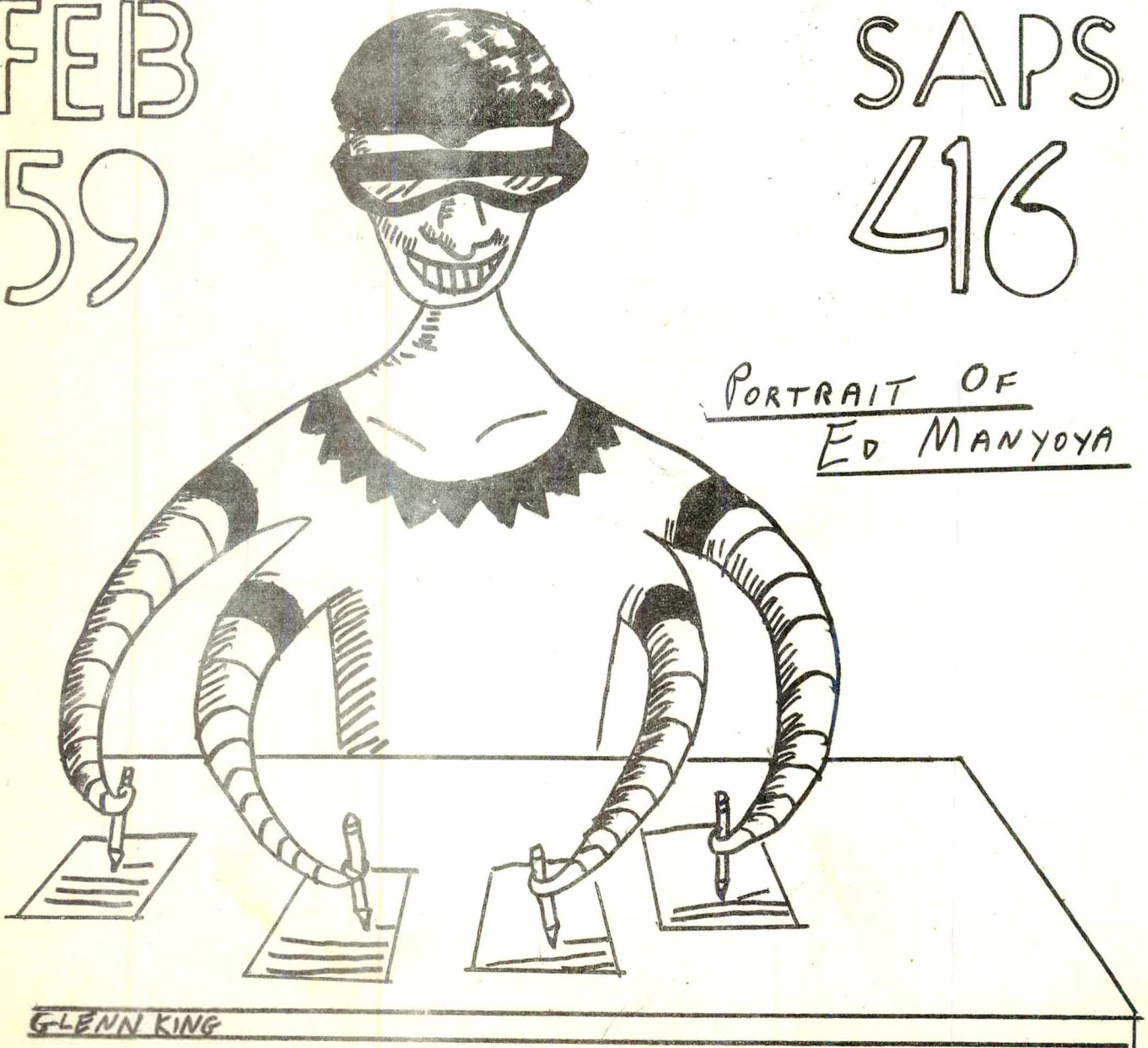


THE SPELEOBEM #2

FEB
59

SAPS
416

PORTRAIT OF
ED MANYOYA



is published for the 46th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Association by

Bruce E. Pelz

4010 Leona Street

Tampa 9, Florida

An editorial of sorts ---

Well, it seems that the Tampa Public Library owns a Multigraph multilith -- or something like that, anyway. Whatever the beast is, it will do a rather good job of printing whatever is typed on these "Duplimat Masters" with a special ribbon, or drawn on them with a special pencil. and as the library also happens to own the special instruments needed, I decided to try running my SAPSzine off on their machine rather than the cantankerous ditto I have been able to make use of previously. The runs of the pages that are completed will be made tomorrow (Dec. 13), and of the remaining few next week some time. Since I don't know the slightest thing about the operation of the beast, it is to be considered extremely fortunate that one of the other inhabitants of the library, who DOES know how to run it, has agreed to do the work for me. She seems to be interested in fandom -- and if she becomes a fanne it's YOUR fault, John Berry! -- and since egoboo is egoboo, I guess I'd better give credit where credit is due:



Multilithography by Dee

I hope to be able to include some music with this issue. About a year ago I got ambitious and wrote a melody to Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth." Some time later I put a ridiculously simple chorded bass with it, and recently I wrote to Heinlein asking permission to reprint it in a fanzine. I got permission, but it was worded so that I could publish it only once, and I had to write back requesting further permission to put in SAPS in addition to its publication in my genzine ProFANity. So if it doesn't appear in this issue, and anyone wants a copy, lemme know, and sometime in February ProFANity will be out with it. I suppose I could pub it here, and use this as the one publication, but after all, I'd like to get a bit larger circulation for it that 30 or so. Better I should send you copies of the Genzine later.

Well, this is the second issue of THE SPELEOBEM, and with it comes an experiment in pubbing by Multigraph. Dunno yet how it's going to work, but the library -- Tampa Public Library; must give credit where credit is due -- owns the Multigraph, the stencils, the special ribbon for the typer, and in addition most of this was composed on library time. At any rate, I shall type up a couple of stencils, get them run off, and if it doesn't look worthwhile, I'll finish the thing on ditto. So there.

Meanwhile, let's get right into this issue's mailing comments, which come under the heading of:

THE LABEL LADDER

The first batch of mailing comments were first-drafted on library time, and will be revised as I go along. Right now it's 6:30 Saturday night, December 6th, and I'm sitting in the office of the head of the library, using his chair and typer to get this under weigh. In case I didn't explain last time, I have landed a job here at the library as the assistant reference librarian -- a position which pays reasonably well, even though it is under city civil service, and has many additional advantages. Like Multigraphs and the ilk. I've even been able to sneak in my monster, Ed Manyoya, so there are likely to be some interferences by him during the typing of comment -- sorry, Es Adams, -- komment. Onward:

SAPSTYPE Vol. III #2 --- Ray C. Higgs

So there is a vast difference between SAPSTYPE and "other so called FAPA, N.F.F.F. or ISFCC publications," huh? So what are the last three pages but reprints of pages that have showed up in the O-Os of both NFFF and ISFCC!! And Farnum's whatever-it-is wasn't worth printing the first time, as far as I'm concerned. Best item in this ish of SAPSTYPE was Janey Johnson's poem.

MONSTERHYME #1 (by Ed Manyoya)

Now SAPSTYPE is published by Higgs,
And though possibly somebody digs,
It must be better yet than this issue did get
Before I start dancing to jigs.

OCTOBER 31, 1922 --- Walt Coslet

How come WEIRD TALES copyrights start running out in 1979? Or are you counting renewals for a fifty-six year total, from 1923?

