(He'd gotten other fans to write),
And now it could be read!
6. The local fan gave much advice
On how to run the zine,
And wrote a column once or twice,
Which added quite a little spice;
The neo grew quite keen.
7. The neo came, as time progressed.
To emulate the fan.
Opinions that the fan expressed,
The neo also soon professed,
As if in secret plan.
8. A minor argument or two
Was used to signify
That he thought every question
through,
And prove that it was quite un-
true
He aped the other guy.
9. But fandom saw the truth that
lay
Beneath the echo-fan,
And in a highly stefnic way
Cast Fan and Neo both to play
"The Duplicated Man."
10. His chatterzine soon went to
seed ---
A letterzine was planned.
For such things Fandom had a
need!
Five issues was about his speed
.....

[Begun in early 1960, this went nowhere.]

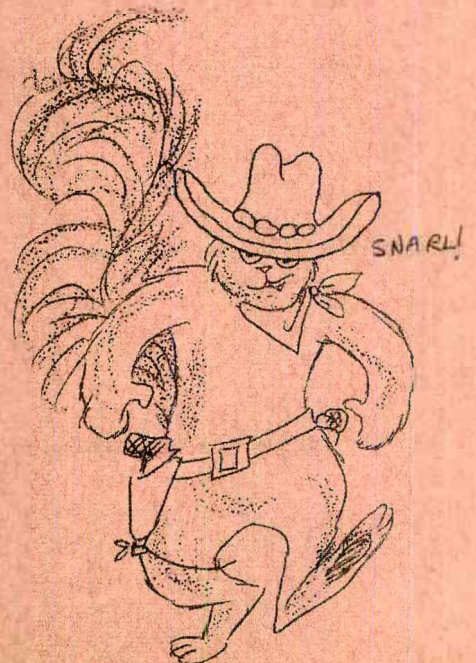
i met a fan the other night
who loved to play with fire
he was trying to juggle three girl friends or more
without really playing the liar
i said if you continue thus
your loves will be painfully few
do you do all this because you like it
or because it just seems like the fannish thing
to do

[parodied on a song from the musi-
cal "archie and
mehitabel"]

[This one was given to me, in 1960, by (I think)
Bill Ellern. It was a beginning for a parody of
"H.M.S. Pinafore."]

Scene. -- Main room of T.N.O. Fenden. Fans led
by Blotto Otto are discovered cleaning the
brass type, turning the Gestetner handle, etc.

CHORUS: We type our fanzines true,
And our cover is a beauty,
We're drunken fen and few,
And a SAPSzine's just a duty.
When the fan feuds rage
O'er the printed page,
We stand on our neutral ground.
When the feuding's done,



We have had our fun,
And have many a bheer a-round.

High on the height of a windy hill,
A lonely man looked down,
Gazing, enwrapped in the stygian night,
At the valley below, and the pinpoints of light

[This is mine, circa 1961.
I must have been feeling
bad, or something.]

That's about it, Archie. I found three more bits, but I'm afraid they're more Cult material than OMPA fare.

Well, I, for one, think it's too bad you won't stand for TAFF. A lot of us would like to meet you.

I am resourceful
You are not too honest
He is a goddam crook

[Another exercise in the con-
jugation of highly irregular
verbs. Care to try one?]

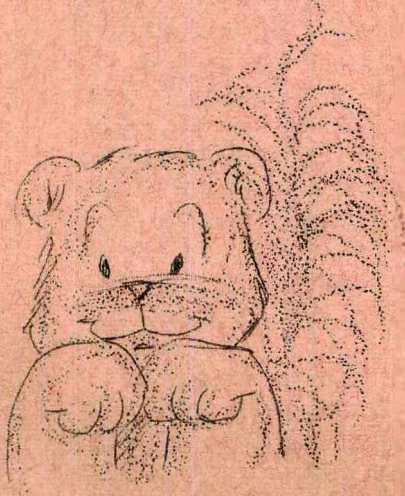
ERG 18 (Jeeves) That collection of "howlers" is a jewel; thanks for passing them on to us for further amusement -- and maybe a few thoughts about our own grammar and spelling.

If you're not kidding about the question of why JFF TRAILS 37 is Vol. 10 #1, I work out the volumization at 4 (36/9) issues per vol, as #36 would be volume 9 #4-and-last.

HEX (Wells) Oh, go see "Lawrence Of Arabia," in spite of Johnstone's praising it so much. There are a number of excellent items in the film, even if the plot isn't one of them.

You suggest that laws should be passed against such things as throwing trash on the street only when it gets to be a problem, and not when one or two individuals are doing it. OK, who defines the time at which it becomes a problem? It could be argued that even one person doing it presents a problem in the form of more work for the street cleaning department. In addition, I disagree that an ethical system that would condone the argument "you can't do it because if everyone did it would create a problem" is "peculiar indeed." It is merely an ethical system that goes according to the old reasoning of "fair for one is fair for another."

