

SpeleoBem 21

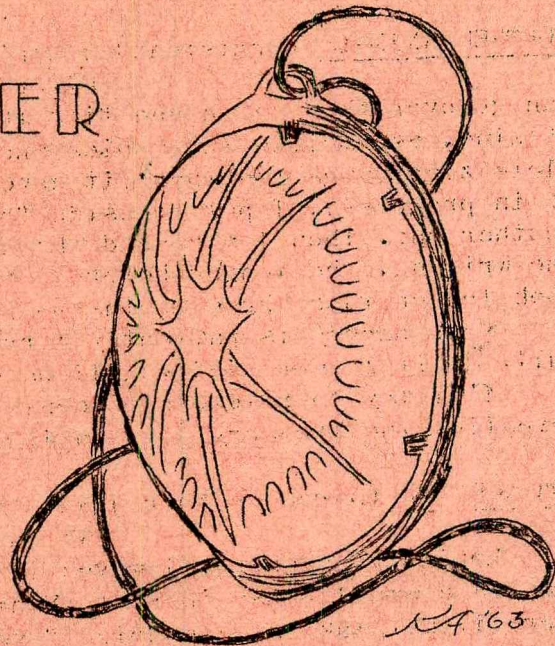


Mailing Comments

THE CABAL LADDER

AMAZING ADVENTURES (Meskys) Making corrections on ditto masters is evidently a matter of widely-divergent practice. Dian always strikes over the typo and uses an Exacto-knife to finish the correction. I usually X-out the error in red, since most of the typers I use have two-color ribbons, and then cut the whole thing out of the master.

How about some details on that sequel to READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR? I suppose I ought to write to Lupoff, but in case I forget to do so, maybe you'll be able to tell me. RGBA was a beautiful job, and I hope Dick can get out a sequel and cover the Tarzan and Pellucidar books.



COCONINO 3 (Hannifen) Now that you may be able to use something other than that damn scriptwriter, I shall look forward to your promised write-up of the Donaho New Year's Party last year. You think you can get it done before the next New Year's Party?

I have the strange feeling I got out of C*v*ntury just in time -- just before the Ugly Bird went up. I think I'll wait and see what kind of fiction you can write about Mercia before I comment further. I might turn out to like it.

STUMPING 5 (Jim Webbert) I am still quite enthusiastic about your cover artist. If you are still with us (as of 9 P.M. 10/14 your required ad hasn't showed up), I hope to see more of his work.

COLLECTOR SUBSTITUTE (Devore) Howard, I hope you have more time this quarter, and can get around to writing up more of the "MISFITS I Have Known." Those articles and the printed gag cards are the things I most enjoy in your zines. (And by the way, howabout putting through a packet of the cards -- a page of credit for each six cards, maybe? Each four?)

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Don't think of it as getting married -- think of it as a couple more points off the Purity Test.

+++++

HIEROGLYPHIC 3 (Kaye) I wouldn't have to go to Queens to find a collection that puts mine to shame in bound volumes. I was over at Elmer Perdue's shack a month or so ago, and Elmer had been putting the place in somewhat better order than it is used to -- magazines on shelves in a spare room, etc. Among the magazines was a complete collection of the Clayton Astoundings -- all bound. Elmer says they were Clayton's own copies, and I see no reason to disbelieve him. They would be enough by themselves to shade my collection. BUT ... when it comes to fanzines, I'd put my bound collection up against anyone's. Or, for that matter, my entire fanzine collection; everyone else I know of who collects fanzines either has a smaller collection, or they can't find anything because of a haphazard disarrangement of them. Mine is in filing cabinets and bound volumes -- all of which are arranged and accessible immediately. Bragbragbrag.

Glad you find SAPS a good tie to hold you in fandom.

COLORED ANIMALS (Armistead) I don't like to read my own writings in the month or two after they are written, but after about three months, I can go over them again and find them interesting, at least. So after publishing an APazine, assembling the copies and glancing through one of them to see how the complete zine hangs together (it never looks the same as the component parts do when it is in progress), I put it aside for another three months until it's time to publish another one. Then I can read through it for comments on my own zine. Also, the longer the writing, the longer before I can re-read it. The monstrous SPELEOBEM 5 (102pp) took longer than three months -- almost a year, in fact.

Your parody is pattenly terrible; the thing Fwed wrote was dull, but not that dull. A little more and you'll be competing with the late Mr. Deindorfer.

I'll try to remember to deal with the matter of Running SAPS on the interest of investing the Treasury in a savings account later -- in the lettercol.

POR QUE? 18 (Doreen Webbert) Another neat cover from your captive artist; more!! And why not add some of your own artwork?

Moving is a chore. I moved last May, and I'm now preparing to move again -- this time to a small house in Santa Monica (instead of this smaller duplex in West L.A.) where it may take me a couple of years to push out the walls with my collection. And then again it may not take that long -- and I'll have to move again... . Sigh. I just have too much junk.

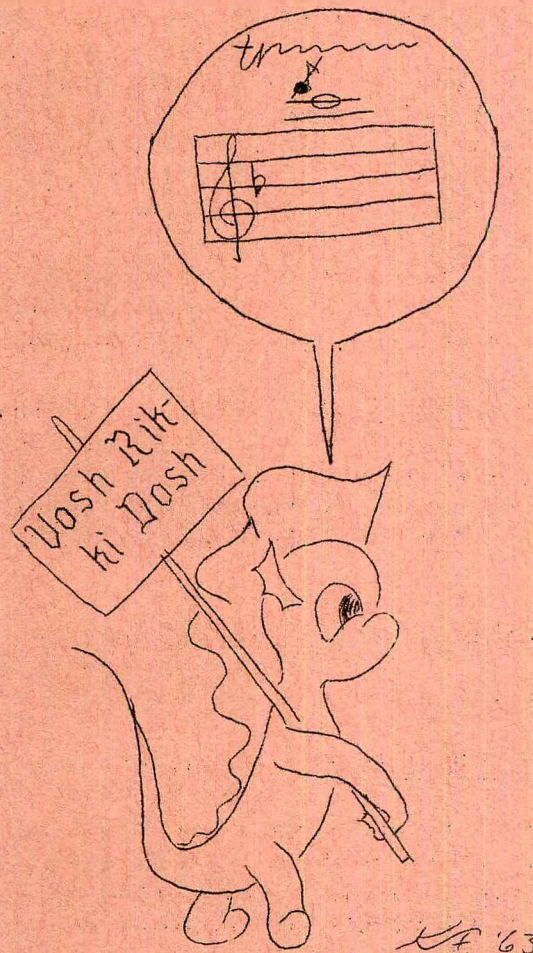
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POT POURRI 29 (Berry) Somewhere in my living-room is a large chunk of rock with a fossil shell in it. Fred Patten found it in Utah on our Discon trip, and when he tried to foist it off on us we resolved to bring it back, chop off the useless end (the fossil-less one) and send it over to you. As I have no use for the thing myself, I still intend to do just that -- it's merely a question of getting around to the job. I wonder if it will go as "Educational Material"?