Waddy mean "treacle" went obsolete as a word in England before 1600? With your liking for fantasy, you've surely read THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN by Eric Knight, and treacle is used in the title story.

Manyoya says he doesn't think Oct. 31, 1922 worth his making an effort at a terse verse monsterhyme. I liked it better than anything you've done in the past several mailings, though. Manyoya doesn't always know what he's talking about. In fact, he seldom knows what he's talking about, unless he's writing verse. And verse, and verse yet.

THE STONY RODE
ROCK N' DROLL

@@ -- Fabulous Seattle Fandom One-shots

FSF's one-shots are, as usual, quite good. If we want to up the page totals of SAPS mailings, all we have to do is funnel a steady stream of fans through Seattle, at reasonable intervals. Then FSF can put out a one-shot for each visit, and

+ + + + +
...and that's the end of the page, which, eventually, will be PAGE 3

RETRO 10 -- Herr Buzby

I seem to recall a mention made somewhere -- probably in your goontale for RETRIBUTION 10 -- that RETRO is short for RETROMINGENT. This is so? I was reading RETRO 10 at the library, when I happened to get involved trying to explain it, then SAPS, then fandom in general, all in ten minutes. Anyway, in the discussion, the full name came up, and someone wanted to know what it meant. I didn't know, so I looked it up. Very sneaky, Buz, v-e-e-r-y sneaky indeed.

I see that your two-pager on G.M. got completely left out, so I suppose you decided it wasn't worth while, in the cold light of late September. But a couple of weeks ago, a copy of Willis's PAMPHLET #7 showed up in Tampa, with the news of his resignation from FAPA, and I'd certainly like to get the whole story - or at least more of it than I have now - of what the shooting is about.

In case Meyers goofed and doesn't mention it, the carbonzines he referred to are something on the order of a miniature CULT: four members (Bill, myself, Es Adams, and Glenn King), published bi-weekly by means of typing three carbon copies, and in alphabetical order rotation, komment sent to the next in line. Very enjoyable, if not very wide-spread.

It would appear that politics are lousy all over the country, particularly to the local inhabitants: your comment that "the sovereign state of Washington stinks in spades, politically," a comment from Ted White that "Baltimore has everything, except clean politics," and my own observation that our beloved Mayor is a no-good bum with more crack-pot money-making schemes than a raft of convention committees could think up.

Head of Tampa Public Library Circulation Department, after an attempted explanation of
fandom:

"Does it grow on you, or do you grow out of it?"

I'll have you know, sirrah, that my Oz books are in the German edition, rather than the Italian edition. And that stately old mansion sounds an awful lot like Swamphouse, to me. Or is it appropriate to give the town speleologist a house that will soon cave in?

OK, you can stop reprinting the Hall of Shame stories now -- I've obtained a complete file of SINISTERRA, and can read them there. (I do like the stories, though -- they and the parodies in a past STELLAR (12)) are the best examples of specific pro-parodies I've seen).

MONSTERHIME #2 == Manyoya again

To put out a rhyme about Buz,
One must be rather careful becuz
As one-half the OE, with his Terror-Reign he
Can get vicious, and sometimes he duz. (Hi, Roger!)

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAK #2 -- Rich Brown

Well, well, something else I can blame on Amazing Stories - the origin of Rich Brown's fannish career! Help Stamp Out Z-D!

The Last Fan On Earth Was Still Publishing "Shortest Horror Stories"; it was a crock and a bore.

Well, I read PEYTON PLACE too, and have been quite successful in forgetting every last one of the characters. And I can see no good reason for trying to dredge up any of them from the dark recesses. The book wasn't that good.

Are Frather's books getting to be fannish these days? First Glenn King tricks me into reading some of them (so I could legitimately pan them; but it got so I enjoy them), and now you're taking lines from them. If I had my books here I wouldn't have to use quasies, but how about this one:

"I backed her into a corner and kissed her with feeling. She didn't mind the kiss, but she objected to the feeling." -- from FIND THIS WOMAN

I ran across a complete listing of that comic investigating committee, here in the

library. Any comic with characters that weren't either Cute Littul An-i-mals, or absolutely dead ringers for The Family Next Door (not just their outward disguises, either) got put on the "Some Objection," "Objectionable," or "Very Objectionable" lists. Not all the EC's were "Very Objectionable" -- just most of them. The rest were just "Objectionable." Pfui.

St. Christopher medals may be appropriate for those going steady, seeing that St. Christopher is the patron saint of travellers. It would probably depend on how far you're going, though, rather than how steady.

PROPAGANDA SHEET #1 -- Rich Brown

Ignored.

ARGASSY #5 -- Sweet, lovable old Lynn Hickman

Sweet, lovable old Lynn Hickman, WHERE THE HELL ARE MY EC'S?

More Jones illos! Many more Jones illos! Even Garcone illos if necessary! Less of Rotsler illos! No Rotsler illos, if possible! (Not that I don't like Rotsler illos, you understand -- just that I like Jones illos better. Also Harness illos, Buzillos, Garcone illos, etc. etc.)

ARGASSY #6 -- Lynn Hickman

I hope SAPS begins to meet your expectations, Lynn. IT's bad when you spend a lot of time and work on something that you don't consider worth the while.

Liked your cover illo and poem very much.

FLABBERGASTING #8 -- The Toskey

My underlining got carried away up there, but BRT will probably take it as his just due. Hmm. "BRT." I wonder if you pronounce it anything like "Btsfplk"? Could be, could be. Anyway, onto FLABBERGASTING.

Ooog. Watta mess. It ains so bad when reading all the way through the zine, but I hope I don't have to go looking for some particular remark in this ish. Better your strung-out-all-over-the-place titles. Oh well, into the jumble.

I guess you might as well add our lime tree to your listing of citrus trees. Of course we also have orange trees, but I guess Joan got in first under that classification.

Since I don't have my copy of mailing 44 here at the library, I can't check on my exact statement about Disney (in AGHASt lettercol), but I think we've got our wires crossed. The Disney films I'm objecting to as being wastes are the ones such as "The Light In the Forest," "Davy Crockett," "Westward the Wagons" (or whatever the title was), and their ilk. His True Life Adventure series -- "The African Lion" and "The Living Desert" and such -- are quite good, and I wouldn't want to disparage their production. I haven't heard anything about "Sleeping Beauty" or any full-length cartoon in the last few years. And I still think the Oz books should be cartooned. (Mughod! I just this minute realized where Buz got his notion of my Oz collection -- Meyers' lettercol! I wonder if the "Italian Edition" remark came from my comment on Berlioz?)

And speaking of Berlioz, and his Requiem: I agree that it is a magnificent piece of orchestration, ~~that~~ it is dynamic, awe-inspiring, etc. I sang the thing last May, along with about 200 other members of the University of Florida music department, not counting the large orchestra and four brass sections. We couldn't use all that the piece called for -- such as 16 tympani; we had eight, and that was plenty for the auditorium -- the idea of playing the tymps in chords hasn't gotten around much, I guess. The grass sections, in the special section just before the "Tuba Mirum", nearly broke in the windows. Even with the errors such an amateur group as we made, the Requiem was a beautiful thing; I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But -- as a mass, it's impossible. The idea of presenting it in a church calls forth horrifying visions. Or something like a procession of 16 tympani in front, 16 trumpets on the left, and 16 trombones on the right (it calls for that many), the entire Met Opera chorus

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of chorus, it's the end of PAGE 5

around the sides of the church screaming their heads off with "Dona eis requiem!" and down the center aisle rides the Lone Ranger. A very good piece to wake the dead at a funeral, too. As a mass, I prefer the Verdi Requiem.