SCOTTISHE 34 (Lindsay) In regard to Egoboo Polls for the various apas, and OMPA in particular: Within the last month or so I have filled out three of these polls, and the more I have to do with them, the more I wonder whether they are worth having. In the first of the three, the SAPS Pillar Poll, I am extremely interested in the organization, I've been OE for the past 3 years, and I follow the mailings very closely. It was still difficult to fill out the poll and decide on how many points to give to whom. In the FAPA Egoboo Poll, it was worse; in spite of being OE since November, and following things fairly closely, I was unable to assign all the points a-



available -- mostly because I did not consider there had been sufficient outstanding material in some of the categories during the previous year. In N'APA, I used almost all the points, after a thorough re-checking of all the mailings, but I considered the Poll a farce because of the almost complete lack of quality in the mailings, and I spent a couple pages in my March N'APAZine commenting on this. (I had filled in the Poll questionnaire only because of a bargain made with the OE, Fred Pat-ten.) With OMPA, I am afraid I have not been following the mailings as closely as one should in order to vote intelligently and fairly. I regret this, but it is a direct result of the complications of trans-atlantic fanac: with the added expense and time-lag involved in sending zines back and forth from here to England, I don't participate in every mailing. This leads to a lag in mailing-comment communication, and a subsequent lack of interest in reading all the mailings. And so it goes. As far as I am concerned, in my present position I can offer nothing of value through an Egoboo Poll in OMPA. I hope to increase my activity -- doesn't one always -- and if I can manage that, Poll participation is much more feasible.

Walt's "Warblings" continue to delight. The episode of Vince Clarke and the British Railways is a lovely one indeed! As for Machiavarley, I think we'll run him for TAFF so he can write up our lunatics for a change -- he's done so well with yours he deserves a new set of characters!

WHATSIT 6 (Cheslin) Thanks for the game, Ken, though I doubt I'll get around to playing it very soon. I'm awfully lazy when it comes to making up boards and game pieces -- but it does look like a very good (if complicated) game.

I agree with the idea that OMPA should remain "Britishised." In spite of the complications of trans-atlanticism I mentioned above, I'd rather keep it that way instead of having it turn into another FAPA with maybe a half-dozen or so British members, all US officers, etc. On the other hand, I don't think much of your three classes of membership idea. It's too unweildy -- and the more complicated the rules of an organization get, the harder it is to run the thing.

I'm pro-covers for the OT, but I'm not vociferous about it -- it's a matter that ought to be left up to the AE.

0010-051864

Much time has passed. The deal on the house fell through, and we have moved into a large apartment in Santa Monica, where we hope to stay for the next few years. Right now the thought of having to move again is extremely repugnant, and "real estate agent" is a dirty word. But I expect this will change within the next year, and we may try again to buy a house -- this time with more caution and with some other agent.

The next 12 pages were run off in 1962, but never distributed, except for about 8 copies that went out at CHICON III. They are the beginning of THE FILKSONG MANUAL, which I still hope to complete one of these years -- in nonfading mimeo. Until then, these few pages will serve to give some idea of the final version (as well as to complete this membership saving zine). I decided it would have to be redone when my file copy's first page became almost illegible from being left out in the open for the past year or so.

If anyone wishes to suggest any fannish or stefnic songs that he thinks should be included, please do so -- as I say, I will get to it, eventually. Why, I even managed to get out the FANNISH III and I PALANTIR III -----eventually., Incunebulous Pub 272, May 1964.....

INTRODUCTION

Fans have long been writers of songs, both original and parody, and with the surge of interest in the singing of these songs at parties and conventions, there has come a need for a compilation of the words and music. Without such a compilation, one faces the recurrence of the singers' forgetting the rest of some song he may have started.

Hal Shapiro took the first step toward such a compilation in 1960, at which time he published THE STF & FSY SONGBOOK -- 50 pages of the words to various fan songs and verses. The two objections to the SONGBOOK were: (1) no music was provided for any of the songs, and (2) a lot of the "songs" were merely verses, and had never been set to music at all.

The present undertaking will attempt to provide melody line and guitar chords for all songs presented, even to the very well-known parodies. Further, there will be supplements issued approximately annually to bring the volume closer to a complete collection of fannish and fan-slanted songs -- filksongs. (This term, a typo that made good, was originated by Nancy Share Rapp.) This basic volume draws heavily from West Coast fans, as this group was not heavily represented in THE STF AND

FSY SONGBOOK. Of the songs which Shapiro collected, only a few will appear in this volume: the Heinlein songs are presented to circulate the music, and the collaboration-written "Gem Carr" is presented to give the correct version of the tune and the correct citation of authorship.

It was originally planned that THE FILKSONG MANUAL would be mimeographed, but the expense of time and the problem of music stencils tearing when run resulted in the use of spirit duplicator. It's close enough for folk music. Future supplements will also be duplicated instead of mimeoed, if only for the sake of having some consistency. Suggestions for songs to be included in these supplements should be sent to the publisher. If no suggestions are received, the publisher will again choose those songs which he likes and wants available during filksings. He may do so anyway. In any case, the songs will be there, and the index brought up to date with each supplement. Wide margins on both this volume and the supplements permit punching the sheets for inclusion in a loose-leaf notebook, with the supplemental pages being interfiled.

THE FILKSONG MANUAL is published in an edition of 125 numbered copies and 10 unnumbered copies, of which this is number _____.