Even though I did manage to get hold of a copy of AD ASTRA 5, I'm glad you reprinted the chapter of your war memoirs that appeared there. This way all chapters will be available in POT POURRI.

I do think you're being unnecessarily pessimistic about the future of mankind, harping on the thalidomide, fallout, fluoride, etc. (and you did forget the smog, even). Me, I figure things will eventually even themselves out; man is a remarkably hardy beast, even if he is somewhat stupid by some standards. Anyway, this gloomongering really isn't your forte, John -- you should stick to things like

POT POURRI 30 The Return of the Goon!! In spite of the fact that I enjoy your War Memoirs and historical articles, this is the best thing you've published in POT POURRI since you started, and I emphatically support the sequel idea!



I also like the various references -- such as the suggestion that George Characters used the "face to face with the 'ungodly'" line, rather than Leslie Characters. Neat bits -- let's see more of the Goon!!

YEZIDEE 4 (Girard) One of these mailings you may feel like skipping an episode of the "Annals of Shalar." When that happens think of a few things: several SAPSites are greedily reading each chapter and awaiting the next; your chapters are needed to bolster the World-of-the-Month aspect of SAPS; if you leave out the Annals, I'll hit you. More illos would be greatly appreciated, too. Illos like those in

THE GOLDEN HARP. I think this is the best thing for the past several mailings. The mythology of Shalar is almost as interesting as the stories, and the illos that accompany the text are excellent. The one trouble with the illos -- and with the text, for that matter -- is that more is needed. You have left too many side-passage starting points for more myths, and have introduced too many characters whose pictures must be drawn -- especially Morgan!

DIE WIS 9 (Schultz) I'm afraid the long letter on Japanese food is utterly useless to me, as I don't like the stuff. When necessary, I will accompany friends to Japanese (or Chinese) restaurants, and order something fairly plain, such as beef teryaki, while they order the miscellaneous gunk. I must admit, though, that out of the seven different orders that the group Jock Root shepherded to a Chinese Restaurant in New York gave to the waiter, about three of them were edible for me -- not a bad average.

I should say that one reason so many sword-and-sorcery characters use only a sword (and maybe a dagger) is that it's fairly easy for the author to write a sword-fight. He probably has some minor experience with foil or saber, and can draw on that for his writing. But how many have tried to swing an axe or a morgenstern? I've tried the former, and if I can ever get the latter I'll try it, too -- then we'll see about writing some more fight scenes.

A couple weeks ago, by the way, I took the 4-ft. broadsword out in Dian's backyard to try swinging it against some rather dead bushes and trees to see how it handled. Turns out I can wield the thing one-handed, and recover fairly rapidly. The only problem was that bushes aren't fighting back, and if I hit another chunk of steel with that velocity it's probably knock the sword right out of my hand. (Hopefully, it would also knock the sword out of his hand, too, but that's a minor consolation.) I'll have to stick to a small sword for actual fighting, I guess.

WILD COLONIAL BOY 3 (Foyster) I'm glad to see another of Chris Bennie's excellent dittoed covers. He does some marvelous things with ditto, and I hope you can get more of them for future zines.

"Kangaroos Don't Smoke" is delightful -- how/where did you get it? And can you get more of the same sort?

OUTSIDERS 52 (Baillard) I'm not sure what you meant when you suggested that a complete SAPS collection would reach "3 1/2 half feet," but my own collection, which isn't complete yet, reaches well over five feet without counting the first 20 mailings. Of course, part of this distance is taken up with the bindings, but not that much of it. Speaking of collections of SAPSazines, though -- has anyone any idea where John Davis got to? I'd like to track him down and relieve him of the SPECTATORS that went with the early mailings I bought from Wral. Maybe I'll go through Phoenix on my way to Tampa this December and see what I can find out.

As Envy had to sit at the head table during the Discon banquet, and Harness

didn't get to the convention, I'm the only one who has been at all the SAPS tables at conventions since they started at Detroit. Of course, it has been a bit easier for me to be at the SAPS tables these past few years, since the SAPS table is, by definition, the one where the OE sits, but still... .

The Pillar Poll for next year will be handled by Ruth Berman, who volunteered to do so. It will be run according to the same regulations as governed the one this year, only with less grousing from the pollster.

k.l. = kein leid?
 = kinderliebe?
 = klüge lumpen?

RETRO 29 (Busby) You know, it might be fun siccing Raeburn and Norm Clarke on SAPS -- especially if they could do as good a job on it as they did on that other [secret] Apa. Their one-shot was great.

Votes for ex-members on the Pillar Poll should certainly be counted is said ex-members were made ex- during the past year. Generally, the dropouts haven't done that much that I like, so I don't vote for them, but I'd be quite willing to vote for a zine that was good, whether the member is still with or or not.

Your mention of picking up about 10 copies of "Immoral Motel" to send to the author because he couldn't get free copies from the publisher reminds me of one of the current crud-book rages around L.A. fandom (and elsewhere): "Lesbo Lodge." Since it was reviewed a couple places as having fans in it as characters and taking place at a composite LASFS Halloween party, we have been getting requests from all over fandom for copies. I even got one from England. Turns out the regular news stand I go to doesn't have copies -- though it has all sorts of other examples of the breed -- so I made an effort and went to Porno Row on Main Street. First stop had lots of the things, so I'll be able to supply the requesters for a while. Odd what merely using recognizable fans in a story will do to bring more sales to fans -- even of lousy books, and to fans not involved.