I'm going to get doubly even with Garcone -- I'll enclose a genuine drawing of Ed Manyoya, drawn by the illustrious Glenn King, so that all SAPS can compare the true visage with any phony photo by Garcone.

How about trying to get out of the four-oneway-streets problem by hiring a helicopter to fly over and lift the car up at the intersection?

Y'know, if you just said that you didn't care for Gilbert and Sullivan opera, out of an unreasoned "I-don't-like-it-and-that's-that" idea, I could let the subject drop, 'cause that's a perfectly good excuse for not liking something, and an unanswerable one. But to call the operas trivial is something else again. Mebbe we've got different definitions of the word, but I can't see that an opera that lasts in popularity for three-quarters of a century or more is at all trivial. If you are at all interested, you can get something new out of listening to a G&S opera every time. For instance, Gilbert has included two very good literary word-plays, one in each of two operas. You haven't heard PRINCESS IDA, probably, but what about the one in THE MIKADO? (of course, literary word-plays may not interest you either. I dunno.) Maybe either hearing the London recording -- with the original company -- would influence your attitude, or else seeing a performance of a good company. If not, maybe you could just get a recording of PINEAPPLE POLL -- a ballet set to music from the operas; no words at all, just music from PATIENCE, TRIAL BY JURY, IOLANTHE, and a couple of the other earlier operas.

Better quit this for the time being, since the library is at 9:00 closing time. (All but the first paragraph of komment of FLABBERGASTING has been done on stencil. It looks it.)

And now, Sunday having passed, it is Monday evening, and once more I shall attempt to get as much done on this thing in two hours as I can. First to finish off Toskey:

Foosh to you and your outdoor mountain climbing! I prefer to climb underground mountains, instead. Caving is an all-weather, any-time sport -- not bothered by rain or darkness at all. Of course, a heavy snowfall that blocks the entrance of the cave could make things difficult, but in Florida caves, that isn't a problem either. All that Florida cavers worry about is a rise in the water table -- if the water level gets too high in the passages, we have to break out the diving lungs for exploration.

Good grief! You've only read one of Poulia's stories?! And "Snows of Ganymede" at that? In the name of the Ghreat Ghod Baloki, you ought to read some of his humorous stories before forming an opinion of his writing -- the Hoka series, for instance. Or even read "The Man Who Counts" (aSF serial, reprinted by Ace as THE WAR OF THE WINGMEN.) I agree with you on Clarke.

Also agree in regard to THE RED SHOES, all the ballet scenes of which I enjoyed, and the last one (the couldn't-happen-on-the-stage one) most of all. I haven't yet been able to catch TALES OF HOFFMAN, though I have heard from most everyone who has seen both it and THE RED SHOES that it is the better of the two.

And that's about all for you. Since I forgot the picture of Manyoya this morning, and can't remember the size to leave room for it, I'll include it later.

MONSTERHYME #3

This thing FLABBERGASTING we see
Is the fault of a thing BRT,
Who holds the position of mathematician
And slave -- to a monstrosity!

BLOTTO OTTO'S GROTTTO #7 -- Blotto Otto Pfeifer

"As ecstatic as a cat in a barrel full of mice"? Active, maybe, but ecstatic? Mrumph. (mutters of semantic disagreement)

Oh, don't worry about Wally quitting -- he wouldn't do that! Would you, Wally? Wally?? COME BACK!! Come back or I'll publish the Soames stories on my crummy ditto!!! Or maybe even the Library's crummy multigraph. (That ought to get him back -- think of the resulting eyesore with a Soames story and Pelz publishing.)

That menu of NGW's might not be too bad -- I understand that Terry Carr comes up with

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with the end of PAGE Sicks, Sicks, Sicks

some rather interesting ideas when he gets boiled.

Yes, but what did G.M. tell you that SAPS is picking up? If it's picking up a lot of unattached femmes, that's fine with me, but if it's picking up old tin foil or something like that -- FEH!!

%%%%%%%%%

A Child's Garden of Hit Songs: "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Ghouls Go By"

%%%%%%%%%

Two pokes on you -- cats are much, much better than dogs! Except maybe for pomeranian-type dogs, which look like cats anyway. Someone brought a pomeranian into the library a week or so ago, and I discovered that it liked being stroked, like a cat, rather than being petted, like a dog. Hmm. Maybe it was a cat, even though the owner thought it was a dog, and was checking out books on dogs. Those pomeranians are tricky animals.

If you do go travelling this year, be sure to visit sunny, fannish (at least around Tampa) Florida. Meantime, keep B.O.G. going.

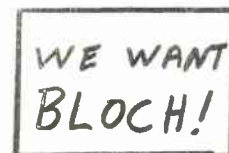
POT POURRI #3 -- John Berry

Was ist los? Why comes der #3 before der #2? Etwas ist upgefouled! Anyway, ve vill komment on dis vun first.

As usual, I like your story muchly. But of all places for Fannes to be wheedling a SAPS membership so complicatedly, Seattle is probably the least likely. Why, any fanne as you describe could easily get Otto, or Wally, or maybe even Tosk, to give up membership (in return for certain considerations, of course) and use one of the other Seattle memberships to get his stuff in the mailings. Now in a one-member city -- like Tampa.....

POT POURRI 1 was the most insignificant thing in the 40th mailing? Well, mebbe so, considering that it wasn't included until the 44th mailing. But in that one it was far from the least. (I shall refrain from leasting the ones I considered most insignificant.)

You gonna be sorry, by golly, you get off on this ESMOND ADAMS kick -- he a member now, and strike back! Sic 'em, Es!



THE SOUND OF DRUMS #3 -- Joan Cleveland

Is real clever idea, the photostamps! Thankee. Hey, rest of you SAPS -- whyncha get some photostamps and put them in with the next mailing? Order from Janey Johnson, 1011 E. Hoffman Ave, Spokane 22, Washington -- 50 of the size Joan used for \$1.50. You could even use someone else's camera if you're afraid you'll break it.

Back to DRUMS, now, Joan, after commercial: Your mimeoing is improved quite a bit from #2 -- but might eliminate the strikeovers with correction fluid, and it would help a great deal. And mebbe something besides Harnessillos? (Though I'm not a good one to complain, since I can't draw worth a flying hoot.)

Am very curious about the ISFCC person who considers APAs mundane and boring -- I have an idea I know him, but am not sure. SJ?

Pfui. Another rodent added to the Menagerie.

Well, well, well. News sure does get around, huh? From Miami, in particular. I still haven't relayed to my brother the news that Janne Sweeney fell for his "extreme good looks"; mainly because every time I read that passage I'm seized with a laughing attack. Mebbe I can get a picture of this juvenile delinquent Adonis, and publish it some time, though it might break the duper. Oh, well, egoboo is egoboo, I guess.

Hey, you hear the latest about hyphenating words? Like, they split between syllables only? Well, it's the dinkum oil.

Hah! A Dayteille! I like better than most of the Harnessillos. Pages 3,9, and cover were appreciated, however.

Buildup for Mark Curilovic was too big for the worth of the story. But even the idea of having non-komment material is greatly appreciated. Will look forward to DRUMS #4.