Published by Bruce E. Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, Apt. 107
Los Angeles 5, California.

August 1962, Incubebulous Publication

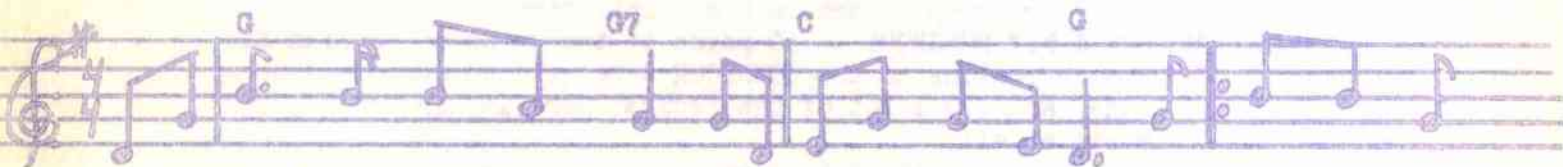
The Publisher wishes to thank Karen Anderson, Sandy Cuttrell, Les Gerber, Dick Ellington, and all the other fans who have given permission to reprint their songs in this volume.

See you at the next Filksing.

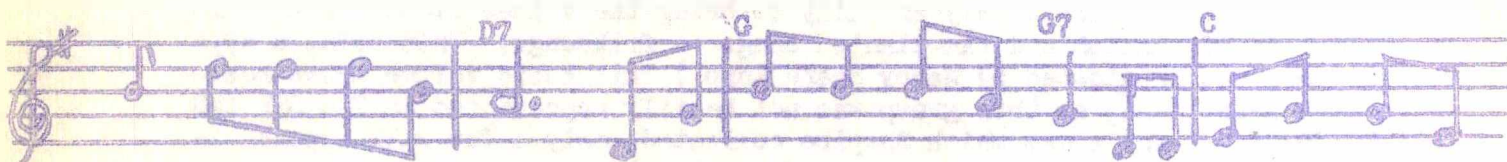
THE "JESSE JAMES"

1. THE CHILDISH EDDA

TUNES



Ygg-dra-sil, where nine worlds flash, Is a no-ble piece of ash That shel-ters Norns



and Gods and all that crew; There's a dra-gon gnaws the base of an ea-gle's rest-ing



place And four harts, a goat and squirrel com-plete the zoo.

Ygg-dra-sil,



(This first verse is used as a chorus, after every other verse.)

where nine worlds flash, Is a no-ble piece of ash, That

2. Frigga took a year or so
And, except for mistletoe,
Got from everything an oath for Baldr's good.
Evil Loki wished him harm,
So he hired Hadr's arm --
And the staff the blind god threw was kissing-wood.

By Poul Anderson and
Ron Ellis, 1960.
Reprinted from THE ZED
795 (Karen Anderson).

3. Tyr vowed Fenris-wolf his hand
If he couldn't break the band
That All-Father's wisdom made both light and hefty;
Lupine muscles strained away,
But the magic held its sway --
And from then until The Time they called Tyr "Lefty."

CHORUS:

4. When Thor went out to fish
He quickly got his wish,
And he hauled Jormungandr from the bay;
But Hyar cut the cable
And Thor was only able
To brag about the one that got away.
5. When Thor called on the Giants
They didn't show defiance,
But they soon got rid of him and of his hammer;
For the sea he could not swallow,
And old grandmaw beat him hollow,
And the house-pet caused an awful katzenjammer.
CHORUS:
6. Asa=Thor became a her
For to re-possess Mjollnir,
And unto a frosty brute his troth did plight;
But the vittles that he ate
Would an army more than sate,
And the cheifs at Utgard always rued that night.
7. Each god's apple every day
Kept the doctor far away,
Till a giant kidnapped Idun from their halls;
Loki fetched home Bragi's bride
With her health-food store beside,
Plus a char-broiled eagle underneath the walls.
CHORUS:
8. Odin said to Mim "I think
I would sort of like a drink."
Mim said "That will cost you your left eye;
For you've come so very late
To the well at Wisdom's Gate,
And the set-up prices after hours are high."
9. Oh, the giants brought their war
Up to Bifrost's very door,
And the battling wrecked Asgard's perfect clime;
Jormungandr, Hel and Fenris
Dealt out death in doses gen'rous,
And in fighting did the Aesir pass The Time.
CHORUS:
- Yggdraasil, where nine worlds flash,
Is a noble piece of ash
That shelters Norns and Gods and all that crew;
There's a dragon gnaws the base
Of an eagle's resting place,
And four harts, a goat and squirrel complete the zoo.