Please to letting this serve as a reminder on that batch of fanzines you were going to send, yes?

PLEASURE UNITS 5 (Eklund) I think I've already offered to do your publishing for you while you're in the Hair Farce, but if not, I hereby do so. Send stencils -- any kind of stencils -- typed from 2.5 inches down from the holes to 12.5 inches down. That's usually from line 2 to line 60, if you're using Gestetner stencils or regular four-hole stencils. This bit of information should also be noted by Breen, Foyster, Kaye, and anyone else who expects me to do their publishing for them. Rates on request.

Memorization of poetry and other stuff can be both enjoyable and useful, tho in general I agree that memorization for its own sake is undesirable. The parrotting of lines an instructor has decided are Important is stupid, as a rule. The one advantage is that such memorization can help train you so that you can more easily memorize something you want to memorize. I can read back most of the Gilbert and Sullivan songs from memory, along with all sorts of other songs and verse -- and I doubt that I could have assimilated all of them into my memory without the high school training in rote. I've rather got out of practice in the last few years, though -- when I tried to memorize the four pages of "Lepanto," I had to give up after the first page.

The UCLA Library's collection of fanzines and other SF material can be used by almost anyone who has a "need to know." Of course, unless and until it gets a collection of fanzines considerably more extensive than it has now, there would be no point to anyone using it. I'm in favor of UCLA collecting fanzines, but I'm much more in favor of a sort of Fantasy Foundation. (Regretfully, I don't know what, if anything, Steve Schultheis has done towards the latter.) A library run and owned by fans would be a decided improvement over one owned by the state and possibly run by a fan. I'll send duplicates of my own zines to

UCLA, but I'm not really pushing for support of the thing.

A boot-knife is a mechanical contraption, and I want one (or better yet, two) because I am power-mad and like to go around armed with concealed but accessible weapons just in case I have a need to use them. Also, though it be a minor point, I collect edged weapons of all kinds. However, I already saw my Local Army Recruiter about adding to my weapons collection, and he rebuffed me after due consideration. A pity, too -- every other fan who gets into the army or air force seems to be able to get away with murder, and I'm sure I could, too.

Thanks to Archie Mercer's agenting, I now have a good collection of Private Eye, and in spite of the fact that most of the humour is oriented toward British politics, about which I know little, I find it very funny indeed. Even their ads are funny.

SPELEOBEM 20 Additions to bound volume collection:

TETRAHEDRON	1 volume	
FAPA Mailings	6 volumes	(26 total)

Grand Total: 104 v.

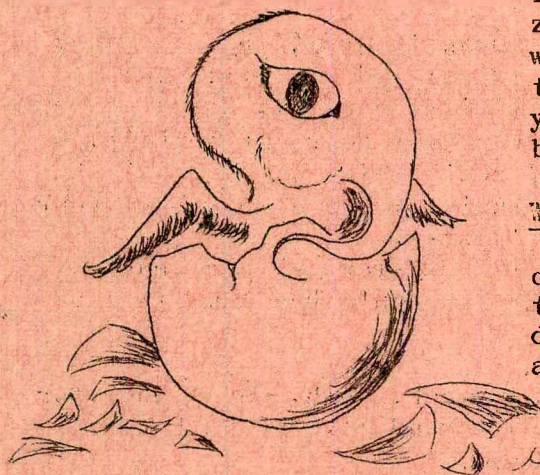
SAPS I have met department: 32 out of 36 members (missing L. Anderson, Arm-istead, Crilly, Foyster) for 88.9%; 10 out of 14 on the WL (missing Wilimczyk, Avery, Gerding, and D. Anderson) for 71.4%; a total of 42 out of 50, or 84%.

Apropos of Madeleine's comment that the prices on ATom's illos at the Chicon art show could have been higher: this year ATom sent one coloured illo as an entry for the show, and four others, on paper rather than scratchboard, as material for the sketch table. We ignored the idea of putting them on the sketch table, and put them up for bid with the entry. They brought at least \$5 each; one of the four brought \$17 -- a couple dollars more than the prize-winning entry. (First prize in cartooning, of course.) Send more, Arthur!

SPECTATOR 64 (OElephant) Thanks to George Scithers for lithoing the cover and to Fred Patten for the use of his living room.

TOROIDAL TEST (Foyster) Three years ago one Alan J. Lewis tried putting through a zine called COITUS; the OE very wisely censored it, on the grounds that even if the Post Office can't read, it can still see what goes on covers. Hence the changing of your title before publication. If you do

it again, I will consider chucking the whole zine. If you must be clever with off-colour words on the cover, the Official Arbiter of the Cult is Scotty Tapscott, and I will send you his address. [That goes for cartoons on bacovers, too, Lenny Kaye.]



WHEN THE CLOUDS WOULD SOUP 7 (AJLewis) From the infre-

quency of your SAPSazines and the contents of those you did publish, there were definite doubts that you even looked at the mailings at all. Most of the doubts were my own, but

I recall discussing the idea casually with one or two other localite SAPS members, and maybe mentioning it in correspondence once.

Okay, friend, just what material do you enjoy in the SAPS mailings. Most of what we've heard from you has been bitching about mailings comments and the like. You say you get out of SAPS, FAPA and OMPA precisely what you put in, and you're

enjoying what you get. Great. I wonder how many are enjoying what you put in? I, for one, am not.

You're right, of course, about FAMOUS MONSTERS. I'll have to tell Forry to get to work on it if he wants that Hugo next year. Meantime, I'll work harder on my FAPazine.

FLABBERGASTING 27 (Toskey) Thanks for quoting the "Boarding House Geometry," which was quite enjoyable. It reminds me of the bit on catching lions in the Sahara that you put through back in 1959. Anything else like this hanging around the math dept.?

I can't decide whether you or Ted get the Johnstone Award for this mailing. All in all, I think Ted gets it again. You are merely relating how you Got Taken by a girl; he is describing in complete and gory detail the girl he expects to Take (as a wife, that is). And the typoed measurements sort of cinch the award for him. Better luck next time, Tosk -- both with the girl and with the Johnstone Award.