So what have we next? Ooooog -- THE SPELEOBEM #1, my own botch. Explanation for the fact that two pages are more horribly botched than others: After running all twelve pages, I found I had fouled up four of them (page 6 and 7 on the same sheet of paper, for instance), and the high school ditto I had used to run them was no longer available (They were sick of me, to be exact.). So those four pages were run on an old second-or-third-hand duper belonging to the local AB Dick representative company. Run free of cost, too. As I was in quite a hurry at the time, I didn't complain. Not until afterwards. Oh, you think maybe I should explain my SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORY? Well, no -- let's wait until next time, and until I can see if anyone bothered with it. And you'll get a second one in this issue, too.

POT POURRI #2 -- John Berry again

Well, John Berry again, welcome back. Seems like only a few lines ago that I was discussing #3. Hmm. Maybe it was, at that. Onward:

All right. I believe you: you were born to write THE con report. And by the whiskers of the Ghreat Ghod Raloki, that report will come after the DETENTION!! And 17 of Raloki's most virulent plagues (assorted colors) on any of the rest of you slackers that don't contribute to that report by supporting the Bring-Berry-to- Detroit campaign.

Hmm. I wonder exactly who to bledit (sort of a cross between blame and credit) with this item from the illustrious Carl Brandon?

Well, that shows me what I would have had to suffer if I had actually read all the various magazines in my collection -- particularly Hamlingzines and Ziff-Davis's atrocities. But as a general rule, they get catalogued, filed, and forgotten. And bound, when I can afford it. Which -- in addition to the variation in size of POT PURRI (dammit, this ailurophilia will be the ruination of my typing) -- brings up my most successful torture for one Florida firm with whom I do business: Dobbs Brothers Library Binding Co. of St. Augustine, to whom I send the various magazines I want bound. They do quite a good job, and even at the cost of \$3.20 per volume (up to 10" high and 2½" thick), it's worth the money. But they have yet to tackle the most trying job I can give them: binding a SAPS mailing. As soon as the shipment I sent last month arrives in Tampa, I shall send them, for my four volumes for December, two years of CRY OF THE NAMELESS, two years of YANDRO, and the two latest SAPS mailings, with explicit instructions on how to bind them. The CRYs and the YANDROs will be no problem -- they are all the same size, and will be bound in Orange with black lettering. But the SAPS mailings are another matter. I have debated whether to type a list of the zines in the order I want them, or just tell them that the order given in the last zine THE SPECTATOR, should be followed if they get out of the order I put them. Then there's the matter of size. Mailing 44 won't be too bad, since only POT POURRI 1 is of different size, and they can put that in any place they want to. But #45 has a legalength monstrosity called PROPAGANDA SHEET #1, which is a problem. Junk or not, I can't leave it out. So I think I'll fold it up at the bottom, to the extent that they won't slice off the fold when they trim the volume, and cut enough off the inner edge so that it won't get sewed to the binding. Wish me luck. Or rather wish them luck, I guess.

Manyoya has slipped out, and with only about 15 minutes to go until the library closes, I'm not going to bother to hunt him up. So you escape a Monsterhyme this go 'round.

OUTSIDERS #33 -- Wral Ballard

Ha! I don't care if Tosk doesn't get the significance of the quote. I like it. Very appropriate, I would say. Maybe some addition would help: "You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere." (from PATIENCE, Act I, if you decide to look it up for the rest of the context, Tosk.) I find G&S quotable second only to The Bard. And I guess Carroll comes in third.

I'm in favor of keeping the OEs ship in Seattle as long as possible, even though it's the furthest point from here in the country. But I consider that Our Two-Headed OE has done, and is doing a fine job, and if we can keep the OE ship there, we can always sic one of the other members of the crew on a slacker.

Looks like I've got to quit now, even with so few lines left to go on this page. The library closeth, and waitith for no fan.

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Also closeth PAGE 8

Now, on Thursday evening, December 11th, Let's continue with komment on OUTSIDERS:

Oh, by-the-by, Wrai, how do you pronounce your name -- "Ray"? "Rye"? ?

I didn't know Wrotsler was the Name collector -- maybe I should send him the name of one of the borrowers at the library -- a Mr. H. Neil Ficken (a pretty accurate translation of "Fout" into German).

Step right up and vote for the member with the Dirtiest Mind in SAPS! Please list first, second, third, fourth, and fifth choices. (Nominations for Jack Daniels in the latter position will be considered unoriginal.) Do I hear anyone placing his name in nomination? Or her name? No?? Y'mean you've all got clean minds? Pfui. Which way to FAFA?

I have been considering recasting some of the G&S operas with SAPS members in the parts, and I had about decided that GMC would be best cast as Katisha. But you have a much better position for her -- King Gama! Marvelous! The philosophy seems to fit to a T. "And isn't your life completely flat, with nothing whatever to grumble at?" Complete listing of cast for PRINCESS IDA:

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Princess Ida: | Nancy Share | King Hildebrand: | Buz |
| Hilarion | : Toskey | Lady Blanche | : Elinor |
| Cyril | : Blottotto | Lady Psyche | : Nan Gerding |
| Florian | : Wally Weber | Melissa | : Joan Cleveland |
| King Gama | : GMCarr | Arac, Guron, & Scynthius: | Coswal, Sims, & Wansborough |

I wonder what would happen if all SAPS reacted to GMC like Hildebrand did to Gama? Maybe something like this?: QUEEN GEMA:

Whenever I poke a fannish joke, replete with malice spiteful,
The SAPS act mild and drive me wild by voting me delightful!
Now when, you dunce, I take three months to think up barbs so clever,
I think it cruel to find that you'll just praise my worst endeavour!

I don't think it's worth doing the other two verses.

FENDENIZEN #10 -- Die Buzby

Something's wrong here -- you say you're very, very inhibited (in komment on GUADALCONULL DIARY) and then you tell Joan Cleveland that you'd explain Project Family if you weren't afraid of embarrassing the SAPS bachelors. Isn't that contradictory, or are you inhibited only to the point of wanting not to embarrass others? Macht's nichts aus, but I'm curious as to your definition of "inhibited."

Well, lessee now on this "configurations of likes and dislikes": I like G&S very much, therefore I should also like: SF - you're safe there; camping out - well, under very good conditions, yes; Stephen Potter? - whozzat? (Well, I just decided to make use of my librarian status and look him up -- found him in WHO'S WHO 1958 -- author of ONE-UPMANSHIP and the like. OK, you're right again.) I wonder if bibliomania is a legitimate addition to that list?

Yes indeed, treacle is molasses.

I hadn't stopped to think that I'm among the half-dozen youngest SAPS members -- and I have no intention of paying any attention to the fact now. "So let's act with agility
While we still have facility,
For we'll soon reach senility
And lose the ability." etc. Pfui.

-- Rappages

"The Armchair Fortean" -- interesting, but not much I can comment on, Art. Did you see the article in LIFE early this past year about the poltergeist in New York state?

SAPSTYPE Vol. 3 #3 -- Racy Higgs

You insert "detest" on page 2, line 11 -- all I get is a jumble. The 11th line of print ("for work. Yes, the doors...") utterly refuses to take the word "detest." -- Wait a minute -- counting from the bottom up --- yeah, that's where it goes. Do you do everything backwards?

Yeah, splash around in the middle of N3F --- and it can still be dull! Depends on which clique you're interested in.

And "clique" goes the end of PAGE 9

IGNATZ #18 -- Nancy Share

Seems to me a lot of science is based on induction rather than deduction -- laws of physics for example, that can't be observed in experiments. According to the Encyclopedia Americana, numeration (and hence, mathematics) is as old as civilization itself. Does that help any? Guess not, huh? Oh, well....