2. THE ORCS' MARCHING SONG

1. Oh, Sauron had some rings; they were very useful things,
And he only wanted One to keep;
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun --
Sauron's finger was inside it -- what a creep! [CH]

CHORUS:

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not even an orc or a slave.
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon,
And laid poor Sauron in his grave. [CH]

2. Isildur started forth for his palace in the North
But his fate turned out to be an Indian-giver;
For the Orcs caught up with him, and although he tried to swim
They shot him, and the Ring rolled down the river. [KA]

3. Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin,
For 'twas there he found his birthday present.
He soon gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Ore --
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant. [CH]

4. Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor,
But his Orcs didn't like the sun.
It was marching in the heat made them feel so very beat,
So he made them suntan lotion by the ton. [CH]

5. Gandalf found the gate when the night was very late,
And he thought that he had been so very cunning;
But when drums began to boom in the deeps of Khazad-Dum,
Strider and the Walkers started running. [KA]

6. The wizard Saruman heard that rings were in demand,
And he said the One was lost, so he could take it.
He wanted it to war on his black adversary Sauron --
He wanted to be god, but didn't make it. [KA]

7. Treebeard and his pals, when they couldn't find their gals,
Were content to sit around and just make shade;
But the axes of the Orcs caused those Ents to blow their corks,
And at Helm's Deep stage an Arbor Day parade. [DD]

8. When Frodo saw the Ring, he rather liked the thing,
But it worried him every minute.
At the end of his long mission, just to keep up the tradition,
He lost it with his finger still within it. [CH]

9. Sauron, he felt poor at the fall of Barad-Dur,
And he didn't have a friend, as I've mentioned.
But his spirit lives today just the same in every way --
And the Orcs show up at every damn convention! [CH]

10. Now you'd think that Sauron's done, for they did melt down the One,
And you must admit that Mordor is a mess;
But he had a scheme, I fear, to exploit the Palantir,
And the Eye is seen each night on CBS.

[DD]

Alternate Chorus:

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end,
Not one of his foul Orkish crew.
It was dirty Frodo Baggins that fixed his little wagon,
'Cause it seemed like the fannish thing to do!

[TAJ]

Reprinted from SEVAGRAM SONG BOOK by Karen Anderson. Verses by George Heap,
Karen Anderson, Dean Dickensheet, Ted Johnstone.,

3. THE BIG RED CHEESE

1. Billy Batson was a boy, his mama's pride and joy —
A loud-mouthed, obnoxious little square.
When he hollered his "Shazam!" villains took it on the lan,
And he chased them in his long red underwear.

CHORUS: Captain Marvel was a man, a joy to every fan,
Till Fawcett put him in deep freeze.
Now at every fannish scene we'll drag out his magazine,
And with glasses high we'll toast The Big Red Cheese.

2. Down beneath the city street in his subway-tunnel suite
Lived a fuzzy-brained old codger named Shazam.
He got Batson suckered in, to wage war on vice and sin,
Then retired on Greece's VA pension plan.
3. Captain Marvel had it nice, once he'd put the crooks on ice,
And it looked like they would soon close off the strip.
But Technocracy's head man, a weirdo known as Doc Sivana,
Showed up cackling that Earth was in his grip.
4. In another subway's hull lived the trollish old King Kull,
Who just didn't dig the stupid Earthman scenes.
He came dashing helter-skelter out of his home fallout shelter,
Trying hard to blow the Earth to smithereens.
5. Then one day far out in space, Doc and Kull met fact to face,
And the bullets, bombs, and insults really flew.
Should the Earth be tyrannized, or just simply atomized?
Thus the great debate and battle did ensue.
6. 'Twas a fight unto the death, but they should have saved their breath,
As it did no good for either one of them.
When they'd battled round about until they got tired out,
Then they both got blitzed by good old Captain M.!
7. Captain Marvel's thoughts were sagging, cause his life was dull and dragging;
He took Serutan and gargled Listerine.
He said "Life's just too damn corny, and besides, I'm getting horny."
So then that's when Mary Marvel made the scene.

"The Big Red Cheese" (Concluded)

8. Now Cap Marvel's dead and gone with his wild and wooly throng,
And there's sadness hanging heavy o'er the land.
'Twas not scientist nor thief brought our hero bold to grief,
But that hackneyed, ripe old Chestnut, Superman!

LAST CHORUS: Captain Marvel is kaput, with his bright red flying suit,
But, Fans, to give our loyal hearts ease,
Round Eternity's peaked stone we will travel on our own,
And we'll shake his hand and hail The Big Red Cheese!

Written by Sandy Cuttrell, with some assistance from Bruce Pelz.,

4. JESUS CHRIST

1. Jesus Christ was a man, an honest working man,
A carpenter true and brave.
He told all the rich to give their money to the poor,
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

CHORUS: Jesus had no wife to mourn for his life,
And he needed a bath and a shave,
But that foe of the proletariat, Judas Iscariot,
Laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

2. Born in 29 B.C. in a barn in Galilee,
Bathed in his unwed mother's tears,
He fought the ruling classes and preached Gospel to the masses.
And predated Marx by 1800 years.

3. Judas was the guy, the lousy labor spy,
A stoolie for the Roman boss.
He ate Jesus' body and he drank Jesus' blood,
And he nailed Jesus Christ to the cross.