NIFLHEIM 4 (Hulan) Of the two cities you say you dislike, I don't know enough about Baltimore to agree or disagree with you -- but I like New York. If it weren't for the climate in that area, I'd be quite happy living in Northern New Jersey and working in New York (as well as playing, of course.) But nine years in Florida and three-and-a-half out here in California have soured me on cold Winters like we had when I used to live in New Jersey, and the only time I'll go back to the Mid-Atlantic states is during the summer. That, however, I am quite willing to do. New York is an old city, and a good deal of it is dirty; this seldom bothers me, as the atmosphere is far too busy to leave time in which to be bothered about the dirt. There's too much to do there to sit around and complain -- although complaining on the run is still possible on minor items such as subway stations that close down at night. New York's a nice place to visit...

The poem you quote ("Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
long ago.")

is "Drake's Drum," by Sir Henry Newbolt. [Ref: Bartlett's 12th Edition, p.765.] I identified the title immediately, as the poem is one I liked very much when I first read it, but I was under the impression that Noyes wrote the thing. I've never heard of Newbolt.

I've been trying for the three-OE deal, but I don't think I can get N'APA away from Fred this time. He hasn't made enough stupid mistakes this past year. So I'll have to be satisfied with FAPA and SAPS, I guess.

I'm collecting the Collier pbs of the Gideon Fell mysteries, and enjoy them quite a bit. I have about five so far, though I haven't had time to read the last one yet.

DINKY BIRD 7 (Ruth Berman) I enjoyed your play very much, Ruth, and thanks for publishing it so we could read it. Do you have a tape of the radio production I might borrow sometime?

And apropos of the title rather than the play, have you read The Flying Inn, from which "Who Goes Home?" comes? If so, how about trying to interpret the poem, and perhaps settle a difference of opinion between Johnstone and myself. (If you haven't, you ought to, but that's beside the point.) Chesterton is very difficult to interpret most of the time, and this poem is almost at the end of the book, where he is getting very philosophical indeed.

Is end of mailing comments.

SIDE PASSAGES

Letters

ETHEL LINDSAY

21 August 1963

Thank you for once again sending me SPELECBEM 20. I'm sorry that I cannot trade with you, as you are already in OMPA and so get SCOT. One of these days I hope to get my activity to a low enough ebb so that I can start up HAVERINGS once again and so have a trade item for you.

I appreciate getting it, because I enjoy it so much. Whilst OMPA lately has rather soured me on comments, I have to admit that yours are of the variety that any reader can enjoy. There seems to be a knack to it --

Naturally I was very intrigued by the mention of my name in Madeleine Willis's letter. I wish I knew to what she was referring. HOBGOBLIN sounds hauntingly familiar but I cannot trace it in my files. [Terry Carr's SAPSazine, with "guest-column" of mailing comments by Ted White...BEP] At all events I gather that someone has referred to me as being kept "under wraps" during my stay at the Lupoffs. I may be wrong in assuming this, but it seems fairly certain. In the event that someone has I should like to refute this.

When I received my invitation to stay at the Lupoffs', Dick particularly wrote that I should feel free to visit whoever else I liked in New York regardless of whether they were of his circle or not. In point of fact, the only other New York invitations that I received were from the Sanderscns and Belle Dietz, and from the Shaws. After my arrival there when Elsie Wollheim discovered that quite a part of my time was not booked up she very kindly arranged some very nice outings. I knew, of course, that there was to be an open party at the Lupoffs' and that there I would meet all the rest of New York fandom. To be honest, not hearing from any of the rest of them, I figured that this was all they wanted to see of me. There is one thing that I share with the Willises -- that is an inability to think of myself as any kind of a 'celebrity'. It would never occur to me to ring folks up saying in effect "I'm here" as if I expected them to get out a big brass band.

Actually, having admired the VOID folks for many years, I was sorry that I saw so little of them. But I cannot be altogether sorry, for it meant that I got to know the Wollheims -- and a nicer, more generous couple it would be hard to find. I enjoyed every moment of my New York stay, and will not spoil its memory by any vain regrets. As for my hosts -- they made their home mine; I'd never be able to repay their kindness in a hundred years.

Westercon reports and suchlike have such an added interest to me now, having met so many of you.

Madeleine is every bit as bad as Walt for making me run out of admiring adjectives! I truly love every bit of this, and hope that someday some energetic fan will compile it as a whole. If they do -- put me down for a copy!

HARRY WARNER

26 August 1963

Burbee was on the FATE tape chain when the tape disappeared. He always filled his section by using someone else's taper, and this meant that at least two persons participated in his part, usually more. I doubt that we'll ever discover the true culprit in this disappearance. The last definite word of it was that Gronhell was waiting for repairs to his machine to do his part. I sometimes wonder if Boyd Raeburn didn't

have a hand in its disappearance. It was a very embarrassing tape to him because he'd committed two consecutive boobos on the last two circuits. First he'd complained that symphony orchestra trumpeters didn't know how to play the instrument, using recordings of "Petrouchka" as evidence. I had to point out that it was small wonder it didn't sound like good trumpet playing, because the cornet is used in Stravinsky's score for almost all the prominent solos for high brass. Then he accomplished the difficult feat of mispronouncing Purcell's name on the next go-round.

I think you're right in your remarks on the reasons for reticence about love. I'm not sure what Lichtman said to cause your comments, but it sounds from your comments something like my musing in FAPA a few years back why fans are so frank about most personal matters but almost completely silent in print about their affections. In and out of fandom, love and other strong affection are definitely out of style. An engagement is a signal for everyone who knows either member of the couple to expound on reasons why it will never work. It extends to less important matters. I was narrating at the office the other evening what I thought was a neat little anecdote about a high school student who is working at a lunch counter for the summer. I saw her wearing a ring, queried her about it, and she explained that her mother thought she was too young to be engaged, but had agreed to her accepting an engagement ring with the understanding that she'd stay engaged just for two weeks at this time, then resume the engagement after graduation. I thought this was a pleasant and humane way for a mother, daughter, and boy friend to handle a situation, but the people who heard my account acted as if I'd said something disgusting or perverted.