I'm not at all sure Ted White will appreciate your comment that I resemble him. In fact, after seeing the photocover of POLARITY, and reading the Falascas' THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT (which showed up on Dec. 9th), I'm not sure I appreciate it either! Anyway, all resemblance caused by both of us having beards is gone, as is my beard. A shame, perhaps, but the library people are downright stuffy about such matters.

Even if there were 44,175 marbles in the treasury, I'll bet you could never find more than 44,000 of them.

\$300 a ton for bat guano? Send the truck down here! Bat caves all over the central and western part of the state -- full of guano! Who's buying?

I like the Nelson word pictures very much -- more even than his drawings. And I also like your illos -- not the Harness things, but your own drawings. Why, when you can draw like that, should you clutter up IGNATZ with Harness scribbles? Me -- I can't draw as good as Garcone, even, so I'm desperate for material for illos. But you?

NEMATODE #1 -- Bob Leman

Bob, this is fabulous stuff -- about the best-exemplified article I've seen in a fanzine in ages! I'll even forgive the cut at HPL (whose style may be stodgy or stilted, but who is not inept at all in my opinion.)

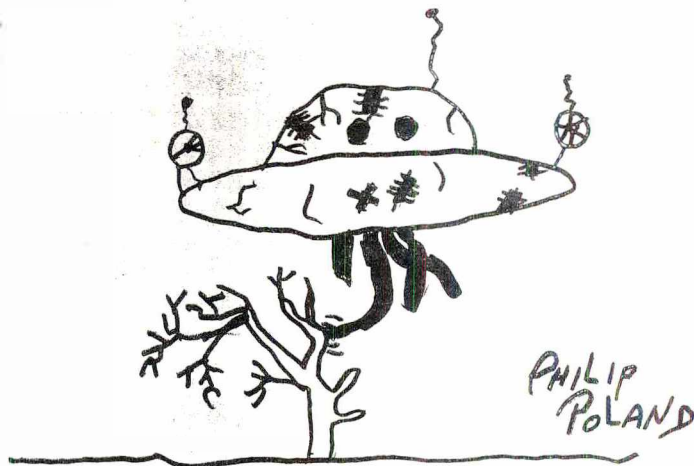
You collect whacks, huh? Well, you ought to collect a couple of the ones around here. One in particular, that showed up one October evening (I can get several signed affidavits as to the authenticity of this one): She was a woman in her late forties, and the first thing she wanted was a book on machines to make money -- to print it, that is. I wish I had had a taper, because what I remember of her jabberings is only some of the highlights. According to her, "the Egyptians are backing the present issue of money....because the Jews went over to Israel, and skipped several issues....every Christian is to get a million dollars, and I'm a good Christian....you have to have a flag to get into the mint ((that made some sort of sense, along the line that a backward nation is one that hasn't borrowed money from the United States yet)) and I have two flags. One is The Fire Department, and the other is The Baptist Book Store....my daughter has a flag, too, but she won't tell me what it is.... my daughter is a good Christian, too.... ." It was quite clear that she knew exactly what she was talking about but was utterly unable to communicate -- stone cold sober, too. When I finally gave up and got her an encyclopedia article on currency printing, she decided it was too late in the evening, and she had to go home. Has anyone heard anything about some unknown middle East financier backing out money? Maybe Egypt us out of Fort Knox? A library is an excellent place for a whack collector.

Well, that makes three G&S addicts in the crew now. Very good indeed. SAPS may get some culture yet. When it comes to favorite G&S, I guess I'd have to pick IOLANTHE, and "The Lord Chancellor's Nightmare."

A "cool, swinging sound" is one you hear as the iceman whirls a large block of ice around, his head in preparation to throwing it at you.

I showed your quotes from "How to Treat Elves" to various members of the library staff, since I think it's one of the funniest I've come across. Results were varied: those under 40 appreciated it (some laughing their heads off), those over 40 generally disparaged it. So from now on I know who to show jokes to around here.

I dunno whether you've got the best zine this mailing, or whether that distinction goes to the Buzbys for POLARITY....ah, call it a tie.



And that ties up PAGE 10

THE ZED #GWW -- Karen Anderson

Since I had the utter misfortune of not being able to get to the SOLACON, reading about it is the nearest I can come to participation, and the more conreps, the better, for that gives as many views as possible of the con. Thanx for yours, Karen. And how about publishing the script to "Alice in Thrillingwonderland"?

And I hope you succeed in writing that story with Don Juan of Austria as hero -- I'm quite fond of "Lepanto."

MAINE-IAC #11 -- Ed Cox

YUGGOTH SAVESgreen stamps

Now that I've got that off what passes for my mind, lessee what kind of komment it giffs on MAINE-IAC 11.

I have just finished reading TROS OF SAMOTHRACE, by Talbot Mundy, put out in a 948-page edition by Gnome Press's Fantasy Classic Library. 'Tis my considered opinion that TROS would make an excellent movie -- battles, swashes, buckling, Caesar, chariots, etc -- but it makes a rather dull book, since it passes over action far too rapidly, preferring to dwell more on semi-philosophical conversations and soliloquys. But even so, when and if the sequel comes out from FCLib, as it is supposed to, I suppose I'll read it. It's called THE PURPLE PIRATE, if anyone's interested. Though what can be found in the book to justify calling it fantasy, I don't know. The closest thing is frequent references by Tros and the druids to "mysteries" of various orders. And in case you're wondering how this gets by with being komment on your zine, you happened to mention Greenberg, and I took it from there.

Will have to finish next time. Ye lousy library closeth again.

(Friday, December 12, 1958)

Well, now, reading through the rest of MAINE-IAC is very enjoyable, but it brings out no komment except for the fact that your registration at college sounds even worse than the rat-race one has to go through at the University of Florida (which is quite bad enough by itself.)

COLLECTOR #GWW -- Howard Dewore

Sorry, Howard, it was just that COLLECTOR got out of order in my mailing, and I just discovered it in back of all the others. I was considering leaving it out altogether rather than foul up my order of things, and let you think a copy had been omitted from my mailing, but that wouldn't quite be cricket -- and besides I want to vote for a continuation of Earl Kemp's conreport. I want to see as many reports as possible from members of that caravan -- they're needed to offset the highly imaginative Falasca report.

I am quite curious as to what prompted the Degler reprint.

Tsk, tsk, Howard -- one might think you didn't like ted e. white.

SAPROLLER #15 -- Jack Harness

OK, where does one get a deck of cards with 11's, 12's, 13's and 14's, in order to play the game you mention? I'd like to have a deck of that type, and also one with five suits, for another variation of bridge.

Aha! Now I know why several other SAPS have been using cruddy Harness illos -- you have saved the good ones for SAPROLLER. So, okay -- I like the coverand most of the interillos, particularly those on pages 8, 12, and -- oh, yeah -- 16.

I wouldn't think of denying you the word "bibliocquy"! If fact I think it's a good 'un indeed. "When I use a word, it means exactly what I choose it to mean -- neither more nor less."

"You'll have to think up -- I'm a little hard of ESPing" --- HYPHEN

and I think -- or ESP -- that's allfor PAGE 11

Jack, I agree with you most emphatically on Kerouac. I read all through the thing, just to make sure that the first few pages didn't give a wrong impression about the book. And when I got through with the thing I went and looked up all the reviews from which the blurbs (on the pb edition) were taken. It was quite amusing to see how the blurbs twisted the reviewer's statements around to look like praise for the book, when the original statements indited it heavily.

Liked your "Soliloquy", too, Jack.

Limericks? ---well, I'll leave that to Manyoya.

MONSTERHYME #1

Jack Harness's illos are seen
In many a SAPish fanzine,
But his SAPROLLER's got all the best of the
lot ---
He must give out just trash to be mean.