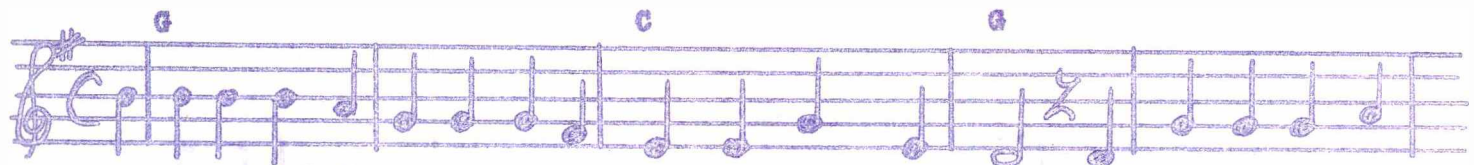
4. With thieves on either side, Jesus Christ was crucified,
And tears filled Mary's eyes.
But his last words to you and me, from that hill on Calvary,
Were "Don't pray for me — ORGANIZE!"

5. (Optional verse for Trotskyites):

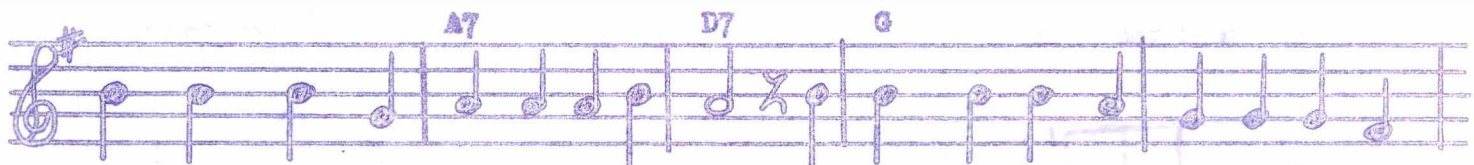
When he was planted in the ground, his followers gathered 'round
To spread the gospel by the sword and cannon,
But his following today is as corrupt in every way
As the party of Khrushchev and Bulganin.

Reprinted from THE BOSSES' SONGBOOK,
2nd Edition. Copyright 1959 by Dick
Ellington. Used by permission.

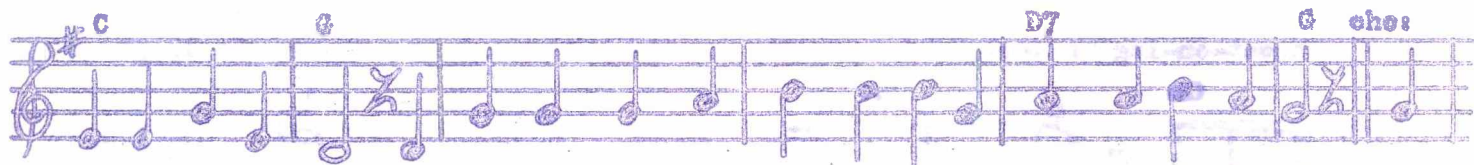
THE DISGUSTED PACIFIST SONG



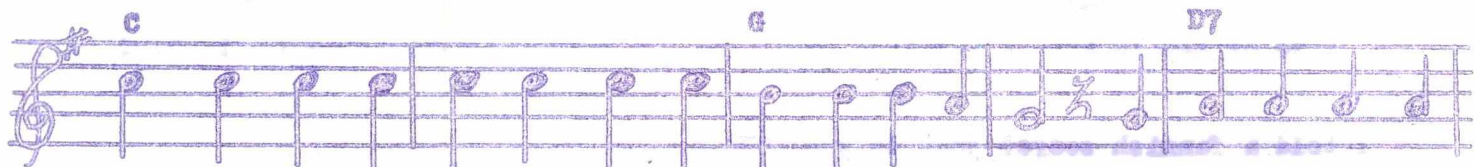
I am a mean old pa-ci-fist, I think the world's dis-eased, The same-er you all



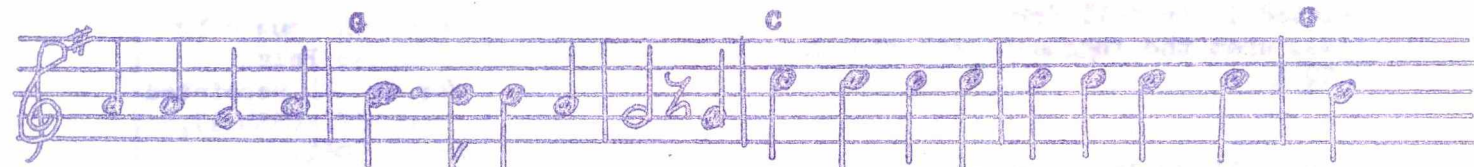
kill your-selves, the more I will be pleased. I don't like ra-cial prej-u-dice in



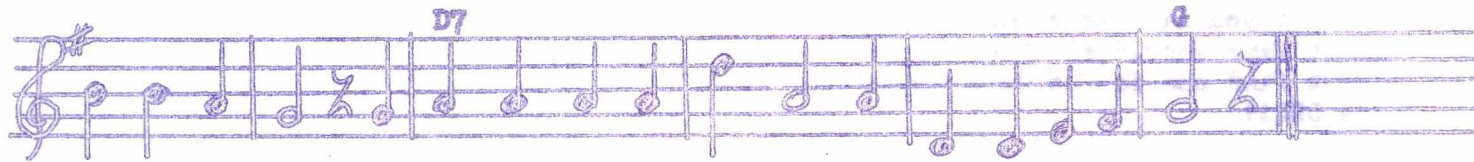
an-y shape at all: Oh, Yan-kee, Russ-ian, white or tan, I hate you one and all! I've



walked for peace and sung for peace, and been hit on the head; I've been in jail with-



out no bail and called a god-dam Red. But now I'm liv-ing in a cave that's stocked



up pret-ty well, And all you damn war-meng-ers, you all can go to hell!