The title and exact text of the Parker poem I mentioned elude me and the paperback containing it is under three layers of stuff in the attic. It's an exposition of a young man's thoughts about a girl. He explains that after marriage she will always be waiting at the door when he gets home after work, will always have his meals ready on time, will always keep the house in perfect order, will make him so happy he'll take no interest in anything else in the world, and therefore he has no intention of marrying her. [I'll look it up; I have the Viking Portable around...BEP]

I thought there was another line directed at me in this issue, but I can't find it now. Anyway, there's hardly enough room left to say that the Madeleine Willis report continues to be extremely fine, frank but not nasty in expressions of opinions about people. Your Westercon Report was principally useful for telling me some of the things I hadn't known about the character and traits of certain fans. I gather from both of these items, that there is always someone around who louses up the surroundings at a large-scale con, therefore I go to Washington without illusions about the probable atmosphere, and you have perhaps saved me from turning into another Laney through surprised revulsion.

TOM ARMISTEAD

n.d.

I would like to petition or something about these two things that I have been wondering about. Would you rule upon them?

1. That the Treasury be put into a savings account so that SAPS may benefit from the interest thereof, a small amount necessary for working capital being withheld.
2. That the price on wl bundles be raised a small amount.

You'll no doubt wish to discuss these views, so I thought I'd send them to you in advance of printing them so that you can rule in the next SPECTATOR.

[Rulings: No, and No. Reasons: The interest on the SAPS Treasury would be a miniscule amount per annum, hardly worth keeping track of, and we are doing quite well on the funds we take in right now. Considering that free dues have been the Order of the Day for the last several years, another \$3/yr. isn't worth the book-keeping. (2): WL bundles sell fine at the present rates; they might not at higher, unneeded ones...BEP]

THE DISTAWF SIDE

Part 4

MADELEINE
WILLIS

Monday evening (en route to Fond du Lac), 3rd September.

We waved good-bye to the few people in the lobby, and went out into Chicago with Dean and Jean Grennell. We walked briskly after Dean, round the block to the back of the hotel. Dean gave a sharp look round, and crossed the road. He looked at a garage and hesitated. We wondered if anything was wrong, then he admitted he wasn't quite sure where he had parked the car. We set off again in another direction, and after about fifteen minutes we finally ran it down to concrete. Dean went inside to pay off the charges, and warned us to be ready to jump in when he drove to the exit. This was another example of the rush and bustle of American ways, this conveyor belt loading and unloading of cars. There were attendants chivvying people out, whistles blowing, and a hectic scramble to get in before too many cars lined up behind Dean.

We threaded our way out of Chicago, mulling over our impressions of the con. We all agreed that it had been a good one, though chaotic. I was sorry to be leaving, and we were all a little tired, but strong enough to survive the pun session between Dean and Walter. It is almost impossible to make notes in a car, and I was taking in the American scene, but I remember one of the more ghastly ones: we were passing a road sign with a bear as an emblem, and Dean challenged Walter to make a pun about a bear. Walter shook his head. "That would be a bit too grizzly," he said. There was another sign advertising beer, which led to Handel's Lager.

When we got out onto the expressways Dean showed us what it was like to do the ton. In his station wagon it felt much the same as fifty in our Morris Minor. That car of Dean's was the largest I have ever been in, and we could now understand why Dean wasn't too worried about bringing home the children as well as us that night.

We had decided to have something to eat on the way to Fond du Lac, and Dean turned off the Tri-State at a sign reading Lake Side Oasis. I didn't see any Lake, but it turned out to be quite an oasis. There was a feeling of being further away from the traffic than the actual physical distance. This was because the restaurant was built over the road. Here at home, because of the slower-moving and more sparse traffic, one can pull up at the side of the road and be quite comfortable, but to do that on the Tri-State would put one in the midst of a whirl of activity, enduring constant vibration from the speeding traffic. We ate an appetising meal poised over the concrete chasm, the cars almost comprising a many-hued ribbon as they flashed by underneath. We discussed the con again. The point that surprised us all the most was the fact that it was still going on. For the more dedicated con attendees, the event could well cover a week from the warm-up sessions with friends on the way to the last look-round the sights of the convention city. We were also all agreed on the success of the event. The only thing wrong with it was caused by its very success - there were too many people present whom one wanted to talk to. One's time had to be shared out, and there could only too easily be a hiatus between leaving one group and joining another. The Grennells also had found some difficulty in tracking down friends at room parties; there were too many semi-closed parties.

We continued on to Dean's brother's house to collect the Grennell children, as dusk fell. The evenings were appreciably shorter here than at home, because of the southerly latitude, and I thought of how here in mid-America the leisurely games of

tennis and golf and other outdoor pursuits must be severely curtailed. Against that there was the bright street lighting, the lights from shops, signs, and cars, and the warmth. One could stroll in any town at night instead of hurrying shivering from one meagre pool of light round a lamppost to another.

We were introduced to the Grennell children. The boys and younger girls were more out-going than I expected, but Patty reminded me of my own daughter Carol.

As we continued towards Fond du Lac I exclaimed aloud over the extraordinary kaleidoscope of lights from neon signs, and gaped at the great lines of blazing headlights coming towards us and stretching in an unbroken stream behind. The Grennell children must have thought me quite a country hayseed, but at least they perhaps got an insight into the contrasting way of life from which I came.

In Fond du Lac we turned off the main street and went along quiet avenues to Maple Avenue. Here was another contrasts; the side streets were appallingly bumpy, presumably because of the many private cars and the constant abuse to which the roads were subjected. It must cost a lot to keep them in condition, and perhaps the householders haven't realised that along with the more obvious expenses of keeping a car goes a high tax towards road maintenance. All of the houses were of wood, which to the British eye gives them an air of impermanence, but inside they are furnished to what we consider to be a luxury standard, two bathrooms and central heating being customary.

Here again, as at the Shaws', the most used route into the house was through the kitchen. First impressions as we entered the livingroom were of dolls of every size, and a breezy welcome as Dean opened the window and switched on the enormous fan. He had central heating but no air-conditioning. Dean produced a soft drink and challenged us to identify the flavour. The drink was called Dr. Pepper, and it had such a seductively mysterious taste that I soon had sipped my way through a large tumbler of it, though I wasn't thirsty. I never tasted anything like it before or since.

The Grennells efficiently bedded down the children and we went down to the basement, the heart of the American leisure activities. Dean showed us round. There was the fanning corner, with duplicator, two typewriters, and neat stacks of fanzines; the photographic corner, where we leafed through hundreds of fannish photos; the gun collection, with boxes of ammunition; and the place where Jean kept her four fridges (I'm not sure how many of them were deep-freezes) and her washer and dryer.