MEGANOTES #1 -- Megan Sturek

Well, I see I was wrong last time, about your not joining SAPS this time around -- and in this case, I'm happy to have been wrong.

Offhand, I would say you are about the most chauvinistic SAP in the crew, as pertains to the section of the country one comes from. I lived in New Jersey until the fall of 1950, when I moved to Florida -- and right about now I'm not lauding either location. If I could combine the Florida climate with the entertainment and cultural opportunities of the Northern New Jersey-New York City area, I think that would be about ideal. For a few years at least -- until I got tired of it and wanted something else in the way of locale. But good grief! The Southwest can't be that good to anyone not sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

As for the people who invited you for a bheer instead of a mixed drink -- unless there's been some changes made, Seattle is legally dry, so they were telling the truth: places don't serve mixed drinks.

Oh, I dunno about this idea of not feeling qualified to komment on SAPSazines -- it hasn't stopped me! But you'll get into the swing of things soon enough. You have a rather formalized style in your writing this time. Is it natural? If it

is, I won't say another word about it. But I know in my case, I adopt an extremely formal and stylized manner of speaking whenever I'm under pressure of any kind -- such as in an interview. At times it goes so far as to sound like either a Boston or even an English accent. I know this isn't natural, but it has become a sort of defense mechanism which I am trying to get rid of -- all right "of which I am trying to get rid"? -- "rid of which I am trying to get"? -- "to get rid of which I am trying"? --- pfui. I know it ~~ain't~~ isn't good.

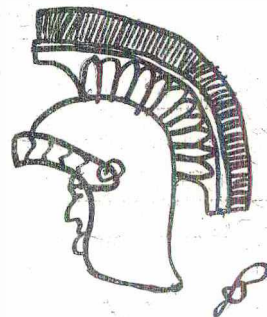
FOUT #3 -- Marty Fleischman

Well, congratulations on eliminating the pseudo-justifications! "Sloppy Edges" aren't really so bad -- not half as bad as hyphenating in the middle of syllables.

"Views and Comments" has started turning up in my mailbox, too, forwarded from Gainesville, so I deduce that they are using the membership list from the SOLACON for their mailing list. As long as it's free, I have no objections whatsoever. I like getting mail.

I have very little room to complain, what with my interspersing a lot of German remarks in SpeBem, but it bothers me when some foreign phrase is inserted in the midst of komment, with no regard for its meaning. The one I have in mind right now is in your komment to Bill Meyers: "I have Merci Beaucoup things to say about Aghast...". Now "beaucoup" would have been correct, meaning "many," but "merci" means "thanks" --- or did you really mean that you had "many thanks" things to say? (This Dept. is THE GIM-LET-EYED SNOBS VERSUS SAPSZINES.)

++++++
and, as things get verse and versus, we reach the end of PAGE 12.



Yeah, I belong to the SF Book Club, and I really have no objections to their selections, with the possible exception of the infrequent non-fiction books. Also, I disagree with you that THE LINCOLN HUNTERS is of low quality; I thought it was better than any other Tucker novel I've read. But even granting your point that they don't have too many good selections, what would you suggest they select? There just aren't many books of SF published that don't eventually fall into the SF Book Club selections, except maybe Avalon books (which I consider mostly junk -- "Solomon's Stone" by de Camp, for instance).

CREEP #17 -- Wally Weber

As much as I enjoyed reading CREEP, I can't find much to comment on. The Soames story plot develops nicely -- like photos, the best developing is obtained by keeping things in the dark. I think Squink Blog had better be careful -- anything that tries to use GMCarr for a pawn is in for a rooking.

Now is your testing period, sort of -- can you keep Blottotto working on the story? Can Toskey keep you working on CREEP? I shall tune in next mailing and find out.

TEDDBEAR FANDOM -- Roger Sims

Now lookahere, Teddy Bear, you shouldn't have any trouble at all putting out a SAPSine of more than the minimum, after having been to the SOLACON, and like that. I mean, after all, is all that the Falascas say about you on the trip true? Hmmm?

POLARITY #3 -- Die Buzbys

Many thanks for the photocovers and the conreps, pipple. Like I said, it's sort of a CONsolation prize for the non-attenders.

The Florida Faneds Confederation is 100% in favor and in support of the "Bring Berry Over" Fund. And if somebody else but me joins the confederation, I'll see that he's in favor and in support of it too.

I really don't have anything to comment on the conreps themselves, except Elinor, I'm sorry that confounded telegram woke you up. It was sent as a result of a rather moody, left-out feeling that hit me right around Con time. In fact it took me until about the end of October to reach an attitude of "Wait till next year."

It must have been quite a convention, indeed. Thanx, Buzbys.

SPECTATOR #45 -- Two-Headed OE

No complaints, just one question: Though I am greatly pleased that another member has been admitted from the South, I count thirty names already on the membership list. Who is covering up? Or more specifically, who quit or got dropped that doesn't want it known yet?

Or do we now have 31 members?

Thirty-five copies is fine with me, but wouldn't 40 be better, maybe? or at least 37? 36?

That seems to finish off all the mailing comments, and frankly I'm a bit surprised that I got in so much comment -- especially with so few illos, and in elite type.

Now, just a word of explanation on the source of my illos, before we go into the department of fiction (You didn't think you could get out without that, did you? Tsk-tsk-tsk.) --

The cover was stolen from the cover of one of the carbonzines mentioned in my comment to Buz, and was drawn by Glenn King. I decided that the portrait of Manyoya was too large to put on a regular page, so it went on the cover. Serves you all right.

The Metzger illo came from a drawing on one of George's letters. I have several more of these drawings, but frankly I don't think I have the patience or energy to stencil them.

The bacover and the Roman illo on Page 12 were by Blake Dowling and Joe Pylka, respectively, both of whom are sort of captive doodlers in Gainesville. The other P. 12 illo was found in a library book as a bookmark, I guess. And Philip Poland is the scion of the Miami Polands. / 13

And now, kiddies, the notorious SPLEOBEM Fiction Department presents:

ATROCIOUS STORIES -- #3

In all probability, it wouldn't have happened if he had been able to get enough sleep the night before the broadcast, but that factor was merely the culmination of a long line of events, changes, and confusions. And even after it happened, he didn't feel too bad about it -- after all, Harry Von Zell hadn't lost his job, had he?

Martin Deleon was a television announcer -- had been one for about ten years, and had earned a reputation for being a good announcer, if somewhat given to being repetitious in his commercials. He liked to get one line of spiel down-pat, and use it with variations as long as possible. With the show he had been doing for the past four years -- an alleged adult Western called "Crossfire" which revolved around a sheriff with eye-trouble -- his system worked fine. The show had two sponsors, and at the end of each week's episode the second sponsor would get a small commercial, and an announcement would be made that the following week "Crossfire" would be sponsored by Old Rot-Gut Bourbon, instead of Healthways Goat Milk.

But then science fiction stories came into prominence on television, and Old Rot-Gut dropped "Crossfire" to put on two thing-from-outer-space shows, one every other week. One week, the audience would be captivated by "The Sklompf From Mars" which was usually in control of some human, but was occasionally pictured as its own BEMish self. And the next week "The Space Beast" tromped across the screen for about 22 minutes out of the half-hour. Old Rot-Gut hired Martin Deleon as their announcer.

The night of the first performance of "The Sklompf From Mars," everything was quite under control, in spite of the fact that Deleon had been up most of the previous evening at a party given by the sponsor, and had been well-supplied with the sponsor's product. Toward the end of the program, though, he began to wilt. He walked carefully in front of the camera for the last commercial and the announcement of the program for the following week. Unfortunately, he got mixed up.