I've worked my fingers to the bone, signing pleas for peace,
I carried signs to Ban the Bomb and ran from the police;
But then I took a look around and suddenly realized:
There isn't one of you S O B's that ought to be alive!

I do not like the Russians with all their outthroat band,
And for the great United States I do not give a damn.
Soon will come that mighty flash that brightens up the night;
I'll slap my knee and say with glee "It serves you bastards right!"

Written by
Raleigh Roark
and contributed by
Sandy Cuttrell



⑧

THE DNQ RALLY SONG

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics 'He owed them fif-ty bucks when he got through, D. N. Q. The con-ven-tee's'. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, with lyrics 'threat-en-ing to sue, D. N. Q. He says if they start in a-gain, He'll pay them'. The third staff concludes the melody for the third line, with lyrics 'five or may-be ten -- and then trans-fer the rest the debt to you! (D. N. Q.)'. Chord markings (Cm, Cm-Gm, D7, D) are placed above the notes to indicate accompaniment.

I told a fannish secret just to you, DNQ.
 You must have passed it on to quite a few, DNQ.
 A letter in the morning mail
 Related it in full detail;
 Guess what the fagghead said when he got through?
 "DNQ"!

I hear all fandom's getting in a stew, (DNQ.)
 'Cause FANAC has slacked off a month or two. (DNQ.)
 But if you have some news today
 That fans should all hear right away,
 Just find one fan to tell the matter to --
 As DNQ!!

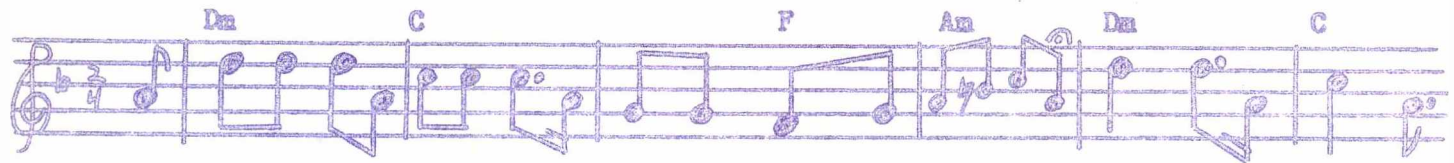
He said that she got had by you-know-who, (DNQ.)
 And what's-his-name got in the action too, (DNQ.)
 But then she pulled her master plan
 And married some poor sucker fan!
 (Oops, pardon me, I guess that last is you!!
 Please DNQ.)

She said he said we said that they were through, (DNQ.)
 I said you said he said it wouldn't do. (DNQ.)
 The rumor's slightly second-hand,
 But I am sure you understand
 That even so there's proof it must be true: It's DNQ!!

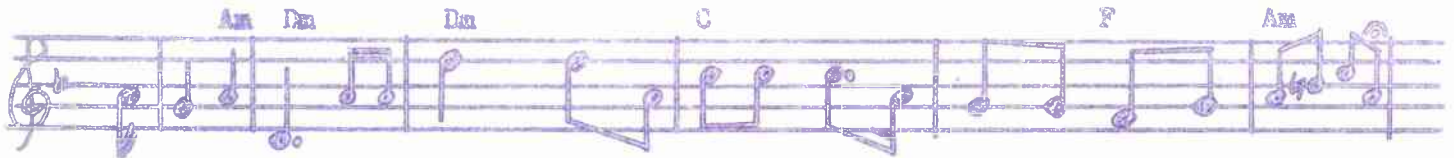
Words and music by
 Bruce Polz.
 Verses 1-4; reprinted
 from SPELEOBEM 11,
 April 1961.

THE MIMCO CRANK CHANTEY

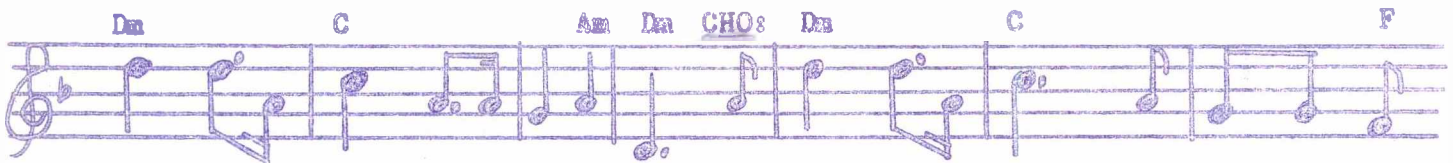
9



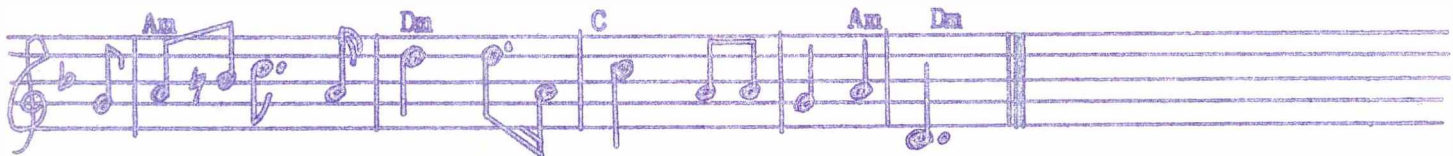
Oh, when I was a ne-o-fan, my tru-fan friends all told me Turn-ing the crank on



the mim-e-o If I didn't pound the ty-per keys, my fing-ers would grow mold-y



Turn-ing the crank on the mim-e-o. Keep turn-ing the crank, we're pub-lish-ing



a fan-zine; Keep turn-ing the crank on the mim-e-o.