Dean is a very remarkable man. There are so many careers in which he could be very successful; his agile mind and sense of humour and ease with people would be perfect in the entertainment world; his writing and photographic ability in journalism; and there is his knowledge of guns and sharp-shooting success. Yet the only field in which he has made the fullest use of these talents is in the part-time occupation of writing and illustrating in the magazine Gunsport.

-oOo-

Tuesday, 4th September

We awoke next morning to a radical change in the weather. A cold front had moved in from the north and the morning was misty with a slight chill in the air. It made us feel even more at home with the Grennells than ever. Dean had been up early developing some of his photos. We duly admired them, and in the intervals of watching with fascination the faces of fans magically appearing on the sheets of white paper swirling in baths of solution, Walter and Dean collaborated in writing a letter to Chuck Harris. Though Chuck is no longer active in fandom, the influence of his person-

ality was such that he was the obvious choice for us to tell all about our experiences in Chicago; and, of course, he and Dean have been corresponding for years. This happy chore over, we adjourned to the garden for a photo session.

We posed under a suspended motor hub cap for a very realistic flying saucer pic. We crawled up the front steps to illustrate a picture of two exhausted fans begging for Grennell hospitality. The one which pleased Dean the most, and which broke him up almost to the point of not being able to set the scene, was one of him bent over an exploded beer can, with Walter standing beside him with one hand warding him off and a disdainful expression, captioned "Gesundheit."

We had lunch, and went to the supermarket. There I gathered the ingredients for a steak and kidney pie. I was to get an opportunity to demonstrate my cooking ability, and I was delighted to be giving Jean the opportunity to lie down for the afternoon. We went on to the Post Office, where Dean was expecting glowing footprints to appear. (Walter had posted a letter to me from Fond du Lac in 1952, before Dean had entered Fandom.) But we were too late, the office had closed.

Patty was going out for the evening, and I admired her hair style. I mentioned that Carol was wondering what to do with her hair and kept putting off visits to the hairdresser's as she hadn't liked the way it had been done the last time. Patty was very helpful, and brought down quite a collection of magazines devoted to hair styling and lots of cuttings from magazines; she said I could have them for Carol. I thanked her very sincerely, and Carol, when she received them, was very grateful.

Jean retired to bed, Dean worked again on his Chicon photos, Walter watched tv, and I prepared to cook my first meal in America. I approached this task in some trepidation. How terrible if I made a mistake, so easily done in unfamiliar surroundings. Andy enquired what I intended to cook, and, on being informed, said "We can't afford steak and kidney beans." This distressed his parents, but I understood how he was being considerate of them. He is obviously a serious and thoughtful boy, and he merely wished to shield his parents from the heedless extravagance of a visitor who probably didn't appreciate the economies necessitated by such a large family. I hastened to reassure him. I explained that the steak was the cheapest cut, for stewing, and the kidney ingredient was beef kidney. This use of kidney in cooking made the Grennells a little uneasy about whether they would like the finished dish. None of them except Patty had tasted kidney before. Patty said she had been served it at the hospital where she worked sometimes, and she had quite liked it. I remained in the kitchen, working under the slightly critical gaze of the younger Grennell children.

I had already interrupted Dean twice to get me some of the things I needed, so when I came to roll out the pastry for the pie I just washed over the formica table and rolled out the pastry there. The youngest Grennell girl watched me in slightly horrified fascination. "You're making an awful mess," she said. "An awful, awful mess." I think she was wondering if I would get off more lightly than she would in similar circumstances. I finished the pie, washed the table, and was sweeping up the crumbs when Jean appeared. Phyllis gave me a pitying glance as Jean said, "Oh, why didn't you ask me for the waxed paper?"

The children had their supper and went to bed, and I produced the pie from the oven. It looked all right, I noted with relief. There were general murmurs of approval, which I wasn't sure enough about in the case of the elder Grennells, knowing that they would be bound in politeness to pretend an enthusiasm which perhaps they didn't feel. The accolade remained to be given by Patty. She looked at me in approval. "It's delicious," she said, "may I have a second helping?" We lingered over the meal, then helped with the washing-up. Dean told me to inform John Berry that he really didn't make a mistake in doing the washing-up when he visited the Grennells in 1959.

We saw with our own eyes the dishwasher lying unused. Jean told me that she had hoped to get it repaired this year, but the money was spent on their trip to Chicago.

-oOo-

Wednesday, 5th September.

Dean had to set off on his day's work at seven a.m., so, though we had been told not to bother, we came down in our night attire to see him off. We had our breakfast and sat waiting for the taxi to take us to the bus station. The phone rang, and it was Rosemary Hickey to say that there was no bus arriving at the time we had arranged to meet. We assured her that there was, and we would be on it.

We left Fond du Lac regretfully, and took our shortest-ever trip in a Greyhound back to Chicago. We searched the bus depot in vain for Rosemary, then, while I had a cup of coffee and minded the baggage, Walter phoned her apartment. Rosemary was full of apologies. She explained she had been to the bus station and been assured so authoritatively that there was no bus that she had gone home again. It seems that the head office hadn't known that the bus had been temporarily retained on the old scheduled time because of the threatened rail strike. This was typical of the Greyhound Bus Company.

We waited for Rosemary to arrive, then accompanied her to Marshall Fields, where she insisted on buying us our lunch. We were interested to see that this was one of the American restaurants that realistically provided "children's portions." Rosemary told us that in some places they had to refuse these servings to adults who were slimming or had some other reason for ordering a small helping. The price was lower, of course. This was the first occasion on which we saw the credit card being used - Rosemary had the lunch charged to her account.

She then asked us what we would like to see that afternoon, and we said the Prudential Building. She first made her way to a large car park, so large that when we later, from the Observation Deck of the Prudential, saw a bus making its way to the far end of it, we wouldn't have been a bit surprised to find that it made regular trips from one end to the other.