"And now," he said, "a word from our alternate monster!"

SEEMINGLY POINTLESS STORIES -- #2 A Necropolitan Night

The witching hour had come 'round once again, and the atmosphere was right for the occasion. The fearful winds of night howled and whistled through the nearby houses, making eerie noises as it swept through the metal chimney covers and banged the shutters. A lone pipistrellus subflavus flew across the full moon toward its cave, and a funeral-like procession of dark, forbidding clouds moved across the sky. In the street outside, two young sneak-thieves ran by, frightened away from their job by the sudden cry of a bird, and the mournful baying of the dogs in the neighbourhood. The time had come for them to hold celebration; they would make holiday for the few short hours allowed them, since midnight is to them as mid-day is to others.

The wind moaned low as it rushed through the shadowy tree-tops, and the mist began to gather, almost obscuring the view of the small group of fans who had hidden behind a mausoleum to watch the sight. Then, with one accord, from the silent graves under the ancient stone, they arose. Ghosts, skeletons, spectres, and assorted haunts -- they emerged swiftly, and with courtly gestures, paired off two by two. And there, in the centuries-old cemetery, bathed in the moonlight, they danced to unheard music through the hours of the night.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the crowing of a cock, heralding the approach of day, and the ghostly company, two by two, returned slowly and reluctantly to their resting places. Taking leave of each other with the same courtly politeness, each entered his waiting grave. Soon all were gone.

And through the days, and the unfavorable nights, they lie there -- awaiting the time when the circumstances will again be right, and the stroke of midnight from the bell in the old church tower will call them forth once more to make holiday.

Being the first installment of what will probably turn out to be an unbearably long story.

THE DOGS OF WAR

PART I: ANTACRTICA, A.D. 2547

Lianta the witch was the keystone -- of that he was sure. Only she would know why the great El Rafique was erecting the fortress of Khuld on the vast wastes of the Antarctic. It was a question of being able to find her once he got inside the fortress; he put the problem out of his mind as he flew toward Khuld. He knew his own capabilities; most demons were excellent spies, and a ferrat was no exception.

Soon the scattered buildings of green and yellow coral shone before him like polished jade and topaz. Half finished, Khuld looked much like a city of the Old Land, or at least like what he remembered of such cities after the thousands of years since the Old Land disappeared.

He winked briefly into visibility as he approached the city, then returned to his usual nothingness. He flew on, mentally noting the existence of a low-class force field, probably thermostatic, around the city. He would have to stay clear of force fields to remain invisible, but as long as no first-class protective fields were set up, he could come and go as he wished.

After flying around the more imposing buildings and listening to several conversations, he located the office of the Chief Magicurgian, where he set up his base of operations, tucking himself behind the wall communicator and waiting for information to come to him.

It wasn't a long wait. The door opened, and a small man with almost furtive features walked into the room. Chief Alconyiz had risen to the highest rank of the thaumaturgical technarchy, and aspired to the hierarchy. Aloof from his equals and disdainful of his inferiors, he carefully cultivated the patronage of any who he thought could help his advance to warlock. But as a warlock, Alconyiz was a good technician -- a fact he suspected was well known to his superiors. It would account for his being professionally "frozen." This morning, as usual, he was grumbling that, occupationally, he was in a "sort of stasis."

"Which," he exclaimed to nobody in particular, "may be appropriate, after all." The Nobody-in-Particular listened attentively. The Chief stepped to the communicator and jabbed at a contact. "I want to get today's work started," he told the hulking tri-di image that appeared. "Are you going to be able to keep that dame out of my hair?"

"Yeah, Boss," answered the hulk. "We've got so many spells and locks on her suite, she couldn't get out with every imp in the underworld helping her."

"You'd better be right. Put the men to work on the detectors today. I've got to check the stasistor. And remember, we've only got two months to get this place finished!" Alconyiz broke the connection and left.

The ferrat followed the Chief Magicurgian for several hours until he had learned the location of Lianta's suite of rooms. But just finding it did him no immediate good -- it was indeed barred by innumerable charms and spells. He set to work trying to counter them, hoping that most of the power had been directed toward keeping her in rather than toward keeping others out.

Inside the suite Lianta fumed. Unable to get out of her "house arrest," she had fallen back on an old habit; she was trying to get drunk. Empty bottles lay all about the room, and several full ones stood on the table near her couch. She had passed the silent drinking stage, and was now toasting anyone she could think of.

"And here'sh to the biggest bum of 'em all -- El Rafique!" She guzzled more rum, and lay muttering to herself. "Big brave ruler of all the Empire -- phooey. Sends me off to take charge of building his ~~\$\$\$@!!~~ fortress, and then keeps me cooped up. Fine way to treat his wife. Not even anybody to drink with. Phooey."

She finished off the bottle, and started on another, until she reached the point that she thought singing would be an added enjoyment to her drinking. Even when half drunk, her voice was beautiful, and soon the words to very old ballads were reverberating through the rooms.

"Come listen to my tale of woe, it happened many years ago, ...!"

"In days of old, when knights were bold, and ...!" The song broke off suddenly. "Knights? Why didn't I think of that sooner? I can get some help from the past for my drinking -- the far past, so no one will interfere with me." She began a high-pitched chant, drawing the necessary symbols in whiskey on the table.

Soon the form of King Arthur Pendragon materialized in the room, riding, appropriately enough, a pink elephant. He seemed to know why he was there, for he lifted a large chalice in toast to Lianta, drained it, and joined her in singing. After a while, Lianta decided that the

elephant was out of place, drew a few more symbols on the table, and King Arthur found himself riding a large dragon. He laughed at such a play on his name, drank again from the refilled chalice, and continued singing. But when he lapsed into French songs, Lianta looked at the dragon, which was asleep, got another idea, and drew some more symbols. The dragon remained, but Arthur disappeared.

The sight of the new-comer, a large man who hefted a huge stein of beer and began singing "In München steht ein Hofbrauhaus," told Lianta that she had made a mistake somewhere. "Damn," she muttered. "I want St. George, and I get King George. Better try again."

This time she was more successful. St. George appeared on top of the dragon, drank a toast to her with a tankard of ale, and started to sing "The Chandler's Wife." Lianta joined him, and they ran through several songs before her mind wandered again, the symbols changed, and the dragon was replaced by a horse.

It was fun changing riders and mounts, and Lianta busily wiped out old symbols and drew new ones. In quick succession there appeared Don Quixote, an old roue who drank wine and sang "Come Along With Me" in a horrible Spanish accent; Don Pasquale, who didn't drink at all; and Don Juan, who drank anything and sang off-color love songs. The horse remained without change, though it became confused at the appearance and disappearance of its riders.

Lianta was about to exchange the horse for something more appropriate to Don Juan, when the ferrat succeeded in breaking through the spells and entered the room, completely visible after passing through a strong force field at the door.

"Huh?" she demanded, startled somewhat out of her drunken stupor. "I don't remember calling up anything like you! I must have made another mistake." She quickly rubbed out all the symbols, but only Don Juan and the horse vanished. The ferrat, trying desperately but vainly to do likewise, was forced to improvise on a story.

"Well, uh, no, you didn't call me," he began. "El Rafiq sent me, to...."