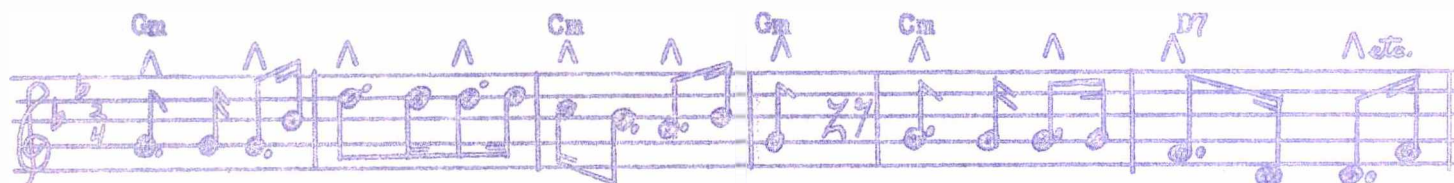
2. Oh, Ackerman was a BNF, but couldn't live on the wages,
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)
So now he pubs a Monster zine for eight-year mental ages
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)
3. Oh, when I was a neofan, I hoped to find a mate
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)
But now I fear if I found one, I'd have to gafiate
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)
4. I've got an A B Dick and an ancient hektograph
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)
The former makes me sick and the latter makes me laugh
(Turning the crank on the mimeo)

By Ted Johnstone. Reprinted from MEST 4, October 1960.

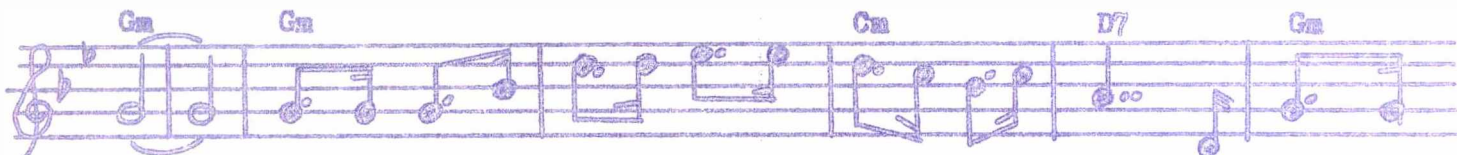
THE SILVERLOCK SONGS

1. WIDSITH'S SONG

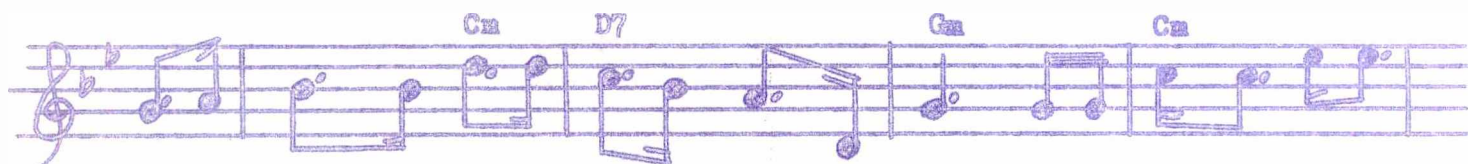
Words copyright 1949 by John Myers Myers
and used by permission.
Music by Bruce Pelz and Ted Johnstone.



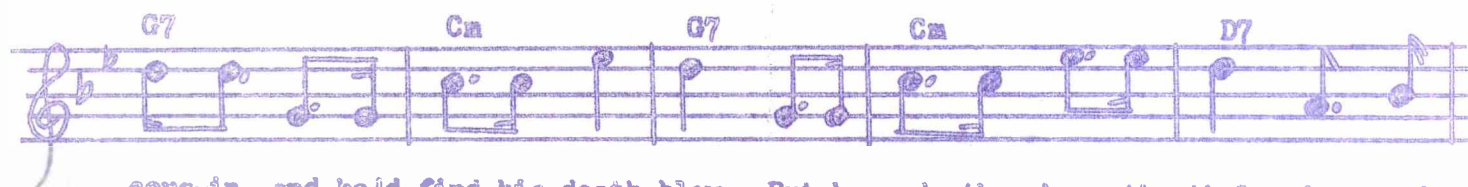
East of Ag-a-mem-non was a ci-ty he had sacked, West of him his heart went home to