We looked up at the Prudential, all 600 feet of it. Because of its isolation from other buildings, we had the feeling it might topple over at any minute. When Walter mentioned this I said not to worry, it was probably insured. Seeing this giant building made us wonder if the parent firm was really British as we had always thought. It made a more imposing picture than their trademark of the Rock of Gibraltar. And, we soon realised, the view from its top was probably more awe-inspiring too. We saw the shore of the vast lake stretching away into the distance, and identified the white sands near Michigan City, all of sixty miles away. But the greatest attraction lay at our feet, the sprawling metropolis of Chicago. There was the river bearing quite large ships, the car parks with the multi-check patterns of the variously-coloured cars, the many skyscrapers, more isolated than those of New York and thus more easily admired; the long straight roads alongside the lake with their borders of green parks and trees, which reminded me of the pictures of the gardens at Versailles on a much larger scale. The Natural History Museum with its portico seemingly rising out of the little lake, Grant Park and its geometrical designs with the very large Buckingham Fountain as its focal point, the maze having its counterpart in the immense car parks. We came down in a state of bemusement, vowing to return at dusk to see the splendour of the lighted city. Walter must have been specially affected, for he forgot \$17.00 change when he bought some slides, and the lady in charge had to chase us down two floors to return it.

Rosemary took us to her apartment, pointing out on the way various houses which

had been rescued from slum conditions and modernised in very elegant fashion. Mohawk was in the process of being a "desirable neighbourhood." People, tired of commuting from the suburbs, were moving into the city again. Thus one constantly found in juxtaposition seedy apartments and smartly painted dwellings. Rosemary's place was one of the latter - even the dustpins were painted in bright colours. The garage was small, and Rosemary had to leave space for another car. She horrified us by her manner of parking her Volkswagen. She drove it in so tightly to the wall, at speed, that she ricocheted off strategically placed planking. In time this process could produce a shrinking van, and the car be more properly known as a foldswagen. She was proud of her garden, and pointed out several varieties of plants. We climbed a flight of wooden steps, decorated with pots of geraniums, to a balcony, and through the kitchen to a long low livingroom with archways and small rooms, little more than alcoves, leading off it. Rosemary and Richard had a curtain drawn across where they slept, but there was none for us.

Our first priority on unpacking was the care of the photos Dean had given us that morning. They were still wet, and beginning to curl up at the edges. We are almost completely ignorant where photography is concerned, so we placed them on the window-sill to dry, weighting them down with books. We later realised that this was a mistake, when we found that some of the dye from the book bindings had stained the pictures, not to mention Rosemary's disgust at the damage caused to the books - though she had helped in arranging them.

Richard came in, and we all helped to set the kitchen to rights and start the evening meal. Neither of the Hickeys had been home since the previous Thursday evening, and there were still traces of the hectic time they had had before the convention. There were Hugo voting forms, and traces of sawdust from the last-minute sanding down of the bases. Rosemary wanted to serve a Yorkshire pudding with her pot roast, and called on me to help her. I was pleased to make a helpful suggestion to her: when she mentioned that she didn't care for the soggy middle portion of the pudding, I said to use cupcake or patty tins instead of one large tin.

We had hoped to see some of the Chicago fans, but Rosemary told us that they were now relaxing by getting away from it all, literally as well as metaphorically, and we just spoke to the Kemps on the phone as they were leaving town. We thought the convention hadn't been as bad as all that.

So instead of a fannish evening we met two friends of Rosemary's, Jay and Irene Smith. They were a very amiable couple; Irene told us all about their vacation in the north woods - on an island in a lake with a nice fishing lake on it containing another island; Jay took us all to The Rising Moon on Wells Street after dinner. I later, in Seattle, when trying to find a common ground in conversation with Jerry Pournelle, mentioned this visit, and felt very put down when he dismissed it as "touristy."

The Rising Moon has suddenly become famous in Chicago, and its decor is perhaps touristic. The imitation tigerskin and deer's heads on the walls made us smile a little, but it was a very interesting interlude all the same. This new status of folk singing was remarkable to us - many of the songs they sang were ones I had heard in my youth in the south of Ireland. This "quaint" decor couldn't compete with my memories of sitting round the turf fire on the hearth, waiting for the supper porridge to cook on the glowing "kerauns." The modern songs included some satirical items which were very funny, and illuminated for us some facets of American politics.

Back at the apartment we had a consultation as to whether we should catch the early morning bus to Seattle. We had intended to leave Chicago on Thursday afternoon so as to arrive in Seattle on Saturday, but the express bus now left Chicago in the

early morning, and the afternoon bus took several hours longer on the journey. We were worried about our schedule of visits on the West Coast, and we had realised that the Hickeys were still a bit nervy and tense after their hard work before and during the convention. But Rosemary took our suggestion of leaving early in the morning very hard. She reminded us that we had promised to stay with them for a full day, and there were actually tears in her eyes as she begged us to stay till Friday morning. She was very keen to show us her favorite picnic spot in one of the State Parks on the lake shore, and she said we had still to view Chicago by night from the Prudential Building. So we agreed to stay till Friday.

-oOo-

Thursday, 6 September.

We were wakened by Rosemary next morning at 6:45, and I crawled wearily and a little uncertainly to the bathroom. I hadn't yet got myself accustomed to this new life of different routes to differing bathrooms nearly every morning, and the daze in which I did so wasn't helped by the lack of light in the room itself. There was little or no natural light, and the lighting fixture was a fluorescent one. The night before, I remembered blearily, there was some complication about this light. I switched it on, nothing happened. Was this one of those oddly arranged American switches, I wondered. I switched it off again, just as there was a flicker of light. I switched it on again, and belatedly remembered that this was one in which one had to wait through a warm-up period, and we had been told that it was better to leave it on for a time than to use the switch too much. Hoping guiltily that no one had noticed, I washed and emerged to look for a strengthening cup of tea. I was even prepared to settle for coffee. No one was in the kitchen; still feeling dozey, I realised that Rosemary was asking me to listen to the weather forecast for her. Before going to the beach she wanted to know if it would be warm enough for us to bathe. The recorded voice gave the expected temperatures and wind force; it was to be quite a nice day. I relayed this information to Rosemary as she tapped by on her bedroom mules. Later, when we got to the beach, I was to be chided by her for not noting the forecasted wind direction -- which was apparently the most important fact.