"That overgrown ape?" she shouted, staggering across the room to smash a half-emptied bottle against her husband's portrait. "Well, the next time you see him you can tell him he had better keep a close watch on his precious fortress, for I'll wreck the thing if I can -- and then he won't have any 'last refuge' when the war comes! But waitaminit...." She whirled around, the alcoholic fog beginning to lift. "Anyone he sent would have used the communicator, instead of bothering to undo the spells on the....Oh, no you don't!" she cried, picking up a small steel tube and pointing it at the ferrat as the latter tried to run from the room. A half-dozen words, chanted in an instant, and the ferrat found himself totally immobilized.

Lianta took another minute or two to become completely sober, then she surveyed her captive. She walked around him once, then sat down and laughed at him.

"What a joke!" she cried. "It's a colossal joke on you! To come here, probably after information, and to try to get it from me by claiming El Rafiq sent you. You must be very much out of touch with things in the Empire not to know that El Rafiq married me for political reasons only -- then sent me down here, out of his way, to "supervise" the building of his fortress of refuge. I thought at first you might be an intriguer from the Court at El Firdaus -- but now it's obvious you're an Oceanian spy!"

"That is just exactly what we had concluded, Your Majesty," came a voice from the doorway. "An alarm sounded in my office," continued Chief Alconyz, as he entered the room with two technicians, "indicating that someone had been successful in breaking the spells on your suite. Since you could not have done so from inside, and since I had given orders against any of my men entering this area, the presence of a spy was the only answer."

"Brilliant," sneered Lianta.

"I see that he has been captured," continued the Chief unperturbedly, "and I thank Your Majesty for saving us the trouble. We will remove him, and send him back to El Firdaus for 'questioning.'"

"You will not take him away," objected Lianta. "I shall keep him here. Go find your own spy to send back to the Court."

"But Your Majesty, we must...."

"He is my prisoner! Am I not the Empress? As Empress I have power to command my subjects."

"Yes, Your Majesty, you are Empress -- but your husband the Emperor is more powerful than you, and he would probably have us killed if we did not send all captured spies back to him.

The ferrat, unable to penetrate the binding spell with even a mental bolt to send his information back to Oceania, gathered all his power and waited for the one instant in which he would be able to act.

Lianta gave up. "All right -- I'll take my spell off, and you can take him out under a

strong force field. Get it ready to be put on the instant I take my spell off."

But in the split second between the lifting of the spell and the application of the force field, the ferrat sent a mental bolt winging toward Oceania, informing them of the purpose behind the fortress of Khuld, and its state of completion. Then he was taken away.

Lianta, attempting to follow the Chief out of the suite, found she was unable to do so. Five of the best Magicurgians had been at work repairing the spells and charms at the door.

"We are sorry, Your Majesty," said Alconyz, in a voice barely tinged with sarcasm, "but this spy inconsiderately undid the protective spells on Your Majesty's suite, and for the safety of Your Majesty, we have repaired them." And he left, deaf to the multilingual curses and obscenities hurled in his direction from the Empress's suite. The spy would be sent to the Emperor, with a personal note from the Chief, and perhaps the capture of this dangerous demon would be a stepping-stone to higher rating for a Magicurgian named Alconyz.

PART II: AFRICA -- EL FIRDAUS, 2547

El Rafiq the Mighty was visibly annoyed. Councillors, generals, and anyone else who tried to approach him were greeted scowls, invective, and occasional lightning bolts. They soon stopped trying to approach him at all, and took care that they didn't come near him even by accident. So El Rafiq was left to brood.

He would have much preferred being left to brood, but that was the trouble in the first place: the object of his interest, Lilath, would have nothing to do with him. Worse yet, she was spending altogether too much time with that miserable tenor Stösser. She said that, as leader of the Court hetaera, it was her job to supervise them -- and Stösser was one of the important members. But that excuse was wearing rather thin, and El Rafiq was annoyed. He raged against Stösser, against Lilath, and especially against her green cat Ynka, which had no respect for him, and which showed signs of having some magical powers of its own, besides being Lilath's familiar. Above all, he raged against his marriage; it was after that that everything started to go awry.

It had all seemed so easy beforehand: marry Old Pudrecho's daughter to cement relations between Africa and the old, recently conquered Latinian Empire, then just ignore her and go on as usual. So there had been a splendid ceremony in Rio, the old Latinian capital; everyone who was anyone was there -- the entire African Court; all the Latinian noblemen, priests, and generals that were left, with their wives; even that Wells character and Lord Gengi, from Oceania, together with their aides. Everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits, and vice versa. The ceremony went off without a bit of trouble, even though the bride's father couldn't be found. But ever since the return to the Court, things had gone wrong. There were rumblings of revolt in Oceania; Lord Gengi had been murdered at the height of a campaign against Empire taxes, and the blame was laid to the Empire as a matter of course. A leader known as The Sorcerer was rumoured to be raising thaumaturgical forces in Polynesia. Empress Lianta refused to be ignored, and had to be sent to the Antarctic to get her out of the way. Then Lilath turned cold toward him -- an attitude quite opposite to that she had had before the marriage. And to climax the aggravation, there was that damned green cat Lilath had brought back from Rio -- it ran freely through the palace, paying no attention to anyone but Lilath, and once had even had the temerity to scratch him, then disappear before he could give it the kick it deserved. There was nothing to be done. He couldn't catch the cat, and he refused to use love potions on Lilath -- besides, she knew as much about them as he did. So El Rafiq alternately brooded and raged.....and was annoyed.

He would have been much more annoyed, had he known the true state of affairs between Lilath and Hans Stösser. Within several months after their return to El Firdaus, the two had been secretly married, and though the task became more and more difficult, they had succeeded in keeping the marriage secret from El Rafiq. But his suspicions were growing, and diversionary tactics were necessary to mislead him, and keep Stösser out of harm's reach. Just such a tactic was underway -- a dozen or so of the palace hetaera, including Stösser, were being sent on a short vacation, on the pretext that it was also a honeymoon for two recently married members of the company.

The chosen vacation spot was Victoria Falls, where the company settled down to enjoy themselves for a week or so. But that same day, Hans Stösser fell through a newly opened fissure in the rock into a cave behind the falls. He could hear the roar of the falls over the small mouth of the cave, but there was something else -- something like music -- coming from the other direction. He explored the cave in that direction, and suddenly came upon a huge room full of large statues.

TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT MAILING!

----Bruce E. Pelz

ATROCIOUS STORIES -- #1

At Cape Canaveral things were in even more of a flurrie than usual. Engineers and technicians scuttled back and forth, scientists checked last-minute calculations, stirring their coffee with their slide-rules and taking two tranquilizers with each cup of coffee. The big day had finally arrived; the supremacy of the United States Rocket Teams would at last be demonstrated. After many successful experiments with animals, the culminating test was approaching. This was the day a man would be shot into space in a rocket-satellite.

At 12:05 all the preparations had been made, and the first "spaceman" -- a Negro named Ramden, chosen by lot from ten volunteers -- entered the special compartment. He was locked in, and a last-minute check was made. Everything was in order. The party of scientists and reporters retired to the blockhouse to watch the blast-off.

"10 - 9 - 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 - FIRE!" And the PIONEER XLV took off. The instruments tracked it as it climbed into the sky. All was going quite well, but still everyone held their breath, lest something should go wrong before the satellite went into orbit. The rocket climbed higher -- and higher -- until at last it reached the chosen altitude. Without the least difficulty, the last rockets fired, and the man-carrying satellite went into orbit.

Everyone in the blockhouse sighed with relief.

"Well," said one of the Generals, "that ought to show the Kremlin that the jig is up!"

And that ends the second issue of THE SPELEOBEM. Aren't you glad?