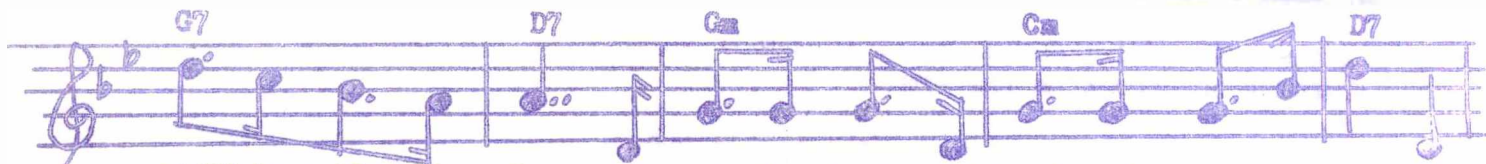
Greece. Good and ill wear each a mask which nev-er can be cracked; He raced from



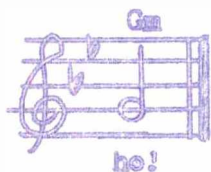
what he thought was war to what he thought was peace. He was cuck-old by his



cous-in, and he'd find his death blow, But he made them burn the thole pins, and



still he called them slow -- He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho,



2. East of Ingeel One-eye were his kin without their lives,
Westward was a chance to square the loss.
Men will win and men will lose, and only Wyrd survives;
He aimed his fleet for Eriu and flitted it across.
He would conquer mighty Cenair, but that he couldn't know,
He only knew that he must strike, and he must not be slow --
He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho, ho!

3. East of O. van Kortlandt all the world was traced and known,
West of him the land leapt off the map.
Luck or loss, the dice won't speak till after they are thrown;
He stowed his gear and stepped aboard, and dared Ginnunga gap.
He would come back to Communipaw, but that just happened so;
He turned from men to mystery and did not travel slow --
He made them brace and bend their backs and row, ho, ho!

[Note: As this rowing song begins and ends with the same note, use of a capo on the accompanying guitar permits the smooth raising of each succeeding verse to a key one half-tone higher, by repeating the final note, adding the note a half-tone higher, singing a repeated "ho, ho!" "Widsith's Song" is reprinted from SAVOYARD 7, December 1960.]

2. LITTLE JOHN'S SONG

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers Myers
and used by Permission.

Music by Bruce Pelz.

Fm C7 Fm Fm

They said they caught me in the act, Green leaves, The sher-iff rode, the

C7 Fm Fm C7

blood-hounds tracked, Green leaves; There was the law, there was not an-y doubt

Fm C7 Fm Cm

of it, There was the law so I hus-tled right out of it; Hav-ing but one life, I

Bbm C7 Bbm G7 C7

thought I'd re-fuse it To those who were seek-ing but nev-er would use it, So

Fm C7 Fm

I hit for cov-er in Green leaves.

(OVER)

LITTLE JOHN'S SONG (Continued)

2. They meant me for a gallows nut, Green leaves;
A rope to hold my gullet shut, Green leaves;
That was their plan, there is not any doubt of it,
That was their plan, I was shrewd to get out of it;
Some of my guts I'd give up without thinking,
But never my gullet, I used it for drinking,
So I took it with me to green leaves.

[Reprinted from SPELEOBEM 9,
October 1960.]

3. My woman sleeps alone tonight, Green leaves;
Or cuddles with some other wight, Green leaves;
This is my grief, there is not any doubt of it,
This is my grief, I can make no good out of it;
Hunting and stealing, I'm pleased to discover,
Are simpler than working, but I had a lover
I couldn't take with me to green leaves.

4. But oh, the stalking of the stag, Green leaves,
The ale cask found amongst the swag, Green leaves;
Here is what's good, there is not any doubt of it,
Here is what's good, and I take my pay out of it;
Robbing the rich man to help the poor devil —
Myself — and rewarding myself with a revel,
It's not a bad life under green leaves.

3. ORPHEUS'S SONG

[Reprinted from SPELEOBEM 9,
October 1960.]

The musical score for "3. ORPHEUS'S SONG" consists of three staves of music. The first staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are: "I re-mem-ber gau-dy days when the year was spring-ing: Tam-muz, Gil-ga-mesh and". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "I clink-ing cups and sing-ing, Till In-ni-ni saun-tered by, skin-py gar-ment". The third staff concludes the melody with the lyrics: "clink-ing To her hips and things like that — Tam-muz left us, wing-ing." The chords are indicated by letters above the staff: C, Em, G7, C, C, Em, G7, C, Am, Em, Am, G7, C, Em, F#m, G7, C.

C Em G7 C C Em

I re-mem-ber gau-dy days when the year was spring-ing: Tam-muz, Gil-ga-mesh and

G7 C Am Em Am

I clink-ing cups and sing-ing, Till In-ni-ni saun-tered by, skin-py gar-ment

G7 C Em F#m G7... C

clink-ing To her hips and things like that — Tam-muz left us, wing-ing.

Words copyright 1949 by John Myers Myers
and used by permission.

12

Music by Gordon Dickson, as
arranged by Karen Anderson,
Chording by Johnstone & Pelz.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Girard
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter

Geraldine Dian

to

Mr. Bruce Edward Pelz
on Saturday, the first of February
at eleven o'clock in the morning

Chapel of Roses
Sixty-one North Hill Avenue
Pasadena, California