It appeared that we were going out for breakfast. I had to get dressed, and packed, and appear alive, before imbibing my morning caffeine. To me there is something almost uncivilised in having to face the outside world breakfastless, yet we were later to find that this was quite an accepted part of the American way of life. It seems strange that in a land where almost every imaginary gadget is available to the average family, this parallel with the pioneering days, when one had to gather firewood and water, and coax a fire to a blaze before breaking one's fast, still remained. I was glad that, in addition, I didn't have to guide the car through the traffic, just building up to the rush hour, and find a parking space. This Rosemary did with efficiency, if a little testily, and we sat down amid a crowd of other like-minded people. There was one, or perhaps two, advantages: each of us could order a different breakfast without having to worry about giving trouble to the cook, and we didn't have to wash up afterwards.

We left Richard off at his office, and made our way along the lovely Lake Shore Drive in the direction of Michigan City. We here noticed for the first time an ingenious arrangement of kerbing on the road. This was normally a double four-lane highway, but in the morning rush-hour it could be adjusted to provide five or six lanes leading into the city, and a reverse arrangement coped with the out-going traffic in the evening. We were later to see this same arrangement in Seattle, on a smaller scale. I thought it was very clever, and was suitably impressed.

The early morning start was necessary because of the long distance we were to

travel. It was hard for me to realise that a drive of seventy-five miles wasn't far to Americans. We think that thirty-five miles is far enough to travel for a picnic, yet Rosemary intended to be back again in Chicago in time for she and Richard to register for evening courses at Chicago University that evening. Accordingly, she drove very fast by our standards. Of course, the roads were built to take higher speeds than ours, but I thought the Volkswagen protested a little at seventy miles an hour. The engine noise built up to a whine, and the whole car vibrated in sympathy.

Sooner than we had thought possible we came to the farming area, a region rich in corn and fruit. Here Rosemary lost her way, and we travelled on narrow dirt roads for a while. We came upon a way-side stall, where there was on display an almost tropical profusion of fruit of every kind. It made a very colourful picture, a showy still life. There were enormous pumpkins, squashes, and melons of varying shades and shapes, three or four different kinds of grapes, peaches, plums, apples, and berries. We bought some plums and peaches at the very low price of 29 cents a pound, and took a picture of the scene. This glowing picture was, alas, lost with the others from this part of the trip, but I can still remember it. We were very near the lake now, and we came upon an idyllic retreat. The road we now followed skirted the lake shore and it was bordered by the summer homes of the wealthy. There was no public access to the beach for several miles, just houses with large gardens, their privacy ensured by trees and flowering shrubs.

We eventually came to the entrance to the Warren Dunes State Park and travelled through a tree-lined avenue to the lake shore. This place was set up to deal with thousands of summer tourists: there were changing rooms, rented for a period by a coin-in-the-slot mechanism, toilets, and shower facilities. There was other evidence of a more civilised milieu than ours in the provision of many garbage baskets on the shore, and picnic tables and chairs in the woods. Picnic facilities are much more liberal in the U.S. -- there were even charcoal braziers as well. A notice above the door leading to the lavatories warned people that the Park Authorities would levy a fine upon anyone using the lavatories as changing rooms. We didn't have to use either, this was out of season and we had the beach almost to ourselves. It was lovely; it stretched for miles in both directions, with groves of small trees and coarse grass waving atop the sand dunes. It erred from perfection in our eyes, however, because we are so used to sand being golden, and this was white.

The sun was bright and the air warm, but the water, when we entered it, was a bit cold. Nevertheless, the bathe we had there was more enjoyable than many a mid-summer one here in Ireland. We lay on the beach and sunbathed, and relaxed, and ate peaches. It was a nice interlude, but too soon we had to leave for Chicago.

Rosemary asked us if there was anything special we wanted to do, or if we would just accompany her to the University. Walter felt too tired to do anything, so I decided this would be a good time to get my hair done. The University was situated in the coloured section of the city, and Rosemary enquired if this would worry me. I assured her that it wouldn't, so she and Walter waited while I made my appointment, then left. I sat alone in a diner, to have something to eat first, and felt very conspicuous since most of the other patrons were coloured -- though I kept telling myself that this was quite an ordinary situation.

At the hairdresser's I was attended to by a startlingly lovely girl at a rather startling charge -- the price of the hair-do was about four times what I am accustomed to paying. The girl was something like a younger Dorothy Dandridge, and I stared at her in admiration. I wondered how long it would be before her milk-chocolatey skin would become the standard aimed for in the United States. It shouldn't take too long, I thought, in spite of Governor Wallace and others, for so many white Americans already possess a much sallower skin than their relatives in the

British Isles.

Wearing a much smoother hair style than usual -- curliness was evidently not to be encouraged in this district -- I wandered out and round the shops. I had some time to kill before the others returned. I was quite happy at first, but then I began to feel conspicuous again. There were groups of young men standing about, and even at home I would feel self-conscious loitering like this, as there would usually be stares and sometimes whistles from the by-standers. But this was worse than at home, though the semi-mocking attitude was missing. In spite of myself I began to feel that these people were different. I finally pulled myself together by concentrating on the thought that to these people I was just another white person and they probably didn't even notice me. It was a relief, though, to see the black Volkswagen turning the corner, and the familiar faces of Rosemary and Walter looking out for me.

We returned to the University to pick up Richard, but he wasn't at the place where Rosemary had asked him to wait. We wandered round the big modern building looking for him, but eventually Rosemary gave up and rang the apartment on the off-chance he would be there. Richard answered, and said he had felt tired and had just gone on home. We went on to the Prudential Building to view Chicago by night, and Rosemary, who had been looking rather taut, came to life again when she noted our delighted reaction to the scene from the top. She identified for us some of the flood-lit buildings and pointed out the aircraft beacon on top of the Drake Hotel. But the most compelling aspect was the jewelled ribbon of Michigan Avenue. The streets were ablaze with variously-coloured lights, there were jumping neon signs, and beside it all the great brooding darkness of the lake, dotted near the shore with the lights from ships at anchor.

We returned to the apartment, and all retired early, tired out. Tomorrow we would have to be up early to catch the bus to Seattle.

TO BE CONTINUED

- - - - Madeleine Willis

This has been

SPELEOBEM 20

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

SAPS 65, October 1963

Incunebulous Publication 199.